DETECTIVE OF THE MORNING CALM

a literary thriller by Sae-Hoon (Stan) Chung

97,000 words
Manuscript available 2027

A SEARCH FOR LONG-MISSING PARENTS IN REMOTE KAMCHATKA LEADS TO THE DISCOVERY OF AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE WHOSE EXISTENCE IS THREATENED BY THE MODERN WORLD

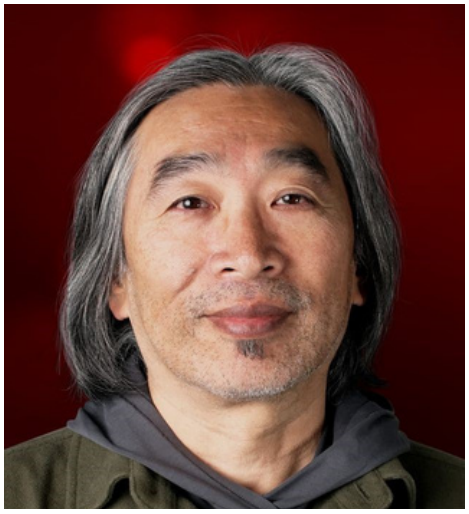
In 2024 Jae-won Chung, a Korean-Canadian NATO psychiatrist in Brussels, receives an anonymous package—coordinates, a photograph, a paper trail pointing to Kamchatka. His parents disappeared in a plane crash there thirty years ago. He believes that they are dead.

They are not.

The novel moves on two timelines. In the present, Jae-won travels north through volcanic Kamchatkan terrain with Kira—a guide from the local Itelmen people who knows more than she discloses—trying to find out what happened to his parents. In the past, his journalist mother Soon-yi survives the crash and chooses not to return home. She has found a community of remote Russian people whose presence in an unmapped valley is about to be erased by a resource extraction company. She spends thirty years building the legal and ethnobotanical record that will protect them.

Detective of the Morning Calm is about what gets carried and what gets left behind. Jae-won carries dissociation, a condition he has diagnosed in others for twenty years without recognizing it in himself. Soon-yi carries the tension between abandonment of her son and responsibility to the world. Jae-won's father Han-su carries a child's drawing in his pocket for three decades.

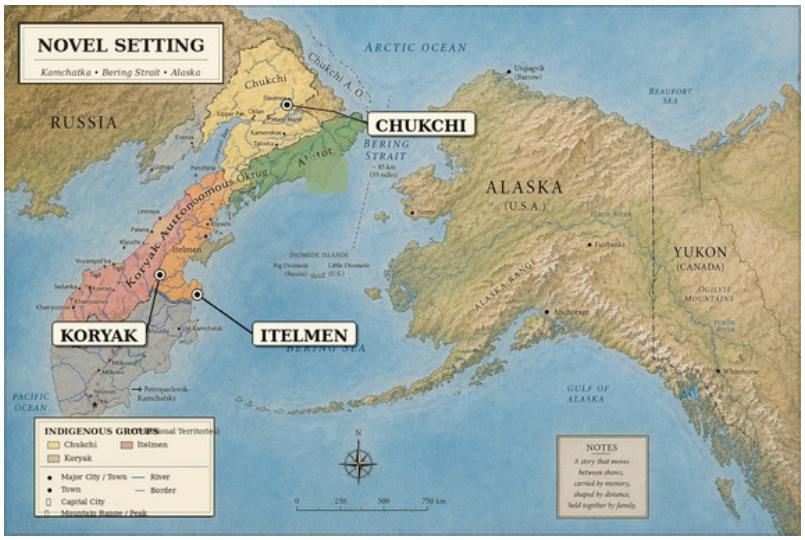
The novel straddles the territory between Nobel winner Han Kang's attention to the body as a site of historical memory and Michael Ondaatje's rendering of people shaped by rupture, set among the politics of disappearance in an exotic, unknown territory. Amid a plethora of rare birds and even rarer plants in a rugged and hostile volcanic climate, a husband and wife strive to preserve the culture they have discovered, a feat that eventually requires their abandoned son to achieve.



STAN CHUNG is a Korean-born scholar, writer, and consultant based in British Columbia, Canada. His published works include the books *I Held My Breath for a Year* (2016) and *Global Citizen* (2011), collections of his newspaper columns and essays. He will complete two more thrillers in the next few months. This year he became a Governor General's laureate for his service to the performing arts. See: https://nac-cna.ca/en/media/newsrelease/40634.

STAN CHUNG ON INSTAGRAM
instagram.com/the_diagonal_man

RIGHTS SOLD
CANADA: McClelland & Stewart (Spring 2028)



DETECTIVE OF THE MORNING CALM AN EXCERPT

a literary thriller by Sae-Hoon (Stan) Chung

ON THE SECOND LEG of the flight to Kamchatka, he was seated beside a man who introduced himself in a way that offered function without identity.

"I work with the Arctic Council," the man said. "Sustainable development working group."

His English was precise, deliberate, each word placed with care, as though language itself required calibration before use.

"What kind of work?" Jae-won asked.

"Birds," the man said. "Migratory pathways. East Kamchatka coast. Stopover sites. Hunting pressure. Climate shift."

He rested his hands on the tray table, aligning them unconsciously, fingertips parallel, confirming the edges of the space.

"The birds do not recognise borders," he said. "We insist on them anyway."

Jae-won allowed the corner of his mouth to move slightly.

"Do the birds care?"

"No," the man said. "They adjust." A pause. "Humans are less efficient."

The conversation unfolded in intervals. It did not require continuity to remain intact.

"My grandmother was Nivkh," the man said.

"From Sakhalin?" Jae-won asked.

"Yes."

The man looked out the window.

"An island," he said. "Long. Cold. Between Russia and Japan." A pause. "Close enough to see. Far enough to matter."

Jae-won nodded. He could feel the distance in it—not as measurement but as condition, water that separated even when land could still be imagined on the other side.

"Eastern side," the man said. "Before relocation."

His hands remained aligned.

"It was not useful to mention."

"And now?"

"Now it can be mentioned." A pause. "Not the same as being known."

Jae-won let that settle.

"My parents are Korean," he said. "South Korean." He paused. "They went down in the Antonov plane crash here in 1994. Never found. The government closed the case."

TWO BODIES IN FLIGHT

by Nayani Jensen

44,000 words
Manuscript available Summer 2026

THE HUMAN STORIES AT THE HEART OF SCIENCE

A POWERFUL DEBUT FROM A RHODES SCHOLAR AND AWARD-WINNER

nayanijensen.ca

"Two Bodies in Flight *is a resounding collection that spans time and space to moments of genius, miracle, and discovery that are both history-altering and deeply personal. Nayani Jenson writes with deft clarity and tenderness about what it means to be human."*
— JESSICA JOHNS, author of *Bad Cree*

"Nayani Jensen's stories remind us that the people behind scientific discoveries are just people like us—obsessive, under pressure, aging, unsure, eager to prove themselves, courting disaster. If there is a lesson that unites these lives across centuries, it is that the effort of an earnest life is never wasted, even if it goes unrecognized in one's lifetime."
— IAN WILLIAMS, Giller prize-winning author of *You've Changed*

Canadian English-language rights to *Two Bodies in Flight* were pre-empted by Scribner Canada on the basis of one single story.

The collection imagines the inner lives of people poised at the intersection of history and science. Based on historical figures and archival research, in each story the combination of the deeply personal and the scientific produces unexpected new meanings *Two Bodies in Flight* will appeal to fans of scientific biography (*Oppenheimer, The Theory of Everything*), and to readers of Benjamin Labatut and Andrea Barrett. Featured stories include:

- "Like Rabbits" (Regnier De Graaf, Delft, the Dutch Republic, 1672): A new father fights for priority in the discovery of the human egg while grappling with the death of his infant son.
- "Proof" (Philippa Fawcett, Cambridge, 1890): A young woman races the men in the Olympics of mathematics exams in nineteenth-century Cambridge.
- "Gutta Percha" (Telegraph workers, Karachi, 1865): In the rush to expand telegraph systems on behalf of the British Empire, workers grapple with conflicting loyalties while harvesting the resin necessary for electrical insulation.

After studying Mechanical Engineering and working on climate research projects, **NAYANI JENSEN** received a Rhodes Scholarship and went on to study English Literature and History of Science at the University of Oxford. In both her academic and creative work, she is interested in merging arts and sciences in interdisciplinary approaches to history, science, and fiction. Nayani is currently undertaking research toward her doctorate at the University of Toronto.

RIGHTS SOLD
CANADA: Scribner (2027)

PRAISE FOR NAYANI JENSEN

"'Like Rabbits' is historical fiction at its most intimate and convincing. This story beautifully harks back to the Golden Age of Dutch science, a time when men played gods. As one such man attempts to conceive with his wife, he seeks credit for his ground-breaking discoveries at great personal cost — only to face tragedy and his own mortality. With elegance, authority, and vitality, Nayani Jensen gives us a timeless story of ambition and a tender portrait of a marriage."
— JURY CITATION, 2024 Bronwen Wallace Award for Emerging Writers

TWO BODIES IN FLIGHT AN EXCERPT

linked stories by Nayani Jensen

Like Rabbits

Delft, the Dutch Republic. June, 1672.

MARIA WAS BLACK-HAIRED and soft-formed. Her mouth was the colour of apricots, and around her eyes the skin was pink as a baby's. She laughed easily and angered quickly, and sometimes when they lay together in their small bed he thought of the rabbits in his experiments, the ones with pink or paler skin above their eyes. Sometimes while he was thinking this Maria would tug at his hair, would put her teeth around his earlobe just a little too roughly, would run her tongue from his ear down to the cleft in his chin and say, *Silly boy*, even though he was nine years elder.

But most of the time he thought nothing. He watched the flush of pleasure across her skin, her eyes pooling black, and when she laughed he put his fingers in her mouth.

They have eggs, he would tell her. He was trying to teach her. *Everything does. It's all the same, inside.*

You're telling me I'm like your rabbits? she'd say.

Everything is. It all is. And he'd show her Steno's drawing of the dogfish shark, which gave birth to live young, and his old friend Swammerdam's frogs. *Look!* he'd say. He wanted her to understand the enormity of it. *Ten years ago, they were convinced butterflies appeared from nowhere. That all matter for life came from the male.*

Maria, smiling, said, *Who thinks that?*

Maybe he just wanted her to be impressed.

Show me where, she'd say, and he'd run his fingers over the soft folds of her stomach, lower.

Here.

Eggs? she said, and he said, *Yes, but they would be so small.*

Sometimes she was interested and most of the time she laughed. *What do you know about it*, she said. Sometimes she pulled away warily, and then he would think of the rabbits, of watching them together, counting the days, catching the female and opening it, and he thought perhaps she was right.

Sometimes he thought it was only because of the war that they had gotten married so suddenly. All over the city people lay together like this, and life began to form in its inscrutable way — the first sight of the heart, veins, toes — and down the street or one town away other people lay dead as veins broke, as blood stopped.

His book had been finished in March; the war started in May; by June they were married. By July he was embroiled in a vicious priority debate over the discovery of the human egg.

And on it went.

NUMB WERE THE BEADSMAN'S FINGERS

a Flavia de Luce mysery by Alan Bradley

368 pages / Final proofs now available

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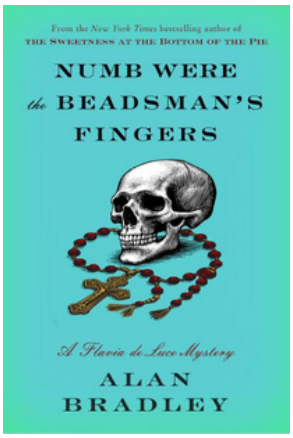
NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE OUT IN THE USA IN DECEMBER



A nun's corpse leads beloved amateur sleuth Flavia de Luce to uncover decades-old secrets.

In the cloisters of Golgotha House, a mere binocular's-squint away from Buckshaw, a nun lies dead. When her fellow Sisters prepare her corpse for burial, they discover that their companion has been living a shocking lie for years. The truth about her past, and the dark reasons she harbored for escaping it, are impossible to fathom.

Charged with cracking this mystery is the inimitable young Flavia de Luce herself and her faithful partner-in-detection, Dogger.

Working under the eye of a glowering Mother Superior, Flavia and Dogger must uncover a decades-old crime and a secret that lies an ocean away—along with a trail of deception that lies closer to home.

PRAISE FOR THE SERIES

"The Flavia de Luce novels are now a cult favourite."
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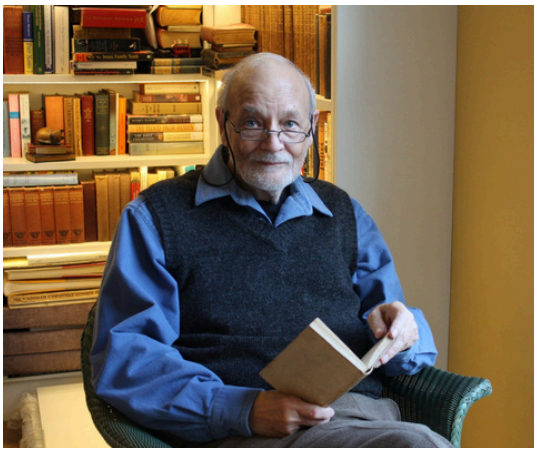
"I love the Flavia de Luce novels! Flavia is the best female detective I've ever read, full of realism, self-confidence and emotion"
— DIANA GABALDON

"To say I am overjoyed by the return of the magnificent Flavia is a massive understatement. It's a great day when we have her back in our lives with a new, and riveting, crime to solve. Brava Flavia. Bravo Alan!" **— LOUISE PENNY**



ALAN BRADLEY's twelve Flavia de Luce mysteries are an international phenomenon, published in 39 territories and appearing on bestseller lists in The New York Times and Der Spiegel. Born in Toronto in 1938, Bradley died on the Isle of Man in 2026 at the age of 87.

alanbradleyauthor.com

RIGHTS SOLD

USA: Bantam (Nov. 3, 2026)
CANADA: Doubleday (Nov. 3, 2026)
UK: Orion (Nov. 3, 2026)
FILM: Mystic Point Productions
GERMANY: Blanvalet
ITALY: Sellerio
RUSSIA: AST

"Irresistibly appealing."
— THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Flavia is incisive, cutting and hilarious."
— USA TODAY

"Bradley takes everything you expect and subverts it, delivering a smart, irreverent, unsappy mystery."
— ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

"An endlessly entertaining amateur young sleuth."
— BOOKLIST, starred review

"Nobody could possibly unite intelligence work, mythological monsters, and village gossip as adroitly as Bradley's heroine."
— KIRKUS REVIEWS

NUMB WERE THE BEADSMAN'S FINGERS AN EXCERPT

a Flavia de Luce mystery by Alan Bradley

"BUT WHEN THE SISTERS OF CLEMENCY began to…well…disrobe Sister Garance, to wash and prepare her for the grave they made the most shocking discovery."

The speaker was Cynthia Davidson, the Vicar's wife, and we were alone in the vicarage kitchen. I leaned forward in eager anticipation, trying not to let my eyes goggle or my mouth hang open. Shocking discoveries among nuns were few and far between.

"The body," Cynthia said, lowering her voice to a whisper and glancing back over each shoulder before continuing, "was that of a male: a man who bore the scars of a life hard lived, including several bullet-holes. Healed, of course."

"Holy crow!" I said.

"Flavia…" she cautioned me.

"Sorry, Cynthia. But what a ripping yarn."

"It's not a yarn, Flavia. It's true."

I let out a low whistle. "Are you positive? Where did you hear a thing like that?"

"Denwyn was consulted," she said, "But you mustn't breathe a word."

"Makes sense though," I said. "He's outside the faith but utterly trustworthy."

Cynthia sighed.

"It's no easy matter. Even after the body is identified, the man cannot, obviously, be buried in the Sisters' cemetery. They are hoping Denwyn can find a corner for him here at St. Tancred's."

"Out of sight, out of mind," I said.

"Something like that," Cynthia said. "We prefer to think of it as Christian charity."

"What calibre were the slugs?" I asked.

"Oh, Flavia!" Cynthia said, physically recoiling. "What a horrid question."

"Not to a curious mind," I said. "Most bullet wounds in England are from a .455 Webley while those in America are from .38 calibre weapons, such as the .38 Special."

I had absorbed this handy bit of knowledge from Philip Odell, the fictional detective on the BBC wireless series. "A Crook of the Highest Calibre" the episode had been called, and I had made notes as I listened.

"Do you suppose the Sisters would let me have a squint?" I asked.

"Flavia!"

"Well, you can't probe bullet wounds by poring over books of fairy tales."

EDGELANDS: A LIFE ON SOCIETY'S MARGINS

a memoir by Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali

272 pages / Final proofs now available

"In Edgelands*, Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali searches for his village while navigating houselessness, addiction and toxic family dynamics, told from the perspective of an author who refuses to play the model minority. An audacious dispatch from the fringes of society,* Edgelands *will remain in the forefront of my mind."*
— CATHERINE HERNANDEZ, author of *Scarborough*

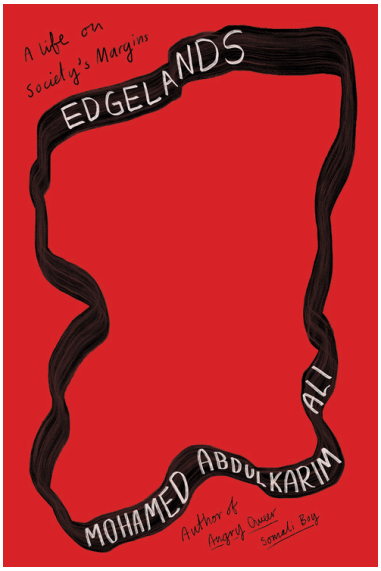
"Ali shows us an extraordinary clinging to life, and an insistence on finding your place in it, even as precariousness lurks in every corner. 'May the edgelands receive you kindly,' Ali writes, and it reads as the most generous wish you could ask for."
— ELAMIN ABDELMAHMOUD, author of *Son of Elsewhere*

"Ali will take you on a journey to bear witness to his suffering, decline and pain and his very ordinary survival of it. We get to meet his extraordinary preservation of a self."
— RINALDO WALCOTT, author of *On Property*

Who gets to be in the city and who gets to tell its stories? In *Edgelands: A Life on Society's Margins*, Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali sets out to offer a better understanding of the modern world from his perch on its margins.

Mohamed Ali is Somali, Muslim, gay, and three times an immigrant. He has been forced across several borders, both geographical and personal, including narrowly escaping an arranged marriage at nineteen to a woman he had never met. He subsequently became a substance abuser and a street person, and finally a university graduate. *Edgelands* takes us from his kidnapping by his father in Somalia at age five in 1990 to his reunion with his mother in Minneapolis thirty years later, with sojourns in the Netherlands and Canada in between, and now a job teaching English in Thailand. His incisive, brilliant depiction of his journey opens our eyes to a unique perspective on how we live now.

MOHAMMED ALI ON SOCIAL MEDIA:
instagram.com/angryqueersomaliboy
x.com/somaliqueer



MOHAMED ABDULKARIM ALI, born in Mogadishu, Somalia, is a survivor. He survived civil war, a shattered family, dislocations, abuse, homelessness, addiction and alcoholism. He wrote his first book, *Angry Queer Somali Boy: A Complicated Memoir*, which was selected as one of the best works of non-fiction in 2019 by CBC Books, while living in a homeless shelter. He currently lives in Thailand.

RIGHTS SOLD
CANADA: Knopf (Aug. 2026)

EDGELANDS: A LIFE ON SOCIETY'S MARGINS

AN EXCERPT

a memoir by Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali

ON SATURDAY, JULY 26, 2005, at age nineteen, I escaped an arranged marriage to a woman in northeastern Somalia whom I'd never met. I'd arrived in London in early June, en route to meet my father in Abu Dhabi; we were supposed to fly to Somalia together. He was keen for me to get married to cover up the stench of my homosexuality. While in London, during a phone call with my stepmother back in Toronto she said I could still chase boys in Somalia as long as I gave her some grandkids. I knew that if I didn't escape, I would lead a life of regret in the land of my ancestors.

The whole debacle began while I was having my stomach pumped at the old Keele Street site of Humber River Hospital. I'd been admitted because I took a deadly dose of pills after a violent argument with my stepmother. She lunged at me; I pushed her to the ground and ran out of the apartment barefoot. I sat in the stairwell and decided I was going to kill myself that night. Suicide had always been a fantasy but in that moment, I worked up the courage to try it.

On that spring evening in 2005, nestled beside the Humber River, I downed a few bottles of benzodiazepines and painkillers in the bathroom. The painkillers belonged to my stepsister Fadumo, who had been in a car accident.

There I was, hooked up to various machines measuring my vitals and others trying to empty my guts of the sedating pills. I was told, by Fadumo, that I was given to outbursts in which I accused various family members of wrongdoing and yelled that I would hate them forevermore.

Once discharged, the doctors and nurses told me to return for group therapy but I didn't. At home, everyone treated me with kid gloves and my stepmother seemed maternal for a change. No longer harping on about my failures.

Shortly after my discharge, I accompanied Fadumo to an appointment with her lawyer. As we made our way downtown, she told me that she heard me confess to homosexual relations while I was having my stomach pumped. Apparently, I had been going on about the man I had lost my virginity to. She didn't think it was right that her mother was blaming herself for my suicide attempt and gave me an ultimatum.

Either you tell her or I will. It's up to you.

I couldn't believe this heifer. Here she was asking for my moral support in getting over her car accident but she had very little compassion for me. Then again, I shouldn't have been surprised because that was my role in this family. I was the whipping post and scapegoat but everyone needed my help, be it with their schoolwork or with money. I was good for nothing but good enough to ghostwrite an essay about Othello and Desdemona.

THE SORCERESS OF SKY SERPENTS

a literary fantasy by Eden Robinson—the first in a trilogy

312 pages / Final proofs now available

AN INDIGENOUS GAME OF THRONES FOR FANS OF EPIC FANTASY WITH HEART

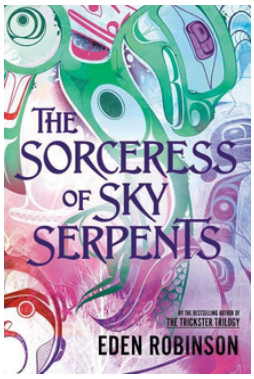
WORLD-BUILDING THAT FEELS MYTHIC AND ALIVE

"With The Sorceress of Sky Serpents*, Eden Robinson looks at a faraway world scarred by the folly of man through the eyes of a heroine who reflects the fierce spirit of our Indigenous youth. She brilliantly weaves dark magic, humor, and vivid body horror into a relentless reclamation of the epic fantasy canvas. This book proves our voices possess the gravity to anchor entire monster-filled planets. I absolutely couldn't put it down."*

— SHANE HAWK, co-editor of the bestselling *Never Whistle at Night* anthology series

"Eden Robinson is a master of world-making. In The Sorceress of Sky Serpents*, she draws readers into Atlaleedis and into the life of Yuala, a young woman seeking her rightful place within the intricate weave of family and community. In this Indigenous mythic world—alive with seers, shamans, spirits, sorcery, and astonishing creatures—Robinson conjures beings and traditions that feel both ancient and immediate, as if carried forward from story into breath. With grace and authority, she braids a story of survival and becoming, where kinship, clan, and devotion lead the heart toward unforeseen destinies. I am already waiting for what comes next."*

— RAMONA EMERSON, author of *Shutter*



*"*The Sorceress of Sky Serpents *is a singular storytelling triumph by a true literary master. The brilliant mind of Eden Robinson has once again pulled us into a captivating world rich in excitement and imagination. This novel is thrilling, fantastic, and enriching, propelled by a vibrant and elaborate cast of characters created by one of the best authors to ever dream up a story. I felt transported to an exhilarating new realm right from the first page, and I'm tremendously delighted to know that there are more books to come in this series.."*

— WAUBGESHIG RICE, author of *Moon of the Turning Leaves*

EDEN ROBINSON is the author of the bestselling *Trickster* trilogy, starting with *Son of a Trickster* (2017), a finalist for the Scotiabank Giller Prize and a CBC Canada Reads contender. The sequel *Trickster Drift* (2018) won the Ethel Wilson BC Book Prize for Fiction. The third volume, *Return of the Trickster*, was called "a gift" by the *Vancouver Sun* and "funny, tender, and emotionally true" by the *Toronto Star*. Her first novel, *Monkey Beach* (2000), winner of the BC Book Prize and a finalist for the Giller Prize and the Governor General's Award, is a perennial bestseller. A member of the Haisla and Heiltsuk First Nations, she lives in Kitimat, in northern British Columbia near Alaska.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: RANDOM HOUSE (Sept. 29, 2026)

SEQUEL COMING SOON: *THE WITCH OF CAVE SPIDERS*

Manuscript available 2027

Yuala, born into the Eagle Clan of Atlaleedis, has been exiled now that her people know she is a sorceress. *The Witch of Cave Spiders* chronicles her struggle to survive alone in the north. Her first magical battle occurs while trying to master her new powers to heal the rifts in the world.

THE SORCERESS OF SKY SERPENTS AN EXCERPT

a literary fantasy by Eden Robinson

I HEAR THE DEEP, resonant voice of the Master Carver singing a prayer before I reach the stand of grandfather trees. The morning mountain grove is quiet except for the crunch of snow as many people move about, their whispered voices carrying in the cold air. I look up and study the sky. They're being too loud. I crest a hill and see below me the Master Carver, his assistant, and too few guards, who are more concerned with the fire at the base of the tree than watching for sky people. No one notices as I approach. They should see me when I snag the lowest branch of a nearby red cedar and climb as quickly and quietly when I can move, but they're laying down the length of leather that will form a flexible sled to get the log down the mountain.

Maybe we'll be lucky and the Sky People have all gone south already.

The yellow cedar begins to crack and the Master Carver shouts at the men to get out of the way. They scramble over the slick crust as the apprentice leaps back. The trunk holds, though. We all wait. The apprentice licks his lips. He ducks in to throw more kindling on the teetering trunk and with a great crack, it snaps. A crack like thunder echoes through the valley. The yellow cedar tips and falls with majestic slowness. It hits the ground with a great whoosh and a sprinkling of dusty snow. The Master Carver lays hands on the trunk and mutters another prayer.

The hair on my arms rises, prickling. Growing up with a shaman has made me alert to the uncanny. One of Grandfather's three spirit familiars is here, probably the Star Moth, the quietest. In winter, Grandfather rarely leaves the shaman's cave. In the summer, he lives on the northern part of our beach in a cabin that he built near the taygwis colony, well past the longhouses. The snow drifts again as the spirit leaves. The feeling of being watched ends. Grandfather will tattle on me when he arrives so Mother will send me home with one of my cousins, most likely to be confined to the sick room.

I watch the men below trim the branches. I see Kelem and the other draggers arrive pulling a sled of food and drink. Everyone gathers around and they murmur as they rummage through the provisions. Kelem hits one of his friends and they play wrestle like boys until the Master Carver tells them to behave and take forward positions. Others arrive, out of breath from their hike. Kelem stands at the front the log, yawning. His friends sit with their backs against the log, their hands tucked into their armpits, sheltered from the north wind.

A whirr catches my attention. In the shadows of the trees, a swarm of sky eels wiggles through the branches, and a gentle dusting of snow puffs away.

"Sky eels from the north!" I shout.

"Yuala! You stupid girl!" The Master Carver turns his head to try find me.

"Sky eels!" I shout again as the swarm descends from the trees.

WONDERLAND ROAD

a novel of dystopian hope by Carrianne Leung

293 pages / Now available in paperback

AN APOCALYPTIC FAIRY TALE ABOUT WHAT REMAINS WHEN EVERYTHING WE KNOW COMES TO AN END

"Eerie and gorgeous, full of ache and full of grace."
— KYO MACLEAR, author of *Unearthing*

"Carrianne Leung has written a beautiful novel about the infinite value of hope, the will to survive, and the triumph of community over violence."
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"Meditative, dreamy, melancholic, and sweet, Wonderland Road *narrates emergencies that unfurl to a slow, inexorable beat."*
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— LINDSAY WONG, author of *The Woo Woo*

"This is the book we need right now: A speculative fiction that isn't made of endings, but rather beginnings.. "
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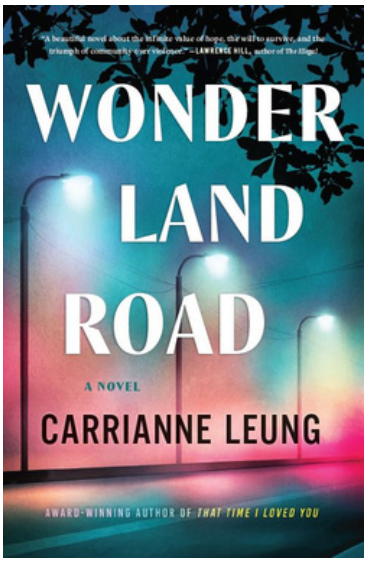
"Carrianne Leung's sublime gift of unwrapping the human heart is amply displayed in Wonderland Road. *A gorgeous, generous novel."*
— EDEN ROBINSON, author of *Son of a Trickster*

*"*Wonderland Road *is a slow-burning, cautionary tale—foreboding and unforgettable."*
— YASUKO THANH, author of *Mysterious Fragrance of the Yellow Mountains*



In the near future, the collapse of social order turns a city upside down. Those left behind are migrating to the "Farms" to fill the gaps in the global supply chain under the new conditions set out by a mega-corporation, Bayson Inc. For the poor and marginalized, it's a story of ingenuity, resilience, and hope.

Just because things are teetering towards disaster doesn't mean that life has stopped. Some, like Pauline, are alone and mourning for lost loved ones; young adults such as Julian, who is gay, are trying to find purpose when the certainty of a known future is gone; and small, lonely girls like Jing find companionship by befriending crows. In a neighbourhood in the suburbs, community members of both the human and animal varieties work side-by-side in order to find new ways to live.

Wonderland Road is a novel replete with hope for a new beginning even in the face of despair. Carrianne Leung brings deft insight to humanity's reaction to an approaching finale and shows us what really matters.

CARRIANNE LEUNG is a fiction writer and educator. Her first novel, *The Wondrous Woo*, was a finalist for the 2014 City of Toronto Book Award, and in 2018 *That Time I Loved You*, a collection of linked stories, won the Danuta Gleed Award for the best first story collection, and was also a finalist for the City of Toronto Book Award. She holds a PhD in Sociology and Equity Studies from OISE/University of Toronto. She lives in Toronto with her son.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: HarperCollins (April 2026)

WONDERLAND ROAD AN EXCERPT

a novel by Carrianne Leung

BUT THEN BAYSON CAME, and the city, the nation, got reorganized. Bayson was headed by a charismatic talker named Guy Bayson whose speeches cut through the meaningless drivel of the government types. He didn't waste time proposing policy; he spoke in plain language so that people said, "Oh, that Guy is a regular guy who knows how to set things right." He gave them infrastructure, a plan, an organization. It didn't matter that he was a billionaire and probably wasn't so regular. Someone had to do something, and Guy stepped up.

Even Pauline, in her hermetic life, was aware that Bayson had in a very short time grown to be an enormous force, consolidating agribusinesses and housing and pretty much whatever the government had allowed to be privatized in the last few years. It had happened so rapidly, and now almost everybody worked for Bayson in some capacity. The Bayson Farms, where Mei said she was working, were supposed to be part of the solution to bring the supply chain back into balance. The Farms were many things, including giant greenhouses and manufacturing plants meant to distribute food and goods domestically, now that the availability of imports was at a standstill due to the trade wars.

Bayson also built planned communities in more bucolic settings, away from the downtown pollution and growing unrest, where everybody wanted to live if they could afford it. Many of Pauline's neighbours from her posh condo had moved there. They were called Bayson Gardens or Bayson Springs or some other word that evoked tranquility. These places became their own villages and social ecosystems, leaving the cities to rot.

Pauline knew these things because Jacko told her. Pauline only ever spoke to one person, and it was Jacko, who owned the corner store that she frequented for her canned beans. Canned beans were her main sustenance now, and Jacko would save her favourite chickpeas under the counter for her. At the twice-weekly visits to the store, Pauline got the gist of the changing world from Jacko, who didn't have to move at all from his counter because the news of the world came to him through his customers. After she got the letter from Mei, Pauline asked Jacko what one did to work on the Farms, and Jacko explained that you didn't need experience to work there, but you had to be strong enough to withstand eight-to-ten-hour shifts doing physical labour.

When they were growing up, Ma had always made Pauline do all the grunt work in the bakery while Mei studied upstairs in their apartment. Mei's hands would remain soft and the only tool they would hold would be a pen. Also, Mei was the clumsiest person she had ever seen, so she was glad Mei was not in the kitchen. Her sister was gangly and uncoordinated, wore glasses with coke-bottle lenses, and often tripped on her own feet. Pauline was the one with the worker hands, stretched and hardened before she even hit high school. Her hands were the ones that knew how to knead dough, retrieve things from scorching ovens, push a heavy mop across the floor. How strange then to think of Mei now with dirt under her nails, her palms calloused like Pauline's once were.

THE FALLING MARIA

a fantastical novel by Yasuko Thanh

41,000 words / Manuscript available Summer 2026

FROM AN AWARD-WINNING NOVELIST, A SURREAL, MULTI-LAYERED AND SHOCKING FANTASY ABOUT A WOMAN HANGED FOR MURDER WHO GOES STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN

What happens when a woman refuses to conform to the expectations of her gender? In 1920, a fictional Maria Mandapat, veteran female WWI fighter pilot and international celebrity, is tried and executed for serial murder. But at the very moment the noose tightens, her soul continues its journey, slipping right through her stockings and out the soles of her shoes. She finds herself seated on a train—to Heaven.

The afterlife is unlike any Heaven Maria imagined. It is a dreary bureaucracy little distinguishable from Earth's, populated by busybody angels, well-meaning but ineffectual saints, and the listless dregs of souls waiting in futility for promised salvation. Maria, a controversial figure in death and in life, is put on trial in Heaven to be condemned to Hell. But this time, St. Adelaide of Rome, patron saint of abused women, has taken a personal interest in Maria's case, because her heavenly trial is not for the crime of murder, but for a much graver sin: bad parenting.

The Falling Maria explores motherhood and freedom, and the tensions between dirtiness and holiness, right and wrong, disobedience and survival, and the lives of the forgotten. It serves as a meditation on suffering and the bonds between mothers and daughters, as well as the many meanings of falling: falling from God, from grace, through the air, into death, and toward a form of holiness and liberation.

YASUKO THANH's story collection *Floating like the Dead* (2012) was shortlisted for the Danuta Gleed Award and the B.C. Book Prize for Fiction. One story in it won an Arthur Ellis Award for Best Crime Short Story. The title story won the Journey Prize for the best story published in Canada in 2009. *Quill and Quire* named *Floating like the Dead* a best book of the year. Suko's debut novel *Mysterious Fragrance of the Yellow Mountains*, inspired by the history of her father's family in French Indochina, won the Rogers Writers' Trust Prize for the best novel of 2016, and her memoir, *Mistakes to Run With*, was a national bestseller. Her latest novel, *To the Bridge*, made the Audible Best of 2023 list. She edited Hassan Kanafi's memoir, *Pizza Before We Die: An Eyewitness Account in Gaza*.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: Hamish Hamilton (Spring 2027)

PRAISE FOR *MYSTERIOUS FRAGRANCE OF THE YELLOW MOUNTAINS* (2016)

"Deft touches of magical realism lend this story of love, obligation, and sabotage the mysterious aura referenced in the title."
— Publishers Weekly, starred review

"[Thanh] is as fearless and as wise in reshaping the mystique of the revolutionary as she is in delineating a dramatic time and place in this elegant and tantalizing novel."
— Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize jury, winner's citation

THE FALLING MARIA AN EXCERPT

a fantastical novel by Yasuko Thanh

ON THE DAY he captured the photograph that would come to be known as the Falling Maria, St. Nicolas had been strolling along the river with a friend who spoke only Latin. Nico had picked up his Latin while loafing around army camps, where idle chatter often mingled with the clang of metal and the scent of grease.

They eventually found a shaded spot, a brief refuge not far from where others toiled in the depths of the pits, the rhythmic sound of labor echoing in the background, a reminder of both effort and existence. Under a gnarled gumtree, they dangled their feet in the cool water in unspoken communion. They said little, simply recognised the moment.

It was pretty country, in an area still untouched by the ugliness that pursued skirmishes between factions, vibrant with cotton in bloom, the fields of corn standing tall alongside ripening tomatoes. It reminded him of the spirituality he had discovered as a child in the simplicity of pencil lines, the quiet pull of his soul whenever he stood before a painting—the way light and shadow played to seize beauty from time in the moment of its becoming and hold it there.

Yet, for this he had been targeted. And eventually dragged from the home in which he'd grown up—a son from a family of purple-glass artisans within the holiest of bastioned cities. He had been held for months in a secret re-education camp after his paintbrushes were destroyed. As the force of the resistance increased, so too did the number of such camps, which officially did not exist, though unofficially they spread like an infestation across the countryside. But those who spoke of them did so in hushed tones, and at their own risk.

St. Adelaide had approached Nico in the break room in the Sweet Vengeance mine, which was nothing more than a hollowed-out niche in the rock—crates for seats, water jugs that tasted of tin. Dust curled in the lamplight.

Nico had been sitting alone, in a corner, eating slowly from a dented tin.

She took a seat uninvited.

Nico looked up—just slightly. "What do you want?"

He studied her face for mockery and found none.

St. Adelaide pulled something from her bag. A camera.

Nico wasn't entirely sure he liked St. Adelaide. "Be our eyes and ears," she'd commanded, her tone almost revolutionary—like one of those radicals from the Redemption Front, stirring up trouble. Trouble he'd had enough of.

By then, he had already collapsed inward. Calcified. Not out of apathy. Not because he didn't care—but because care had curdled. Had become something he couldn't afford. The weight of his failure had long since turned love into fear.

"Don't put me in your revolution. I failed my own."

EARLY BIRD

a whimsical novel by Waubgeshig Rice

71,000 words / Manuscript available Fall 2026

FROM THE AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF *MOON OF THE TURNING LEAVES* COMES A WARM, INTIMATE NOVEL ABOUT THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE ON THE REZ

Even in the smallest communities, there is a diverse and compelling cast of characters that make everyday life funny and entertaining. In *Early Bird*, bestselling author Waubgeshig Rice showcases the wonderfully authentic humanity and hilarity that thrives in a modern First Nation, weaving interesting characters together in unforgettably comedic and dramatic moments.

Over the course of a snowy Saturday two weeks before Christmas, a fictional Anishinaabe community on the north shore of Lake Huron is rocked by a leak of unexpected news: it might lose its beloved bingo hall. People from across the community—students and retirees, councillors and snow-plow drivers—air their thoughts and grievances, leading to comical and bizarre outcomes. As personalities collide, people eventually come to learn what matters most to community members: the bonds between them.

PRAISE FOR *MOON OF THE TURNING LEAVES* (2023)

"Rice renders and achingly realistic portrayal of a broken, postapocalyptic world that still manages to contain hope and beauty."
— LIBRARY JOURNAL, starred review

"There's a kindness, a gentleness, and a deep respect at the heart of the culture Rice portrays, and it stands in refreshing contrast to the usual violence and cynicism of most dystopian fiction."
— BOOKLIST, starred review

"*The attention to the material culture of the future Anishinaabe people is particular and impressive. . . yields an immersive power."*
— WALL STREET JOURNAL

"In Rice's harrowing sequel to Moon of the Crusted Snow*, set 12 years after a global power outage, the Anishinaabe people who settled in New Village are forced to relocate, trekking through a dystopian landscape in hope of finding a new home. Rice chronicles their journey in gorgeous prose, placing plenty of postapocalyptic horrors in their path but never losing sight of hope."*
— PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, Best Books of the Year

*"*Moon of the Turning Leaves *stands on its own while simultaneously carrying the heart of the original story. Suspenseful and gripping, the great anticipation for this next installment is borne out by this artful storytelling."*
— MICHELLE GOOD, award-winning author of *Five Little Indians*

WAUBGESHIG RICE grew up in Wasauksing First Nation on Georgian Bay and now resides in Sudbury, Ontario, with his wife and three sons. He's the author of four fiction books, most notably the perennial bestsellers *Moon of the Crusted Snow* and its sequel, *Moon of the Turning Leaves*, published in 2018 and 2023 respectively. He's a former broadcast journalist, current novelist, and ongoing Anishinaabemowin learner. He holds a journalism degree from Toronto Metropolitan University, an honorary Doctorate of Letters from Nipissing University, and a black belt in Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu. He has sold an option on film rights to *Moon of the Crusted Snow* to Jennifer Podemski's Red Cloud Studios.

RIGHTS SOLD
CANADA: Random House (Spring 2027)

PRAISE FOR *MOON OF THE CRUSTED SNOW* (2018)

"Rice puts a refreshing, Indigenous perspective on postapocalyptic tropes.... The humanity and heart on offer here make this a showstopper."
— PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, starred review

"Rice seamlessly injects Anishinaabe language into the dialogue and creates a beautiful rendering of the natural world... This title will appeal to fans of literary science fiction akin to Cormac McCarthy as well as to readers looking for a fresh voice in Indigenous fiction."
— BOOKLIST

EARLY BIRD AN EXCERPT

a whimsical novel by Waubgeshig Rice

"HOW'S THAT COFFEE tasting this morning, good rez people?" Crusty's voice boomed over the fade-out. "I bet some of you are hoping it tastes like victory! Those of youse heading down to the Bingo Palace for tonight's big jackpot better be cleaning your glasses and doing your stretches. Ten thousand bucks on the line for the big one! Holy jumpins. That'll fill some stockings this Christmas, that's for sure!"

Dottie didn't need the reminder. She'd had December 14 circled on her calendar for weeks. The last big bingo jackpot of the year at the Red Cedar Bingo Palace was always a huge draw. She'd never won the big one at the Christmas special, but it was always fun to get together with the community and cheer on the winners. Some got jealous of those who hit the jackpot, but Dottie had always chosen to rise above above rez envy.

But oh Great Spirit, she could really use that jackpot now. Since she retired, she was having a tough time making her pension dollars stretch to cover what she loved to do best, which is spoil the heck out of her eight grandkids. And now her first great grandbaby was on the way, how was she going to pay for all those gadgets and accessories they all wanted —the video games, the hockey jerseys, the latest Disney franchise merchandise? How could she be a second Santa when the thought of paying for a new battery for her unreliable old car made her sweat?

Crusty's voice pulled her back into the moment.

"How's that coffee tasting this morning, good rez people? I bet some of you are hoping it tastes like victory!"

Dottie raised an eyebrow. *Didn't he say that already?*

"Those of youse heading down to the Bingo Palace for tonight's big jackpot better be cleaning your glasses and doing your stretches. The last Christmas jackpot ever at the Red Cedar Bingo Palace! Gotta go out with a bang, I guess! Uh, wait…shit…"

Dottie scowled in confusion as Crusty paused, the dead air doubling in weight with each passing second. Then she heard papers rustling in front of the microphone.

The last Christmas jackpot ever?

Crusty mumbled, "God damn it, wasn't supposed to say that. Gonna have to redo this one. Shit!"

Her heart beat fast. If Crusty had let the truth slip when he wasn't supposed to, and tonight was the last Christmas jackpot, that meant the bingo hall was closing. What would she do on Saturday nights now? Her social life was already slow enough as a little old rez lady. What would happen to her friend Frankie Benjamin? She sometimes thought that the only thing that had kept him sober all these years was knowing he had to show up at the bingo hall every Saturday night to call the games and keep them all entertained.

What the heck was Crusty talking about?

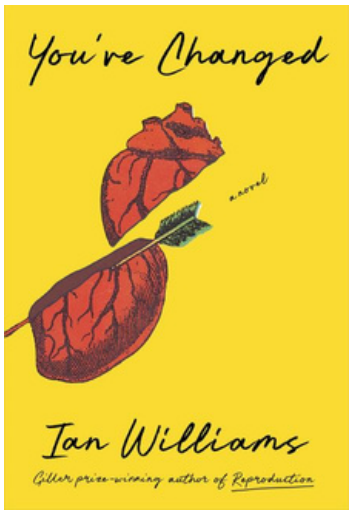
YOU'VE CHANGED

a novel by Ian Williams

320 pages / Now available in hardcover

LONGLISTED FOR THE 2025 GILLER PRIZE
AN INDIGO BEST BOOK OF 2025
A GLOBE AND MAIL BEST BOOK OF 2025
A CBC BOOKS BEST BOOK OF 2025

A DARING AND CLEVER DISSECTION OF A CRUMBLING MARRIAGE



Beckett and Princess both think their marriage is basically fine, until a couple of friends show up for a visit. In one weekend, they upset the tenuous balance between Beckett and Princess, throwing them into parallel midlife crises.

Princess thinks the problem is with her physical self, and attempts to revive Beckett's interest with relentless surgical alterations and bodily enhancements that have the opposite effect on her husband. Beckett tries to woo Princess back to him by relaunching his business, laying his manly accomplishments at her feet. Then Beckett meets Gluten, an energetic and erratic man whom Beckett feels drawn to in ways that surprise him. What will happen to their already stressed marriage?

Sharp, inventive, and absurdly funny, *You've Changed* is a wild ride exploring identity, insecurity, intimacy, and desire. Who do individuals become when they unite, and how do they change despite promising not to?

IAN WILLIAMS is the author of *Reproduction*, which was the winner of the 2019 Scotiabank Giller Prize and was published in the U.S., U.K., and Italy; *Personals,* which was shortlisted for the Griffin Poetry Prize and the Robert Kroetsch Poetry Book Award; *Not Anyone's Anything*, winner of the Danuta Gleed Literary Award for the best first collection of short fiction in Canada, and *You Know Who You Are*, a finalist for the ReLit Prize for poetry. In fall 2021 he released *Disorientation: Being Black in the World*, which was shortlisted for the Hilary Weston Writers Trust Prize for Non-Fiction and the BC Book Prize for Non-Fiction. He was also the 2024 CBC Massey Lecturer.

Williams is Professor of English at the University of Toronto. He has held fellowships at the Vermont Studio Center, the Banff Center, Cave Canem, the National Humanities Center, and the American Library in Paris.

RIGHTS SOLD
CANADA: Random House (August 2025)

PRAISE FOR *REPRODUCTION* (2019)

"With so many hundreds of books, it's hard even to scratch the surface, but one debut to look out for is Canadian prizewinner Reproduction *by Ian Williams, an enjoyably offbeat family saga set in polyglot Toronto."*
— THE GUARDIAN, UK

"Williams's unsparing view on the past's repetition is heartrending. This ambitious experiment yields worthwhile results."
— PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

"…This work successfully examines major themes of empathy, responsibility, secrecy, race, multiculturalism, misogyny, and honesty."
— LIBRARY JOURNAL, starred review

YOU'VE CHANGED AN EXCERPT

a novel by Ian Williams

THE DAY AFTER THE WOODS LEFT, Beckett got fired.

His supervisor, the Mouth, was ripping into a kid, barely twenty-years-old, for not properly securing chicken wire to an OSB subfloor.

To no one in particular, to everyone, the Mouth said, This is why you guys will spend your lives doing basements and condos. Nobody's going to give you a luxury home if you can't even staple chicken wire to a subfloor. The kid knuckled his chest like he had indigestion. He was Afghan, Muslim, took breaks to pray. When the supervisor left, Beckett went over to help him finish, not immediately or obviously. He complained to the kid about the layout of the condos. Who cared if you had three window walls if there was nowhere to mount a TV? While they were talking, the kid's gun malfunctioned or ran out of staples and the Mouth happened to see him struggling to open the magazine. Beckett tried to exchange his staple gun with the kid, but the Mouth pushed Beckett's hand down to his side.

Load your own gun, he said to the kid.

Beckett tried to help him again, but the Mouth touched his steeltoe to Beckett's thigh to stop him. The kid fumbled, trembling visibly. After a few moments, the Mouth took a box from his henchman and overturned strips of staples on the kid's head.

Everyone froze. The mixing drill went quiet. He was reliving the previous night. His hands were tingling. He wanted to slam the Mouth's head against the railing outside then hoist him up by the collar and belt and throw him over. Very unQuaker.

The Mouth wasn't done making an example out of the kid.

He motioned for the five men in the unit to gather round. He went away and made a dramatic re-entry. He slammed a gun and a few boxes of staples on a workbench.

Load the gun, he said. He pointed at Habibi, his henchman, first. He intended to call on them one by one.

Habibi didn't just load the gun, but he loaded it so quickly, with the blurry fingers of a champion rubix cube solver, that Beckett was unprepared when the Mouth pointed at him. His fingers weren't just tingling, his hands were shaking.

Load the gun, he said.

Beckett knew what he meant. He was looking at the stapler, but he couldn't help thinking of a rifle. How many times had Beckett loaded a staple gun, a nail gun, manual, electric, and pneumatic? But today he couldn't summon the muscle memory to fit the sleeve into the magazine. Someone snickered. The test only lasted a few seconds before the Mouth snatched the gun from Beckett. Later, Beckett realized that he had picked up the wrong size staples for that particular stapler and was trying to jam them in.

The other men picked up the correct staples and loaded the gun fine. The Mouth pointed to Beckett and the boy and said, You guys are done. The only job you guys are fit for are blowjobs.