

# Fresh Fiction from New Voices

Spring 2011



WHERE STRONG VOICES  
BECOME BESTSELLERS!

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# Fresh Fiction from New Voices

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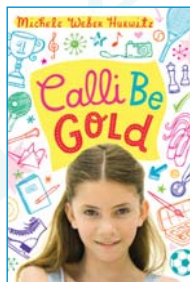
The future of the book industry lies with new literary voices. For that reason, we are committed to growing alongside our authors by implementing unique publishing and marketing programs that enhance our lists and deliver continued success stories to you!



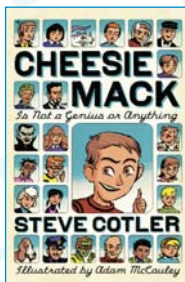
# Fresh Fiction from New Voices



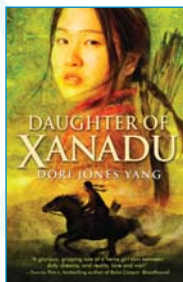
## New for Spring 2011!



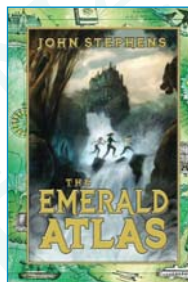
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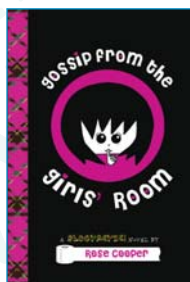
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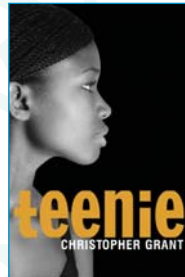
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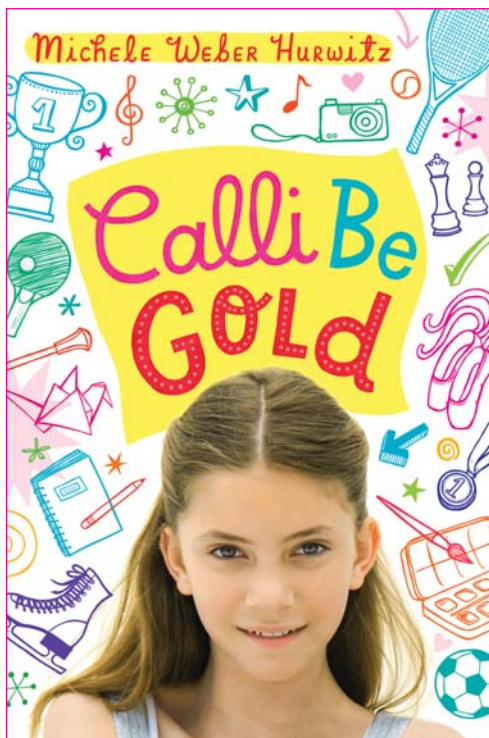


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It's a Second!  
Second novels  
from former It's  
a First! novelists  
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New for  
Fall 2010  
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## Calli Be Gold

by Michele Weber Hurwitz

Edited by Wendy Lamb

ISBN: 978-0-385-73970-2

\$15.99/\$17.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On Sale: 4/5/2011

WENDY  
LAMB  
BOOKS

## from the editor



I bought this book because I enjoyed its gentle humor, and because today's pressured kids will relate to eleven-year-old Calli, the quiet youngest child in a family of loud overachievers. Calli has good friends, but no special talent, though her parents push her to find one. Calli wants to know—what's wrong with being a regular kid?

I asked Michele what inspired her to write this novel. She said: "When I attended my kids' various events, part of me was clapping and holding a video camera, but another part of me was thinking, are we all *crazy*? More often than not, the parents seemed more into the activities than their kids. Today, I think we miss recognizing the wonder in simply being ordinary or average, which, most of us are. Sometimes I want to shout to the world: what's wrong with being a B student? Or running a race just for fun?"

I think lots of kids feel this way, and will love *Calli Be Gold*!

—Wendy Lamb

# from Calli Be GOLD

**T**he way I look at it, you can divide all the people in the world into two categories: the loud ones who shout about who they are and what they do, and the quiet ones who just are and do.

I suppose one kind balances out the other kind, like black letters on white paper, or frozen teeth from a Popsicle on a ninety-five-degree summer day.

Except for this: if you're a quiet person randomly and hopelessly born into a family of louds, then it isn't a balance at all. It's downright lopsided.

Unfortunately, that would be me. Calli Gold, number three kid in the Gold family. One quiet. Four louds. Lopsided. Not to mention exasperating. . . .

Mom taps a pen on the enormous monthly write-on, wipe-off calendar taped to our kitchen wall. Better known as the Calendar. "It's going to be tight today," she says, peeling off one blue Post-it note and then a pink one. Pink are Becca's Post-its, and my brother Alex's are blue. These tiny squares contain their activity schedules down to the minute. My mother, who calls herself the Gold CFO (Chief Family Organizer), says that without her planning, our life as we know it would fall apart.

Mom used to be a project manager for a big food company, but for the time being, she says we are her projects. She says that managing this family is more work than her job ever was.

Light yellow is the color of my Post-its. There are only two of them on the

**I suppose one kind balances out the other kind, like black letters on white paper, or frozen teeth from a Popsicle on a ninety-five-degree summer day.**



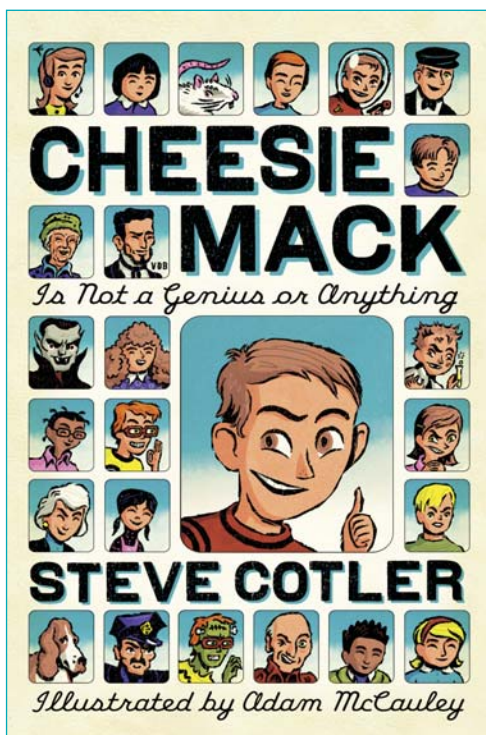
Calendar for this month. One is for a dentist appointment and the other is for a haircut.

My dad says he'd like to see lots more yellow Post-its filling up the Calendar, because the Golds are busy people, and after all, I am a Gold too. Trouble is, in the past two years, I tried gymnastics, ballet, soccer, baton twirling, violin, and even origami, but I was a big disappointment in everything. Or everything was a big disappointment to me. I can't remember which. So as of right now, I haven't yet made my mark on the Calendar. But Dad says I will. He says I have to, because I am a Gold.

**Michele Weber Hurwitz** lives in a Chicago suburb with her husband and three children. She doesn't have a huge calendar on her kitchen wall, but has occasionally driven with Post-its stuck to the steering wheel.



photo © KC Hatfield



## Cheesie Mack Is Not a Genius or Anything

by Steve Cotler

Illustrated by Adam McCauley

Edited by Jim Thomas

ISBN: 978-0-375-86437-7

\$15.99/\$17.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On Sale: 3/22/2011



## from the editor



Gordon Korman has called Cheesie, “A true original.” I felt just the same way when I first met him. Not that Cheesie’s a genius or anything. Cheesie would be the first to say that he’s just an ordinary kid. But Cheesie does remember everything that happened to him before, during, and after fifth-grade graduation, and he’s written it all down in his own unique and hilarious way—with lots of lists, drawings, and splendorful (that’s splendid plus wonderful!) made-up words.

Sometimes Cheesie has a bit of trouble staying on topic. He likes to pause the story if something interesting happens as he’s writing and tell readers about that. It’s a behind-the-scenes look at Cheesie’s creative process! Or he’ll get sidetracked investigating the difference between toads and frogs, and invite readers to leave a note on his website about what they think. Cheesie is fresh and funny—and interactive! And middle-grade readers are going to love him.

—Jim Thomas



# from **CHEESIE MACK**

## *Is Not a Genius or Anything*

### Chapter Zero

The Story is Over!

This is the end of the book.

It was about a mysterious old coin, an evil sister (mine), a dead sister (not mine), runaway rodents, a super-best friend, a fifth grade graduation disaster, some really unusual words (including a few I made up), and The Haunted Toad.

I wrote it. I'm Ronald Mack. People call me Cheesie. You can probably guess why. And my name is in the title of this book because it's about stuff that happened to me, Cheesie Mack.

You probably noticed that this is Chapter Zero. That's because I already wrote the whole story that comes after this. It begins in Chapter One. I started writing a couple of days after fifth grade ended and have been at it non-stop ever since. And now, I am writing this chapter last even though you're reading it first.

Everything in this book is true. I did not make anything up. I'm definitely not a genius or anything, but I remember all the details because I was there when everything happened. And if you're a kid like me who has adventures, there are going to be lots of details to remember. Details about stuff like:

1. Abraham Lincoln's head
2. The Point Battle
3. The Mouse Plot

**I wrote it. I'm Ronald Mack.  
People call me Cheesie. You  
can probably guess why.  
And my name is in the title  
of this book because it's  
about stuff that happened to  
me, Cheesie Mack.**

from **CHEESIE MACK**  
*Is Not a Genius or Anything*  
*continued*

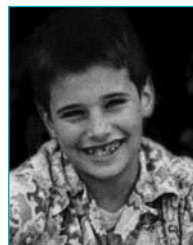
4. Lawbreaking zoom chucklers
5. Ee-Gorg and Doctor Cheez
6. The letters V, D, and B

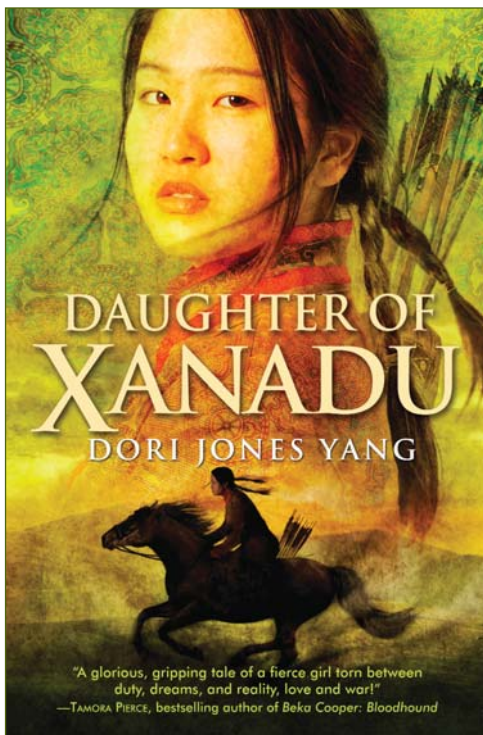
This adventure started the day before the last day of fifth grade. I hope you like it. If you don't or do or whatever, please go to my website and tell me.

Signed:  
**Ronald "Cheesie" Mack**  
(age 10 years and 10 months)

**CheesieMack.com**

**Steve Cotler** is a retired Little League catcher who's also been a shoe salesman, telecom scientist, singer-songwriter, Apollo 1 computer programmer, Hollywood screenwriter, Harvard Business School MBA, investment banker, and door-to-door egg man. He lives with his wife and writes in Sonoma County in Northern California's wine country. He thinks he is and always will be 11 years old.





## Daughter of Xanadu

by Dori Jones Yang

Edited by Michelle Poploff

ISBN: 978-0-385-73923-8

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 1/11/2011



Delacorte  
Press

## from the editor



Acclaimed author, Tamora Pierce called *Daughter of Xanadu* “a glorious, gripping tale of a fierce girl torn between duty, dreams, and reality, love and war!”

This stunning story richly evokes an era shrouded in mystery and captures the sweep and depth of the Mongol Empire, seen through the eyes of a teenage granddaughter of Khubilai Khan, including her impressions of the merchant Marco Polo. Athletic and strong willed, Princess Emmajin’s determined to do what no woman has done before: become a warrior in the army of her grandfather, the Great Khan Khubilai. The only way to achieve respect is to win glory on the battlefield. But she’s distracted by the foreigner Marco Polo, who challenges her beliefs. Now she faces a different battle as she struggles with her attraction towards Marco and her goal of winning fame as a soldier.

Dori Jones Yang’s written a take filled with passion, conflict, and cross-cultural perspectives that is both enlightening and entertaining.

—Michelle Poploff

# from DAUGHTER OF XANADU

Marco nearly stood up, but I pulled him down. If he made his presence known, we could both be killed. His eyes burned with angry disbelief. He grabbed my arm and squeezed it hard, with more strength than I had thought he had. I winced in pain and closed my eyes. With an easy wrestling move, I could have pushed him away, but not without making noise.

“Airag!” shouted the Khan. I could hear servants shuffling to refill goblets, and a lone musician, a flutist, struck up music as the Khan likely took a drink.

That was the signal I had been waiting for. When the men drank, they would probably not look out the window. Awkwardly, I started to run, nearly dragging Marco. We raced across the open space to the pine trees.

Panting, we ran without stopping until we reached the section of wall where we had entered. I quickly found a foothold and pulled myself up to the top of the wall and over to the other side, landing with a thunk on the pavilion roof. Wincing with pain, I reached my hand down to help Marco, who was heavier and less agile.

He wavered, as if unwilling to touch my traitorous hand. But it was his only way to get out. His hate-filled eyes cut into my heart. He reached up and I tugged with all the arm strength I had developed in my years of wrestling. His body lurched over the wall. He landed on his side on the roof and slipped out of my hands. He slid down and rolled off, landing on a rock with a crack.

**“Airag!” shouted the Khan. I could hear servants shuffling to refill goblets, and a lone musician, a flutist, struck up music as the Khan likely took a drink.**

Sure that I heard a sound of pursuit on the other side of the wall, I jumped off the roof and ran toward the far side of a hill, leading Marco into a small grove of trees not visible from the inner wall.

I dashed behind a pagoda, jumped across a stream, and ran to the edge of the garden's outer wall, then dove under some thick bushes. Finally, I found what I was seeking—a spot under a sprawling evergreen where Suren and I had hidden as children. Even as I crouched on the ground, the branches hit my head, but this spot was protected and hidden.

For a long moment, I could not hear Marco following me. Had he been captured? What was taking him so long? Then I heard a stumbling noise in the woods.

“Over here,” I called in a loud whisper. He was moving slowly and awkwardly. “Quick!” I called out again.

Marco crashed into the site and collapsed, breathing heavily. He grabbed his ankle and grimaced in pain. I put my hand on his, with a surge of concern, but he pushed it away. I could well imagine his thoughts.

We stayed there, silent, until our breathing calmed down. I listened and could hear no shouting or sounds coming after us. Marco moaned for a while, then stopped.

When I finally dared look at him, he was staring at me.

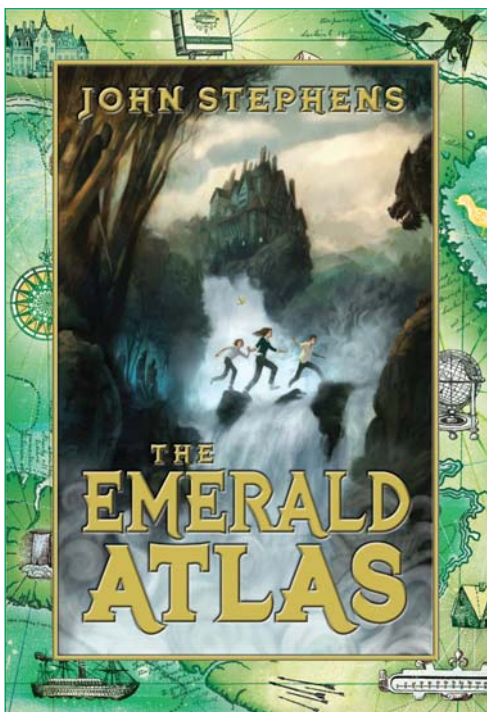
“Well. An excellent spy,” he said, shaking his head. “What a brilliant strategy we revealed to you, a way to trick us into leaving our homeland undefended so that the Mongols could invade and conquer. How could I have trusted you so?”

**“Over here,” I called in a loud whisper. He was moving slowly and awkwardly. “Quick!” I called out again.**

**Dori Jones Yang** traveled to Mongolia and located the almost-impossible-to-find site of Xanadu, and investigated the site of the Khubilai Khan's palace, now the Forbidden City in Beijing.



Photo © Paul Yang



## The Emerald Atlas

by John Stephens

Edited by Michelle Frey

ISBN: 978-0-375-86870-2

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On Sale: 4/5/2011



Alfred A. Knopf

### from the editor

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When I first sat down with *The Emerald Atlas*, I began reading with a sense of pleasure and excitement, laughing on almost every page. As the book progressed, that excitement grew to wonder and, finally, euphoria as I recognized what I was holding in my hands: a masterpiece of children's fantasy literature. *The Emerald Atlas* is the first in the Books of Beginning trilogy. It is a book to cherish and adore and talk about nonstop. It will live in your imagination forever.

—Michelle Frey



# from **THE EMERALD ATLAS**

**T**he girl was shaken awake. Her mother was leaning over her.

“Kate,” her voice was low and urgent, “listen very closely. I need you to do something for me. I need you to keep your brother and sister safe. Do you understand? I need you to keep Michael and Emma safe.”

**“There isn’t time to  
explain. Promise me  
you’ll look after them.”**

“What . . . .”

“There isn’t time to explain. Promise me  
you’ll look after them.”

“But—”

“Oh Kate, please! Just promise me!”

“I . . . I promise.”

It was Christmas Eve. Snow had been falling all day. As the oldest, Kate had been allowed to stay up later than her brother and sister. That meant that long after the voices of the carolers had faded away, she’d sat with her parents beside the fire, sipping hot chocolate as they exchanged presents—the children would receive theirs in the morning—and feeling very adult for her four years. Her mother gave her father a small, thick book, very worn and old, that seemed to please him greatly, and he in turn gave her a locket on a gold chain. Inside the locket was a tiny picture of the children—Kate, two-year-old Michael and baby Emma. Then, finally, it was up to bed, and Kate lay there in the darkness, warm and happy under her blankets, wondering how she would ever fall asleep, and it seemed the very next moment she was being shaken awake.

# from THE EMERALD ATLAS

*continued*

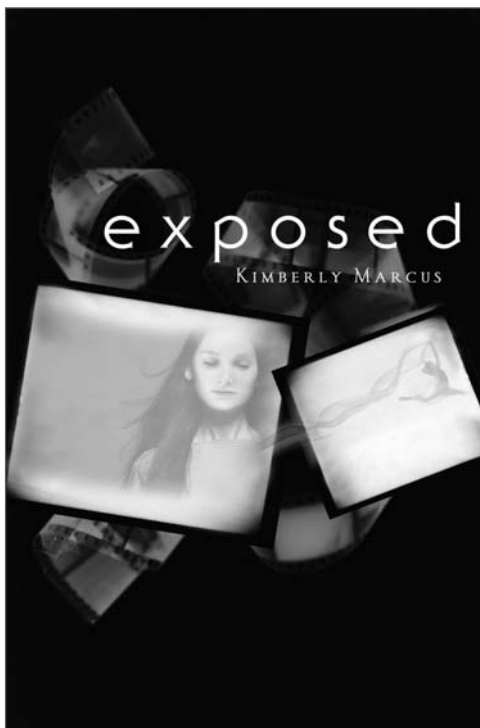
The door to her room was open and, in the light from the hall, she watched as her mother reached back and unclasped the locket and chain. She bent forward and slid her hands underneath Kate, fastening it around her neck. The girl felt the soft brush of her mother's hair, smelled the gingerbread she'd been cooking that afternoon, and then something wet struck her cheek and she realized her mother was crying.

"Remember your father and I love you very much. And we will all be together again. I promise."

**John Stephens** spent ten years working in television and was executive producer of *Gossip Girl* and a writer for *Gilmore Girls* and *The O.C.* He holds an MFA from the University of Virginia. John and his wife have a dog named Bug and live in Los Angeles. Visit [www.emeraldAtlas.com](http://www.emeraldAtlas.com) to find out more about *The Emerald Atlas*, the Books of Beginning, and John.



Photo © 2010 by Elena Seibert



## Exposed

by Kimberly Marcus

Edited by Shana Corey

ISBN: 978-0-375-86693-7

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 2/22/2011



### from the editor

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*Exposed* is one of the most beautiful, most gut-wrenchingly wonderful books I've ever read. I was completely surprised by how hard I fell for this novel, but fall I did. First off, the writing—the writing! In searingly raw free verse, Kimberly Marcus cuts through everything and with a few well chosen words gets to the universal common denominator of her characters in ways I've rarely, if ever, read before.

I also love that this is not a story about an event, it's a story about relationships and what happens to them when something horrible happens. In fact, it's the only book I've ever read that really captures that ripple effect and what it does as it tears through a friendship, a family, a community. And I love that it does that so accurately and honestly, without melodrama or histrionics. Nothing is black and white and there's not a sensational or heavy-handed moment here. It's honest and gorgeous and cathartic and will make you think about things in a way you've never thought about them before. I am so happy to be publishing it and to be able share it and this truly incredible author with you.

—Shana Corey

# from exposed

## **B**ringing to Light

In the dim light of the darkroom,  
I'm alone  
but not for long.  
As white turns to gray,  
Kate is with me.  
The background of the dance studio  
blurred  
so the focus is all on her—  
legs extended in a perfect soaring split.  
The straight line to my squiggle,  
my forever-best friend.

## **Bright Penny Beach**

"She probably has the flu,  
so stop worrying," Brian says,  
as we pull off our shoes and socks  
and walk along the water's edge.  
I worry less about Kate  
when Brian finds  
a long, weathered stick  
and carves *I Love Liz*  
into the cold, wet sand  
on Bright Penny Beach.

As the tide rushes in  
and, with each ebb and flow,  
smoothes the surface of his words,  
I imagine that Neptune himself,  
is sending our love  
on a current from Cape Cod  
all the way to Tahiti.

The Travel Channel says  
Tahiti  
is the most romantic place on earth.

But I stop believing  
when Brian  
kisses me on the shore  
of Bright Penny Beach.

## **Fanning the Flame**

I am the firefighter,  
putting out tiny rumors  
before they have time to grow and  
spread.

"Kate did not sleep with Mike!"  
"She doesn't own a lacy bra!"  
"My parents didn't barge in on them!"  
"She is not a two-timing slut!"

But whenever Kate sees me  
she proceeds to the nearest exit  
like I'm the fire.

## **Footwork**

I stepped up to the plate on Monday,  
stepped on the rumors since then,  
careful to step around  
my friend's bruised ego.

Now it's Thursday  
and I thought things would be better,  
but Kate's still avoiding me  
and walking on eggshells isn't easy to  
do.

My shell cracks when she pretends  
she doesn't see me as she heads down  
the stairs.

### **This and That**

My eyes move back and forth  
scanning the shelf in my room  
until I find what I'm looking for.

I pull down an album of family photos  
and flip through, faster and faster,  
until all the memories  
blur together  
like those tiny books  
he and I used to love,  
with stick figures that seem to move  
in one fluid motion  
when you fan the pages quickly

with your thumb.  
I stop at a snapshot,  
Halloween.  
I think I was six.

This boy, wrapped head to toe in gauze,  
the only one able to lure a princess  
in a pink gown, jeweled tiara  
and scuffed white sneakers,  
out of her castle by convincing her  
that Frankenstein,  
coming down the front walk  
was just a kid wearing a mask.

This boy, who held her hand  
that whole evening long,  
even when his friends ran past  
spraying shaving cream  
and calling to him to ditch Cinderella.

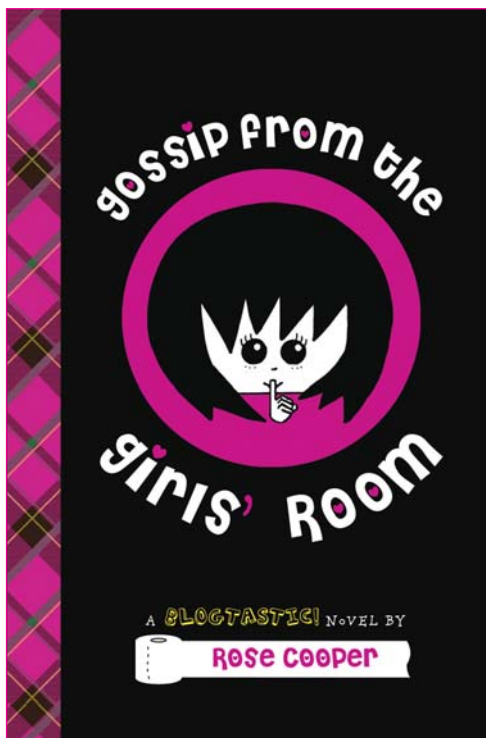
This boy, who helped her conquer her fear  
and collect her treats.

How can *this* boy be that guy?

Kimberly Marcus lives with her husband and two children in Massachusetts, not far from the ferry to Martha's Vineyard. She is a clinical social worker specializing in the treatment of childhood trauma.



Photo © Jennifer Weiner



## Gossip from the Girls' Room: A Blogtastic! Novel

by Rose Cooper

Edited by Wendy Loggia

ISBN: 978-0-385-73947-4

\$12.99/\$14.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On Sale: 1/11/2011



Delacorte  
Press

### from the editor



With a certain book series about, shall we say, a *timid child*, doing incredibly well, I'd thought for a while that there should be a likeminded book devoted to a female heroine. And the idea was not mine alone, because I picked up and read a nice book about, well, let's call it a *nerdy journal* starring a very appealing young lady. But that wasn't quite what I envisioned. I wanted something with a little more vinegar and sass. Darker, but in a sweet and charming way. And that's when Rose Cooper's delightful *Gossip from the Girls' Room* landed in my inbox. We didn't have anything like it on our list. Middle school and popularity issues never go out of style and Rose's knack for nailing middle school drama and her adorable illustrations brings something different to the mix. And getting to edit an illustrated novel was an exciting prospect for me. Working on this book with Rose and designer Marci Senders was incredible fun, and I'm so glad that our cute title has a just-as-cute-if-not-cuter follow-up coming out next year, *Rumors from the Boys' Room*. And then, well, there's always the Teachers' Lounge. . . .

—Wendy Loggia



from

# gossip from the girls' room

A BLOGTASTIC! NOVEL

## HISTORY OF UNPOPULAR MIDDLE-SCHOOL TRAGEDIES



Eighth-grade bully Jeremy got his braces stuck to the sweater of a sixth grader.



Seventh grader  
Anastasia had gum stuck  
in her hair and had to  
shave half  
her head.

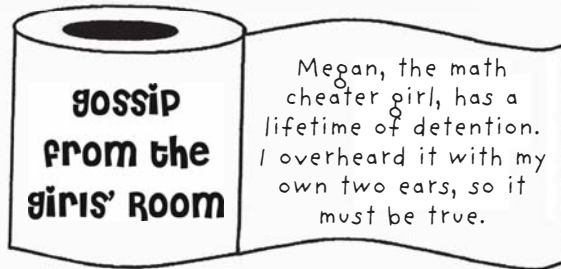
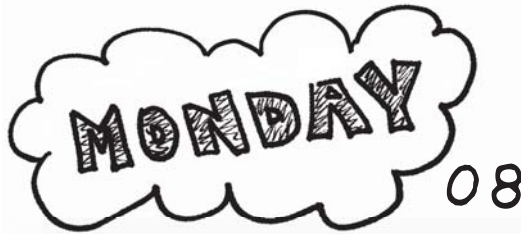


Sixth grader Noah fell  
asleep while making a  
Mother's Day card. He went  
the whole day not realizing  
he had the word "mom"  
printed across his forehead.

from

# GOSSIP FROM THE GIRLS' ROOM

A BLOGTASTIC! NOVEL *continued*



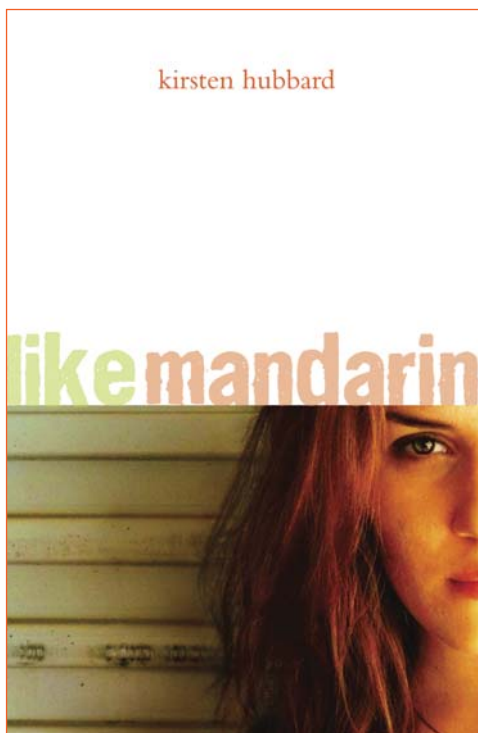
The feather trend was back to non-existent the next school day when Mia St. Claire cemented another bow to her hair of lusciousness.

I tried looking for a feather,  
but this was all I had.



**Rose Cooper** is a children's writer and illustrator and a self-taught artist. Her art work can be seen in local galleries, art fairs, and festivals. Visit Rose at [www.rose-cooper.com](http://www.rose-cooper.com).





## Like Mandarin

by Kirsten Hubbard

Edited by Michelle Poploff

ISBN: 978-0-385-73935-1

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 3/8/2011



Delacorte  
Press

### from the editor

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Printz Award winner Melina Marchetta called *Like Mandarin* “a beautifully crafted bittersweet story about an unlikely friendship that sets two very different people free.”

I’m certain you will agree, after reading this intense story about a wild beauty named Mandarin who is shameless and utterly carefree and the studious and self-conscious Grace, who would give anything to be like Mandarin. When the girls are united for a project they form an unlikely explosive friendship. But all too soon, Grace discovers Mandarin’s unique beauty hides a girl who’s troubled, broken, and even dangerous. And no matter how hard Grace fights to keep the magic, no friendship can withstand betrayal. Welcome to the badlands of Wyoming, where the allure and moody edge of outsiders and misfits removed from the typical teen social scene, reign supreme. Enjoy this bold novel that will resonate with anyone who has ever yearned to escape.

—Michelle Poploff

# from like mandarin

I'd actually seen Mandarin with a man just once. It was early the past October, the limbo between scorch and freeze. I remembered pressing my braid into my nose and mouth as I walked down Plains Street, as if the scent of my shampoo would ward off the wind, the tang of impending snow.

Plains Street had no sidewalks, only pebbled borders where dry lawns crumbled into asphalt. Mandarin's house was small and shabby, like all the homes on her block. Some fortified their yards with chain-link fences and padlocked gates. Others hid in thickets of cottonwoods or billowy lilac bushes. Mandarin's blue-gray house looked naked in contrast, without a single bush or tree to shade it from the sun and wind.

I took advantage of any excuse to pass by, though I rarely saw her. But just catching a glimpse of the place where she slept, ate, and got dressed—the place where she brought her conquests on nights her father worked late at the bar—gave me a thrill.

When I had approached Mandarin's house that day, I'd seen her standing outside, talking with some guy. Though I had no experience guessing the ages of men, I supposed he was in his midtwenties. As soon as I was within earshot, I stepped behind a tree.

"It's just that I'm real busy," Mandarin said.

"But I'm only gonna be in town till Tuesday."

"There ain't nothing I can do about that."

**"There ain't nothing I  
can do about that."**

"I just can't stop thinking about you. And I can't stand it, the thoughta all them brainless bastards pawing all over you. It makes me sick to my stomach."

Mandarin plucked a cigarette from the pocket of the man's denim shirt and lit it. She sat on the top step, absently blowing smoke through pouted lips.

"What you should do is come with me," he said.

She took another drag.

“Can’t you just picture it? We could get a little place by the mines, a double- wide if I get the raise they promised. I’d come home to you every night, and you’d always be there, taking care a me.”

“You’re not serious.”

**“You’re a slut and a bitch,  
you know that?”**

I heard a hazardous tone in Mandarin’s voice, as if her consonants had edges. The man didn’t seem to notice.

“Course I am,” he said. “Don’t it sound like heaven?”

She waved her hand holding the cigarette, brushing him away. “I’d rather be a lot lizard at a highway truck stop than any man’s babysitter.”

The man hesitated, as if searching for deeper meaning in her words. Then he yanked the cigarette out of her hand and tossed it onto the dry lawn. She jumped to her feet.

“What’s the matter with you?”

“You’re a slut and a bitch, you know that?”

I gasped into my braid as Mandarin leaped up and struck the man’s chest, twice, three times. He caught her arms and pinned them behind her back. She struggled, but he was stronger. He pulled her against his chest and kissed her mouth.

Mandarin used to get into fights all the time, with girls, boys, anyone she thought deserved it. In the years after administration had sent her to the Wyoming Girls’ School, she seemed so resigned in comparison, all that fire put away somewhere. I imagined it a sort of turmoil she kept inside, like a scarlet crayon scribble.

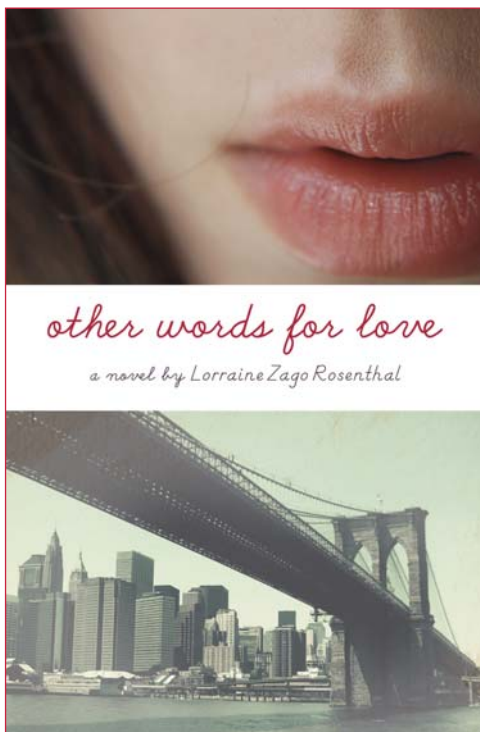
I wanted her to keep fighting. But instead, she let the man pick her up and carry her back inside the house.

I waited for the fallen cigarette to dim and die, wishing I’d had the courage to run across the street and save her.

**Kristen Hubbard’s** also a travel writer and has hiked ancient ruins in Cambodia, dived with dolphins in Belize and navigated the Wyoming badlands in search of transcendent backdrops for her novels.



Photo © Stacey Millett



## Other Words for Love

by Lorraine Zago Rose

Edited by Stephanie Elliott

ISBN: 978-0-385-73901-6

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 1/11/2011



### from the editor

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When Lorraine's agent first pitched *Other Words for Love* to me—as a love story reminiscent of Judy Blume and Curtis Sittenfeld's *PREP*—I was dubious. As a huge fan of both of those writers, I wondered if a first-time author could come close to their talent. But I read the manuscript on a Friday, and all weekend I was haunted by the characters. Blake and Ari felt so real to me, I couldn't help wondering what would have happened if they'd done things differently—or what they might be doing now. And truly, I see the parallels to both Blume and Sittenfeld in this smart, richly detailed story of a middle class Brooklyn girl falling hopelessly in love with a boy she thinks is out of her league. Lorraine perfectly captures the longing, doubts, and elation of first love—and all of the emotions that come when Ari realizes it won't last forever.

—Stephanie Elliott



# from *other words for love*

I didn't exactly have a plan for that night. All I knew was that Blake might be there and that Del would definitely be there, and I wasn't sure which one of them I wanted to see.

At first I only saw Leigh, who was wearing a tweed cap and matching coat and waiting for me in the cold. There was a bouncer beside her who handed me five of the half-price drink coupons. "Are you in disguise?" she asked, looking me up and down.

"No," I said. "I'm new and improved."

Her forehead wrinkled. "Why? You were fine the way you were before."

"Not quite," I said, and started walking toward the door.

**"How much did you have to drink, honey?" she asked.**

The club was just the way I remembered it—smoky air and flashing lights, music so loud that I had to read Leigh's lips. She pulled off her hat and nodded at the coupons in my hand. "Those will be

wasted on us . . . you can give them to my mother if you want to."

"I don't want to," I said, because I wanted to try drinking and forget everything.

Leigh clutched my arm and spoke into my ear. "Ari," she said. "I don't like the way Blake's treated you, and I hope this *new and improved* stuff isn't for him. You're better than that."

This was the last thing I wanted to hear. Leigh was being practical, like Mom, and I wasn't in a practical mood. So I ignored her and walked toward the bar. It was a cinch to get the

first drink, and the second and the third, because the bartender was so busy staring at my chest that he didn't bother to ask for ID. It was probably too dark to notice that I wasn't exactly even.

I felt like I was levitating. The floor blinked in yellow and red and blue while

from *other words for love* continued

Rachel and Leigh and I danced, but after a while I ran out of steam and Rachel got all motherly.

“How much did you have to drink, honey?” she asked.

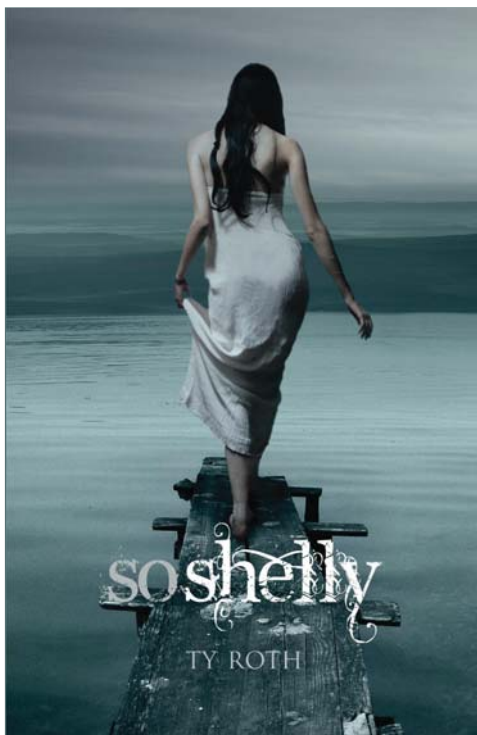
I shrugged. I had ordered a beer and a wine cooler and two White Russians that I downed quickly because they tasted as harmless as chocolate milk. Rachel shook her head and wagged her finger and told me to get a big glass of water. So I sat on faux zebra skin at the bar, guzzling Evian and watching bartenders juggle bottles.

I was there for a half hour before I saw Blake, who was at the other end of the bar. He was dressed differently than usual, similar to Del, in a dark blazer and a shirt with the top few buttons undone, and he was talking with two girls. Neither of them was Summer, but they were so much prettier than me. Then I looked around at all the pretty girls in the club. There were tons of them, swarming like a million ants on a discarded piece of candy. I couldn’t even count them all. Why would Blake want me when he could choose any of them?

It was so depressing. I sat on the stool watching him, even though he didn’t notice. He walked away a few minutes later and I stalked him through the club. He disappeared into the men’s room and I waited outside, thinking this was my chance and I had to take it.

**Lorraine Zago Rosenthal** was born and raised in New York City. In addition to writing fiction, Lorraine enjoys reading, watching movies, and spending time with her husband.





## So Shelly

by Ty Roth

Edited by Michelle Poploff

ISBN: 978-0-385-73958-0

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 2/8/2011



Delacorte  
Press

### from the editor



I was bowled over by this sophisticated *Odyssey*-like adventure that cleverly transposes the lives and personalities of romantic poets Keats, Byron, and the Shelley's into high school teenagers.

High school junior John Keats has only tiptoed near the edge of the vortex that is Gordon Byron, schoolmate and literary prodigy. That is, until their mutual friend, Shelly, drowns in a sailing accident. After stealing Shelly's ashes from her wake, the boys set a course for the small Lake Erie island where her body washed ashore and to where she wished to be returned. It would be one last "so Shelly" romantic quest. As they navigate the obstacles and resist temptations during their odyssey, Keats and Gordon glue together the shattered pieces of Shelly's and their own pasts while attempting to make sense of her tragic and premature end.

Ty Roth plunges into uncharted waters in this innovative story that captures the indomitable spirit of Romanticism that's oh-so-Shelly.

—Michelle Poploff

from

# so shelly

**M**ost of us like to believe that we are born to do great things, maybe even to be famous. Truth is, we aren't and we won't.

Instead, we are of the anonymous dark energy that accounts for nearly 96 percent of the universe. Sure, in our corners of wherever, we may play relatively significant roles and accomplish important "stuff" like earning good grades and incomes, falling in love, raising families, maybe even advancing worthy social causes, but in the cosmic picture, the vast majority of people—dead, living, or yet to be born—had, have, or will have no freaking clue that we once were, are, or will be.

Sucks. Doesn't it?

"So, what's the point?" you ask.

I can tell you. Better yet, later on, I'll show you. But don't be disappointed when you realize that you've heard it before, and that, deep down, you already knew the answer.

Are you ready?

Love and death.

In the end, that's all there is. Do those two things well, and you may have a chance at something close to a meaningful existence. Screw them up, and life is pretty pathetic.

"Okay," you're thinking. "Love, I understand."

But do you? We throw the word around so much that it is nearly meaningless. We've reduced the experience of "being in love" to that which can be

**In the end, that's all there is.**

**Do those two things well,  
and you may have a chance  
at something close to a  
meaningful existence. Screw  
them up, and life is pretty  
pathetic.**

summarized in a pop song or portrayed in a chick flick. Then we're angry and disillusioned when love disappoints. Here's a little secret: love always disappoints. It's the conscious choice to love someone or not to love someone, despite the disappointment, that makes it beautiful.

And it is beautiful. I know that now.

"Fine," you say. "But isn't this focus on death a little morbid?"

I'll admit, there was a time when I would have said the same thing. Not anymore.

Death exists. You can piss and moan about it all you want, but it still exists. And I can guarantee you this: unless you learn to wrap your brain around the fact that you are eventually going to die, you'll never wrap your arms around the less certain fact that you are currently living.

"How do you know these things?" you wonder.

I know because two friends, Gordon Byron and Michelle (Shelly) Shelley, showed me that love and death are far more complicated than your teachers, your priests, and pop culture want you to believe. Until a few months ago, Gordon and Shelly were classmates a year ahead of me in high school. They're the reason I wrote this. They're the ones who showed me that no matter how young or old you are, you'd better start living and loving to the fullest right now. And if, by sharing their stories, I can prove that to you, it might make my having lived worthwhile.

I'm Keats (rhymes with "sheets"). I'm dying. And I don't mean in a someday sort of way, but as in sooner rather than later. I can't tell you exactly when or of what just yet, but trust me, I know. It's the curse of the Keatses. We die young: my paternal grandparents died before I was born, both of my parents died before they reached forty, and my brother is next door wasting away to nothing as I type. The Disease, as Tom likes to call his tuberculosis, is rapidly decelerating his functionality to zero.

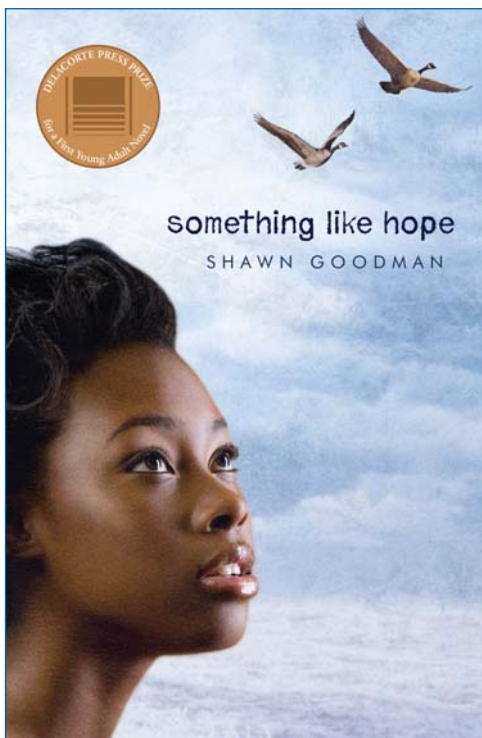
That's right, tuberculosis.

**"Fine," you say. "But isn't this focus on death a little morbid?"**

**Ty Roth** teaches literature and English composition at both the high school and university levels. He has studied Romantic poets and enjoys teaching his students about them.



Photo © Gina Milkie



## Something Like Hope

by Shawn Goodman

Edited by Stephanie Elliott

ISBN: 978-0-385-73939-9

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 12/28/2010



## from the editor



The Delacorte Press Contest always brings in interesting submissions. Sometimes our meetings to choose a winner bring lots of discussion: which submission is best? Are any of them worthy of being the winner? This year, we had a clear winner. All of the editors shed tears over this gritty, honest, incredibly moving novel about a girl struggling to escape the juvenile detention system, and the demons that brought her there to begin with. Shawn Goodman worked at several facilities similar to the Center and he brings an authenticity to Shavonne's story that will make you laugh, cry, and ultimately, feel something like hope for Shavonne and the thousands of kids in similar situations.

—Stephanie Elliott



# from something like hope

**M**ona took my own bony hands in her large soft ones and said, “Child, if I’m gonna help you have this baby, then we need to git a few things straight. First off, I know you come from that prison for kids. And that means that you done something wrong or somebody done something wrong to you. And here you are, still a child yourself, yet gettin’ ready to have your own child.”

I tried to interrupt, but I found that I couldn’t speak. She rubbed my hands so gently, talking in this gospel-like voice, sing-songy and sweet. I just listened like a little girl at story time. Those hands of hers must have been magic.

Mona said, “Child, I done wrong too and, you know what? Don’t nobody care. Least of all God. And if God don’t care ’bout that, then why should any smaller peoples care? Certainly don’t nobody here at this hospital care what you done. You just another woman ready to bring a new person into this world. And sugar,

that’s *the* most beautiful thing ever! You’ll see. And when you do, I’ll be right here with you.” She said this last part like she knew it to be true. Like she could see the end of the story and she knew it was a good story with a happy ending. Like she was amused at my distress because she knew it would all work out . . .

**First off, I know you  
come from that prison  
for kids.**

. . . Then Mona sat down on the edge of my bed and took my hands in hers once again. She addressed me like a daughter and said, “Shavonne, where I come from, there’s plenty of women your age who make babies. Sometimes they married. Not often, but sometimes. And sometimes they been raped. And sometimes they been screwin’ with boys because they wants to.” It seemed like the more she talked to me, the heavier her accent became. I don’t know if it was from the medication I had been given, but it was kind of surreal. Mona’s words and voice hypnotized me. I felt warm and safe and happy.

Before I went into labor she had said this to me: “Sugar, you listen careful to Mona now. Listen careful and remember these words. Young child, you are special because of what you been through . . . and also because of what you’re gonna do in your life. I see it in your face. You’re gonna have lots more troubles for sure,

# from something like hope

*continued*

but I see that you're gonna grow up to be a strong and righteous woman. Strong and righteous! And you got to remember that this child that's gettin' ready to meet you is part of you. To hell with all them men that call theyselves fathers. Sperm don't mean shit. Every man's got it. This one is *your* baby. God gave her to *you*. You hear me? God gave *you* this baby girl. Now try your best to take care of her. And if you cain't take care of her, then find somebody who will."

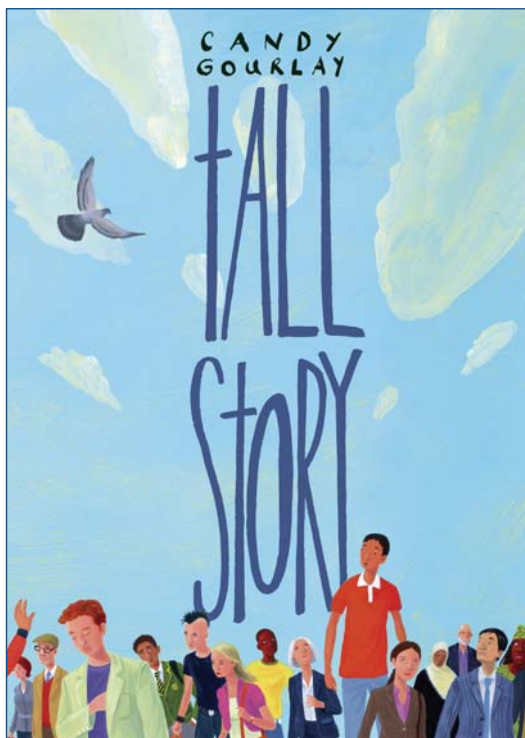
The strangest part is that I didn't know the gender ahead of time. I don't think Mona knew either, but I guess she did. She probably had access to some records or test. But sometimes I like to think that she just knew because of something deeper. Maybe something more spiritual. Like Mona is my protector. A large black woman who is strong and righteous, like she said I'd be, but also soft and gentle. I like to think that she is still out there somewhere and that I might see her again.

**God gave YOU this  
baby girl.**

**Shawn Goodman** is a writer and a school psychologist. His experiences working in several New York State juvenile detention facilities inspired *Something Like Hope*. Visit him online at [www.shawngoodman.com](http://www.shawngoodman.com).



Photo © Sonja Sones



## Tall Story

by Candy Gourlay

Edited by Bella Pearson

ISBN: 978-0-385-75217-6

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On Sale: 2/8/2011



## from the editor



A confession: sometimes we editors just get overrun by manuscripts, to the extent that piles teeter around our desks and agents harass daily. In the case of *Tall Story*, Candy's agent finally gave us a 24-hour warning that if we didn't get our skates on, there would be trouble. David Fickling and I, chastened, took the manuscript home that evening. When we arrived in the office the following morning, we looked at each other and beamed. Because books don't get better than *Tall Story*—a novel which made me laugh and cry in equal measure. It's the wonderfully warm story of two cultures coming together and muddling through their differences (and similarities) with humour, love, and a fantastic sense of the absurd. It's a story about family, acceptance—and basketball. Candy Gourlay is a new talent to watch, and we are thrilled to be publishing her first novel.

—Bella Pearson

from

# TALL STORY

**R**ush hour.

So many armpits, so little deodorant. The whole world is heading out to Heathrow to meet long-lost relatives. I am wedged between the tummies of the two fattest men in the world.

Rank.

Mum's practically vibrating. Like she's overdosed on coffee. Which she probably has. Dad's got his arm around her like a lock. She's fidgeting so hard and the train's so crowded. 'It'll be ages yet, Mary Ann,' he whispers into her ear.

'I just want to make sure we're there when he comes out.'

'He's sixteen. He'll be fine!'

Dad kisses her forehead. Which isn't a stretch because the crowd is pushing them so close together his face is practically pasted to her head.

'But William . . .' Mum glares at his chin. 'He's so TALL!'

Why is Mum so psycho about Bernardo being tall? She's been going on about it since we found out he was coming to London. 'Don't be surprised now, Andi, your brother is tall. Tall, you hear me?'

Does she think I needed impressing? I mean, Mum isn't exactly God's gift to the human race in the height department. I'm the smallest in Year Eight and I'm still taller than her. She's so short she needs an ID to prove she's old enough to buy wine at the supermarket. 'I don't understand,' she always argues at the Tesco Express. 'Where I come from, there's never any problem.'

Well, London isn't the Philippines, Mum.

The two tummies are practically holding me up in the carriage. I could fall asleep and remain vertical. Hopefully it won't be this bad on the return trip with Bernardo and his luggage.

Bernardo!

I can't believe I'm minutes away from becoming someone's little sister.

If he's tall like Mum says, he's guaranteed to love Michael Jordan. She says everyone in the Philippines is mad about basketball and I'm Michael Jordan's biggest fan. And maybe with another teenager in the house, we could listen to normal music instead of selections from Mum and Dad's pre-Jurassic collection.

**And then Mum screams  
so sharply that people  
nearby stop kissing and  
hugging to stare.**

I'm tired of being the Only Child.

And then suddenly the train is screeching to a stop at Heathrow and Mum's dragging me out from between the two tummies. It's miles to walk through all those long, long tunnels to Terminal 3. And then she stands there for ages holding the welcome banner up high, hopping a little on one leg like she really, really needs to go to the toilet.

Dad puts his arm around Mum's shoulders and whispers in her ear some more. But her eyes are glazed. She's beyond help.

And then Mum screams so sharply that people nearby stop kissing and hugging to stare.

'THERE HE IS! OH NARDO! OH NARDO! OH! OH! OH!'

And I squint past all the huggers and kissers in the Arrivals hall through the tiny panes of glass on the double doors and all I can see is some geek's necktie. But Mum's already dropped her banner and she's CRAWLING under the barrier and rushing towards the necktie, all the while squealing something in Tagalog. Dad's got the banner now, he's holding it up and grinning so broadly you can see that he's missing a canine.

Then I finally *get* why Mum goes on and on about Bernardo being tall.

Rocky the captain of my basketball team is TALL.

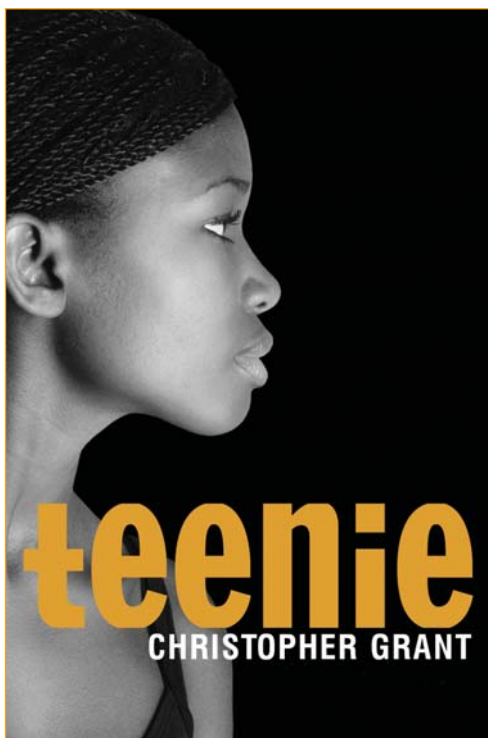
Michael Jordan is TALL.

But Bernardo is no way tall like Rocky or Michael Jordan.

Bernardo is a GIANT.

Born in the Philippines, **Candy Gourlay** has worked as a journalist and web designer; she now lives in London with her husband and three children. You can visit her website at [www.candygourlay.com](http://www.candygourlay.com)





## Teenie

by Christopher Grant

Edited by Erin Clarke

ISBN: 978-0-375-86191-8

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 12/28/2010



Alfred A. Knopf

## from the editor

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When I first read *Teenie*, I was blown away by the voice of the main character, a high school junior nicknamed Teenie, who is all of 5 feet tall and 101 pounds, that is if she's wearing all of her books in her book bag and a pair of waterlogged Timberlands (hence the nickname). Surely, only a female writer would be able to get into the head of a sixteen-year-old girl with such deft and accuracy. And said writer must be someone who works with teens regularly, perhaps a teacher or a school librarian. I was wrong. Christopher Grant is a Wall Street trader by day, who, I soon discovered, came to write from a female perspective naturally. His mother and three aunts, each with their unique temperaments and assortment of quirks, affected him deeply while growing up in the Caribbean section of Brooklyn, where *Teenie* is set. The family influence matched with Chris's innate storytelling talents have culminated in an incredibly powerful debut novel with an unforgettable main character at the helm of it.

—Erin Clarke

from

# teenie

“It’s better to be a good listener than a good talker, because the good listener can remember what was said.” As hard as it is for me to admit that my father says anything that makes sense, when I apply that little ditty to conversations with my best friend, Cherise, he hits the nail right on the head. Whenever we do something that doesn’t pertain to her, like standing in front of the study abroad office, she gets really antsy. Most times it’s a lot of eye-rolling and an occasional huff, but today she doesn’t last more than ten seconds before she says, “So why are we standing here again? For that nerd thing you’re trying to get into?”

I look at her sideways and grumble, “Yes, for YSSAP.”

“What’s ‘sap’?”

Cherise has been my best friend since the third grade, and over the past six and a half years, this type of conversation has played itself out time and time again. I

guess that’s what I get for doing ninety-five percent of the listening. “YSSAP, Young Scholars Study Abroad Program.”

**Teenie, that’s what my girls call me.**

“Sounds like loads of fun,” she sighs.

“Don’t be a hater because you can’t get in. You wish you could go to Spain for free.”

“Whatever. Like I’d want to be in Spain with a bunch of shribs.”

“I’m not a shrib”—her latest term for loser.

“If you say so . . . So how long do you plan on standing here?”

“I guess until someone comes out of the office.”

Apparently that’s all she needed to hear. She starts tapping on the door, waiting about three seconds before knocking harder. “There ain’t nobody in there, Teenie. Let’s go.”

# from **teenie**

*continued*

Teenie, that's what my girls call me. I'm five feet and one quarter inch, one hundred and one pounds, with all my books in my book bag and a pair of waterlogged Timberlands on.

"But they're supposed to put the acceptance list up."

"Do you see anyone coming to the door?" She says this as we've put about twenty feet between the office and ourselves.

I turn and look back, but don't see anyone. "No."

"That's what I thought. If you want to get anywhere in this world, you gotta BE AGGRESSIVE! BE, BE AGGRESSIVE!"

"What the hell was that?"

"It's one of the cheers that I have to do for tryouts, which is why I don't want to waste time standing in front of that door with you when I should be practicing."

"What time do the cheerleading tryouts start?"

"In twenty minutes."

"Oh. Sorry." I'm not really into the cheerleading thing, but Cherise definitely has the look: long hair, light skin, and a big butt, an apple bottom. She has all the makings of a video vixen.

"I don't know why you're so scared to try out for the squad."

"I'm not scared." *I am* scared, but she doesn't need to know that. "I told you like fifty times I'm going to get my braces off."

"You're getting your braces off today?"

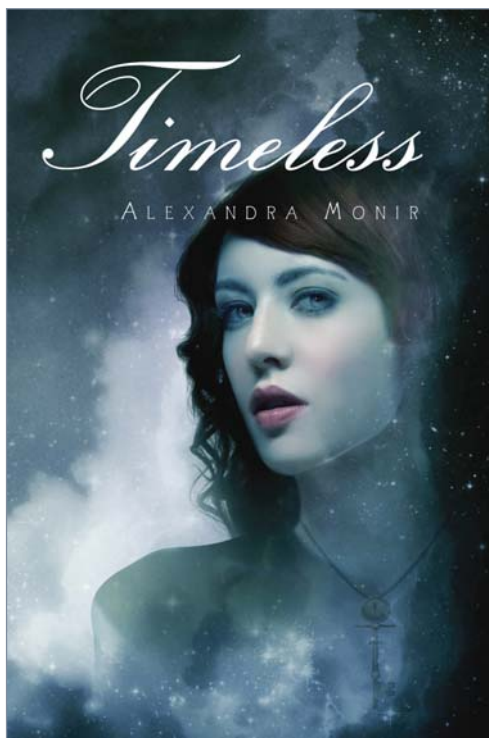
Make that ninety-six percent of the listening.

**Christopher Grant** was born and raised in the heart of Brooklyn, New York. He currently works as an equities trader and spends his free time reading, writing, playing basketball, and traveling.



Photo © Martin Dixon





## Timeless

by Alexandra Monir

Edited by Stephanie Elliott

ISBN: 978-0-385-73838-

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 1/11/2011



Delacorte  
Press

### from the editor

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True love. Epic romance. Finding the One. No, I'm not quoting an ad for eHarmony—I'm talking about the universal themes of stories that kids are loving right now. *Timeless* appealed to me right away because it has all the satisfying, soul-changing romance that kids love, with an engaging time travel story that brings them through the remarkable history of New York—from Victorian times through the roaring twenties and the responsible World War II era. What if you found the One for you—but you were separated from him by Time?

Would you be able to let him go and move on with your life in the present—or would you struggle to be together despite the consequences? That's the choice Michele faces in *Timeless*, and I think kids will love getting swept up in this accessible, historically accurate, and unabashedly romantic book.

—Stephanie Elliott

from *Timeless*

**M**ichele stood alone in the center of a hall of mirrors. The glass directly in front of her revealed a girl identical to Michele, with the same chestnut hair, ivory skin, and hazel eyes; even wearing the same outfit of dark denim jeans and black tank top. But when Michele moved forward, the girl in the glass remained still. And while Michele's own neck was bare, the reflection in the mirror wore a strange key hanging from a gold chain, a key unlike anything Michele had ever seen.

It was a gold skeleton key in a shape similar to a cross, but with a circular bow at the top. The image of a sundial was carved into the bow. The key looked weathered and somehow wise, as though it weren't inanimate, but a living being with over a century's worth of stories to share. Michele was momentarily seized by an urge to reach through the glass and touch the curious key. But all she felt was the cool surface of the mirror, and the girl with Michele's face betrayed no notice of her.

"Who are you?" Michele whispered. But the mirror image didn't respond, didn't even appear to have heard. Michele shivered nervously, and squeezed her eyes shut. What was this?

And then, suddenly, the silence was broken. Someone was whistling, a slow melody that created goose bumps on the back of Michele's neck. Her eyes snapped open, and she watched in shock as someone joined the girl in the mirror. Michele's breath caught in her throat. She felt paralyzed, unable to do anything but stare at him through the glass.

**"Who are you?" Michele whispered. But the mirror image didn't respond, didn't even appear to have heard. Michele shivered nervously, and squeezed her eyes shut.**

**What was this?**

His eyes were such a deep blue they seemed to dazzle against his contrasting thick dark hair. Eyes the color of sapphires. And though she could somehow tell that he was around her age, he was dressed like none of the other boys she knew. He wore a crisp white collared shirt under a white silk vest and tie, formal black pants, and black patent leather shoes. In his white-gloved hands, he held a black top hat lined with silk. The formal clothing suited him. He was more than good-looking, much more than could be conveyed by the word “handsome.” Michele felt an unfamiliar ache as she watched him.

Her heart racing, she stared at him as he carelessly peeled off his gloves and dropped his hat, the three items falling together in a heap on the floor. He then reached for the hand of the girl in the mirror. And to Michele’s astonishment, she felt his touch. She quickly looked down, but though her hand was empty, she could feel his fingers interlacing with hers, the sensation causing a flutter inside her.

*What’s happening to me?* Michele thought frantically. But suddenly she couldn’t think anymore, for as she looked at the boy and girl embracing in the mirror, she felt strong arms encircling her own waist.

“I’m waiting for you,” he murmured, smiling a slow, familiar grin that seemed to hint at a secret between them.

And for the first time, Michele and the mirror reflection were in sync as they both whispered, “Me too.”

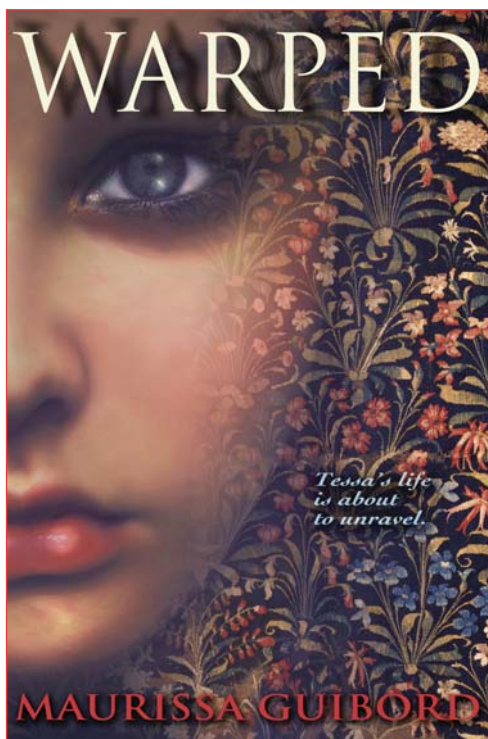
Michele Windsor awoke with a shock, gasping for breath. As she took in the sight of her darkened bedroom, her heartbeat slowed and she remembered—it was just The Dream. The same strange, intoxicating dream that had haunted her on and off for years. As always, waking up from it brought the pain of disappointment into the pit of Michele’s stomach, as she found herself missing him—this person who didn’t even exist.

**“I’m waiting for you,” he murmured, smiling a slow, familiar grin that seemed to hint at a secret between them.**

At age 25, author and recording artist **Alexandra Monir** is releasing both her debut novel, *Timeless*, and an album written and recorded as a companion to the book.



Photo © Neal Preston



## Warped

by Maurissa Guibord

Edited by Michelle Poploff

ISBN: 978-0-385-73891-0

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On Sale: 1/11/2011



Delacorte  
Press

## from the editor



What's fascinating about *Warped* is that it offers a new twisted thread in the realm of paranormal romance. Bestselling author Carrie Jones says, "Guibord's mastery of time-travel and romance is impeccable, her story telling is a page-turning delight."

Tessa doesn't believe in fate. But when she discovers a unicorn tapestry, she finds the creature woven within it compelling and frightening. When she pulls a thread from the unicorn, she releases a terrible centuries-old secret. She also meets William de Chaucy, an irresistible sixteenth-century nobleman. His fate is as inextricably tied to the tapestry as Tessa's own.

Together, they must correct the wrongs of the past. But then the Fates step in, making a tangled mess of Tessa's life. Now everyone she loves will be destroyed unless Tessa does their bidding and defeats a cruel and crafty ancient enemy.

Maurissa Guibord has woven a tapestry of romantic time-travel fantasy and supernatural suspense that's sure to delight you. It's fate.

—Michelle Poploff

# from **WARPED**

She was in a shady, wooded place. Here and there, spears of sunlight shot through the leaves to make pools of glowing, dappled color on the ground. She sat, resting on a swath of green moss. She let her eyes roam up over the lattice work of branches high overhead. It was beautiful here. Peaceful.

Where was she? She couldn't remember. She knew only what she had been told: she must stay here and be very quiet, very still.

Her hands worked nervously, smoothing the thick folds of fabric in her lap. She looked down. The beautiful gown was not hers. The blue velvet felt heavy and constricting and the lacings of the bodice stole her breath. Or perhaps it was her

uneasiness that made her chest so tight. Her breath sounded clamorous in the silence around her. Be quiet, she told herself. Be still.

**There was a monster in  
the woods, a beast that  
must be caught.**

There was a monster in the woods, a beast that must be caught.

They said it killed William de Chaucy. He had been killed on the very day he had followed her into these woods. Proud, handsome, bookish William de Chaucy was dead. She had hardly known him. They had never even spoken. And yet why, when she thought of him, did she grieve? Knowing he was gone from this world . . . it made something inside her feel empty and locked away. It was as if something had been stolen from her.

An old weaver woman had come to the village, telling everyone how she had seen the beast slaughter the young nobleman. Now the earl was set on hunting it, set on vengeance for his son. There had to be a young maid for the hunt, a virgin. She had been chosen for the honor. The village was small and the choices few, she thought wryly. And her aunt had not objected to accepting the heavy purse of coins the earl had thrust forward. It was a handsome payment.

So the girl had put on the fine gown she was given; it had belonged to the earl's wife, who had died. She unbraided her hair and brushed it till it shone in

# from **WARPED**

*continued*

cascading ripples down her back. Dressed in finery as she was, and polished so, it was hard not to feel like bait. Or sacrifice.

You must wait here in the clearing. The unicorn will come to you.

The unicorn. That was the monster. A terrible beast with searing eyes and a single horn that could slash a man to ribbons.

But why should it come to her? Would it try to kill her too? No, they'd told her she was in no danger. She would be surrounded by armed men. They were hiding, even now, in the shadows.

The silence broke. She straightened, suddenly alert. There was a shout and a tangle of harsh voices nearby, then the blare of a hunter's horn. But it was the barking that made her jump. She stiffened, then leapt to her feet. The yelps and snarls came closer. She whirled toward the sound. Dogs. Of course there were dogs in the hunt. Her fingers curled into fists and her breath came faster.

**You must wait here in the clearing. The unicorn will come to you.**

She was afraid of dogs. She cried out and began to run. All the careful instructions she had been given were dashed away by fright. She ran from the clearing and into the denser forest, stumbling through brambles. Faster. She had to get away. She had to hide. She had no idea of her direction, nor where the hunters were hidden.

She plunged deeper into the woods, where black vines clutched at her ankles and the skeletal trees creaked and snapped overhead. She kept running.

**Maurissa Guibord** writes fiction for young adults who love the same kinds of stories she does: mysterious, romantic, and with a touch of humor.

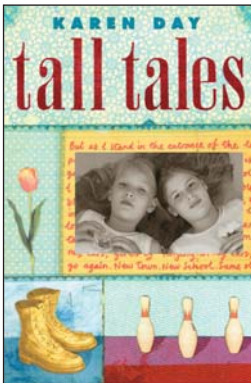


Photo © Nadra Edgerly

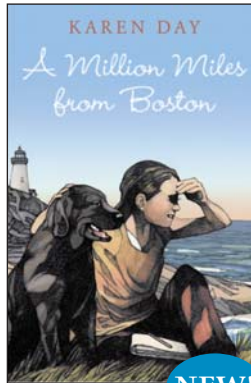
# IT'S A SECOND!

Find out what former “It’s a First” novelists have been up to.

## KAREN DAY



“It’s a First”



NEW!

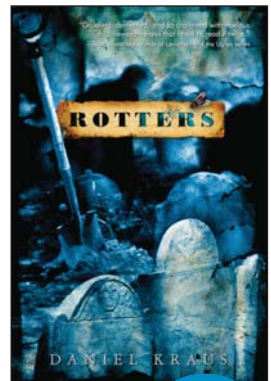
School’s out and Lucy is off to her favorite place: Pierson Point, Maine, for the summer. But this summer, nothing is the same. Ian comes to Pierson Point with his family. He is loud, popular, and mean—and Lucy can’t stand him. To top it off, Dad wants his girlfriend to become a bigger part of Lucy’s life. Will her summer be ruined or will Lucy find friendship in the most unusual places?

## DANIEL KRAUS

Sixteen-year-old Joey Crouch is a straight-A student living in Chicago with his mom. But everything changes when Joey’s mother dies in a tragic accident and he is sent to live with his father, a solitary man with unimaginable secrets. At first, Joey’s father wants nothing to do with him, but soon they will discover what rots beneath the earth’s surface—and inside its graves.



“It’s a First”



NEW!



# IT'S A SECOND!

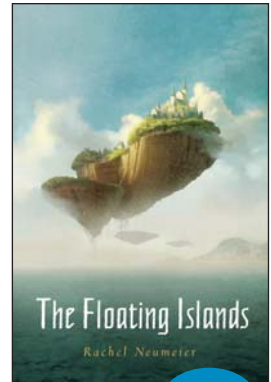
Find out what former “It’s a First” novelists have been up to.

RACHEL NEUMEIER

The Floating Islands are unlike anything Trei has ever seen: stunning, majestic, and graced with kajurai, men who soar the skies with wings. Trei is desperate to be a kajurai himself. With the help of his cousin, Araene, Trei pursues the path of a kajurai. But what neither suspects is that the fate of the Floating Islands lies in their hands.

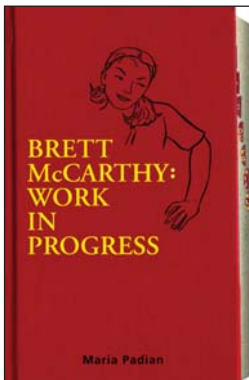


“It’s a First”



NEW!

MARIA PADIAN



“It’s a First”



NEW!

Henry and Eva are New Jersey natives and best friends. When opportunity knocks for both of them the summer before their junior year in high school they both decide to follow their dreams and head in separate directions, even if it means being apart. But through it all these two best friends know that Jersey Tomatoes Are the Best, and nothing will come between them no matter the distance.

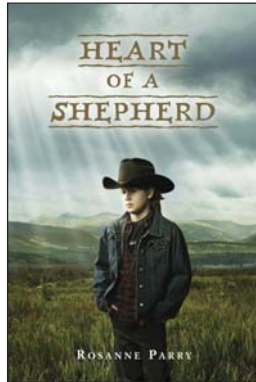


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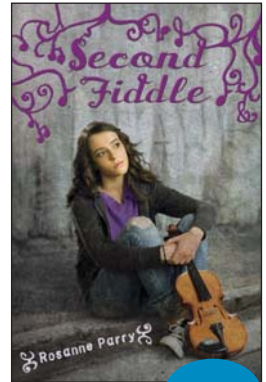
Find out what former “It’s a First” novelists have been up to.

ROSANNE PARRY

When thirteen-year-old Jody saves a badly beaten Russian soldier from drowning, she put into motion a chain of events that will take her from Berlin to Paris and straight into danger. Jody must learn to trust herself, because after the fall of the Berlin Wall, there is a thin line that separates friend from enemy.



“It’s a First”



NEW!

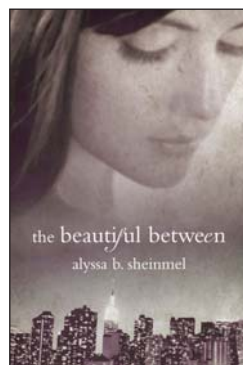
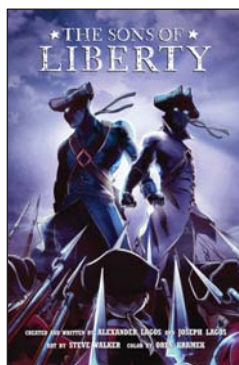
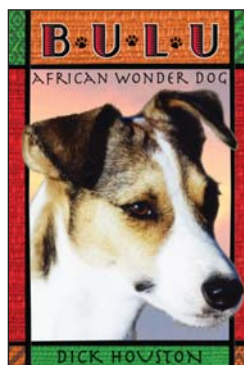
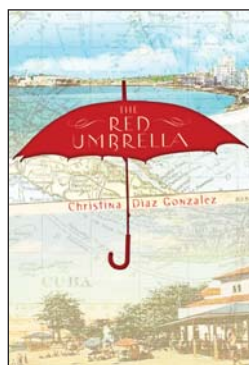
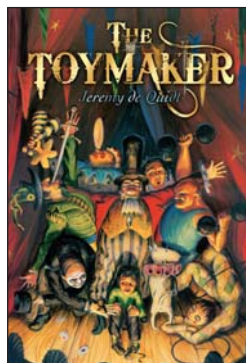
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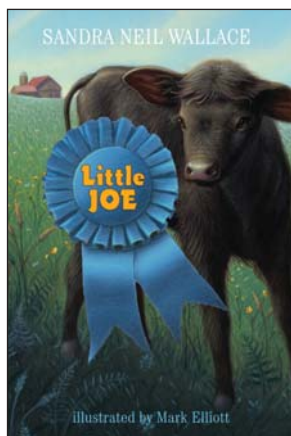
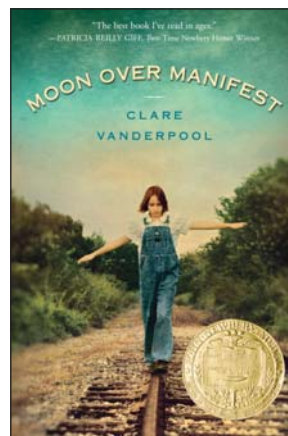
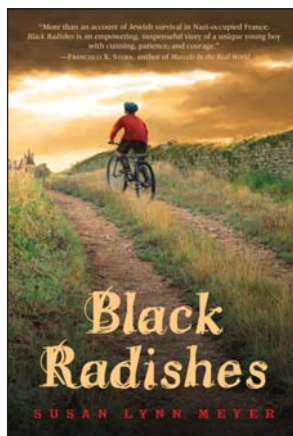
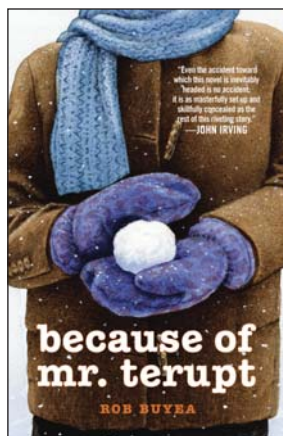
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