



Fresh Fiction from New Voices



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It's a FIRST!

Fresh Fiction
from New Voices



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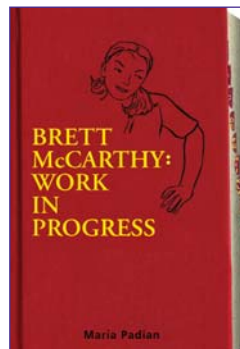
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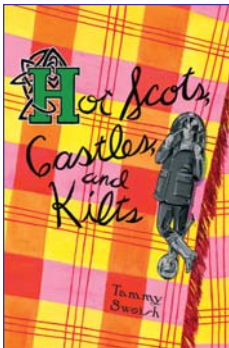
Fresh Fiction
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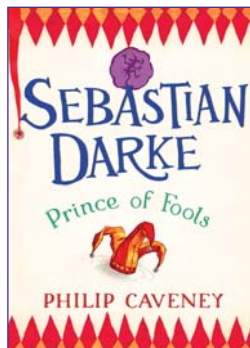

**As if Being 12 3/4 Isn't Bad Enough,
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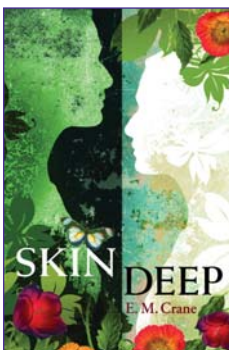
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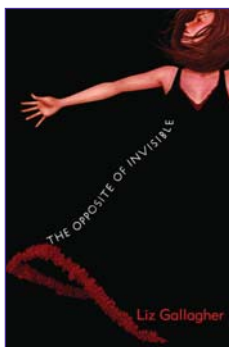
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As If Being 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ Isn't Bad Enough, My Mother Is Running for President

by Donna Gephart

HC: 978-0-385-73481-3 (0-385-73481-6) • \$15.99/\$20.99 Can.
GLB: 978-0-385-90479-7 (0-385-90479-7) • \$18.99/\$24.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction • On Sale: 2/12/2008



from **THE EDITOR**

As If Being 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ Isn't Bad Enough, My Mother Is Running for President has everything that makes middle grade fun: a bouncy, clever voice; a secret admirer; a truly frustrating situation (imagine if your mother was too busy campaigning in New Hampshire to come to your spelling bee!); and a whole lot of warmth. Vanessa Rothrock is a believable seventh grader that kids will have no problem identifying with, even if she does live in the governor's mansion in Florida and spend more time than she'd like to on the news. The 2008 election is going to be an important one for a lot of people, with two new candidates bringing lots of attention to the process of campaigning and the reasons one runs for office. And notably, it's entirely possible that one or more of those candidates will be female—leading to lots of discussion and news coverage about women in politics. *As If Being 12 $\frac{3}{4}$* is a great book to answer many of the questions middle-grade readers will have about the election process, but it's also a warm, satisfying, and utterly charming story.—Stephanie Lane

from **As If Being 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ Isn't Bad Enough, My Mother Is Running for President**

"Mom!" I turn off the TV and press the phone against my ear. I want to tell Mom everything about Reginald, at least the good parts. I want to tell her how he liked my poem and how we talked on the phone for nearly an hour. But all that comes out is, "Where are you?"

"Excuse me?"

I'm not sure if Mom can't hear me or if I've put my size 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet into my mouth by saying something stupid.

"Vanessa," she screeches. "Aren't you watching the news?"

As if I actually watch the news when she isn't here. "I was watching—" I start to say I was watching our show, *Gilmore Girls*, and I wish she'd been here to watch it with me. Then I realize I didn't watch it at all because I spent the time on the phone with Reginald. "Why?" I ask. "Did something happen?" I worry that Florida is about to be pounded by another hurricane and I was too busy on the phone with Reginald to hear about it, but this is ridiculous because hurricane season ended almost two months ago.

"Turn it on, honey. Turn on CNN."

I turn on CNN, and what I see knocks me backward. Fortunately, I fall on the most padded part of my anatomy. (Anatomy. A-N-A-T-O-M-Y. Anatomy.) Oh, for goodness sake!

Mom's face takes up the whole screen. She's wearing the gold earrings Dad had given her when she first became

I thought when Mom won the Iowa Caucus last week, it was just a fluke and she'd lose the rest of the primaries, but this . . . this means she might actually have a chance to win her party's nomination. To run for President of the United States!

governor. I'm used to seeing Mom on the local news, but CNN? That's for important people. I read the banner above Mom's head. "OHMYGOD!"

"Nessa, you see it, don't you? Do you know what this might mean?"

I mumble the words on the screen, "Elyssa Rothrock, Governor of Florida, wins New Hampshire primary." My stomach drops as though I plunged down the tracks on a roller coaster without wearing a safety bar across my lap. I know exactly what this might mean. I thought when Mom won the Iowa Caucus last week, it was just a fluke and she'd lose the rest of the primaries, but this . . . this means she might actually have a chance to win her party's nomination. To run for President of the United States!

"That's right, Nessa. And with the Iowa Caucus win, this should give me the boost we need to take the lion's share of primaries in early February."

This is real.

"Isn't it wonderful?"

How did this happen? When Mom asked if I'd support her running for president, I said yes because I thought it would take her mind off things. I never imagined she actually had a shot at winning the party's nomination. I mean, Mom's got two things going against her—boobs! Didn't anyone bother to tell her she's a woman, and a woman has never been elected President of the United States, except on TV? I mean, she's a great governor. But President? She'll be so busy, I'll never see her!

"Nessa?"

"I'm here."

"What do you think?"

"About what?"

"Vanessa!"

I can't deal with this now. "Did you know I won the school spelling bee today? I'm going to the County Bee."

"Didn't you get the flowers I sent?"

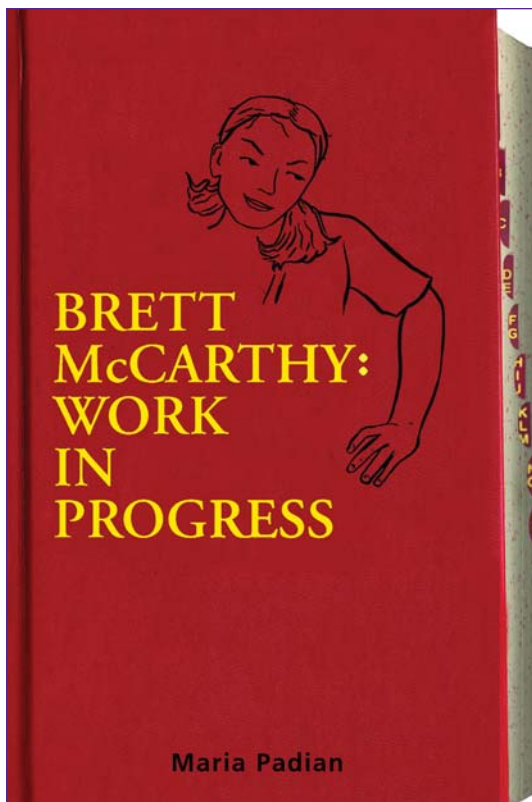
I sigh. Mom did send the flowers. "They're beautiful. I totally love them. Purple is my favorite—"

"Coming Arnie!"

I move the phone from my ear. Arnie is Mom's campaign manager, and spends way more time with her than I do. "Mom?" "Looks like we're both winners today, Nessa!"

Then why do I feel like a loser? ★

When **Donna Gephart**, humor writer from Palm Beach County, Florida, isn't creating books for children, she's running screaming from alligators, hurricanes, and botched presidential elections.



Brett McCarthy: Work in Progress

by Maria Padian

HC: 978-0-375-84675-5 (0-375-84675-1) • \$15.99/\$20.99 Can.

GLB: 978-0-375-94675-2 (0-375-94675-6) • \$18.99/\$24.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction • On Sale: 3/11/2008



from **THE EDITOR**

From the moment I spent a sunny summer Sunday afternoon parked on my couch, laughing and crying, I knew Brett McCarthy was a character I wanted to know better, and Maria Padian was a writer with whom I wanted to work. Reading the manuscript gave me that feeling an editor, and reader, craves—that jolt you get from a wholly absorbing, engaging story. By 2:30 the next day Brett McCarthy: Work in Progress was the newest addition to our list, and I was elated.

Brett has a huge mouth she can't control, a best friend, Diane, an obsession with vocabulary words, and a grandmother she can't live without. Maria Padian's wonderfully funny, poignant novel about one 8th-grade girl whose whole definition of herself is changing, without her consent, will, I hope, have readers laughing out loud and sobbing with abandon. Just as I did that sunny summer Sunday when I happily stayed indoors to spend some quality time with Brett.

—Nancy Hinkel

from **Brett McCarthy: Work in Progress**

I've been obsessed lately with trying to pinpoint the exact moment when I got redefined.

That's one of my grandmother's favorite words. It basically means defined again. **Define** means *to make clear; mark the limits of; identify the essential qualities or meaning of*. Before my life changed from fairly decent to really bad, my self-definition was pretty straightforward.

Brett McCarthy: *Only Child; Only Granddaughter; Vocab Ace; Best Eighth-Grade Corner Kicker in Maine; Diane's Best Friend.*

Then came the redefinition.

Brett McCarthy: *Deadest Meat in Maine and Possibly the Planet; Practically Friendless; Violent; Suspended.*

Can you blame me for wanting to sort this out?

It all got started like any other day: at The Junior.

As in "Mescataqua Junior High School," the big green letters on the front brick wall. Kit was the one who noticed that every morning Diane stood directly under the word "Junior." Never under "Mescataqua," never under "School." But perfectly positioned between the "i" and "o" of "Junior," leaning against the wall, her backpack slung over one slender shoulder.

Diane insisted she wasn't doing it on purpose, but once Kit pointed it out, it got to be our thing. "See you at The Junior!" we'd say each afternoon, instead of "See you tomorrow!" Or "Meet me at The Junior!" if we planned to get together after school.

**I've been obsessed
lately with trying to
pinpoint the exact
moment when I
got redefined.**

Diane, Kit, me, and (unfortunately) Jeanne Anne. Except for Jeanne Anne, the interloper, we'd known each other forever, from as far back as preschool. And even though we all had other friends outside the group, and sometimes got into really bad fights among ourselves, there was never any question about us. We were the first four chairs at the lunch table; the first four names on the Instant Messenger buddy list; the first four numbers on speed dial.

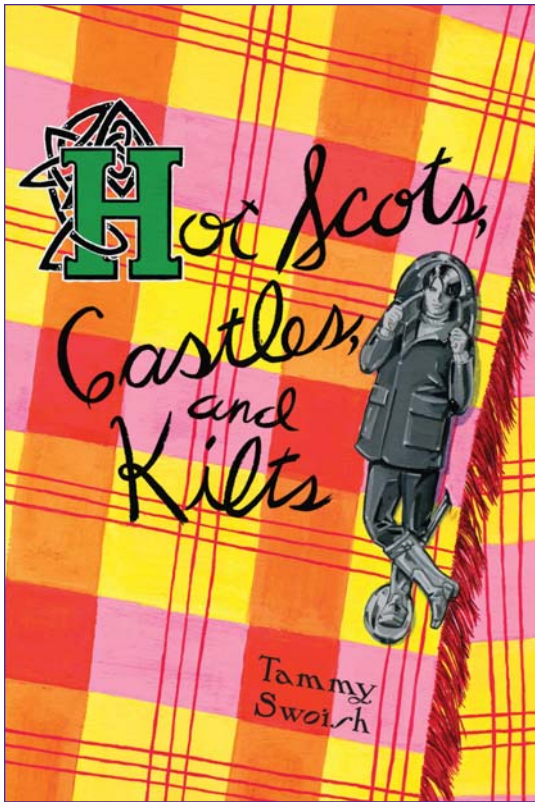
Interloper: *intruder; interferer*; Someone who moves to Mescataqua in seventh grade and attaches herself to your BFF.

Within the group, Diane Pelletier was my first and best friend, even though she's nothing like me. For one thing, she's beautiful. She has licorice-shiny long black hair and lavender eyes. I have short frizzy hair that my mother describes as "strawberry blond." That's a nice term for "light brown with red highlights." Trust me, it's a noncolor.

Diane is really smart and really funny in a quiet way. I'm funny too, but in a loud, opinionated way. Diane can't catch or kick a ball without injuring herself. I'm totally into sports. Diane looks great in clothes, and people tend to copy what she wears. I'm a wrinkle magnet and break out in a stress rash when I enter a mall.

Despite all this she was my best. We slept over at each other's houses at least twice a month, talking all night. We agreed about most things. Except one. Diane was a little more tolerant and a lot more patient than I was when it came to jerks. Like Jeanne Anne.★

Maria Padian has worked as a news reporter, an essayist for public radio, a press secretary for a U.S. congressman, and a freelance writer. She lives with her children, her husband, and their Australian shepherd in Maine, where she is at work on a new novel. To learn more about her, visit www.mariapadian.com.



Hot Scots, Castles, and Kilts

by Tammy Swoish

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Young Adult Fiction • On Sale: 3/11/2008



from **THE EDITOR**

Several years ago I attended a writers conference at Seton Hill College in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. That weekend Tammy Swoish received her Masters of Fine Arts in Writing Popular Fiction. A few weeks later, I acquired the manuscript that Tammy wrote for her Masters project, which was called *Peasant Diaries*. I liked the idea that it was a mother/teen daughter story and that they were going to Scotland to help relatives save their manor. But then, after much revising and some heart to heart talks, Tammy took the book in a whole new direction, which is now in the popular diary format, and offers a unique perspective on a girl finding herself in something like a medieval time warp. Sami experiences primitive daily living challenges, ghostly encounters, and yes, a hot Scot! It's a lighthearted look at appreciating both the past and the present. And it's just right for tweens and teens who aren't comfortable reading edgier novels.

—Michelle Poploff

from **Hot Scots, Castles, and Kilts**

Sprawled out on the grass, trying to regain my focus, I had my first look at a McClintogg—Adan McClintogg. He didn't look like the Son of the Evil One; his genes were too good. The earth had settled around me, so my vision was fine.

He was riding a horse, kind of a squatty, muscular horse. I guess it was one of those Highland ponies I'd read about online.

Not that horses are important when I'm staring at the best-looking guy in the world.

He was so hot, the temperature within a five-mile radius increased at least ten degrees.

Maybe I was having some kind of a weird teenage hot flash. He was so handsome, my brain forgot about my queasy stomach.

He was riding beside a fence of piled stone about twenty feet behind the cottage. Gorgeousness radiated off him so strongly I could smell it from where I sat. Then I sneezed.

Crap. Was I allergic to him?

Fiona walked out the door, her attention focused on the rider and his horse. He waved. She glared.

"Fiona MacKensie!" he shouted. "What are ye doin' in that run-down cottage?"

"Get off my land, Adan McClintogg!" she shouted.

**"Adan McClintogg
is an arrogant noble,
a worthless man,
the heir of all
McClintogg Land."**

Mrs. Conklin's English lessons on Romeo and Juliet flashed through my brain—love kills, especially when the two families hate each other.

Well, this sucked.

I looked at Adan, then at Fiona, then back at Adan. I hoped she didn't kill him.

He pulled on the reins, stopping his horse. "I'm on my land, Fiona."

"No, 'tis mine."

"Aye, but for how much longer?"

He had the hottest voice I'd ever heard, all confident and accented. But by now he should have learned to read Fiona's facial expressions. He was sitting on his horse, very near to enforcer-personality Fiona.

"We've a year to pay you, McClintogg."

"Aye." He waved to me and rode away.

"Wow." I sneezed again, stood, and walked toward Fiona.

"Adan McClintogg is an arrogant noble, a worthless man, the heir of all McClintogg Land."

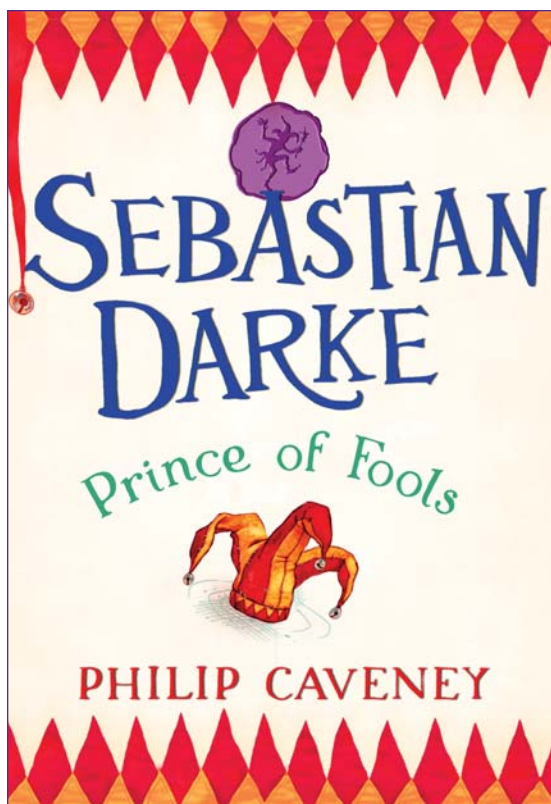
"You have to pay him within the year?"

She turned and looked at me. I think she had tears in her eyes. "Before my dad died, he'd borrowed money from the McClintoggs. We've a year left to pay, or they take our farm."

"Wait," I said. "You hate the McClintoggs because you owe them money?"

"Auch, nay, I hate them because they're McClintoggs."★

Tammy Swoish lives in southern Michigan where she has taught eighth-grade Language Arts for the past twelve years. She holds Master of Arts Degree in both Education and Writing. She lives with her husband and two teenage children.



Sebastian Darke: Prince of Fools

by Philip Caveney

HC: 978-0-385-73467-7 (0-385-73467-0) • \$15.99/\$20.99 Can.

GLB: 978-0-385-90465-0 (0-385-90465-7) • \$18.99/\$24.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction • On Sale: 4/08/2008



from **THE EDITOR**

Sometimes I want to read a book just for pure entertainment. When a writer creates characters that can make me laugh and forget about real life for awhile, that's a book I want to recommend to others. It's hard work writing a book that's funny, and as far as I'm concerned Philip Caveney has done a masterful job. Many people like to root for the rookie or the underdog and Sebastian Darke, the cute bumbling teen who is half-human, half-elf definitely needs a rooting section. He's trying to take on his late father's job as celebrated jester to the king. But poor Sebastian can't tell a joke to save himself or anyone else for that matter. And that includes Max, a cranky buffalope, and a Cornelius, a warrior dwarf. The trio tries to rescue the fair Princess Kerin, but little do they know what perils await them as they make their way to the kingdom now ruled by the evil King Septimus. This is the first book in a trilogy and I can't wait to see what pitfalls and pratfalls await our bumbling heroes. —Michelle Poploff

from **Sebastian Darke: Prince of Fools**

"Never did come across a Brigand who had much aptitude for hand-to-hand combat," growled Cornelius. "A pity—I was just getting warmed up." He glanced at Sebastian and winked. "You acquitted yourself well, lad. We may make a soldier of you yet. Now, I'll stay here just in case any of those barbarians decide to come back for another try. You nip inside and see what it was that those guards sacrificed their lives to defend."

Sebastian nodded.

He turned, pulled back the curtains and stepped into the gloomy interior, remembering as he did so that the last person who had tried to enter had been treated rather harshly. In the same instant, something hard crashed down on his head with terrible force, knocking him to the floor. He crouched for a moment on his hands and knees, a myriad multicolored lights dancing around inside his skull, glad that he'd still been wearing his jester's hat, which had absorbed some of the impact. He was vaguely aware that somebody was approaching, doubtless intent on making another attack. Without hesitation he launched himself headlong at the dimly perceived figure, knocking it backward into the depths of the carriage. His arms closed around somebody's shoulders, there was a sudden clatter as a heavy object struck the floor, and then the figure was tipping backward onto what felt like a feather bed and struggling to escape his grasp.

He lifted a fist to strike but it suddenly occurred to him that this adversary was a good deal more fragrant than the Brigands he had encountered outside. His upraised hand brushed against a velvet drape, so he grabbed at it and tore it down, allowing a sudden flush of light to enter the interior.

"Hey, whoa, just a minute!" Sebastian glared at her. "I'm no Brigand! In case you weren't listening, my friend Cornelius and I just saved you from that rabble. We . . . we rescued you."

He found he was crouched on top of a girl—a beautiful one at that. She lay there glaring up at him, her green eyes narrowed to slits of anger, her full red mouth arranged into a disapproving scowl.

“Take your hands off me, imbecile!” she shrieked. “How dare you touch me?”

Sebastian frowned, but released his hold and moved back off what he could now see was a silken couch.

“Sorry,” he said. “I thought—”

“I don’t care what you thought!”

“Are you all right in there, lad?” he heard Cornelius shout.

“Uh . . . yes, I’m fine. It’s just some stupid girl who tried to brain me with a”—he looked around a moment and found the culprit lying on the ground—“a chamber pot.” Thankfully, it appeared that the rather fancy porcelain pot had been empty when she had used it.

“Some stupid girl!” she cried, looking absolutely horrified. “How dare you? When my uncle hears of this outrage, he’ll have you and those other Brigands hunted down like—”

“Hey, whoa, just a minute!” Sebastian glared at her. “I’m no Brigand! In case you weren’t listening, my friend Cornelius and I just saved you from that rabble. We . . . we rescued you.” His own words surprised him. He had not until this moment realized that this was what they had actually done.

“Really?” She looked far from impressed. “And where are my guards?”

Sebastian frowned. “All dead, I’m afraid.”

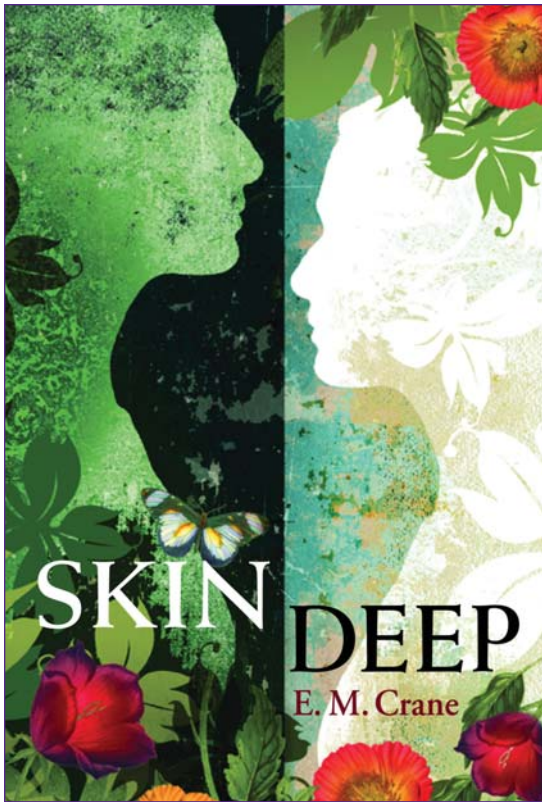
“Oh. I see.” The girl looked aside for a moment as though she could hardly believe her own ears. “What? Every last one of them?”

“I believe so. We haven’t really had time to look properly. We were just trying to work out what it was the soldiers were guarding so tenaciously. Have you got treasure in here?”

The girl stared at him. “They were guarding me, you cretin. Have you any idea who I am?”

“Umm—somebody with a pretty high opinion of herself, judging by the fuss you’re making.”

The girl stood up, her hands on her hips. She glowered at him. “I am Princess Kerin of Keladon.”★



Skin Deep by E. M. Crane

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GLB: 978-0-385-90477-3 (0-385-90477-0) • \$19.99/\$25.99 Can.
Young Adult Fiction • On Sale: 3/11/2008



from **THE EDITOR**

The Delacorte Press Contest for a First Young Adult Novel has been around for twenty-six years. In 2006 we received over 400 submissions to the contest, and for each of the judges the winner was clear. *Skin Deep* stood out to all of us for different reasons, but we all agreed that E.M. Crane's writing has a simple elegance to it that speaks straight to the heart.

Just as the saying goes, *Skin Deep* is a book about what's beyond the surface. It's a multi-faceted story about loss and rebirth, about rising from the ashes and of self discovery. About friendship and inner strength. And about looking for the hidden beauties all around us—something that I think most of us forget to do in the glossy world we live in now, and something I think is important for readers young and old to remember in finding our own happiness.

—Krista Marino

from **Skin Deep**

I do it before Mom comes home from work, so she won't snarl at me from the other end of her TV remote, demanding to know if it's safe for a teenage girl to walk in the woods alone. In the woods, I feel safe. Nothing makes me self-conscious. I can sit on a fallen tree and watch the water rush over the creek stones like tiny rapids, or contemplate how deer make their own system of passages through the dense underbrush.

I take the trailhead from the top of our cul-de-sac. First, there's a wooden plank over a culvert, probably placed there by some since-grown-up neighborhood kids. It's not too sturdy, but it serves its purpose. Then there's a forgotten farm field that's overgrown with burdock and sumac; a clutching, scratching barrier protecting a row of elderly trees at the far end of that field. Just when I'm tired of getting my arms bloody and my legs whipped by all sorts of field grasses, I step into an abruptly different landscape: beaten-earth paths cushioned edged with a carpet of rotting leaves. Hundreds of smooth gray trunks of beech trees. Deeply creased oaks. I can hear the rushing creek water in a ravine below. Where the creek has swollen in spring-time and deposited soft, soaked soil, there's a huge garden of skunk cabbage and jack-in-the-pulpit. Sometimes I startle a deer or even a fox.

I've asked for a dog every Christmas and birthday since I can remember. For a while, I rounded up Mrs. Leahy's old Labrador next door for my walks. But Mrs. Leahy didn't like how muddy the dog came back, and when she had to pick masses of burdock free from the Lab's fur, she kindly told me to leave the dog home.

**The walks in the
woods save me.
There I'm not
invisible by the
choice of others.
I'm not plain, or
boring, or nervous.
I'm not judged by
the trees, the creek,
or the earth.**

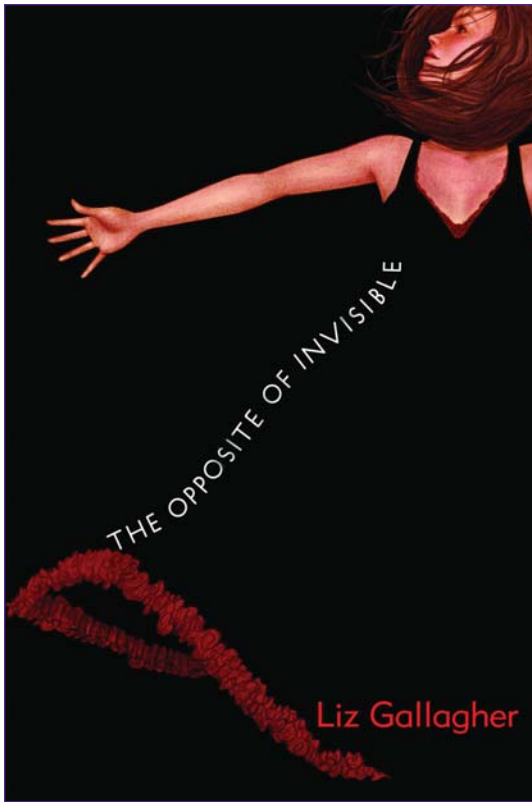
Every Sunday the newspaper advertises a Dog of the Week. It's a homeless dog living on Death Row in the local animal shelter, and there's a black-and-white picture of the doomed, with its name and description below: Bucky. Great with kids. House-trained. Lovable personality.

"Someone gave old Bucky up for a reason," Mom would say. "He probably eats couches for a hobby." My hand, eagerly holding the newspaper page for my mother's review, would drop. Rejected again.

So, I walk in the woods alone. Sometimes I imagine a loose-skinned basset hound or a silky golden retriever, running, occasionally coming close enough for a reassuring pat on the head.

The walks in the woods save me. There I'm not invisible by the choice of others. I'm not plain, or boring, or nervous. I'm not judged by the trees, the creek, or the earth.★

E. M. Crane is the winner of the 2006 Delacorte Press Contest for a First Young Adult Novel. She lives with her husband and daughter in Sackets Harbor, New York, where she is a full-time writer. *Skin Deep* is her first book for young adults.



The Opposite of Invisible by Liz Gallagher

HC: 978-0-375-84152-1 (0-375-84152-0) • \$15.99/\$20.99 Can.
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Young Adult Fiction • On Sale: 1/08/2008

WENDY
LAMB
BOOKS

from **THE EDITOR**

All of us who love young adult literature are excited about how good the books are these days. Editors have the happy challenge of finding new writers strong enough to stand out above the rest. When I read Liz Gallagher's manuscript I was thrilled, because I knew she was that kind of writer; she made me fall in love with her heroine, Alice, with Alice's best friend, a boy named Jewel, and with their fun, funky corner of Seattle. Alice is an artist who thinks she's invisible to everyone in her school but Jewel. When she finds an amazing dress at the junk shop, she sees herself in a new way. And so do two very different boys: one is Simon, her secret crush. The other is Jewel.

Liz's first novel is a delicious Valentine to readers about the differences between love, a crush, and best-friendship, and how to be yourself when you're not quite sure who that is yet.—**Wendy Lamb**

from **The Opposite of Invisible**

The witch dress fits, except that I'm stepping on the hem. It's made of black lacy netting over a red satin lining, with a red ruffle at the hem. Curve-skimming, the fabric is clingy in a good way. The neckline is a deep V. Alluring, like lingerie from the twenties.

My eyes are sapphires. Usually, they're just your run-of-the-mill blue eyes. But not in this dress. This dress upgrades me to at least semiprecious. Some miracle is at work.

The dress was sent by my Dove Girl. I told her I want to go to the dance, and now I find something irresistible to wear. The only trick left is to get the right person, whoever that may be, to the right place to be impressed by me in the dress.

I'm so ready to show off this look. I just hope my Dove Girl comes through with a guy for me. A little romance. A dance, at least. Slow.

Okay, yeah. I know what guy I want. Simon Murphy.

Forget about him! Just enjoy looking in the mirror for a minute.

For once I'm okay with my skin being pale; it makes sense in this costume. Like I've been conjuring potions in a cave. And my hair looks fiery. I take down my ponytail, which is up so often I don't even bother to undo it to sleep.

I shake my hair like a girl in a shampoo commercial and know that, in this dress, I will not be the creepy, stringy type of witch who rides on broomsticks. I will be the beautiful kind. The temptress. The kind who knows love spells but doesn't need them.

**"She has a nose ring,
and the rumor is
it's actually an
earring that she
stabbed through
her own nostril."**

Even Vanessa the Artiste won't come up with something better-looking than this. Of course she'll be big talk at the dance; she's always gossip, with her burgundy-striped black hair and the fake eyelashes. She gives people a lot to talk about.

She has a nose ring, and the rumor is it's actually an earring that she stabbed through her own nostril. If I got one, I'd go for a little fake diamond. Those are kind of cute.

"Alice?" Jewel says, knocking at the plywood door of the dressing room. "Lemme look!"

When I open the door, he doesn't say anything, just reaches out. He touches my hair, at the ends, lightly.

"Definitely get the dress."

I shiver, a little inner earthquake. "I definitely am getting it."

Jewel touched my hair.

He waits by the counter, talking to the salesgirl, who looks like she could be Chunky Glasses' girlfriend, except that she is much nicer than him.

"She says she'll shorten it for you for five bucks," Jewel says.

"Three inches should do it," the salesgirl says. "I was watching you. Awesome dress."

I hand her the dress. On the way out, Jewel tries on a pair of devil horns. "Not you," I say, grabbing them from his head and positioning them on a Cabbage Patch doll.

"So does this mean we're going to the Bath?" I ask as we hit the sidewalk.

"Guess so," he tells me. "You have the perfect getup. It'll probably be a riot. You might even get Halloween Queen."

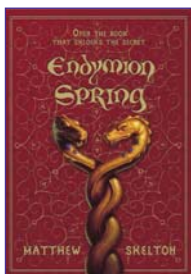
"Right," I say. "Everyone will totally notice me."

"Hey," he says. "You looked really good."

He says "really good" as if he's thinking something else. The way he's been touching me.★

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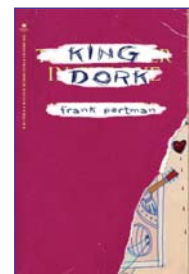
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★ “Tom’s narration is piercingly satirical and acidly witty.”
—*The Bulletin of the Center for Children’s Books*, Starred



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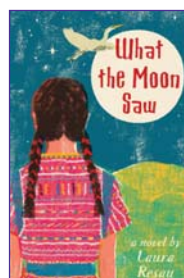
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★ “A masterful picture.”—*School Library Journal*, Starred

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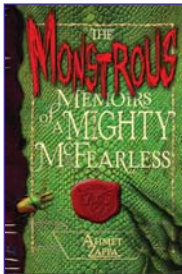
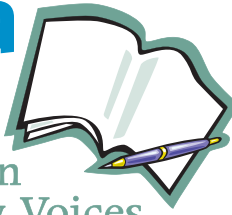
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“First time author Barnes’s upbeat yet haunting novel about being the new kid in school will likely grab readers with its clever, original twist.”—*Publishers Weekly*

“A well balanced blend of fast-moving fantasy and light, playful chick-lit.”—*Kirkus Reviews*

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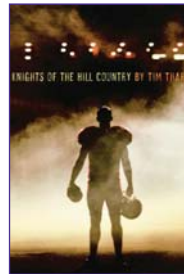
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"Lemony Snicket fans who relish the strange and yucky will find Zappa's barf-filled romp, the first in a series, monstrously entertaining."

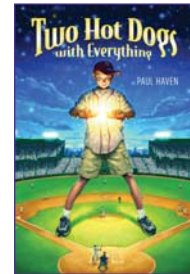
—Booklist

"The lighthearted gross-out humor, lavishly illustrated with photographs and childlike drawings, will provide plenty of silly entertainment."—Kirkus Reviews



★ "This work demands an audience."
—Kirkus Reviews

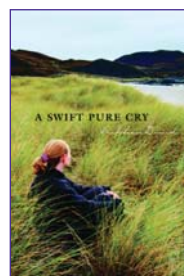
"A moving, sensitive debut from a writer to watch."—Booklist



"Haven's quirky, nostalgic, and occasionally humorous portrayal of a boys obsession . . . will be appreciated by middle school sports fans."—VOYA

"Haven's quirky style . . . will remind readers of Roald Dahl and Eva Ibbotson."
—School Library Journal

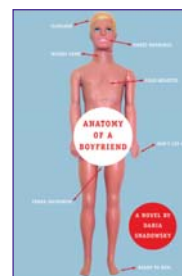
"This tale is for any kid who has ever turned a baseball cap inside out or crossed a few fingers."—Booklist



"Dowd's elegant, unsentimental prose and her instinctive grasp of the human heart guide Shell toward a hopeful ending."—People

★ "Beautifully realized account of one girl's loss of innocence, and her resilient recovery."—Publishers Weekly, Starred

"Poignant, troubling and powerful."
—The Charlotte Observer



"[Daria] Snadowsky writes with real compassion for her teenage characters."—Kliatt

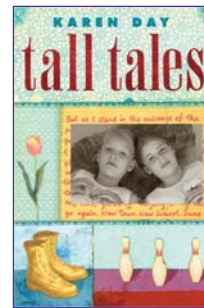
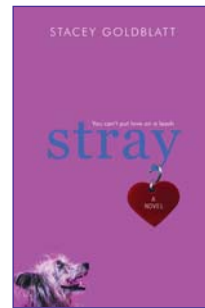
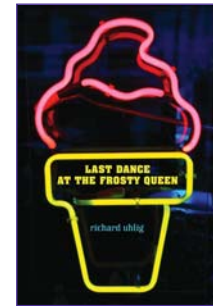
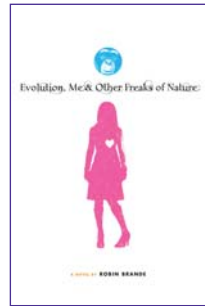
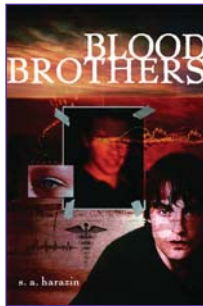
"This sensitive, candid novel is sure to find a wide audience among curious teens."—Booklist

"First-time novelist [Daria] Snadowsky confidently marches where few YA writers have dared to tread."—Publishers Weekly

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