

Fresh Fiction from New Voices



Fall 2011



RANDOM HOUSE
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

WHERE STRONG VOICES
BECOME BESTSELLERS!

Fresh Fiction from New Voices



Random House Children's Books is dedicated to cultivating and nurturing new talent. With proven editorial acumen, rich sales and marketing resources, publicity savvy, and production and design excellence, the Random House Children's Books team has worked together with its authors to give readers proven first-time successes such as *New York Times* bestsellers *Eragon* by Christopher Paolini and *A Great and Terrible Beauty* by Libba Bray, as well as *The Emerald Atlas* by John Stephens and the Printz Award winner *How I Live Now* by Meg Rosoff.

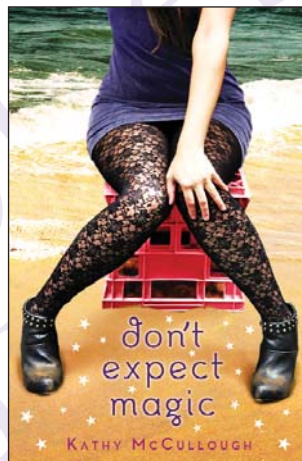
The future of the book industry lies with new literary voices. For that reason, we are committed to growing alongside our authors by implementing unique publishing and marketing programs that enhance our lists and deliver continued success stories to you: the bookseller, the teacher, the librarian. We know that it is the love of children's literature we share with you that helps get these new voices into readers' hands and, for this, we thank you.



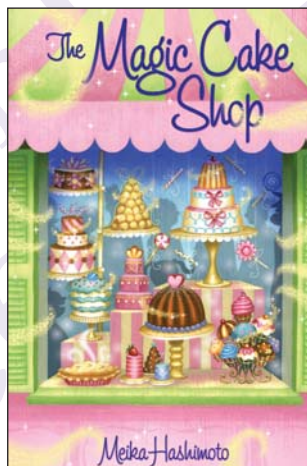
Fresh Fiction from New Voices



New for Fall 2011!



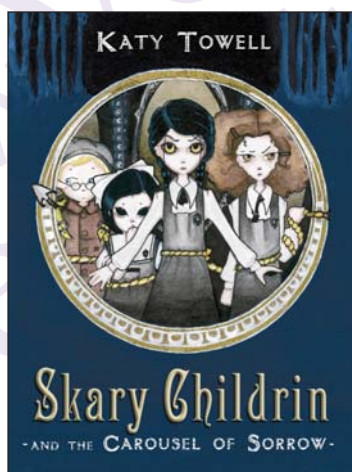
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It's a Second!

Second novels from former "It's a First!" novelists

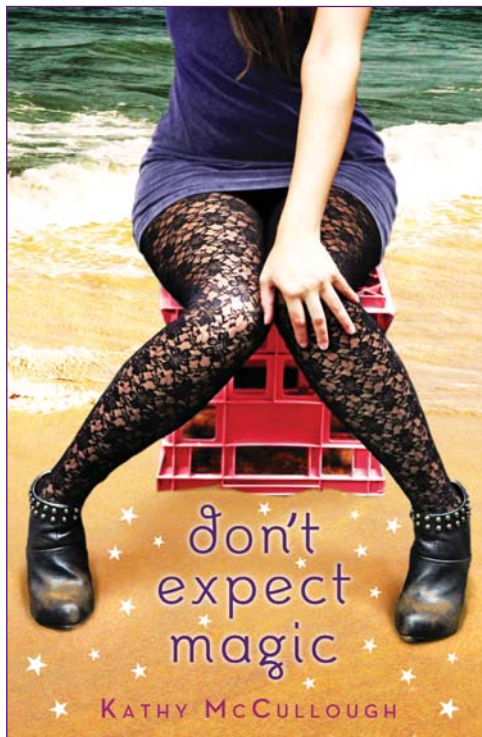
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New for Spring 2011

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New for Summer 2011

p. 19



Don't Expect Magic

Written by Kathy McCullough

Edited by Wendy Loggia

ISBN: 978-0-385-74012-8

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On sale: 11/8/2011



Delacorte
Press

from the editor



I'm always hoping for magic when I click Open on a submission. And that's what I found with Kathy's story. Heroine Delaney Collins doesn't believe in fairy tales. And why should she? Her mom is dead, her best friend is across the country, and she's stuck in California with "Dr. Hank," her famous life-coach father, a man she barely knows. Happily ever after? Yeah, right.

Except . . . it is happily ever after in this novel, in a most unexpected and fun way. Kathy's screenwriting talent shines through, as scenes play out as if unspooling from a magical film reel in her story. It's a perfect read for girls who like a little edge to their fairy tale dreams.

—Wendy Loggia

from don't expect magic

“**W**hat are we looking for?”

“Someone with a wish.” Hank searches the crowd as we walk. “A small one.”

We’re at a mall, but like everything else out here in the land of flawless beauty, it’s an alien dreamscape. It’s all outdoors, for one thing, with the shops set along a curving path. The stores are two stories high, but there’s nothing upstairs, just fake European balconies strung with twinkling lights.

“I’ll give you a wish. Turn my boots into glass slippers.”

“It doesn’t work that way, Delaney. It can’t be a random demand. It has to be a genuine internal desire.”

We wind around outdoor vendors selling jewelry made from crystals, lotion scented with jasmine—like I need any more of *that* scent clogging up my brain—and flip-flops in every color in the universe. It’s the street of endless shopping. Everything you didn’t know you wanted, nothing you need.

Hank pauses in front of a fountain where curved arcs of water sway to some old jazz song. I wish I’d brought my iPod with me. At least I’d have some connection to reality.

“Get me my iPod from the house,” I say.

“I *told* you—”

“It’s a genuine wish! I just wished it. I *swear*.”

Hank ignores me and studies a little boy standing a few feet away, holding a cup of vanilla-chocolate swirl ice cream and pouting. “Aha,” Hank murmurs. He pulls out his pen.

“They were out of plain vanilla, sweetie,” the boy’s mother says. “Just eat around the chocolate.”

“But I don’t *want* to.” The boy’s voice is choked with despair at the grand unfairness of life. Welcome to the club, kid.

Then, suddenly, the boy’s misery vanishes, replaced by elation. “Mommy!” He

**“Doesn’t ‘intellect’ mean
the smart part of my
brain?”**

holds up the cup and I can see that the fudge ribbons are gone. It's all vanilla.

Hank turns to me, half smug, half expectant.

Is he kidding? "You're telling me *you* did that?" Impossible. The ice cream scoop shifted to hide the chocolate, that's all. I watch the boy as he follows his mother around to the other side of the fountain and wait for him to discover the awful truth, but the little vanilla lover keeps happily eating, as if the chocolate really did disappear.

If . . .

There can't be any "if," because "if" suggests that it's possible.

"Enough time has passed for your belief system to acclimate, Delaney. It's only your intellect that's resisting."

"Doesn't 'intellect' mean the *smart* part of my brain?"

Hank repeats his sigh from the car. "Fine. If you're going to be that way."

He proceeds to "show me," again and again. And again. Leading me in and out of stores, waving his pen, granting more wishes. A size 10 skirt appears on a rack where there had only been size 2s, and the size 10 shopper who had been combing through them smiles in delight. A woman is told by a clerk that the handbag she holds doesn't come in green, only to have it turn to a bright lemon-lime while neither is looking. A man drops his camera in the fountain, and it reappears in his hand. A toddler flings a yellow ball from his stroller, and it's back in his lap before his parents notice, before the toddler has a chance to let out a cry. Left and right, things are fixed, problems solved. In the blink of an eye.

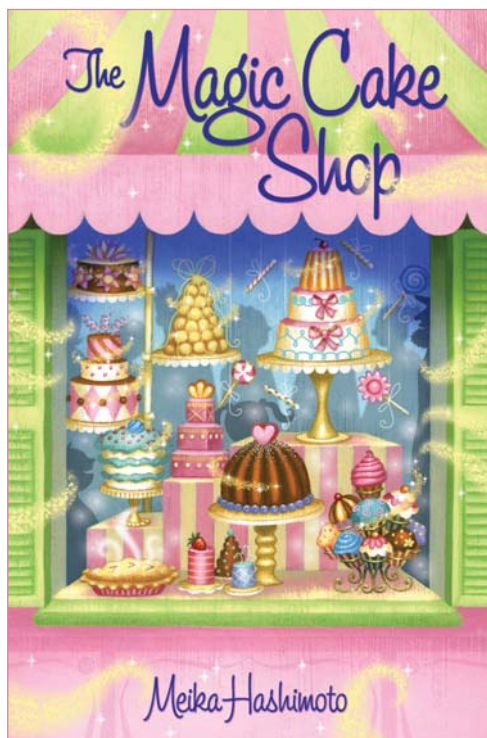
I watch these little miracles happen, and with each one, some tiny piece of the logical part of my thinking is chipped away. I can't believe *it*, but I'm starting to believe *him*.

Kathy McCullough

is a graduate of Cornell University and lives in Los Angeles, where she works as a novelist and screenwriter. Visit Kathy online at kathyMcCulloughBooks.com or follow her on Twitter @kathymccullough.



Photo © Mark Schwartz



The Magic Cake Shop

Written by Meika Hashimoto

Illustrated by Josée Masse

Edited by Suzy Capozzi

ISBN: 978-0-375-86822-1

\$15.99/\$17.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On sale: 10/25/2011



from the editor



In the spirit of this delightful tale, I'm sharing one of my favorite new "recipes."

- Start with a wonderfully talented first-time author.
- Stir in some classic storytelling elements reminiscent of Roald Dahl including: a smart, lonely protagonist; a few clueless, sometimes cruel adults; a magic-filled adventure; and a hint of danger.
- Add a heaping dose of humor.
- Fold in short chapters filled with deliciously descriptive yet simple text—the kind that would make Julia Child smile.
- And last, but not least, press this book into the hands of newly independent readers who are ready to lose themselves in a novel.

—Suzy Capozzi

from *The Magic Cake Shop*

The cake shop had a pink-and-green awning that shaded four large windows framed by green shutters. A wooden sign hung in one window, with Mr. Crackle's Cake Shop delicately etched in old-fashioned handwriting. A door with a big brass knob well-polished by countless eager hands stood wide open.

Mrs. Burblee had gotten out of the limo. She rummaged through her purse and drew out her vial of vinegar. With a sharp sniff, she inhaled, then pressed the vial to Emma's nose.

For the first time in her life, Emma batted the vial away.

Mrs. Burblee's eyes

**narrowed. "Emma, take
the vinegar. You don't
want to be smelling all
these disgust—"**

Mrs. Burblee's eyes narrowed. "Emma, take the vinegar. You don't want to be smelling all these disgust—"

"Yes, I do." Emma stared at her mom.

Mrs. Burblee flinched. Her voice turned hard and low. "Very well, young woman. You're lucky that I don't want to make a scene." She turned and began to shove past the neatly-lined up crowd at the entrance of the shop. Mr. Burblee grasped Emma's hand and followed closely.

Emma glanced at the waiting customers. "It's not very nice to cut."

"Nice schmice. We are too important to wait behind ordinary people," Mr. Burblee sniffed.

"Quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Burblee.

They went inside.

Emma's heart fluttered. Everywhere she looked, glass display cases brimmed over with the most marvelous desserts. Deep dish apple pies with perfectly browned crusts sat snugly next to bright yellow lemon meringues and gooey chocolate cakes. White chocolate cheesecake with raspberry swirls and strawberry jelly rolls dusted with sweetened cocoa nestled up to pear tarts glistening with glazed maple

syrup. One display case held nothing but small globes of glistening chocolate truffles.

Emma felt like she had been dropped in the middle of a miracle. She thought about the pictures in the cookbooks she had seen. They were nothing compared to the real masterpieces in front of her. She turned to take one more look around. Suddenly, her mother's face cut off her view.

"Emma, stop staring. You look like a fish. Now, here's how to get what you want without waiting."

Mrs. Burblee pushed forward to the head of the line. She flashed a blinding smile at the man she had stepped in front of. "Mind if I cut?" she crooned.

The man blinked. "Actually, I do," he said and pressed a little bell with a notecard taped next to it that read Cutter Alert.

Instantly a boy with bright red hair and freckles appeared next to Mrs. Burblee. He looked up and said politely, "Excuse me ma'am, but Mr. Crackle doesn't allow cutters. Please move to back of the line."

Mrs. Burblee folded her arms. She arched one perfect eyebrow. "Little boy, do you know who I am?!"

"Nope, but even the King of France isn't allowed to cut. Believe me, he tried, but Mr. Crackle gave him a talking to and he waited in line, just like everybody else." The boy looked gravely at Mrs. Burblee, who drew herself up.

"Who's this Mr. Crackle to tell important people that they have to wait?" she huffed.

"He's the best baker in the world. He can make up any rules he wants in this shop. And if you don't go to the back, you won't get anything today."

"Emma, stop staring.

You look like a fish.

**Now, here's how to get
what you want without
waiting."**

Meika Hashimoto baked her first cake when she was eight. She forgot a few ingredients and left it in the oven for too long. It resembled a brick. Her techniques have improved since then. When she's not baking, she can be found editing children's books.



Photo © Paul Riccio



Modelland

Written by Tyra Banks

Edited by Wendy Loggia

ISBN: 978-0-385-74059-3

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On sale: 9/13/2011



Delacorte
Press

from the editors



I've had the privilege of editing many fine authors, including a pop star, an Olympic gold medalist, even a former secretary of education. Never before have I edited a supermodel. And now that I have? I like it. Tyra is passionate and funny, and to say she's hardworking is putting it mildly (she juggled her writing deadlines in between Harvard and *America's Next Top Model*). From the moment she walked into the Random House offices and told us her vision for her books, I knew she was the real deal. We've teamed together every

step of the way, from outlining to brainstorming to writing and revising, and there isn't a single page that doesn't have Tyra's fingerprints all over it. Her characters—Tookie, Piper, Dylan, and Shiraz—are as real to me as flesh and blood girls, and knowing that this is just the beginning of their journey—and Tyra's, as an author—makes this experience even sweeter.

—Wendy Loggia

from Modelland

The zipper of Tookie's bag made a loud *scrittttch* as she tried to pull it closed. She winced, looked around to make sure no one heard, slipped her *T-Mail Jail* into the left pocket of her cargo pants and the T O OKE button into her right, and tiptoed out of the clothes-strewn bedroom. She paused in the doorway to glance at Myrracle, who was sleeping soundly, letting out a giggle-snore here and there. This might be the last time Tookie would see her sister. Ever. Tookie wondered how she'd be able to fall asleep once she was separated from Myrracle.

Myrracle's signature giggle-snore had sort of become Tookie's sound machine, lulling her to sleep every night.

"I know you'll get in,"

Tookie whispered.

"I hope Modelland is

everything you and

Creamy always

wanted . . . and more."

"I know you'll get in," Tookie whispered. "I hope Modelland is everything you and Creamy always wanted . . . and more."

Dawn was breaking as she crept down the stairs. Tookie had stayed awake all night, plotting and planning. She now knew for certain that this was her only option. This was what Wingtip was talking about—this was her "dreaming big." The biggest her mind could ever dream.

Last night, after hearing her parents' conversation, she'd painted X-O-2 on the front door of her home, her secret signal to Lizzie. Less than two hours later, Tookie had heard a soft shriek outside her bedroom window. Outside, a barren tree trunk bore the same symbol: X-O-2. It was accompanied by a smiley face and the number seven, the time in the morning when they would meet.

Tookie was escaping Peppertown forever. Escaping her parents. Escaping with

Lizzie to the place of their dreams and being in total control of their destinies. She could start her whole life over . . . and become a Rememba-Girl.

Two more steps. One. Tookie curled her finger around the doorknob. She could taste the freedom.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Tookie jumped and spun around. Her mother stood behind her. She wore tight-fitting, bone-colored iridescent jeans with a matching one-shouldered top made of silk jersey that read MODELLAND NEEDS A MYRRACLE! Her cheeks shone with Wrinkle Redux. Bellissima, whom she’d tucked under her arm, wore the exact same ensemble, minus the face cream.

For a moment, Tookie couldn’t move. This was the first time she’d faced her mother since overhearing the dreadful conversation the night before. Instantly, all the feelings of shame and betrayal and rejection rushed back to her.

“Well?” Mrs. De La Crème repeated, her gaze shifting from Tookie to the bag. Her face brightened. “Oh, Tookie . . . what a good sister you are! You’ve already packed the extra supplies for Myrracle for today. That’s very thoughtful of you.”

Tookie’s heart pounded. How could her mother act like last night hadn’t happened? Creamy had all but agreed that Tookie should be sent off to work in one of Metopia’s horrible factories. And she’d seen Tookie standing there, hearing the whole thing!

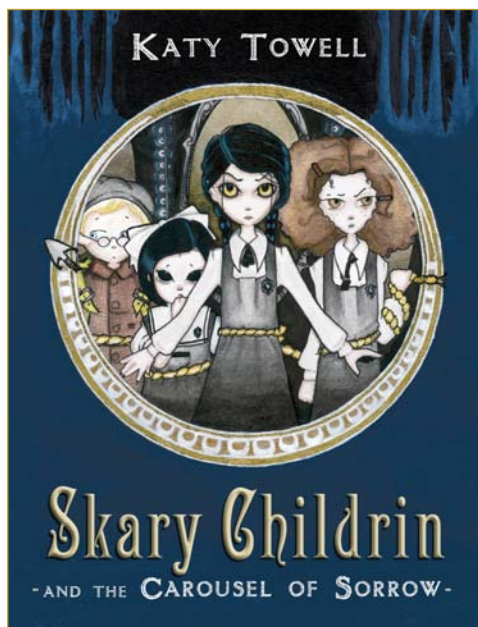
Tookie had to get out of here.

Tyra Banks was 15 years old when she started modeling; the same age as *Modelland’s* Tookie De La Crème. After a supermodel career she could not even have dreamed of, she tackled the world of television creating the hit show *America’s Next Top Model* seen in over 170 countries and her two-time Emmy Award-winning talk show, *The Tyra Show*.

Tyra is a leading voice in empowering girls and is dedicated to expanding the definition of beauty worldwide. Her life long love of reading and storytelling is deeply embedded in every page.



Photo © Carolyn London



Skary Childrin and the Carousel of Sorrow

Written and illustrated by Katy Towell
Edited by Erin Clarke

ISBN: 978-0-375-86859-7

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On sale: 8/23/2011



Alfred A. Knopf

from the editor



Deliciously creepy (but not too scary!) is how I would describe *Skary Childrin and the Carousel of Sorrow*, Katy Towell's wonderful debut novel. Katy is the creator of the wildly successful website Childrin R Skary, and while her agent and I knew she was capable of telling a story visually, we had no idea her talents with the written word were equally as strong.

Skary Childrin is chock-full of peculiar characters including a menacing candy man, a forbidding school headmistress with a penchant for wearing long, black taffeta skirts, and three odd schoolgirls—Adelaide, Maggie, and Beatrice—who must use their respective talents to save their town from a 12-year-old curse. This thriller-chiller of a book also features things that go bump in the night, frightful shadows in the woods, and spine-chilling secrets. Katy's wonderful black-and-white line drawings appear throughout, so the reader actually sees the characters and settings alight on the page before them.

—Erin Clarke

from **Skary Childrin** and the **Carousel of Sorrow**

Adelaide Foss slouched at the breakfast table, her cheek resting in one hand as her other hand poked at the eggs on her toast with fingernails that were just a bit too long. In fact, Adelaide's nails were alarmingly pointy, much like her ears, which she kept hidden behind twin black braids. At the front of the dining hall, the headmistress, Mrs. Merryweather, gave the Breakfast Lecture. It was an ordinary day at Madame Gertrude's School for Girls. Which, for awkward Adelaide, meant it would probably be a bad one.

"Posture is of the utmost importance in the civilized world," Mrs. Merryweather droned. "For a true lady must be recognized as such before she even utters a word!"

Adelaide heard the sound of fabric as someone slid across the bench to her.

Without even looking, she knew it was Becky Buschard. One of the older girls.

"When greeting new acquaintances, a lady must be reserved with her initial affection," Mrs. Merryweather went on.

"What's the matter with your eggs?" Becky whispered. "Not bloody enough for you?"

There was a smattering of muffled giggles as Becky slid back to her friends.

"Ah-oooooooooh!" one of them softly howled. Adelaide pretended not to hear, though it hardly did any good. In truth, she possessed a freakish ability to hear absolutely everything, sometimes even a mile away.

"A woman without balance in her step is a woman without balance in her life," Mrs. Merryweather lectured.

Adelaide stared off to the right, doing her best to ignore the faces made at her from the left. At the end of her table sat Maggie Borland, with two feet of empty space between her and the others. Nobody ever sat close to Maggie. Her wild brown hair made her look like Medusa, and her jumper was always stained. At the moment, she seemed wholly absorbed in her toast, which she carved into smaller and smaller pieces for no apparent reason. Every once in a while, she stabbed an egg, pounding the tines of her fork into a useless sculpture with each

blow. Adelaide was fascinated. But then Maggie glanced up, and Adelaide hurriedly looked away.

There were rumors that Maggie had tossed a teacher through a window at her old school, and that the teacher only survived by catching on to the sill. Adelaide didn't know if it was true, but she kept a safe distance all the same. This proved difficult, as Maggie was always in detention whenever she was, and Adelaide was in detention every day.

"When greeting new acquaintances, a lady must be reserved with her initial affection," Mrs. Merryweather went on.

Adelaide turned her attention to the other girl she saw in detention on a daily basis: Beatrice Alfred. Beatrice, simply put, was weird. She looked like a porcelain doll come to life—pale and tiny, with unnaturally dark eyes and short black hair topped with an oversized bow. She was in the Nines class, but she was only seven. Adelaide wondered if this explained Beatrice's peculiarities. Weren't really smart people supposed to be kind of odd?

Even now, Beatrice appeared to be whispering to something in her front pocket. *Who does she think she's talking to?* thought Adelaide with a shiver.

"Which brings me to my announcement," the headmistress continued. "Today we are expecting the arrival . . ."

Adelaide's breath caught in her throat.

". . . of a new . . ."

Please don't say what I think you're going to say! she prayed.

". . . librarian," Mrs. Merryweather concluded.

"Oh no," Adelaide groaned aloud.

Katy Towell is the creator of the Childrin R Skary website, and is also a graphic designer, writer, and illustrator in Los Angeles. She collects antiques, strange teas, and carnivorous houseplants.



IT'S A SECOND!

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

MATTHEW CODY



“It’s a First!”



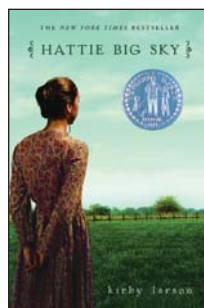
NEW!

New York City, 1901. Eleven-year-old Tommy is a street orphan and an unlikely protégé to a secret group dedicated to exploring the hidden doorways to other worlds. But while investigating in the basement of an old hotel, Tommy is betrayed—and trapped.

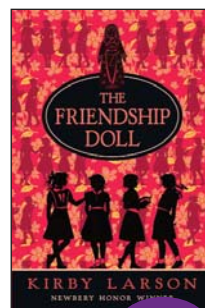
New York City, today. Jezebel Lemon has no bigger worries than homework and boys. Until she meets Tommy. Now they must thwart the Dead Gentleman—a legendary villain whose last unconquered world is our own planet Earth, a realm where the dead stay dead. Until now.

KIRBY LARSON

In 1927, 58 doll-sisters were sent from Japan to America as Ambassadors of Friendship. Meet one of the dolls, Miss Kanagawa, and the four girls that were forever changed by her friendship. The story of these four girls—one mischievous, one dreamy, one heartbroken, and one loyal—will awaken your heart.



“It’s a First!”



NEW!

Visit ItsaFirst.net to catch up with other Random House Children’s Books debut authors and find out what they’ve been up to!

IT'S A SECOND!

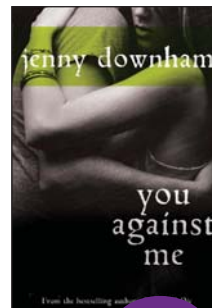
Find out what former “It’s a First!” novelists have been up to.

JENNY DOWNHAM

If someone hurts your sister and you’re any kind of man, you seek revenge.

If your brother’s accused of a terrible crime but says he didn’t do it, you defend him.

When Mikey’s sister claims a boy assaulted her, his world begins to fall apart. When Ellie’s brother is charged with the offense, her world begins to unravel. When Mikey and Ellie meet, two worlds collide.



“It’s a First!”

NEW!

JANE KELLEY



The house on Hemlock Road used to be someone’s home. Until something happened. Something that even after 80 years, can never be forgotten or forgiven. . . .

“It’s a First!”

NEW!

Visit ItsaFirst.net to catch up with other Random House Children’s Books debut authors and find out what they’ve been up to!

IT'S A SECOND!

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

D. A. NELSON



Two months after she saved the Eye of Lornish, a large white stone that prevents the magical kingdom of Mor from being discovered, Morag is adjusting to life in the secret northern kingdom. But dark dreams trouble her, and a series of unsolved robberies proves that even with the protection of her friends, she is still not safe.

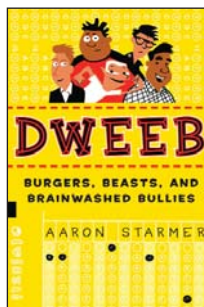
“It’s a First!”

NEW!

AARON STARMER

Martin Maple was forgotten—just like all the other children who come to the village of Xibalba. When families and friends all disappeared one afternoon, these were the only ones left behind.

Martin believes he can reunite them with their loved ones. But believing and knowing are two different things. Will Martin find salvation or forever be lost?



“It’s a First!”

NEW!

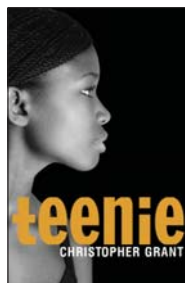
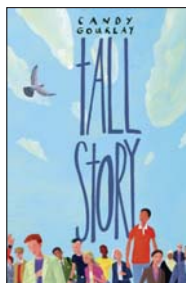
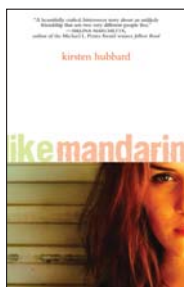
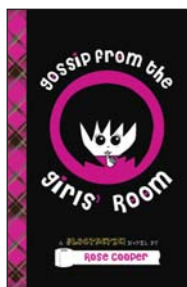
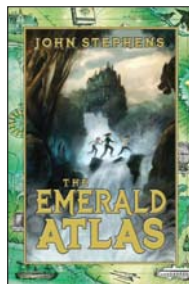
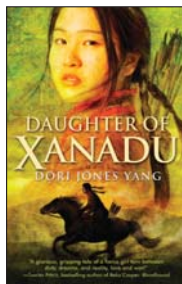
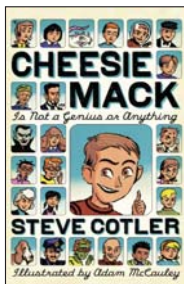
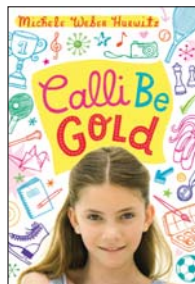
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Fresh Fiction
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It's a First—Spring 2011!



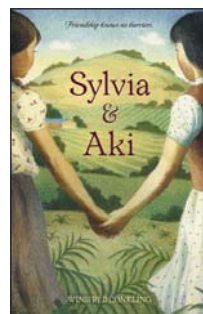
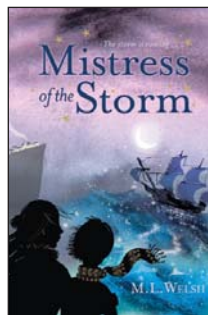
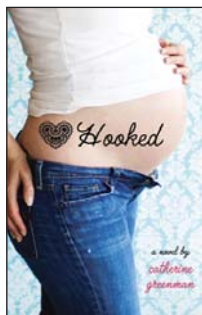
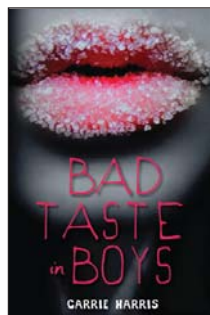
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WHERE STRONG VOICES
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Fresh Fiction
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It's a First—Summer 2011!



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