

Fresh Fiction from New Voices



Fall 2010



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Fresh Fiction from New Voices



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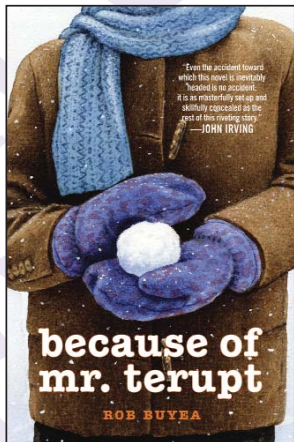
The future of the book industry lies with new literary voices. For that reason, we are committed to growing alongside our authors by implementing unique publishing and marketing programs that enhance our lists and deliver continued success stories to you: the bookseller, the teacher, the librarian. We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



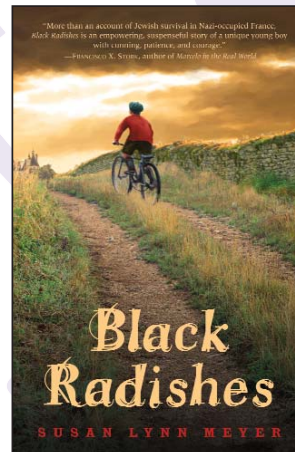
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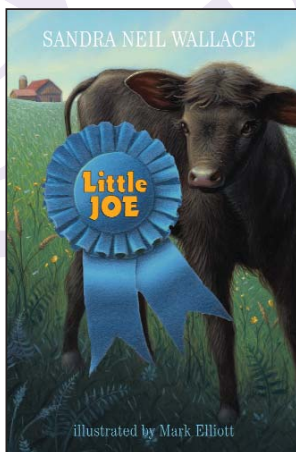
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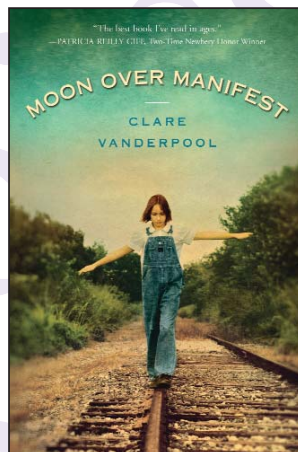
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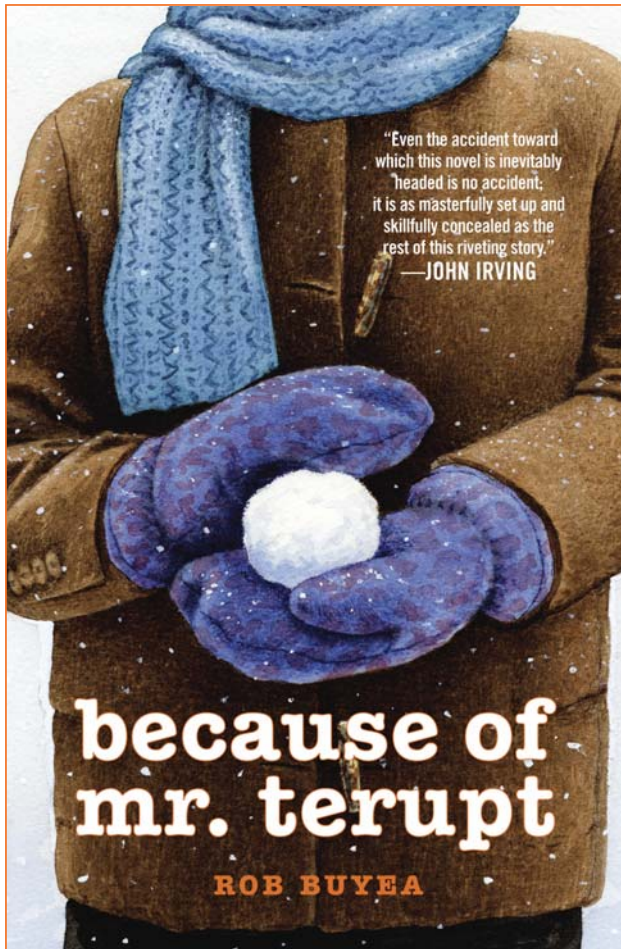


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15

New for
Summer 2010 see p. 20



Because of Mr. Terupt

by Rob Buyea

Edited by Françoise Bui

ISBN: 978-0-385-73882-8

\$16.99/\$19.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On sale: 10/12/2010



from **the editor**



When I received the manuscript of *Because of Mr. Terupt*, I knew that John Irving—yes, *the* John Irving—liked Rob Buyea’s story. I also knew that he had connected Rob with an agent. But I didn’t realize just how much Irving admired Rob’s middle-grade novel. Loved it, in fact! Maybe it’s a good thing I was clueless. It allowed me to discover the story on my own. And I was immediately won over.

The premise of Rob’s story is simple: Seven kids. One fifth-grade class. One amazing teacher. And the school year that changes their lives. But the multiple story lines—each narrated by one of the seven students—weave a complex portrait of life in elementary school. You’ll recognize all the characters: the bully, the brainiac, the outcast, the troublemaker, the slacker, the lackey, and the newcomer. Rob has brilliantly nailed down the archetypes—and then invested each one with a distinct voice and great humanity.

We witness the dynamics between the kids, in and out of the classroom, and between student and teacher. But I especially loved finding out each child’s personal story. Bit by bit, we learn what’s happening at home and how that shapes who each kid is. John Irving is a fan. I’m a fan. I know you—and many a young reader, will be a fan too.

—Françoise Bui

from **because of mr. terupt**

I was like, I have this new guy for a teacher. That's so cool.

Mr. Terupt was nice. He let us sit in tables, not rows. I was like, no way, are you serious? And like, the best was I got to sit with my friend Danielle.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hi,” she said back.

“You're Jessica, right?”

“Yes.”

There was this new girl in our class, Jessica. She wasn't at our table, but I needed to talk to her. I needed to tell her who she could be friends with. She seemed like she could be pretty cool, even though she carried a book around like a teddy bear.

I found her at recess. Outdoor recess is held behind the school. There's a big blacktop area with basketball hoops and hopscotch. There's playground equipment in another spot, and a large field for running around and playing sports, like kickball or football. That's where the gazebo is, too—by the edge of the field. I found Jessica sitting alone on the steps of the gazebo. She was reading a book. I was like, What a loser, but I went up to her.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hi,” she said back.

“You're Jessica, right?”

“Yes.”

I blew a bubble with my gum and sat down. “I'm Alexia,” I said. “My friends call me Lexie.” I found the compact mirror in my purse and checked my Rock Star Purple lip gloss. Then I was like, “Where'd you come from?”

“We moved from California,” the new girl said.

“I used to live in California, too.” I started playing with the stones that lay under my feet. It's always been easier for me to lie when I don't have to look at the person's eyes. “We moved because, like, my dad got sick and needed the doctors here.”

“I’m sorry,” Jessica said. She started playing with the stones now, too.

“Listen,” I said. “Like, you’re new here so let me help you out a little . . . if you want, that is.” I snapped my gum.

“Sure. Okay.”

I stopped playing with the stones and scooted closer to her. “Want a piece of gum?”

I stopped playing with the stones and scooted closer to her. “Want a piece of gum?”

“No thanks,” she said.

Of course not. Little Miss Perfect. I put the gum back in my purse.

“That girl,” I said, pointing to Danielle across the playground.

“You can’t miss her. She’s the fat one.” I laughed, but Jessica didn’t. “That’s Danielle. Watch out for her. She’s, like, somebody you don’t want to be friends with.”

“But don’t you sit with her in class? I thought you were friends.”

I wasn’t expecting this. Usually girls just listen and follow along. I blew a bubble and snapped my gum again. “Yeah. She used to be cool. But like, she’s been saying stuff about you. Calling you Miss Goody Two-shoes and a snotty bookworm.”

Jessica seemed surprised. “Oh. Okay. Thanks for letting me know,” she said.

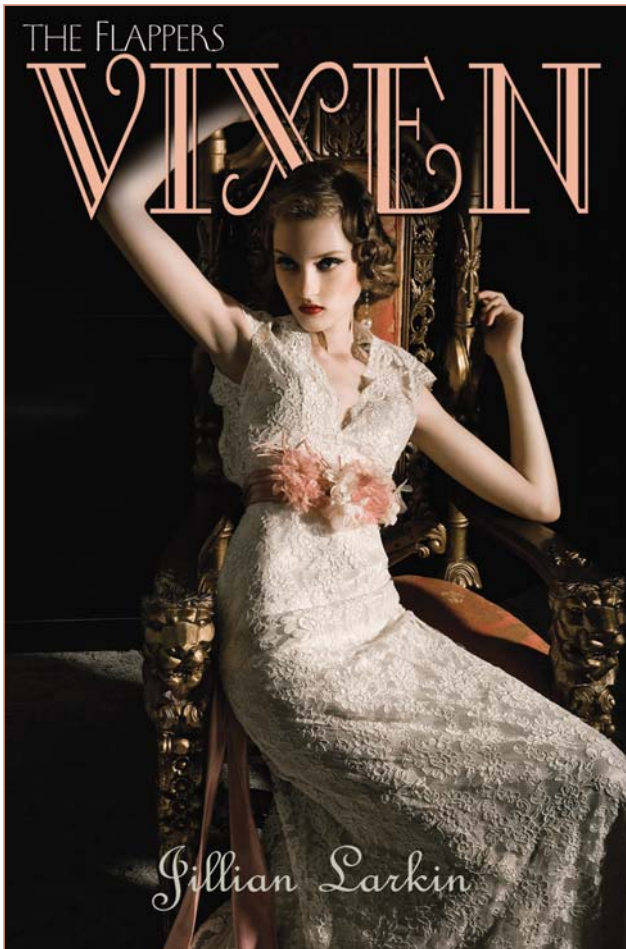
“Don’t worry.” I put my arm around her. “Stick with me and I’ll, like, help you out. It’ll be great.”

Then recess ended. That’s how I got the girl war started.

Rob Buyea taught third and fourth graders in Bethany, Connecticut, for six years before moving to Massachusetts, where he now lives with his wife and three daughters. He teaches biology and coaches wrestling at Northfield Mount Hermon School.



Photo © Glenn Minshall



Vixen

by Jillian Larkin

Edited by Wendy Loggia

ISBN: 978-0-385-74034-0

\$17.99/\$19.99 Can.

Young Adult Fiction

On sale: 12/14/2010



Delacorte
Press

from the editor



When I start reading a submission . . . and can't stop? Because it's about the sexiest, most romantic era ever—the 1920s—with super strong characters and riveting storylines? That's the bee's knees. The cat's meow. The berries! Can you tell that I've got an edge for this ducky new trilogy by hip-to-the-jive author Jillian Larkin? Jillian's the Real McCoy, and everything's Jake about working on this keen debut, the first in THE FLAPPERS, a nifty trilogy about the Jazz Age in Chicago and the bobbed-hair, ciggy-smoking, gin-guzzling “it” girls—the flappers who hike up their skirts and flaunt their newfound freedom. This ain't no trip for biscuits, swells—believe me, you're sitting pretty with this unreal excerpt. Anything goes with our three heroines: seventeen-year-old socialite Gloria, who dreams of being a flapper; her cousin, Clara, who hopes her past doesn't come back to haunt her; and her best friend, Lorraine, who's tired of living in Gloria's shadow. Now, no more beating my gums—time for you big cheeses to start reading!

—Wendy Loggia

from *VIXEN*

They found the entrance exactly as instructed: just before the cracked sign for Malawer’s Funeral Parlor, between the tailor and the barbershop, through the rusted gate, down eleven creaky steps below street level. After knocking precisely three times, a tiny slit in the boarded-up door slid open.

“What’s the word, doll?” One dark eye blinked at them.

Gloria opened her mouth and froze. This was the moment she had practiced endlessly in front of her bedroom mirror: saying the secret password to get admitted into the hottest speakeasy in Chicago. So what if it was the first time she’d ever snuck out of her house, lied to her parents, or been in the city alone? Not to mention that her dress—which she’d bought only the day before—was so short that one gust of wind could turn her from flapper to flasher like that.

“Come on, I don’t got all night!” the Eye barked.

Sweat began to bead on her upper lip. She could almost feel it caking the layers of her meticulously applied makeup and cracking the surface of her finishing powder.

“Ouch!”

Marcus, her best friend—who’d taken on the role of accomplice/chaperone for the evening—jabbed her in the side. “Just say it already!”

Gloria glared at

Gloria inhaled sharply: It was now or never. “Bootleg?”

Marcus. “You have got to be kidding me.”

“Wrong. Now *scram!*”

And just like that, the Eye disappeared.

Gloria glared at Marcus. “You have got to be kidding me.”

“It was ‘bootleg’ the last time I was here!” he said. Steps below the street, the bluish night softened the harsh angles of his golden boy features—his sharp cheekbones and jaw, the habitual smirk he wore—and made him look infallible. Trustworthy. Swoony, even.

Gloria could see why girls threw themselves at him, of course, but her own relationship with Marcus was three parts brother/sister to one part sexual tension—a healthy, balanced equation for any straight male-female friendship.

“You’ve been here a total of, wait, let me count—one . . . one. Once. Right, *one time*, Marcus. And that was merely because you paid your own older brother to take you.”

**Gloria pounded
on the door again.**

“Well, at least I’ve actually *been* inside,” Marcus said, crossing his arms with a sigh. “Let me take you home, okay?”

Home? Twenty miles away by car, only it felt more like twenty thousand. Her father’s gleaming Cadillac—sneaked from the garage after his driver went to bed—beckoned to her from beneath the streetlight. Maybe she *should* just return to the quiet, safe, *boring* tree-lined suburbs that she knew so well. She could make it into bed scot-free by one a.m. and even fit in a few flash cards before her European History exam tomorrow. But wasn’t that exactly what people always expected her to do? Make the safe, good-girl choice?

No, she couldn’t leave now, not when she was one door away from carrying out the first and only rebellious act of her entire life. She was already here. She just had to get inside.

Gloria pounded on the door again.

The slit opened up a crack. “You again? You got a choice chassis, kid, but if you don’t go home to Daddy’s this second, I’ll call security—”

“*Wait*. All I ask is for one single clue.” She pouted her brightly painted strawberry lips because, well, pouting always worked in the movies. “If I get it on the first try, we’re in. If not, we disappear.”

The Eye squinted menacingly. “Does this look like some kinda slumber party guessing game to you?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Gloria said coolly. She could hear the band inside begin to play, its jazzy rhythms spilling out onto the street in muted tones. “I don’t go to slumber parties. And I save my games for men.”

The Eye glanced at Marcus. “This one’s a real bearcat, ain’t she?”

“*Glo?* A bearcat? Ha!” Marcus said, laughing out loud.

“Fine.” The Eye rolled. “Here’s your clue: It’s a dirty deed you look too

young to do.”

Marcus jumped in. “That’s easy, it’s—”

“The girl’s got to get it, or I shut this door on your face forever!”

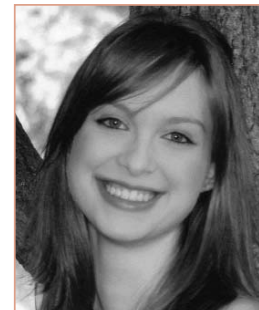
The phrase was on the tip of Gloria’s tongue. Oh yes, her best friend Lorraine had written it in a note during Biology yesterday: “Oh my gawd, Welda, my lab partner was just suspended . . . she was caught in the bathroom during last wknd’s dance with the CAPTAIN of the football team giving her a good—”

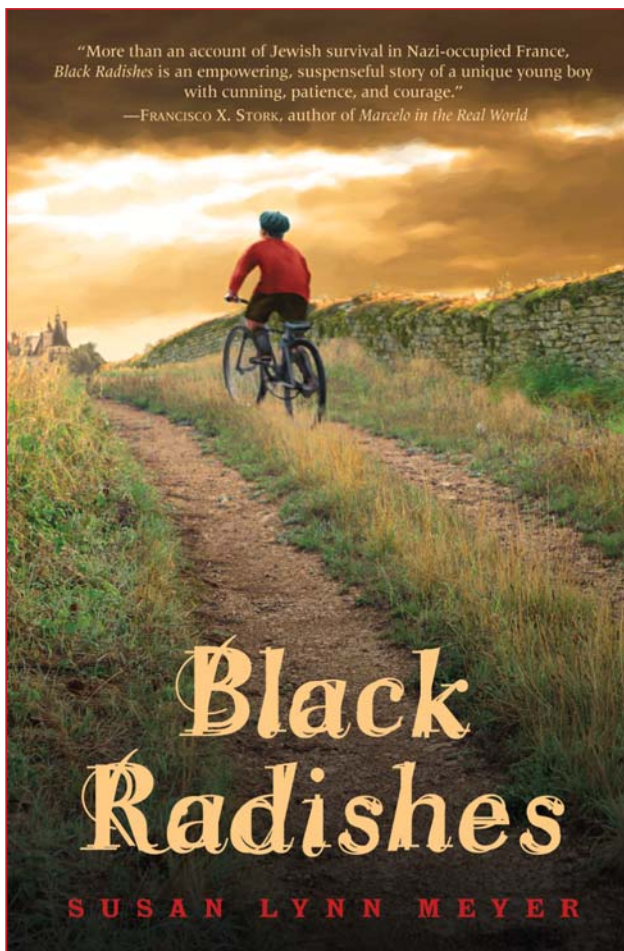
“The girl’s got to get it, or I shut this door on your face forever!”

“*Barney-mugging*,” Gloria whispered huskily. Then she blushed, embarrassed to have said out loud the dirtiest term she knew for sex.

The Eye’s slit closed and the door opened. “Welcome to the Green Mill.”

Jillian Larkin’s fascination with flappers and the 1920s era began during her childhood, which included frequent home screenings of the classic Julie Andrews and Carol Channing film, *Thoroughly Modern Millie*. She lives in New York.





Black Radishes

by Susan Lynn Meyer

Edited by Rebecca A. Short and
Françoise Bui

ISBN: 978-0-385-73881-1

\$16.99/\$19.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On sale: 11/9/2010



Delacorte
Press

from **the editors**



We love *Black Radishes*—the poetic simplicity of Susan Lynn Meyer’s writing; the gripping danger and urgency that permeate war-torn France in 1940; and Gustave, a carefree eleven-year-old who becomes a bold, reflective hero as he comes to grips with his suddenly contradictory French and Jewish identities.



Black Radishes is impossible to put down. One day, Gustave is living in Free France. The next, Nazi Germany invades. As Gustave repeatedly risks his life to get his family out of Occupied France, we cheer and laugh and cry, we hold our breath and hope.

Black Radishes has its villains, but it is filled with characters, Jewish and non-Jewish alike, whose good hearts transcend the page and touch our own. We know that it will do the same for every one of its readers, from those learning about World War II and the Holocaust for the very first time to those who will understand, on a deeper level, the significance of Gustave’s story.

—**Rebecca A. Short and Françoise Bui**

from **Black Radishes**

Gustave watched the shiny black boots.

Eighty-two, eighty-four, eighty-six, eighty-eight, he counted feverishly. If he could only count fast enough, he thought dazedly, he would know how many there were. Ninety, ninety-two, ninety-four, ninety-six. But the boots, rising up and smashing down, swam in front of him, and he lost count. He dragged his eyes away and looked up. Greenish gray uniforms, steel helmets, rifles. Faces like stone. The soldiers looked straight ahead as they marched south, turned the corner, and disappeared out of sight. They seemed to know exactly where they were going. They moved like machines, not men.

Some of the watching French men and women wept silently, tears running down their faces. Gustave could hear his heart pounding, more loudly than the thunderous marching boots. He felt frozen to the ground, unable to move or even to turn his eyes away from the soldiers.

It couldn't be real.

But it was.

German soldiers were marching through the streets of France, his country, his native land. Marching right through this tiny country village, this little, out-of-the-way place, where his family had come to be safe. It was like a nightmare.

It couldn't be real. But it was.

A few houses away, on the other side of the road, two huge, wolflike dogs leapt at the gate from inside, snarling and growling. Their owner, Monsieur Grégoire, leaned on the wall across the road, his face twisted with grief. Let them out, Gustave thought despairingly. Let out the *chiens méchants*!

But of course Monsieur Grégoire wouldn't do that.

Even if those dogs, with their fierce teeth, managed to hurt a few soldiers, the other Germans would just take their rifles down off their shoulders and shoot them. They would probably shoot Monsieur Grégoire too. The waves of Germans marched up the road, as the French people stood watching, and, over and over again, the dogs hurled themselves uselessly against the gate.

When the first tank rumbled up the road, Gustave couldn't watch anymore.

There were too many soldiers. Too many tanks. He ran away from the road and, on his hands and knees, pushed his way under the low branches, into the bushes behind the garage. He sat there, curled up in the tight space, for a long time, trying to stop shaking. When he crawled out, all the tanks seemed to have rumbled by, but he could hear more feet marching.

**The sound of the marching
German boots gradually faded
away into the distance, going
deeper and deeper into France.**

He scrambled up the ladder to the loft and looked around. The three spears still leaned against the wall, at the ready. He flushed. They didn't look like spears anymore, just like stupid sharpened sticks. Dumb toys. And he was all by himself. Marcel

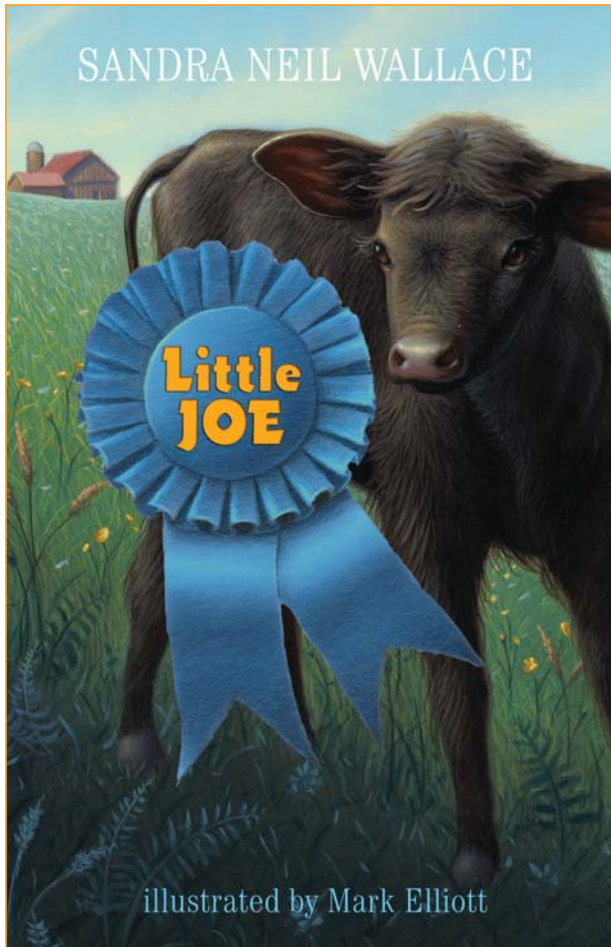
and Jean-Paul weren't there. Maybe they never would be. What did he think he needed three sharpened sticks for? He seized the spears angrily and cracked them over his knee, one after the other, until all that was left of them was a mess of splintered wood.

The sound of the marching German boots gradually faded away into the distance, going deeper and deeper into France.

Susan Lynn Meyer grew up in America, where her father found refuge after escaping Nazi-occupied France in 1942. Susan teaches English at Wellesley College. *Black Radishes* is her first novel.



Photo © Hannah Meyer-Winkler



Little Joe

by Sandra Neil Wallace
Illustrated by Mark Elliott
Edited by Nancy Hinkel

ISBN: 978-0-375-86097-3
\$15.99/\$18.99 Can.
Middle-Grade Fiction
On sale: 8/24/2010



from the editor



Little Joe first came to me as a picture book text, and I was immediately drawn to it. Author Sandra Neil Wallace and I talked about turning the manuscript into a short novel, and she immediately began revising. The result is this wonderful book for newly independent readers about nine-year-old Eli and the story of how he raises his first bull calf to show at the county fair. It's about a young boy making his first emotional and ethical decisions, and Sandra's honest portrayal of life on a modern family farm is evocative and intriguing, populated with characters who feel real. The story is a breath of fresh air, too—it reminded me of *Misunderstood Betsy* and *Farmer Boy*, two books I love.

Little Joe is an appealing slice-of-life look at a boy and his farm animal; it features lush writing, authentic details, and charming interior illustrations by award-winning illustrator Mark Elliott, who also provided the beautiful cover art.

—Nancy Hinkel

from **Little JOE**

Little Joe came out on Christmas Eve, when he wasn't supposed to. Larger than most and trembly, with only Eli there and Grandpa. Pa had gone to fetch the in-laws and some ice cream to go with the pies.

"Fancy's been like this for over an hour, son," Grandpa said to Eli, stroking Fancy's matted hair. "She's gonna need some help with this one."

A nervous hen fluttered a wing, then clucked. One of the barn cats purred. But their movements were blurred by the darkness. All Eli could see in the barn was what stirred beneath the pen's only lightbulb: two little black hooves no bigger than Eli's wrists, peeking out of Fancy. Then a head, black and furry and shiny, with two slits for eyes shut tight.

Eli stared at the hooves just dangling there. He'd seen calves being born before—even twins last year, back when he was eight. But they were little Holstein heifers, not Angus like this one. And they'd come out right away, splashing slick as a waterslide onto the bedding and bawling for their mama.

"Push against Fancy's side," Grandpa told Eli. Grandpa took hold of the tiny hooves and pulled while Eli pushed against Fancy. But the calf stayed put.

"Looks like you're gonna have to pull on a hoof with me, Eli, just like you would a wishbone. You pull thataway and I'll pull this way," Grandpa said. "Now make a wish and when I holler three . . . *pull!* On a count o' three. One . . ."

Eli clenched his teeth, grabbed hold of a hoof and shut his eyes tight as he could.

"Two . . ."

Then he wished for the calf to come out right.

"Three!"

Eli yanked on the hoof. Grandpa tugged hard on the other. Then Eli heard a plop and the rustling of straw.

"You can open your eyes now," Grandpa said, grinning. "It's a fine bull calf, Eli."

Lying on the straw bed was a shimmering black clump of a calf. Perfectly shaped

**Eli clenched his teeth,
grabbed hold of a hoof
and shut his eyes tight
as he could.**

and nearly as long as Eli, he'd come out right and big.

"Your pa says this one's yours," Grandpa said.

"Again!" Grandpa shouted as he felt for the calf's heart. "And through the mouth, too."

"Pa said so?" Eli looked down at the newborn and fought back a smile. His own calf! And Pa was giving it to him.

Grandpa stopped smiling. He got down on his knees again and stroked the bull calf's side. Its eyes were closed and it wasn't moving. Not like the heifers. The heifers moved, Eli remembered. The heifers tried to get up, raise their heads. The heifers tried to do something—anything—to get a feel for the outside. This one did nothing.

"He's not breathing." Grandpa knelt closer and felt the calf's nose. "It's too late to get Doc Rutledge. Breathe into this nostril while I close off the other. *Now, Eli!*"

Eli grabbed hold of the bull calf's head, took a deep breath and blew into the shiny gray nostril, hard as he could. The nostril was slippery cold, and Eli was sure it hadn't moved.

"Again!" Grandpa shouted as he felt for the calf's heart. "And through the mouth, too."

Eli drew in another deep breath and forced it into the gray nostril. This time he pressed his lips against the calf's mouth, too, blowing through a tiny row of baby teeth.

"Keep going!" Grandpa yelled.

There was pounding in Eli's ears now. He was sweating and sure his face must be red as a summer radish. His hands had gone all shaky, too. Eli worried they might not be any good to the calf. *His calf.* Still, he took another gulp of air and fed it into the bull calf's nose.

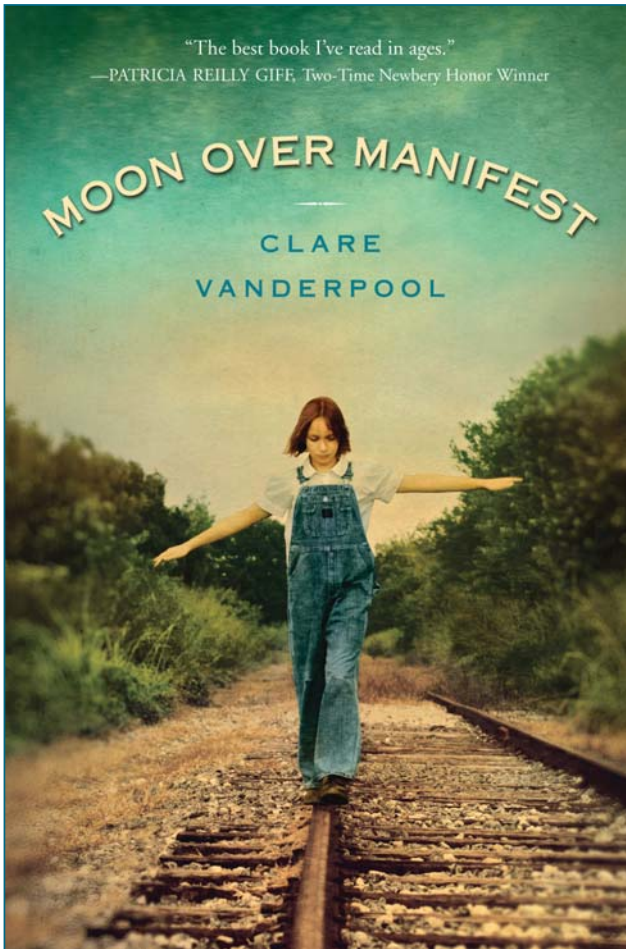
"He's got a heartbeat," Grandpa said.

The bull calf coughed and sputtered, then spit up a big wad of goo into Eli's face.

After fifteen years as a television announcer—including as a sportscaster on ESPN—**Sandra Neil Wallace** now lives in New Hampshire with her husband, fellow Knopf author Rich Wallace, and their dog, Lucy.



Photo © Rich Wallace



Moon Over Manifest

by Clare Vanderpool

Edited by Michelle Poploff

ISBN: 978-0-385-73883-5

\$16.99/\$19.99 Can.

Middle-Grade Fiction

On sale: 10/12/2010



from **the editor**



I was bowled over when I read this gorgeous manuscript in one sitting. Powerful in its simplicity and rich in historical detail, this literary debut is an emotionally gripping story of loss and redemption. The interwoven storylines move back and forth between the immigrant community of 1918 Manifest, Kansas, to the troubled times during the Depression. At the helm is Abiline Tucker, who while searching for clues about her father's boyhood, uncovers the long-held secrets of a town suffering in silence.

Two-time Newbery Honor winner, Patricia Reilly Giff said “This is the best book I’ve read in ages. I laughed and cried and ached for Abilene.”

If I were a betting woman, I’d bet that you’ll be surprised by at least one long-kept secret in this story. I tell you true, you’re in for a treat when you travel down the tracks to Manifest—a town with a rich past and a bright future.

—Michelle Poploff

from **MOON OVER MANIFEST**

The air in Miss Sadie’s parlor was hot and thick. I thought sitting on one of those red velvety couches chockfull of fringy pillows was probably akin to suffocating. Still, I had to find my compass. I took a deep breath and ventured around the room.

Suddenly, the double doors of the parlor whooshed open.

A large fleshy woman stood before me in full regalia. Her eyes were all made up, earrings and bracelets jangling. The sign in the window said Miss Sadie was a medium. From the look of her, I’d say that was a bit wishful. The heavy red dress she wore brushed across the floor, tossing up dust as she hobbled to an ornate chair behind a round table. She seemed to have a bad leg and took some time squeezing herself between the arms of the chair.

Suddenly, the double doors of the parlor whooshed open.

Thinking she hadn’t seen me, I turned to make a clean getaway.

“Sit down,” she said, her voice thick and savory, like goulash. She put her hands flat on the table. “Let us see if today the spirits are willing to speak.” Suddenly, it became clear. A diviner. A Medium. This woman was a fortune-teller and a spirit conjurer. If you believed in that sort of thing.

I stood near the front door. “I’m not here for—” “Silence!” She held out a hand, motioning me to the chair across from her. I sat.

She slid a cigar box across the table. I almost told her, “No thank you,” but then I saw a little slot cut into the lid.

Now, I didn’t usually have two coins to rub together, and when I did, I was real slow to part with them. But if this was the only way to get my compass back, I guessed I’d have to go along with it. I dropped in a dime. Miss Sadie peered inside the box and slid it back to me.

She tapped her fingers on the table. “Today is hot. The spirits are reluctant.”

I wondered if her divining abilities allowed her to see the other coin in my pocket. I might be wanton enough to risk eternal damnation on Miss Sadie’s

spiritualism, but I'd be hung if I'd waste another dime.

"You can tell the spirits it ain't getting any cooler." I pushed that cigar box back.

She heaved a sigh so heavy it might've been mistaken for a dying breath. "Very well. What is it you want? Your fortune? Your future?"

I squirmed, not knowing what to say. She peered at me hard and asked again. "What do you seek?"

Maybe it was the way she studied me so hard that made me feel like she could see right through me to the brocade wallpaper behind me. I didn't know what made me say what I said next, and I wasn't quite sure what I meant by it. It just came out.

"I'm looking for my daddy."

Her eyebrows went up. "I see. Now we get somewhere. Do you have a bauble?"

"Bauble?"

I squirmed, not knowing what to say. She peered at me hard and asked again. "What do you seek?"

"A totem. Trinket. Something your father may have touched?" She puckered her lips, and her already wrinkled face drew into more wrinkles.

She probably knew darn good and well I was missing Gideon's compass. And I wasn't parting with any more money. Besides, she was just an old woman full of beans anyway, so I decided to call her bluff. I pulled out the letter from Ned to Jinx that was folded in my back pocket. If Miss Sadie came up with some cock-and-bull story about my daddy from something that wasn't his, I'd know she was as phony as a two-headed nickel. I slid the paper over to her.

Miss Sadie opened it, smoothing the yellowed paper beneath her fleshy palms. As she looked at the words, her hands began to tremble. She held them to her face, and her breath came out in short, shuddering gasps. For a minute, I couldn't decide if she was crying or dying, but then figured this must be part of her divining preparations.

Finally, she lifted her head and touched the letter again, gently stroking the page with her palm, as if she was trying to draw the words into herself. "The letter," she said, without looking at me. "It mentions certain mementos. You have these?" There was something deep and old in her voice. It sounded like need.

I remembered that the letter mentioned the silver dollar, fishing lure, and

skeleton key. “I found them in a Lucky Bill cigar box under a loose floorboard,” I answered a little too quickly, and it made me sound guilty. “There was other stuff, too,” I continued, overexplaining. “An old cork and a tiny wooden baby doll, no bigger than a thimble and all painted up in bright colors.” I wished I could shut myself up.

“Very well. Place your hands on the table. I will build a bridge between the world of living and dead.”

After a long pause she rested her gaze on me, puckering her lips again in thought. She seemed to be weighing whether to go on, as if deciding if I was worthy of receiving her divination.

“Very well. Place your hands on the table. I will build a bridge between the world of living and dead.”

“But my daddy is alive,” I said, figuring she’d just given herself away as a fake.

Clare Vanderpool used childhood stories, research in town newspapers, yearbooks, and graveyards to create the colorful town of Manifest, Kansas, which is based on the real Kansas town of Frontenac.



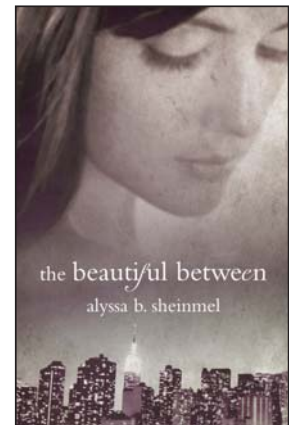
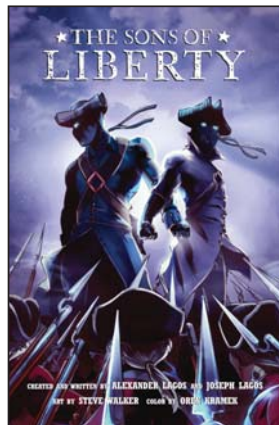
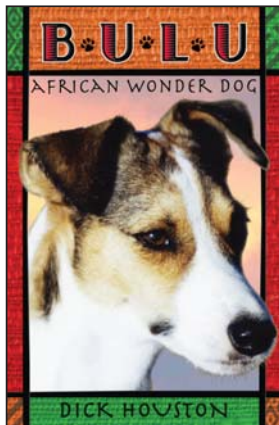
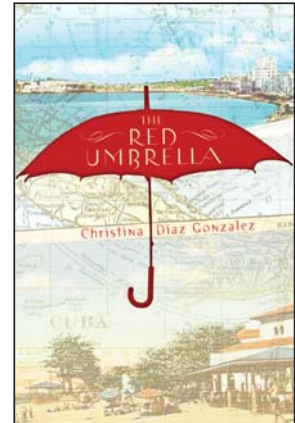
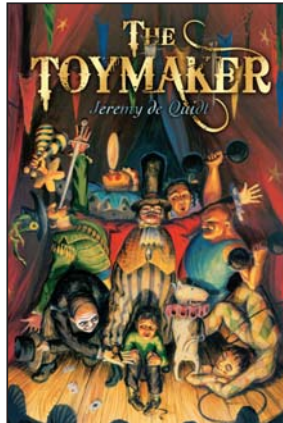
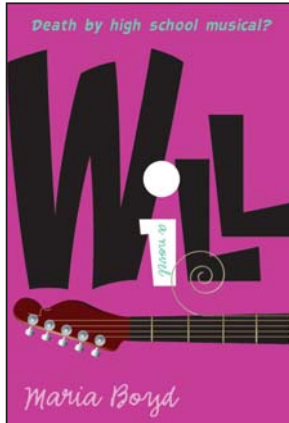
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