

# NUMB WERE THE BEADSMAN'S FINGERS

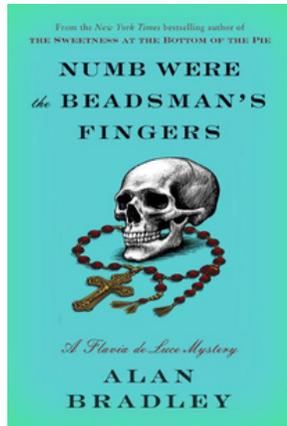
a novel by Alan Bradley

50,000 words / Manuscript now available

**BOOK 12 IN THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING  
FLAVIA DE LUCE SERIES**

**OVER 6 MILLION COPIES SOLD**

**A MOVIE COMING SPRING 2026**



A nun's corpse leads beloved amateur sleuth Flavia de Luce to uncover decades-old secrets in this charming new novel in the *New York Times* bestselling series.

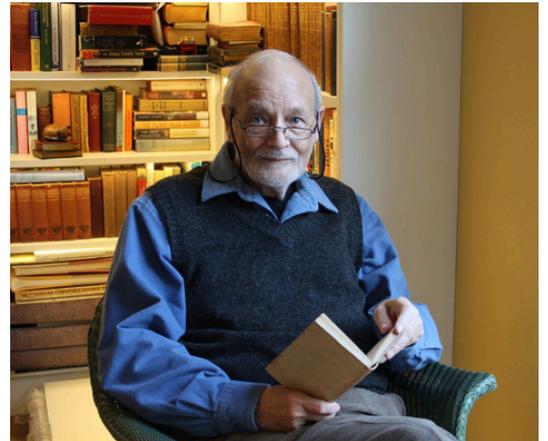
In the cloisters of Golgotha House, a mere binocular's-squint away from Buckshaw, a nun lies dead. When her fellow Sisters prepare her corpse for burial, they discover that their companion has been living a shocking lie for years. The truth about her past, and the dark reasons she harbored for escaping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

Charged with cracking this mystery is the firm of Arthur Dogger & Associates (Discreet investigations)—consisting of 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.

*"I love the Flavia de Luce novels! Flavia is the best female detective I've ever read, full of realism, self-confidence and emotion (in roughly equal parts), and her tales are hilarious, engaging and occasionally heart-breaking."* — **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** is the internationally bestselling author of short stories, children's stories, newspaper columns, and the memoir *The Shoebox Bible*. The Flavia de Luce mystery series has been a bestseller in Canada, the USA, Germany, Russia, Brazil, China, and Holland, appearing on bestseller lists in *The New York Times* and *Der Spiegel*.

## RIGHTS SOLD

**USA:** Bantam (November 2026)

**CANADA:** Doubleday (November 2026)

**UK:** Orion (November 2026)

**FILM:** Mystic Point Productions

**GERMANY:** Blanvalet

**RUSSIA:** AST

*"Flavia De Luce is in top form...Bradley gives his loyal readers a story that will more than satisfy their expectations while also inviting new readers to discover an endlessly entertaining amateur young sleuth."*

— **Booklist, starred review**

*"Rejoice, fans of fiction's youngest detective: Flavia de Luce is back... 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 novel 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.”

# THE SORCERESS OF SKY SERPENTS

a literary fantasy by Eden Robinson

82,600 words / Manuscript now available

**A BOLD FANTASY INSPIRED BY THE INDIGENOUS CULTURES OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, SET ON A DANGEROUS PLANET WHERE MONSTERS HAUNT THE SURVIVORS OF AN APOCALYPTIC SORCERERS' WAR**

As the daughter of the Guardian of the Eagle Clan and the granddaughter of its shaman, Yuala longs to become a warrior or a healer or, if all else fails, to make a strategic marriage to cement an alliance that will help protect her village of Winter Haven. But in a world where her mother can rain down fire on their enemies and other fighters can move objects with their minds, Yuala's only gift is her ability to connect with creatures regarded as monsters: warlike Forest People, giant, flesh-eating octopuses, dog-sized cave worms and other abominations.

Misfit Yuala's one recognized talent is for getting into trouble. But just as she is giving up on her dreams, her powerful grandfather decides that her strangeness means she is destined to become the next Clan shaman. With fear and hope in her heart, Yuala plunges into a grueling supernatural apprenticeship, thrilled to be on a useful path.

Meanwhile far to the south, a new chief of a rival nation has seized power and is on the hunt for the Sorceress of Sky Serpents, whose coming seers have foretold. As a battle brews on the shores of Winter Haven, something fiery builds in Yuala, too—but will she come into her power and save her clan before it's too late?

- **AN INDIGENOUS GAME OF THRONES**
- **FOR FANS OF EPIC FANTASY WITH HEART:** Blending dark fantasy, post-apocalyptic science fiction and horror, *The Sorceress of Sky Serpents* introduces a vivid new world shaped by the cultures and cosmologies of the Pacific Northwest.
- **WORLD-BUILDING THAT FEELS MYTHIC AND ALIVE:** Monstrous ocean creatures, ancient clan powers and a looming prophecy collide as rival nations prepare for war.



**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 (October 2026)

**SEQUEL COMING SOON: THE WITCH OF CAVE SPIDERS**

# 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.

# THE FALLING MARIA

a novel by Yasuko Thanh

41,000 words / Manuscript now available

**A SURREAL, MULTILAYERED 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, the fictional Maria Mandapat, veteran female WWI fighter pilot and international celebrity, is tried and executed for serial murder, for exacting revenge on her male abusers. 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. Her 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.

## **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 citation**

# THE FALLING MARIA AN EXCERPT

a 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.

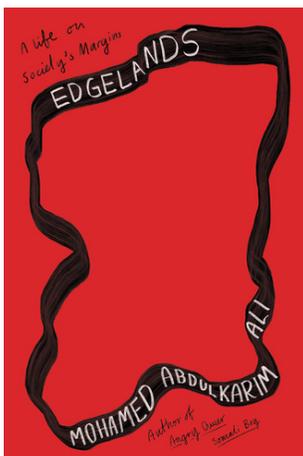
“Don't put me in your revolution. I failed my own.”

# EDGELANDS: A LIFE ON SOCIETY'S MARGINS

a memoir by Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali

70,000 words / Manuscript now available

**FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE CRITICALLY  
ACCLAIMED ANGRY QUEER SOMALI BOY**



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 19 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 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.

**“Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali is a remarkable writer.” – THE GLOBE AND MAIL, “Ten recent books on racism in Canada and the US”**

**“One of the best LGBTQ memoirs of 2019... A masterpiece of memoir, but also a cultural critique of the first order.” – THE ADVOCATE on *Angry Queer Somali Boy***



**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 (August 2026)

**MOHAMMED ALI ON SOCIAL MEDIA:**  
[instagram.com/angryqueersomaliboy](https://www.instagram.com/angryqueersomaliboy)  
[x.com/somaliqueer](https://www.tumblr.com/somaliqueer)

*“Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali has been through a lot since he was born almost 35 years ago in Mogadishu, Somalia. A ruinous civil war; migrating to the Netherlands and then to Canada, a Muslim in a strange land; a fractured family; discovering he was gay; homelessness, alcoholism and addiction. You might say that anyone who's lived through all that should write a memoir. That's what he did. It's called *Angry Queer Somali Boy: A Complicated Memoir*, and it was widely acclaimed as one of the best Canadian books of 2019.” – CBC BOOKS on *Angry Queer Somali Boy**

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. I was no longer satisfied with imagining my body underneath a car or torn asunder by the force of a speeding train, bones protruding out of sockets and flesh cut to the bone.

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 over 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.

At this point, she insisted I ought to fly out to the Horn of Africa to calm my nerves. She figured camel rides and lounging on the beach would undo whatever was ailing me. My stepsister, the one who had been in the car accident, would change not only the trajectory of that trip but my entire life.

Shortly after my discharge, I accompanied Fadumo to an appointment with her lawyer. She was expecting to receive news about a potential insurance settlement. A motorcyclist had cut off her boyfriend on the highway. The motorcyclist lost his life and she and her boyfriend were left injured. 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.

# WONDERLAND ROAD

a novel by Carrienne Leung

70,000 words / Final pages now available

**WHAT REMAINS WHEN ALL HOPE SEEMS TO BE LOST?  
WHAT HAPPENS TO MARGINALIZED PEOPLE?**

In the near future, the collapse of social and political order turns a city upside down. Those who can afford it are leaving in droves for fortress communities to the north, while those left behind are either migrating to “the Farms” to fill the gaps in the global supply chain or figuring out how to survive 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.

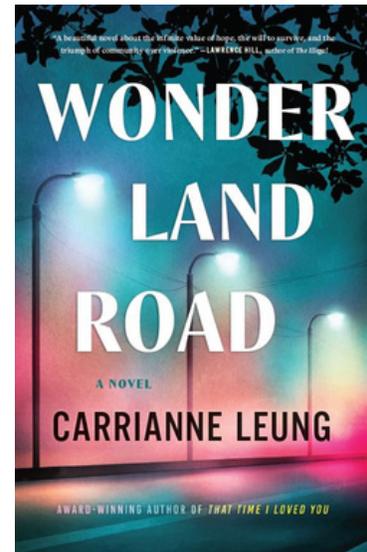
Just because things are teetering towards disaster doesn’t mean that life has stopped. Some, like Pauline, are alone and mourning lost loved ones; young adults such as Julian, who is gay, are trying to find purpose when the certainty of a known future is gone; and small, lonely girls like Jing find companionship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

*Wonderland Road* is a novel replete with hope for a new beginning in the face of despair. Carrienne Leung brings deft insight to humanity’s response to an approaching finale.

*“Carrienne Leung has written a beautiful novel about the infinite value of hope, the will to survive, and the triumph of community over violence. *Wonderland Road* will haunt you long after you have reached the last page! In this searing and unforgettable dystopia, traumatized adults, parentless children and a talking crow learn to feed and care for each other, creating new friendships and families, and finding love in the most unexpected places.” – LAWRENCE HILL, author of *The Book of Negroes**

*“Wonderland Road is eerie and gorgeous, full of ache and full of grace. Carrienne Leung writes with wild tenderness, showing how love, memory, and even an unexpected interspecies friendship can hold us together in a collapsing world.” – KYO MACLEAR, author of *Unearthing**

*“Meditative, dreamy, melancholic, and sweet, *Wonderland Road* narrates emergencies that unfurl to a slow, inexorable beat. Ones no less devastating for their creeping, this novel speaks sonorously to our current moment.” – THEA LIM, author of *An Ocean of Minutes**



**CARRIENNE LEUNG** is a fiction writer and educator. Her first novel, *The Wondrous Woo* (Inanna Publications), 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 Carrienne 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.

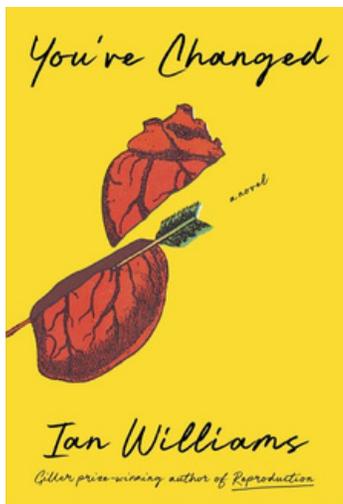
# YOU'VE CHANGED

a novel by Ian Williams

320 pages / Finished book now available

**LOGLISTED 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 who 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, as well as the creatures that individuals become when they unite, and how they change despite promising not to.



**IAN WILLIAMS** is the author of the novel *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. Williams is Professor of English at the University of Toronto.

## 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 (*Dialogue*, September), 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**

"There is an entire modern Canadian literature that fortunately arrives in Italy and shows what is possible with words.... In this brainy structure, Williams puts all his ability to experiment, in a complicated yet brilliant metaphor of the process of forming a family." — **L'INDIPENDENTE, Italy**

# 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. He must have compromised it, Beckett thought. 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.

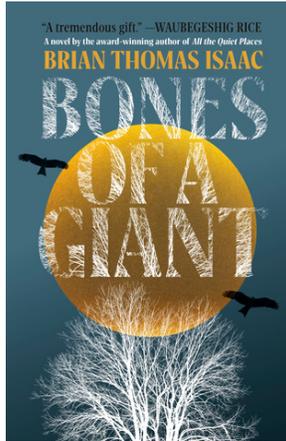
# BONES OF A GIANT

a novel by Brian Thomas Isaac

320 pages / Finished book now available

**A UNIQUE INDIGENOUS COMING-OF-AGE STORY**

**AN INDIGO BEST BOOK OF THE YEAR AND BEST HISTORICAL FICTION BOOK FOR 2025**



*Summer, 1968.* For the first time since his big brother, Eddie, disappeared two years earlier, sixteen-year-old Lewis Toma has shaken off some of his grief. His mother has gone south to the United States to pick fruit to earn the cash she needs to put a bathroom and running water into the isolated three-room shack they share in the bush, leaving Lewis to spend the summer with his cousins. Their warm family life highlights the pressure he feels as a boy trying to become a man in a place where responsible adult men like his uncle are largely absent, broken by residential school and racism.

Lewis has vowed never to be like his lowlife father, but an encounter with a predatory older woman tests him and he suffers the consequences. Worse, his dad is back in town and scheming to use the Indian Act to steal the land Lewis and his mom live on. And then, at summer's end, more shocking revelations shake the family, unleashing a deadly force of anger and frustration.

**RIGHTS SOLD**

**CANADA:** Random House (May 2025)



**BRIAN THOMAS ISAAC** was born in 1950 on the Okanagan Indian Reserve near Vernon, BC. At the age of fifty, without any formal training, he began to write and fifteen years later he completed his first novel, *All the Quiet Places*. His bestselling debut won the 2022 Indigenous Voices Award, was a finalist for the Governor General's Award and the Amazon Canada First Novel Award, and was longlisted for the Scotiabank Giller Prize and CBC's Canada Reads. He was also a member of the jury for the 2023 Scotia Bank Giller Prize.

## **NEW NOVEL TO COME: *THE STARLINGS***

*"Brian Thomas Isaac is one of the most authentic voices among Indigenous authors. In *Bones of a Giant*, he spins a complex yet navigable tale that opens a window onto a time of struggle, privation and an undying determination to survive and thrive."* — **MICHELLE GOOD**, author of *Five Little Indians*

*"I developed such an affinity with this family and community that the book felt like a tremendous gift. With this novel, Brian Thomas Isaac has generously created both a refuge for and celebration of Indigenous resilience."* — **WAUBGESHIG RICE**, author of *Moon of the Turning Leaves*

*"What makes the novel so very compelling is the talent that Thomas Isaac has for writing naturalistically, with dialogue that reads true to life."* — **The British Columbia Review**

# BONES OF A GIANT AN EXCERPT

a novel by Brian Thomas Isaac

**WHEN HE FINISHED HE GAVE A SHIVER**, pulled up his zipper and turned around to see Lily Edwards watching him from ten feet away. She stood with her hands on her hips, feet planted wide, as the light from the dance hall lit her shapely legs and hips through her flimsy dress.

“I been looking all over for you and here you are in the dark just waiting for me.” She walked over to the car, closed the passenger door, and opened the rear door. “Get in.”

“What?”

“I said, get in the car.”

“What for?”

Lily grabbed Lewis and pushed him. He fell back on the car seat. When he tried to sit up, she climbed on and held him down by his shoulders.

“Now you just stay down there sunshine. Don’t you move, now.”

She stepped back and lifted her dress over her head, her full breasts hung up in the material for a split second, releasing and falling down, a single bounce. All the while her hot eyes were on him. Almost breathless, Lewis couldn’t take his eyes off her because he was seeing what he had only dreamed about. Her dress and panties fell to the floor. She worked quickly, unbuckled his belt, grabbed his pants and underwear as one and yanked them down, then took hold of his spallq, squeezed gently, expertly stroking him slowly, then positioned herself above Lewis. She eased herself down. And then, he was inside her. Lewis let out a groan.

“You like that, don’tcha? Now don’t just lay there and make me do all the work. Let’s see that horse buck around a little bit.” Like they were out of his control, his hips began moving.

“Yeah, like that. Atta boy. Oh yeah, yeah, yeah.”

Lewis couldn’t take his eyes off her breasts.

“Well don’t just stare at ‘em,” Lily said, grabbing his hands and placing them where they both wanted them to be. “Squeeze them together until the nipples touch and get that tongue going. Do I have to tell you everything?”

When he came he felt like he had been jabbed with a stock prod. His temples throbbed and then a rushing sound like a waterfall boomed in his ears, his toes curled under, and he squeezed his ass cheeks together. Lily laughed at the faces he made but continued rocking on him, her movements becoming faster. Lewis wondered how he could still be hard when she let out her own long groan herself. She quivered and shook like a wet horse shedding water, rolled her hips, and pushed her breasts into Lewis’s face.

# MOON OF THE TURNING LEAVES

a novel by Waubgeshig Rice

320 pages / Finished book now available

**A NATIONAL BESTSELLER**

## WHEN THE WORLD GOES DARK, HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE?

Twelve years have passed since a widespread blackout triggered the rapid collapse of society, when the constants of the old world—cell service, landlines, satellite and internet—disappeared. The horrors of that first winter only steeled the resolve of Evan Whitesky and the other members of the Anishinaabe community to survive on their own terms.

Now, years after the power went out, the community has reconnected with its Anishinaabe customs based on living on the land. Empowered and stronger than ever, Evan, his teenage daughter Nangohns, and a small team of resourceful community members have resolved to venture south on a four-month-long exploratory mission to their ancestral homelands on Georgian Bay and to discover the cause of the mysterious catastrophe that had plunged the world into darkness.

On their journey they will encounter settlements born from the ashes of what was once civilization—some ruled by order and others by chaos, vigilantes, and terrible violence. But whatever the challenges they face, hope continues to drive them forward, leading them ultimately to an astounding discovery at destination's end.

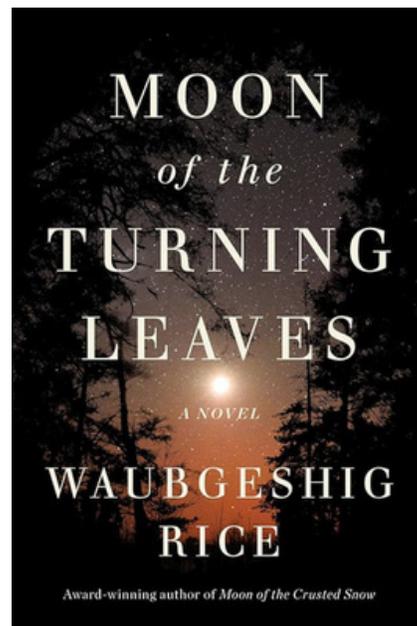
*"Rice puts a refreshing, Indigenous perspective on postapocalyptic tropes.... The humanity and heart on offer here make this a showstopper."* — **PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, starred review of *Moon of the Crusted Snow***

*"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**



### RIGHTS SOLD

**US:** William Morrow (February 2024)

**CANADA:** Random House (October 2023)

**GERMANY:** Verlag Klaus Wagenbach (March 2024)

**FRENCH CANADA:** Prise de Parole (October 2025)

**FRANCE:** Plon (September 2026)



**WAUBGESHIG RICE** is an author and journalist originally from Wasauksing First Nation. His first short story collection, *Midnight Sweatlodge*, was inspired by his experiences growing up in an Anishinaabe community, and won an Independent Publishers Book Award in 2012. His debut novel, *Legacy*, followed in 2014 and was published in French in 2017. His second novel, *Moon of the Crusted Snow*, was released in October 2018 and has sold over 100,000 copies in Canada alone. His latest novel, *Moon of the Turning Leaves*, was a #1 National Bestseller and has sold rights in the US, France, and Germany.

**NEW NOVEL TO COME: *EARLY BIRD***

# MOON OF THE TURNING LEAVES AN EXCERPT

a novel by Waubgeshig Rice

**PIICHE SQUEEZED HER EYES TIGHT** and drew a long breath into her nostrils. She let out her air long and smoothly at first, followed by a brief tremble at the end of the exhale. “Aambe,” muttered Amber. “Let’s go, it’s almost time for another one.” Maiingan looked to his partner’s eyes for an opening—any kind of recognition or awareness of the space around her—but she appeared firmly focused on bringing her baby out into this world. He continued to steadily caress her shoulders. Nicole watched her son’s eager anticipation proudly and nervously. She was excited to become a grandmother, yet anxious about her son’s soon rapid ascension into adulthood. He looked up at her from across the fire, and she saw the worry in his brown eyes. She reflexively raised the corners of her mouth in a reassuring smile, trying to comfort her son without being able to say anything or touch him.

In this immense moment, Nicole couldn’t help but reminisce about her own son’s birth nearly two decades earlier. Maiingan was her and her partner Evan’s first child. Their home community didn’t have a clinic equipped or staffed well enough to handle childbirth, and midwifery had yet to return to their people in any traditional sense. So two weeks from her due date, at the end of a snowy and cold winter, she and Evan boarded a small two-propellor plane that took off to the closest big city to the south. They stayed in a hotel for a week until the contractions began, and Maiingan was born in a bright white hospital room crowded with people in gowns and masks just two days later. Nicole remembered their rigid eyes and monotonous voices, and after all these years, she wondered if any of them was still alive. The doctors, the nurses, the pilot, and even the front desk clerk at the hotel were all likely long dead, and the buildings they worked in were probably now crumbling and decrepit. There was no way to know for sure, though, because they hadn’t left this place since the lights went out.

But life was about to emerge here once again, in their tiny settlement in the bush a half-day’s walk from their original reserve. Piiche began with a low groan, which built to another rumbling cry. Her voice faded, and she eased back in to steady, quieter breathing. Active labour had begun shortly after sundown, and as they approached midnight, the anticipation became palpable with each audible breath. Faith and Amber moved in front of Piiche, waiting for the top of the baby’s head to emerge. The elder midwife looked over her shoulder behind her, and over her duct-taped glasses, she locked eyes with Patricia and gave a slight nod.