



# Fresh Fiction New Voices

from

Summer 2012



WHERE STRONG VOICES  
BECOME BESTSELLERS!

# Fresh Fiction from New Voices



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# Fresh Fiction from New Voices



New for Summer 2012!



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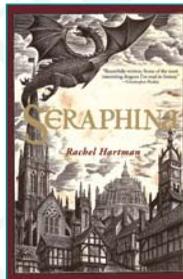
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It's a Second!  
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## A Boy and a Bear in a Boat

Written by Dave Shelton  
Edited by David Fickling

ISBN: 978-0-385-75248-0  
\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.  
Middle-Grade Fiction  
On sale: 6/12/2012

**dub**  
David Fickling Books

### from the editor

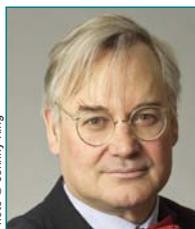


Photo © Jimmy Ring

This story is about exactly what it says in the title—a boy and a bear in a boat. And yet it is so much more than that. Much more. It will leave every reader with a huge grin across their face. Here are some reasons why:

- This book is one of the most ORIGINAL and ENTERTAINING stories you will read.
- It contains the most DANGEROUS sandwich in the world.
- It is unfailingly HILARIOUS.
- The illustrations are TO DIE FOR.
- If you get given this book, you are LUCKY.
- If you get to share this book aloud, you are BLESSED.
- This is an AMAZING DEBUT by a brand-new storyteller. If you own this book, everyone else will be JEALOUS.\*

—David Fickling

\* The author is a very modest fellow who would never make claims like these. But the publisher knows what he is talking about and stands by every single one of them, and, if anything, has downplayed how gloriously GRIN-INDUCING this book truly is.

from **A BOY AND A BEAR IN A BOAT**

**T**ime passed. It got darker and a little colder but otherwise nothing much changed. The bear rowed. The boy fidgeted and fussed. He was stiff and restless and, despite his tiredness, longed for some activity. He wanted to stomp about impatiently but there wasn't room so all he could manage was some rather awkward shuffling and, still unused to the unsteadiness of the boat, he lost his balance. He lurched against the side and the boat tipped, sending him further off balance. He arched his back, windmilled his arms and just managed to stay upright. Not only that, but he was pretty sure that the bear, head down and concentrating on his rowing, hadn't noticed anything. Then the boat rocked back the other way and the boy fell, landing on his bottom with a loud thump.

"Having a lie down?" said the bear, still not looking up. But the moon was full and bright enough for the boy to see him smiling.

**The boy looked up at the bear. The bear smiled thinly down at the boy. They both looked back at the sandwich.**

"Hmf!" said the boy.

The bear pulled his smile in at the sides a bit.

"You should get some sleep," he said. "It's late."

"I'm not tired," said the boy, sitting tenderly back on his seat. Then he yawned noisily.

"No, I can see that. Are you hungry, though? Do you want anything to eat? I think we'd better save the chocolate for now, but there's a sandwich left." The bear stopped rowing and reached beneath him for his lunch box.

"I thought we'd eaten them all already," said the boy.

"I thought so too," said the bear, "but then I cleared out all the tin foil and found this one at the bottom of the box. I think it must be left over from my last trip. So it's, um, a bit past its best."

"What's in it?" said the boy. He had tried a few of the bear's sandwiches by now and had grown wary of their eccentric fillings. There had been: tuna fish, peanut butter and pineapple; sprout and honey; chilli pepper, mustard and horseradish;

and what the bear called his “Breakfast Special”: bacon, sausage, egg, porridge, cornflakes and coffee beans between two slices of toast.

The bear rummaged in the lunch box and pulled out something bready and triangular. He held it towards the boy.

“All yours,” he said.

The boy looked at the proffered sandwich. He noticed that the bear was holding it rather gingerly in the tips of two claws and right at the corner. Despite this, the bread did not bend at all.

“What’s in it?” said the boy again.

“I can’t remember,” said the bear.

“Well, open it up and take a look,” said the boy.

“I can’t,” said the bear. “It’s stuck.”

The boy looked up at the bear. The bear smiled thinly down at the boy. They both looked back at the sandwich.

“Is it . . .” said the boy.

“What?” said the bear.

“Is it . . . only a bit, but is it . . . glowing?”

“No,” said the bear.

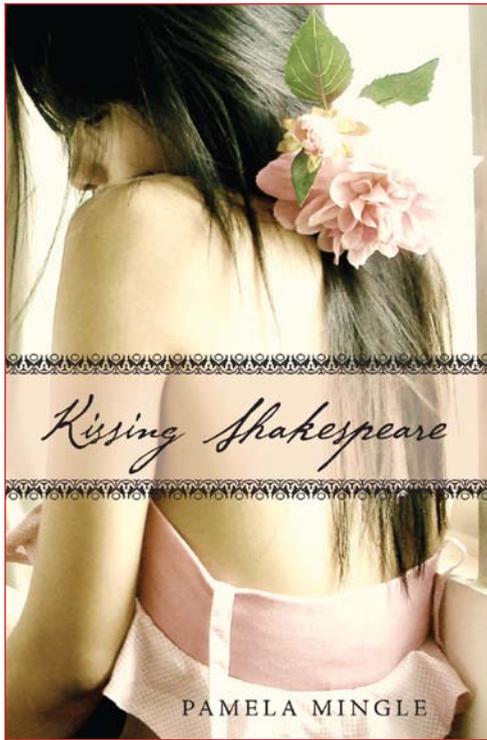
They each squinted at the sandwich and leaned in (cautiously) to look more closely.

“Hardly at all,” said the bear.

“I’m not really that hungry,” said the boy. “You have it.”

**Dave Shelton** lives in Cambridge with Pam, Mila, and a cat whose name is too stupid to reveal in public. He likes comics, cricket, crosswords, and talking to cartoonists about pens.





## Kissing Shakespeare

Written by Pamela Mingle

Edited by Françoise Bui

ISBN: 978-0-385-74196-5

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On sale: 8/14/2012



### from the editor

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To meet William Shakespeare, the Bard, as a teenager? Sounds like a delectable proposition to me. That's why I was intrigued by *Kissing Shakespeare*, a time-travel tale brimming with romance, political conspiracies, and, yes, a healthy dose of Will Shakespeare—when he was young and handsome.

The story opens in present-day Boston, after the curtain has come down on Miranda's lackluster performance as Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Miranda hates herself for it, but Stephen, a fellow cast member, sees Miranda's unrealized talent and whisks her back to sixteenth-century England. Stephen, it turns out, is a contemporary of Shakespeare's, and he needs Miranda's help to make sure Will becomes the brilliant playwright we know today.

It's a treat to see how Shakespeare might have come close to following a different path in life, and to see Miranda's feisty nature (à la Kate the "Shrew") as she spars with Stephen. Perhaps she'll never want to go home. . . . I, for one, didn't want the story to end. Pamela Mingle offers up a wonderfully fun novel, with many a character to love.

—Françoise Bui

from *Kissing Shakespeare*

“T<sup>ell</sup> me where we are. Right now, or I’ll start screaming.”

“We’re in Lancashire, England, Miranda. The year is 1581. The time of the danger to Shakespeare.”

“Stephen, you’re delusional. Did you bring me here, wherever we are, for one of those reenactment events? Why didn’t you just ask me? And, by the way, where’s my car?”

“You’re in Lancashire, in the north of England, in the year 1581. Accustom yourself to the idea.” His eyes held a fierce gleam, and his voice was hard. I decided not to argue. “Now listen carefully.

“We have been invited to visit Alexander Hoghton and his wife, and you will pass yourself off as their niece. My sister. I am, you see, their nephew. They’ve just employed young Will Shakespeare as schoolmaster, player, and musician.” He spoke in short, clipped sentences, and I didn’t dare interrupt him.

“Also in residence is a Jesuit priest. He wishes to claim Shakespeare for the priesthood. For obvious reasons, we cannot allow that to happen. Not only would his work be lost to history, but his very life may also be at risk.”

He was talking so fast it was dizzying. Maybe my incredible trip through time was fogging my mind. I massaged my forehead, then cut off Stephen’s “you will obey me” speech.

“Wait a minute. We know Shakespeare became the world’s greatest playwright. His work wasn’t lost, and he lived into his fifties. Freakin’ ancient. So what’s the problem?”

“You would do well to trust me on this, mistress,” came the sharp response.

**“You’re in Lancashire, in the north of England, in the year 1581. Accustom yourself to the idea.” His eyes held a fierce gleam, and his voice was hard. I decided not to argue. “Now listen carefully.**

from *Kissing Shakespeare* continued

“Ha! I should trust you, the man who kidnapped me and dragged me back to a different century? I don’t think so.”

“You do not have a choice, do you? In this time, I am your only friend and ally.”

I wanted to smack that smug look off his face. “Pardon me if I have trouble seeing you that way.”

“All you need to know at present is that events in history may not always unfold the way in which they were meant to. It’s my job to see that they do. For my sins.”

He was completely serious. The intense gleam in his eyes proved it. “So you’re like a time warden or something?”

“That’s as good a way as any of describing it, I suppose.”

“I still don’t really get it.”

“It is not necessary for you to understand everything right now. As we progress, I’ll explain further.”

“Let’s say I actually believe you. Which I’m still not sure I do. What does all this have to do with me, anyway?” I flung my arms out to make sure he grasped the true level of my frustration.

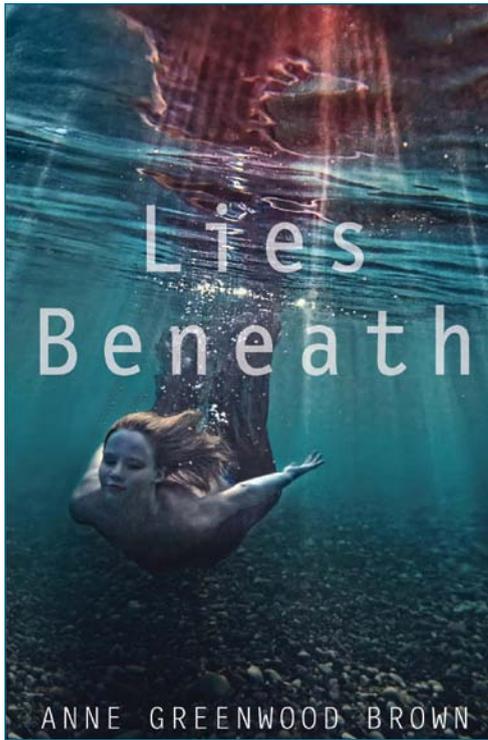
“Your mission is to save Shakespeare from this foolishness. Convince him the life of a Jesuit brother is not one he wants.”

“And how would I do that?”

“You’re going to seduce him,” Stephen said with a perfectly straight face.

**Pamela Mingle**, a former teacher and librarian, lives in Lakewood, Colorado. She and her husband enjoy traveling to Great Britain, where they love taking long walks. It was on one of those walks that she discovered Houghton Tower, the setting for *Kissing Shakespeare*. Visit her at [PamMingle.com](http://PamMingle.com).





## Lies Beneath

Written by Anne Greenwood Brown  
Edited by Françoise Bui

ISBN: 978-0-385-74201-6  
\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.  
Young Adult Fiction  
On sale: 6/12/2012



### from the editor

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The second the agent told me *Lies Beneath* was a novel about mermaids—and their merman brother—I listened intently to the pitch. The story sounded fabulous. And it is.

Warning! *Lies Beneath* does not feature Disney-esque mermaids. More the serial-killer variety. Even better, the novel is narrated by Calder, a sexy and mysterious merguy. No matter that Calder has a fish tail in water, he's got two legs on land, and he's a girl magnet. This will help him and his sisters as they reunite on Lake Superior for the summer—and as they map out a plan to avenge their mother's death. But there's an unexpected hitch: Calder falls for Lily, the girl he's supposed to use as bait. Will Calder choose loyalty to his sisters and lose the girl he loves? Or will he choose Lily and incur his sisters' wrath? One thing's for sure: Calder's intense first-person account had me hooked. I love Calder! I love the Lake Superior setting! I love the surprise twist at the end! *Lies Beneath* is addictive commercial fiction that takes mermaid lore and gives it a fresh spin. Once you dive into Anne Greenwood Brown's riveting story, you won't come up for air.

—Françoise Bui

# from **Lies Beneath**

**I** hadn't killed anyone all winter, and I have to say I felt pretty good about that. Sure, I'd wanted to, but too many suspicious drownings got people talking. Fearful townspeople were the last thing I needed. Besides, I was getting a sick thrill out of denying my body what it craved. Self-control was my latest obsession. I doubted my sisters could say the same thing.

**A shiver rippled down my arms.  
Get a grip, Calder, I told  
myself. Ignore it. You don't have  
to leave quite yet. I could hear  
the memory of my mother's  
voice telling me the same thing,  
just as she had before my first  
migration. Focus, son, she'd  
said, rumpling my curly hair.  
Timing is everything.**

ripe yet. Maybe, if I waited, the yellow light would grow into something more brilliant—more satisfying—more worth breaking my hard-won self-control over.

Against my will, the memory of my last kill teased the corners of my brain. It tempted me, mocked me for ever thinking I could rise above my nature. My fingers twitched at the months-old memory: the grabbing, the diving, the guise of human legs giving way to tail and fin, the tingling sensation heating my core as I pinned my prey to the ocean floor, absorbing that intoxicating light, drawing the brilliant emotion out of her body until I felt almost . . .

Rising through the Caribbean waters, I walked my fingers up the bank of dead coral until I found the pattern of cracks I was looking for. I followed it to the surface, coming up at the spot where I'd stashed my pile of human clothes. My cell phone was ringing somewhere in the pile. Maris, I thought, gritting my teeth. I'd lost count of how many times she'd called today. I'd let all her attempts go to voice mail.

A splashing sound pulled my attention from my sister's ringtone, and I jerked around to face the ocean. An easy hundred yards away, a girl lay on an inflatable raft. A yellow light outlined her body. She wasn't

Oh, what the hell.

But before I dove after the unsuspecting girl, my cell went off again. For a second I considered chucking it into the ocean; it was the disposable kind, after all. But that was a little extreme. Even for me. I let it go to voice mail. I mean, it wasn't like I didn't know why Maris was calling. The old, familiar pull was back. That pull—somewhere behind my rib cage, between my heart and my lungs—that told me it was almost time to leave Bahamian warmth and return to my family in the cold, bleak waters of Lake Superior. It was time to migrate.

A shiver rippled down my arms. Get a grip, Calder, I told myself. Ignore it. You don't have to leave quite yet. I could hear the memory of my mother's voice telling me the same thing, just as she had before my first migration. Focus, son, she'd said, rumpling my curly hair. Timing is everything.

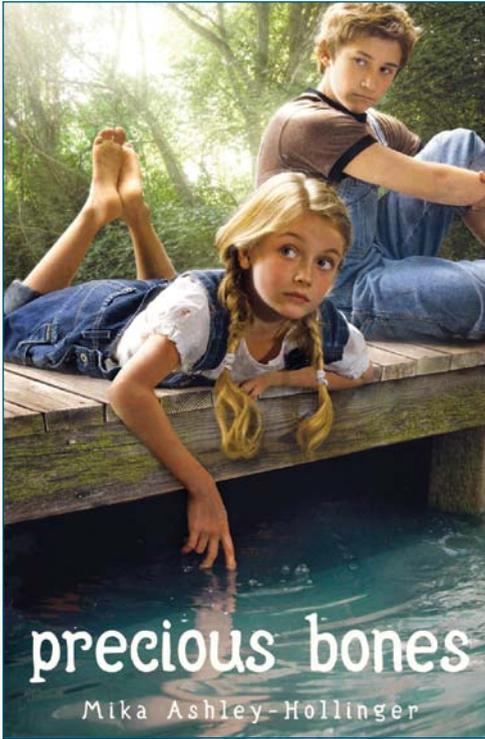
Thirty years might have passed, but the loss of my Mother still gripped my stomach. It hurt to remember. And the great lake only made the memories more painful. No, there was no good reason to go back to the States. Except that I had no choice.

The urge to migrate was irresistible. Far more powerful than the urge to kill. With each rise and fall of the moon, with each turn of the tide, it grew more impossible to ignore. Experience told me there were only a few more weeks before I had to rejoin my sisters. By the end of May, I'd be shooting through the water on a missile's course. God help anyone who got in my way.

**Anne Greenwood Brown** lives in Minnesota with her husband and their three children. She grew up sailing the Apostle Islands on Lake Superior, leaning over the rail and wondering, in a lake that big, that ancient, what amazing thing might flash by. Now she knows. Visit her at [AnneGreenwoodBrown.com](http://AnneGreenwoodBrown.com).



Photo © J Dunn Photography



## Precious Bones

Written by Mika Ashley-Hollinger  
Edited by Michelle Poploff

ISBN: 978-0-385-74219-1

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On sale: 5/8/2012



Delacorte  
Press

### *from* the editor

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I was immediately impressed with the strong yet vulnerable character of ten-year-old Bones who lives on the edge of a glorious Florida swamp in 1949. She's secure living with her father Nolay, a Miccosukee Indian, who is smart and mischievous, and her mama who is practical as corn bread and can see straight into Bones's soul. Her days are filled with hunting and fishing with her best friend, Little Man. But when Yankee real estate men trespass on their land and her daddy runs them off with a gun, her life quickly unravels. Soon Bones and Little Man uncover something horrible at the edge of a swamp and the evidence of foul play points to her father. When it seems that the law is moving slowly, Bones is determined to take matters into her own hands. This spirited story with its fascinating setting also depicts the harsh realities and prejudices of the time. And only Bones can take you there.

—Michelle Poploff

# from **precious bones**

**T**he sweltering month of July was gradually melting into August. Baby alligators were busy pecking their way out of their eggs when the biggest storm of the summer of 1949 blew into our lives. I was standing in the middle of our living room floor, cool brown water swirling over my feet and reaching nearly to the tops of my skinny ten-year-old ankles. The morning sun was just peeking in through our picture window, painting shiny rainbows across the water's dull surface.

My daddy, Nolay, paced slowly from one end of the room to the other. He was just as barefooted as me 'cause there was no reason to be wearing shoes inside your house when it was full of water. Each small step sent ripples of coffee-colored water circling around the legs of what furniture wasn't stacked on top of itself. Nolay solemnly raised his arms in the air and declared, "We live in the womb of the

**Out of the corner of my eye I  
saw something dark and shiny  
slither along the side of the wall  
right behind the couch. I kept  
my mouth shut, because if there  
was one thing Mama didn't  
like, especially inside her  
house, it was snakes.**

world! It's the womb of the world. Any fool can see it's God's womb of the world!"

Like a contented cat, Mama was curled up on the couch. I don't think she was really that contented, she just didn't have any choice but to sit there. Her slender arms wrapped around her legs and hugged them close to her body. Her head rested on her knees; only her eyes moved back and forth as she watched my daddy's every move.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw something dark and shiny slither along the side of the wall right

behind the couch. I kept my mouth shut, because if there was one thing Mama didn't like, especially inside her house, it was snakes.

# from precious bones

*continued*

I was not quite sure what a womb was, but if Nolay said we lived in one, then it must be true. My daddy was about the smartest man I ever did know. I hadn't met very many men, but of the ones I had, he was about the smartest. He was a true man of vision.

He'd had the vision to nestle our house between a glorious Florida swamp and a long stretch of sandy scrub palmetto laced with majestic old pines. Although Mama often pointed out that his vision blurred when it came to the exact location. "If you had put this house a hundred yards closer to the county road we would have electricity. We would have a icebox and a sewing machine," Mama would say.

Nolay would shake his shaggy black curls and reply, "Lori, Honey Girl, you know I don't want to be any closer to that dang county road!"

Honey Girl was my daddy's nickname for Mama because her blond hair dripped down her back and around her shoulders like golden honey.

"If I could, I would have put us on a float right out in the middle of the swamp. But don't you fret, one day I'll buy my own durn electric poles and stick 'em in the ground myself."

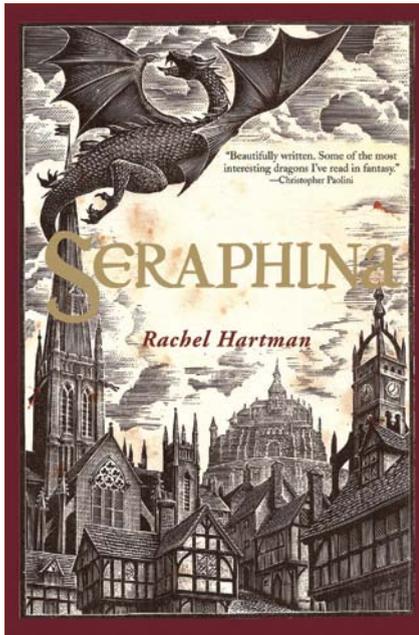
But Mama couldn't deny that Nolay had had the vision to build our house on a strip of land at least a foot above water level. It only flooded when the heavy summer rains came. It really wasn't that bad; sometimes the water just seeped in and covered our floor with a fine shiny mist.

Our house also had a flat tar-paper roof because, as Nolay had explained, "No matter how big a storm comes through, this roof will stay put. You go puttin' one of those pointed roofs on and sure as shootin' the first hurricane will take it off. Same thing goes for puttin' your house up on stilts." Yes, sir, Nolay was a true man of vision.

**Mika Ashley-Hollinger** was born and spent her childhood on the east coast of Florida. This story was written in tribute to a way of life that has all but disappeared.



Photo © Sea Light Studios



## Seraphina

Written by Rachel Hartman

Edited by Jim Thomas

ISBN: 978-0-375-86656-2

\$17.99

Young Adult Fiction

On sale: 7/10/2012



## from the editor

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There's so much that's brilliant about *Seraphina*, it's hard to know where to begin. Perhaps with the story's richly detailed medieval setting. Or with the dragons. Rational and mathematically minded, they cool, condense, and fold their bodies into human shape to attend human court as ambassadors, and human universities as scholars. For them, emotion is an illness, and love a disease.

Then there is *Seraphina* herself. Her intelligence and talent only make her coming-of-age more difficult, for she is a half-breed and, in the eyes of her people, a monster. If her provenance were known, her life would be forfeit. Nevertheless, at the age of sixteen, she is driven to go out into the world to find friendship, community, and even love. But what value can such relationships have when *Seraphina*'s truest self can never revealed?

Fold all of this into a fast-paced adventure with mystery, action, and court intrigue, delivered by prose that is as smart and as sensitive as the protagonist it describes, and you have something utterly new and exciting.

—Jim Thomas

# from SERAPHINA

I reached St. Loola's square, where an enormous crowd had gathered along both sides of the empty roadway.

"Excuse me?" I squeaked. A man looked down at me, eyebrows gently raised. "Are we waiting for dragons?" I said.

He smiled. "And so we are, little maiddy. It's the five-year procession. Every five years our noble Queen permits them to take their natural form within the city walls."

The crowd gasped in unison. A horned monster was rounding the block of shops, his arched back as high as the second-story windows, his wings demurely folded.

**The lead dragon screamed, a blood-chilling bestial cry. To my shock, I understood him: *Heads down!***

All around me horrified citizens clutched at each other. A nearby woman began shrieking hysterically—"His terrible teeth!"

I wished that I could have reassured her: it was good to see a dragon's teeth. A dragon with his mouth closed was far more likely to be working up a flame. And yet all around me, the sight of those teeth was making citizens sob with terror. What was obvious to me was apparently opaque to everyone else.

I wasn't sure, afterwards, how it all turned ugly. A dragon near the centre got spooked. He raised his head and body to full height, as tall as the three-story inn across the square. The lead dragon screamed, a blood-chilling bestial cry. To my shock, I understood him: *Heads down!*

One of the dragons opened his wings. The crowd reeled and churned like a storm-tossed sea.

Their leader shrieked again: *Fikri, wings folded! If you take off, you will be in violation of section seven, article five, and I will have your tail before a tribunal so fast—*

To the crowd, however, the dragon's exhortation sounded like feral screams, and

their hearts were stricken with terror. They stampeded toward the side streets.

The thundering herd swept me away. An elbow banged my jaw; a kick to the knee toppled me. I saw stars and the sound of shouting faded.

Then suddenly there was air again, and space.

And hot breath on my neck. I opened my eyes.

A dragon stood over me, his legs four pillars of sanctuary.

*I'll escort you over there*, he cried, in the same horrible scream as the other dragon.

I rose, putting a shaky hand against his leg to steady myself. "Thank you, saar," I said.

*Did you understand what I said, or are you responding to my perceived intent?*

I froze. I did understand, but how? It seemed safer not to reply so I curtsied thanks, expecting the dragon to leave. He lowered his head to my level. *Seraphina*, he screamed.

I stared, shocked that he knew my name. He stared back, smoke leaking from his nostrils, his eyes black and alien.

And yet not so alien. There was a familiarity that I could not put my finger on. My vision wavered, as if I were staring at him through water.

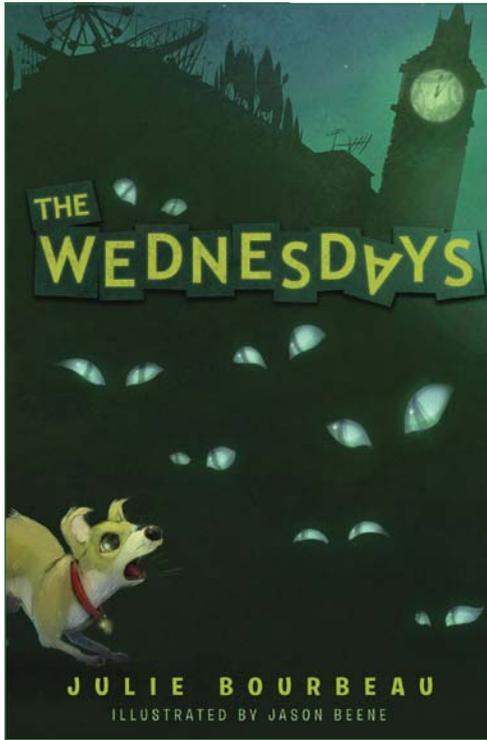
*Nothing?* cried the saar. *Your mother was so sure she'd be able to leave you at least one memory.*

The world grew dark around the edges; the shouting faded to a hiss. I keeled over face-first in the snow.

As a child, **Rachel Hartman** played cello and lip-synched Mozart operas with her sisters. The famous Renaissance song "Mille Regretz" first moved Rachel to write a fantasy novel rooted in music, but her inspiration didn't end there. She wrote *Seraphina* while listening to medieval Italian polyphony, Breton bagpipe-rock, prog metal, Latin American baroque, and Irish sean nós. Rachel Hartman lives with her family in Vancouver, BC. To learn more about her, visit her website at [RachelHartmanBooks.com](http://RachelHartmanBooks.com).



Photo © Michael Edwards



## The Wednesdays

Written by Julie Bourbeau

Illustrated by Jason Beene

Edited by Katherine Harrison

ISBN: 978-0-375-86890-0

\$16.99/\$18.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On sale: 8/14/2012



Alfred A. Knopf

### from the editor

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When I was a kid, I had mischief down to a science. I could wield a fork catapult with the best of them, and I knew just how much food-dye it took to turn the neighbors' goldfish pond a striking shade of magenta. So it's no surprise that I was drawn to *The Wednesdays*—a book about creatures whose sole purpose in life is to spread mischief and mayhem.

Max, the book's hero, is fascinated by the wednesdays and he joins in on their prank-playing with gusto. But there's a dark side to mischief, and the wednesdays don't seem to care when they've crossed the line. Max is already having doubts about the creatures when he makes a horrible discovery: he must stop them from going too far or he'll become a wednesday himself.

This book is for anyone who's ever scraped the filling out of an Oreo and fiendishly replaced it with toothpaste. It's also for anyone who's been unlucky enough to take a bite. Whichever camp you fall into, Julie Bourbeau will win you over with her bubbling prose, her wicked humor, and her sympathetic portrayal of a boy learning to use his conscience.

—Katherine Harrison

from **THE WEDNESDAYS**

**H**is mother may have prepared his favorite foods and baked not one, but two cakes that day, but Max's birthday dinner did not go well at all.

First the lights went out in the dining room. "Candlelight is nicer anyway," said his father, nervously, after the replacement light bulb also went dark.

Then they discovered that the salt shaker had been filled with sugar. "That's okay. Spaghetti sauce is still good when it's a little sweet," his mother said anxiously.

Then the leg on Max's chair snapped, sending him tumbling to the floor. "I was tipping back on it," he apologized as he moved to the spare chair, even though he hadn't been tipping back at all.

**"Mom! Look out!" Max shouted as the ends of her hair brushed against one of the candles and burst into flame.**

Finally, it was time for dessert. Max's mother and father came out of the kitchen with his birthday cake covered in brightly flaming candles, singing "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Maxwell . . ."

"Mom! Look out!" Max shouted as the ends of her hair brushed against one of the candles and burst into flame.

His father reacted quickly, picking up the pitcher of fresh-squeezed lemonade from the table and dumping it over his mother's flaming head.

All three of them stood in silence, Max cringing as he watched his mother and the cake both dripping lemonade and runny frosting onto the floor. Even Baby Leland stopped his constant fussing for once. He sat quietly in his high chair and stared at Max in a most peculiar way.

Max's mother finally broke the long silence. "Max, darling," she whispered, looking bedraggled and very, very sad. "I think that you've caught a case of the wednesdays."

from **THE WEDNESDAYS**

*continued*



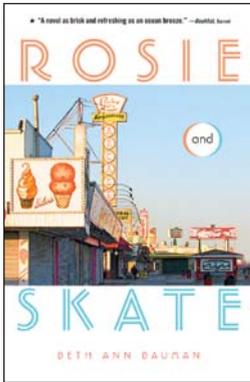
**Julie Bourbeau** has lived a life that is probably more adventurous than necessary. She has jumped out of airplanes, been swept out to sea, and was married on a Himalayan mountaintop by Tibetan monks. When she grew weary of a lifestyle that required so many vaccinations, she decided to become a writer so that her characters could continue her adventures while she stayed safe and warm. She still travels (just not as far), now in the company of her two young sons who, one way or another, inspire all of her tales. You can visit her at [Julie-Bourbeau.com](http://Julie-Bourbeau.com)



# IT'S A SECOND!

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

BETH ANN BAUMAN



“It’s a First”



NEW!

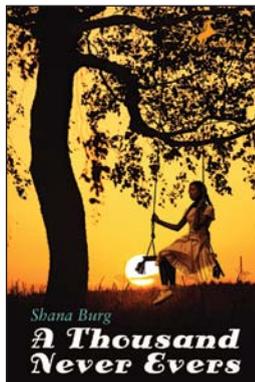
It’s the summer before Angel’s senior year. She doesn’t have a boyfriend or college plans, but she is ready to have fun. With her best friend, Inggy, away on college tours, Angel finds herself getting closer with Cork, Inggy’s boyfriend. Maybe too close? Full of secrets, friendship, and lust *Jersey Angel* is sure to make waves.

jersey  
angel

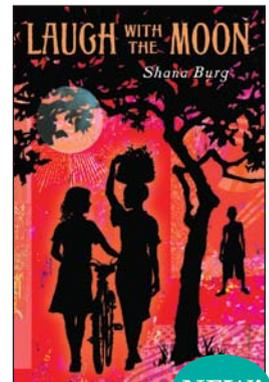
SHANA BURG

After the death of her mother thirteen-year-old Clare is stuck. Stuck in denial and stuck in the African jungle with her father, a doctor who seems able to heal everyone but Clare. When a trip to the country goes horribly wrong, she must face heartbreak, love, loss and learn how to laugh with the moon.

LAUGH WITH THE MOON



“It’s a First”

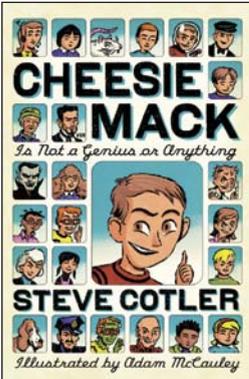


NEW!

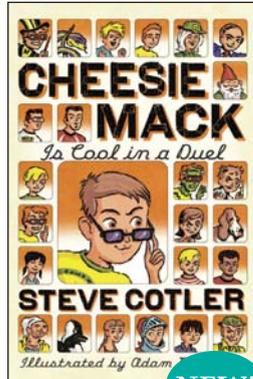
# IT'S A SECOND!

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

STEVE COTLER



“It’s a First”



NEW!

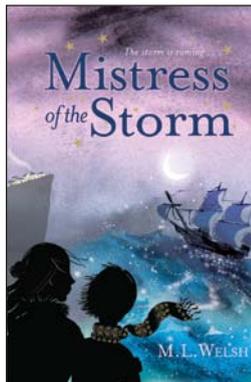
Cheesie is off to the greatest summer camp in Maine! But when he’s put in a cabin with the Big Guy campers, including his archenemy, Kevin, Cheesie must use his brains to fight Kevin’s brawn. Will Cheesie survive to start middle school?

*Cheesie Mack  
Is Cool in a Duel*

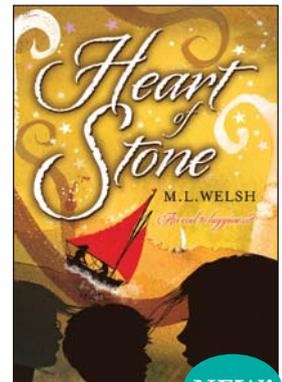
M.L. WELSH

Verity wants life to stay the same forever. But not everything in life turns out as we would like. The land is shifting, creating mysterious caves, terrifying rock falls, and dangerous landslides. Verity and her friends must fight as a powerful force works its way towards them. The Heart of Stone is the key, and the race is on to find it.

*Heart of Stone*



“It’s a First”



NEW!

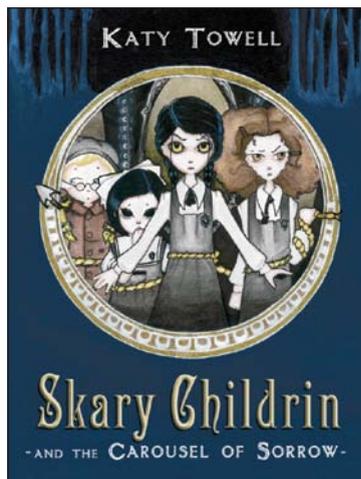
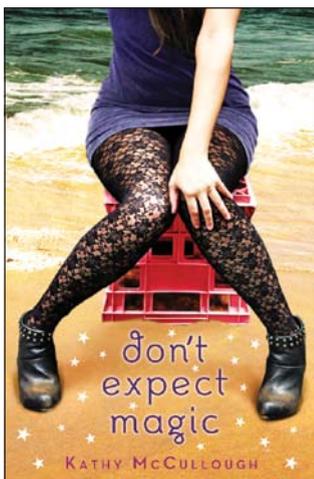
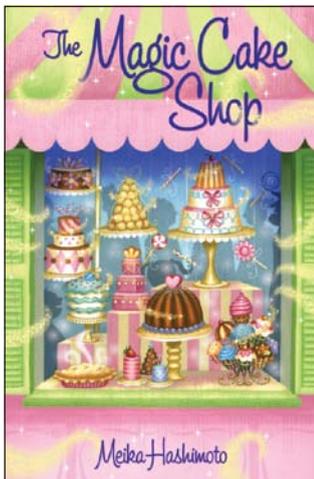
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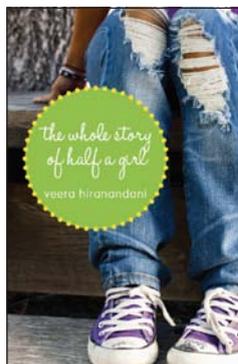
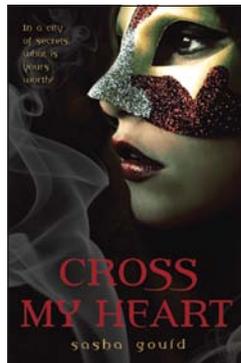
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