

WHAT TIME THE SEXTON'S SPADE DOTH RUST

a novel by Alan Bradley

80,000 words / Finished book now available

**BOOK 11 IN THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING FLAVIA DE LUCE SERIES
OVER 4 MILLION COPIES SOLD
SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE**

A mysterious villager, Major Greyleigh, a virtual hermit and former public hangman with stomach-curdling deeds in his past, has been found dead, killed by ingesting poisonous mushrooms.

In her search for the murderer, Flavia becomes entangled with the families of those who have lost relatives to the dead man, only to be led to the most unlikely of suspects.

Meanwhile, Flavia's cousin, the "odious, moon-faced" Undine, who Flavia's been tasked with mentoring, is becoming increasingly crude and gregarious. She constantly tests her limits by pushing Flavia to undertake rash deeds, while Undine in turn is urged on by one of Flavia's sister Ophelia's former suitors.

In the end, Flavia discovers what really happened to her father, whom Flavia was not allowed to visit on his death bed.

"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 who has much to teach her elders." — **Booklist, starred review**

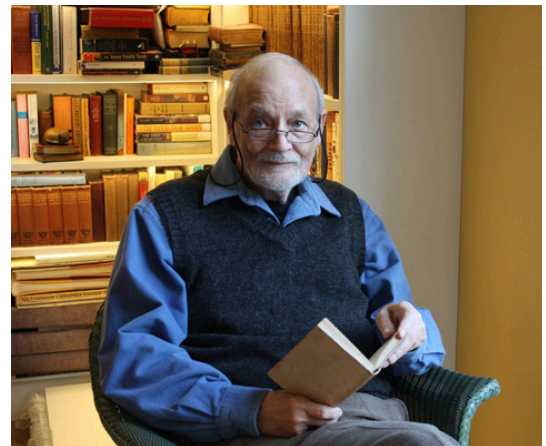
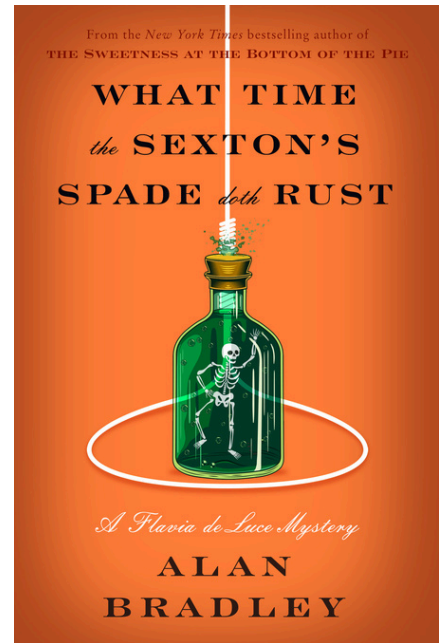
To say I am overjoyed by the return of the magnificent Flavia is a massive understatement. It's a great day when we have her back in our lives with a new, and riveting, crime to solve. Brava Flavia. Bravo Alan!" — **LOUISE PENNY**

"Cozy mystery fans will love this latest installment featuring Flavia de Luce, Alan Bradley's plucky and spirited protagonist. Delightful!" — **NITA PROSE, #1 New York Times bestselling author of *The Maid***

"I love the Flavia de Luce novels! I identify, though I unfortunately didn't have an Uncle Tarquin and was forced to make do with a Christmas chemistry set from the Sears catalog. 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, #1 New York Times bestselling author**

"Rejoice, fans of fiction's youngest franchise 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**

"Enchanting... Flavia's characteristic quirky humor and unorthodox thinking are on full display... This series is as fresh as ever." — **Publishers Weekly**



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 (September 2024)

CANADA: Doubleday (September 2024)

UK: Orion (September 2024)

FILM: Mystic Point Productions

GERMANY: Blanvalet (November 2024)

ITALY: Sellerio

RUSSIA: AST

FINLAND: Bazar Kustannus Oy

WHAT TIME THE SEXTON'S SPADE DOTH RUST AN EXCERPT

a novel by Alan Bradley

THE GREATEST MINDS IN THE WORLD are often cranky when they first awaken in the morning, and mine is no exception. If I am to ascend above the masses, I require solitude the way a balloon needs helium.

Which is why, barely a quarter of an hour after a hasty and solitary breakfast at Buckshaw, I am now hunched under a black umbrella in the one place I can be certain of being left alone and in peace: the churchyard of St. Tancred's.

It may sound cold and clammy, but there is a special warmth in knowing that you are utterly alone – except for the dead.

With the dead, there are no sudden rages; no fits of hissing savagery; no flung plates or cutlery; no petulant sulks or towering rages. Just beneath your feet the deceased are being devoured by fat black beetles, in a vast, grand banquet, while merry mushrooms digest the welcome leftovers of coffin-wood. It is a world of harmony and dark contentment; a world of quiet grace and beauty. It is a happy dance of death.

I thought about the year I had sent up from a remote corner of this same churchyard, on All Souls Night, an armful of skyrockets, each labelled by hand with the name of one of the nearby but almost forgotten dead:

BLAM!

That was Nettie Savage (1792-1810).

KABOOSH!

Samuel Pole (1715-1722)

BLASSH! Arden Glassfield (1892-1914).

BOOM! POOM! POOM! A triple salvo for Anne Starling, Spinster of this Parish (1744-1775).

Unfortunately, one of Anne's fuses had come down in the gutters of the church, setting alight a stupid cluster of accumulated moss and setting the House of God on fire. The Bishop's Lacey Fire Brigade had to be called to extinguish the small, but fierce blaze. Father had expressed his displeasure by requiring me to make a monthly donation to the Fireman's Fund which, since it was ultimately his money, was no hardship at all. The tough thing was that I had to deliver each donation in person which, at first, was excruciating, but in the end, I got to know a lot of firemen and to learn the chemistry of quenching blazes.

Oh, those days of glory. And Oh, to have them back again.

These days, my only friends are fungi.

THE SORCERESS OF SKY SERPENTS

a literary fantasy by Eden Robinson

93,000 words / Manuscript available February 2025

AN INDIGENOUS GAME OF THRONES

The Sorceress of Sky Serpents takes place on a terraformed, life-supporting planet on the edge of the Milky Way where six nations, based on Indigenous cultures of the Pacific Northwest Coast, have been living for thousands of years. Their lives of peace and balance are shattered when Raiders from the South, directed by a people the Northerners know only as The Abominations, have stepped up the frequency and intensity of their attacks, killing indiscriminately, stealing food, kidnapping slaves, and carrying away the technology on which the Northerners rely.

Tky is the eldest daughter of the fearsome Guardian of the Eagle Clan. Despite Tky's rank, and her mother's expectations, Tky is an outcast. Having been raised mostly by her Shaman grandfather, she seems too comfortable with dead spirits and Forest People, a sentient race of non-human great apes. The villagers, and even her beloved sister, are coming to believe that she is a witch—or worse.

After her mother is killed in battle, Tky is determined to prove her worth by any means, and she sets out on a journey up the coast to a mysteriously abandoned village whose name no one will speak, determined to meet a sorceress who has promised her the gift of fire for a suspiciously low price.

PRAISE FOR THE AWARD-WINNING TRICKSTER TRILOGY (2017 – 2021)

“Eden Robinson is a writer with a magical touch. Crisp prose, taut dialogue, and a cast of maniacal characters you sure as hell don't want living next door.” — **THOMAS KING**, author of *The Back of the Turtle*

“Robinson manages to skilfully pull off a series that accomplishes a whole number of things at the same time: [...] a thrilling, magic-realist adventure story; a compelling domestic novel that explores the various kinds of family: biological, intentional, and community; a grim ride into sadistic darkness (there's a torture scene that will forever change the way you look at deep fryers); and wickedly funny, hard-edged and sardonic, tender and emotionally true. It's a coming of age story that spans universes.” — **TORONTO STAR**



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 Hieltsuk First Nations, she lives in Kitimat, in northern British Columbia near Alaska.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: RANDOM HOUSE (Spring 2026)

Watch Eden Robinson discuss what inspires her writing with CBC Gem on TikTok:

<https://www.tiktok.com/@cbcgem/video/7389342134127611141>

THE SORCERESS OF SKY SERPENTS AN EXCERPT

a literary fantasy by Eden Robinson

I SHOULD NOT GO INTO THE WOODS. I won't be any help with the house posts. I have neither gift nor power. I'm not strong. But maybe if someone is hurt, I have bandages and salves. I can set bones. Realistically, I should stay in the cave with my friend and enjoy the little time we have together. But a foolish part of me wants to win my clan's approval even as they send me away for being useless. I dull the gleam of my exposed skin with dirt.

The early morning sky is pale gray and the setting moon slides towards the mountains. Winter Haven lies below, all our clans' grand, wooden longhouses lining a curved beach, nestled against the forest and the mountains. The snow is deep. The north wind hums through the trees that creak and moan like old men. The crust of the snow is hard enough that I don't need snowshoes. I slide and slip my way to the deer path that leads to the stand of grandfather trees.

I hear the master carver shouting annoyed instructions. I can see the apprentice nervously feeding the fire set in the chopped-out trunk. The yellow cedar begins to crack and the Master Carver shouts at the men to get out of the way. 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 a prayer. The apprentice coughs and wipes his face.

The hair on my arms rises, prickling. I sense eyes stuck on me and feel as a child feels the first time they sleep alone and the darkness is filled with every monster from the stories, waiting. Growing up with a shaman has made me alert to the uncanny. One of Grandfather's four spirit familiars is here, probably the Star Moth, the quietest. The snow drifts again as the spirit leaves. The feeling of being watched ends. Grandfather will expose me when he arrives and send me home with one of my cousins. The only thing Mother and Grandfather agree on is that I am a nuisance.

The men below all work to trim the branches. The Master Carver examines the tree, tapping it and listening to see if its core is solid or rotten.

A whirr catches my attention. In the shadows of the trees, the largest and hungriest of the Sky People are the jaw eels. Their sinuous bodies glow a dull red, sprouting a spiral of wings that thrum when they move quickly and go flat against their bodies when they dive. Their heads have no eyes, but waving tentacles that twist towards their prey. Their jaws open wider than themselves.

"Jaw eels from the north!" I shout.

"Tky! You stupid girl!" the Master Carver shouts, turning his head to try find me.

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

MOON OF THE CRUSTED SNOW

a novel by Waubgeshig Rice

80,000 words / Finished book now available

A DARING POST-APOCALYPTIC NOVEL FROM A POWERFUL RISING LITERARY VOICE

With winter looming, a small northern Anishinaabe community goes dark. Cut off, people become passive and confused. Panic builds as the food supply dwindles. While the band council and a pocket of community members struggle to maintain order, an unexpected visitor arrives, escaping the crumbling society to the south. Soon after, others follow.

The community leadership loses its grip on power as the visitors manipulate the tired and hungry to take control of the reserve. Tensions rise and, as the months pass, so does the death toll due to sickness and despair. Frustrated by the building chaos, a group of young friends and their families turn to the land and Anishinaabe tradition in hopes of helping their community thrive again. Guided through the chaos by an unlikely leader named Evan Whitesky, they endeavor to restore order while grappling with a grave decision.

Blending action and allegory, *Moon of the Crusted Snow* upends our expectations. Out of catastrophe comes resilience. And as one society collapses, another is reborn.

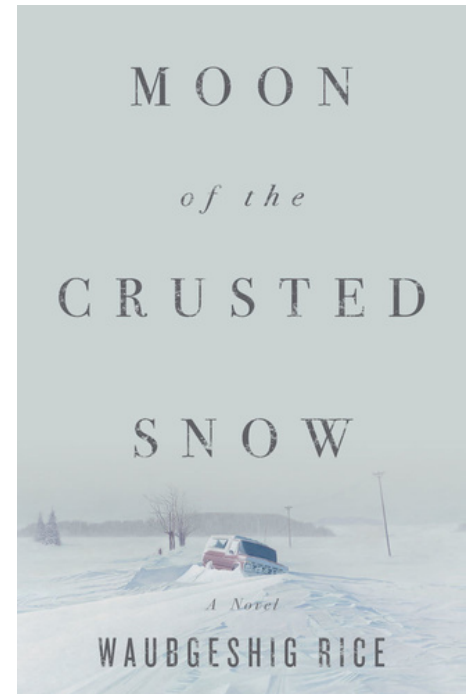
PRAISE FOR MOON OF THE CRUSTED SNOW

"The rising literary star has created an unsettling story about a snowbound northern Anishinaabe community, where a postapocalyptic reality—no power, dwindling food, chaos—slowly creeps its way through the band. A young man, Evan Whitesky, seeks to restore hope and order to his community by turning to the land—to Anishinaabe tradition. A stellar Indigenous thriller." — **THE GLOBE AND MAIL**

"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**

"This slow-burning thriller is also a powerful story of survival and will leave readers breathless." — **PUBLISHERS WEEKLY**

*"The novel's most significant achievement may be its mood. From mundane beginnings, the book increases its tension continuously across its 200 pages. It's a cliché, but this book is hard to put down. Written with such guilelessness that it's easy to read, and with such strong linearity and so little waste that it's extremely absorbing, *Moon of the Crusted Snow* is a humble but welcome addition to apocalyptic literature."* — **LOCUS**



RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: ECW Press (October 2018)
FRENCH CANADA: Mémoire d'encrier (Fall 2025)
GERMANY: Verlag Klaus Wagenbach (March 2024)



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. Waub has worked in a variety of news media, reporting for CBC News for the bulk of his career.

MOON OF THE CRUSTED SNOW AN EXCERPT

a novel by Waubgeshig Rice

AILEEN TURNED TO THE CROWD and spoke. “Boozhoo, Zhaawshgogiiizhgokwe n’dizhnakaaz,” she said. “Wawashkesh n’dodem.” After introducing herself in Anishinaabemowin, she addressed the crowd in English. “Good afternoon, my relatives. Thank you all for coming here today.” As an elder, she had the full attention of everyone in the room. Any eyes that might have rolled during the smudge were nonetheless now fixed on her. She was everyone’s auntie, even if they weren’t related by blood.

“Winter is here,” she continued. “Maybe it came a little earlier than we all expected. It’s the time when the trees go to sleep. The bears go to sleep. We all rest. And then we will be reborn in the spring. But it’s important to make sure we’re ready. Now is the time to help your relatives prepare their winter homes. Make sure they have enough food. Enough wood. Enough medicine to make it through the dark season.”

Heads nodded in the crowd. Evan tried to read the faces, people no doubt thinking of their own winter inventory and what they would need. Some looked slightly panicked.

“So I’m going to offer a prayer,” Aileen smiled. “I’m gonna ask the Great Spirit to take care of us this winter. We’re gonna need it.” She smiled reassuringly and began to speak in her first language once again, giving thanks for health and all the other gifts from the Creator.

Aileen finished with a strong miigwech, and a smattering of responses rolled through the audience as they thanked the elder for opening the meeting. Candace helped her back to her chair while Evan finished smudging the last few people lined up in front of him.

That was Terry’s cue. He cleared his throat, wiped his palms on the thighs of his jeans, and stood up.

“As you all know by now,” he started, “we’re having some issues with the infrastructure here in the community. If you didn’t know, you must be living under a rock.” The feeble joke got a chuckle out of some people, and he relaxed a bit. He pushed it. “Anyone who’s still living under a rock is buried under three feet of snow by now!” Louder laughter followed. A hint of tension lingered in some stoic faces, but most of it had dissipated.

His voice became more serious. “Last Wednesday, our satellite service went out. That knocked out TV and internet. Most of you noticed. Sometime in there, the phone lines went down for some reason too. When all those things still weren’t working on Thursday, we tried to call our service provider down in Gibson with our off-grid sat phone. But that wasn’t working either. Then sometime overnight Thursday, the power went out. It’s the first time we’ve lost power like that since we connected to the grid three years ago. We sent our guys to check the nearest transformers. They looked fine but they’re dead. There’s nothing coming in from the dam. And because we have no communication, we’ve had no updates.”

Parkas rustled as people whispered to neighbours and family. From their place at the front of the room, Terry and the councillors could see the anxiety building in the gym.

MOON OF THE TURNING LEAVES

a novel by Waubgeshig Rice

100,000 words / Finished book now available

A NATIONAL BESTSELLER

THE HOTLY-ANTICIPATED SEQUEL TO *MOON OF THE CRUSTED SNOW*

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.

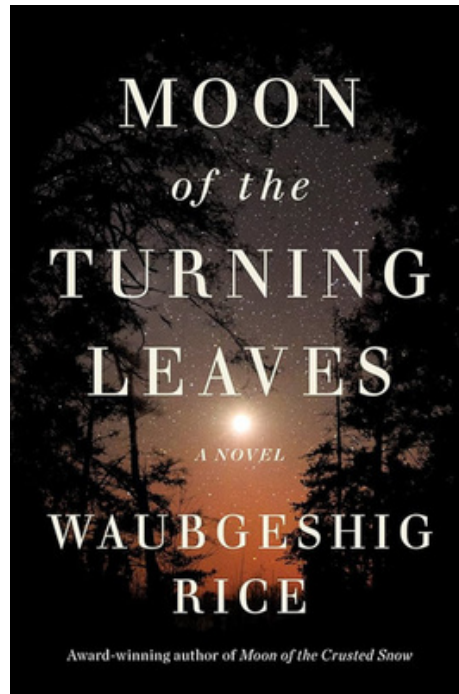
"Rice puts a refreshing, Indigenous perspective on postapocalyptic tropes.... The humanity and heart on offer here make this a showstopper."
— **PUBLISHERS WEEKLY (starred review)**

"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. This is a pastoral travel tale of much grander scope than its predecessor and a powerful, remarkable follow-up." — **BOOKLIST (starred review)**

*"Fans of McCarthy's *The Road* and Kirkman's *The Walking Dead* will feel right at home here with the intrigue, the dread and the hope. What a magnificent read. Mahsi cho, Waubgeshig Rice. Bravo!"* — **RICHARD VAN CAMP, author of *The Lesser Blessed* and *Godless but Loyal to Heaven***

"An epic journey into the future, powerfully haunting."
— **SILVIA MORENO-GARCIA, bestselling author of *Mexican Gothic***



RIGHTS SOLD

US: William Morrow (February 2024)

CANADA: Random House (October 2023)

FRANCE: Les Arènes

GERMANY: Verlag Klaus Wagenbach
(March 2024)

FRENCH CANADA: Prise de Parole
(Fall 2025)



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. Waub has worked in a variety of news media, reporting for CBC News for the bulk of his career.

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.

ALL THE QUIET PLACES

a novel by Brian Thomas Isaac

68,000 words / Finished book now available

NATIONAL BESTSELLER
FINALIST FOR THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S AWARD
LONGLISTED FOR THE SCOTIABANK GILLER PRIZE
WINNER OF AN INDIGENOUS VOICES AWARD
FINALIST FOR THE AMAZON FIRST NOVEL AWARD
LONGLISTED FOR CBC CANADA READS
LONGLISTED FOR FIRST NATIONS COMMUNITY READS
AN INDIGO TOP 100 BOOK OF 2021
AN INDIGO TOP 10 BEST CANADIAN FICTION OF 2021

Brian Isaac's powerful debut *All the Quiet Places*, the first of two novels, is the coming-of-age story of Eddie Toma, an Indigenous (Syilx) boy, told through the young narrator's wide-eyed observations of the world around him.

It's 1956, and six-year-old Eddie Toma lives with his mother, Grace, and his little brother, Lewis, near the Salmon River on the far edge of the Okanagan Indian Reserve in the British Columbia Southern Interior. Grace is determined to better her children's lives, taking up work in Washington state to send her boys to school in the small community of Falkland. But their lives are far from easy. The boys' father returns to the family after years away only to bring chaos and instability. Only in his grandmother's company does Eddie find solace and true companionship.

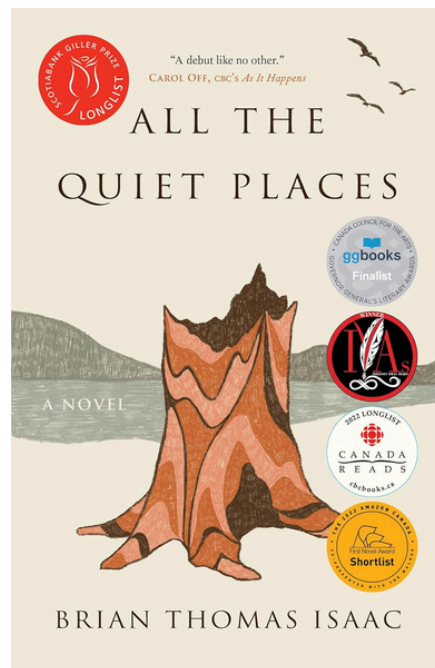
As he grows up, Eddie's future seems more secure—but every time things look up, circumstances beyond his control crash down around him. The cumulative effects of guilt, grief, and despair threaten everything Eddie has ever known or loved.

All the Quiet Places is the story of what can happen when every adult in a person's life has been affected by colonialism; it tells of the acute separation from culture that can occur even at home in a loved familiar landscape.

"What a welcome debut. Young Eddie Toma's passage through the truly ugly parts of this world is met, like an antidote, or perhaps a compensation, by his remarkable awareness of its beauty. This is a writer who understands youth, and how to tell a story." — **GIL ADAMSON, winner of the Writers' Trust Fiction Prize for *Ridgerunner***

"Deftly crafted, evocative...Isaac's characters are complex, relatable, and overall, beautifully human."

— **WAUBGESHIG RICE**



BRIAN THOMAS ISAAC was born in 1950 on the Okanagan Indian Reserve near Vernon, BC. After completing grade eight, he found work in the oil fields and in construction, and eventually retired as a bricklayer. At the age of fifty, without any formal training, he began to write. Seventeen years later he completed his first novel, *All the Quiet Places* (2021), which became a national bestseller, won an Indigenous Voices Award, and was a finalist for the Governor General's Award and the Amazon Canada First Novel Award. It was also longlisted for the Scotiabank Giller Prize and CBC's Canada Reads, and was named one of ten best books of the year in Canada. Brian Thomas Isaac served on the jury for the 2023 Giller Prize.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: TouchWood Editions (October 2021)

WORLD ENGLISH AUDIO: Audible

GERMANY: Merlin Verlag

ISRAEL: Mirabelle

ALL THE QUIET PLACES AN EXCERPT

a novel by Brian Thomas Isaac

EDDIE WATCHED A COW wander over. Ray grabbed more grass, and the cow stretched out her long tongue that was speckled with grey and black spots. Ray moved his hand away, and she tried again. He continued his game of keep away and finally held the grass just behind the wire. The cow clamped her mouth over the wire and the green treat he was keeping away from her.

The animal let out an ear-rattling bellow as her eyes rolled inside her head. The ground sounded hollow under her heavy, stamping feet. The other cattle scattered as the creature stumbled backward. Ray doubled over in laughter, slapping his thighs. When he saw the women and children hurrying toward the cabin, he laughed even harder.

Now Eddie was even more fascinated by the electric fence. For days he watched in case one of the cows touched the wire again. He'd lived his life without electricity and couldn't understand its workings. No one had explained why the wire jumped like it did, like it was breathing, like it had a heartbeat. The cattle were afraid of the wire. He needed to know why.

The next day Eddie and Gregory stood in the field, and Eddie's eyes were drawn back to the fence again. The mystery of the wire and why the cattle were so scared of it had grown in his mind so much that he needed to know exactly what made the cow act that way. The harder he tried to understand, the more confused he got. If no one could help him, he would find out for himself.

Gregory followed him up to the fence. Eddie held his hands over the wire. Gregory stepped back. Eddie took a deep breath, and before he could change his mind, grabbed on to the wire with both hands. He felt as though he'd been kicked by a cow. His fingers locked onto the wire.

People on the far side of the field heard the scream. Ray dropped the flat of berries he was carrying.

"Oh God!" Grace yelled. "Hurry!"

Eddie's body arched backward as he tried to pull away from the wire, but his fingers wouldn't let go. His head shook from side to side, and his eyes shut tight as he strained and pulled. His voice buzzed in his ears, and he felt a strong thump to his hands.

Then through eyes blurred as if underwater, he saw his mother looking down at him. She patted his cheek with her hand.

"Hey, you."

BONES OF A GIANT

a stand-alone sequel to *All the Quiet Places*
by Brian Thomas Isaac

85,000 words / Final manuscript now available

In 1968 the impoverished Toma family of the Syilx First Nation lives in a three-room shack an isolated, heavily wooded area in the British Columbia bush, far from the rest of the community. Fifteen-year-old Lewis' older brother Eddie disappeared two years ago, leaving a cloud of pain and grief hanging over the family. They don't know if he is dead or alive. *Bones of a Giant* chronicles their struggle to hold on to their land and to keep their family together over one tumultuous summer.

Lewis is invited to stay over at his cousins' house to help with chores, where he becomes immersed in the lives of the family, discovering for the first time the larger reserve community and the history embedded in the land he walks on. He falls in love, experiences racism first-hand, and is struck by deep personal sorrow as he grows up and finds his identity in the shadow of his missing brother.

In parallel, Grace struggles to keep her property in the face of mounting costs of living, illegal prospectors trespassing on her land, and the reappearance of her abusive ex-husband Jimmy, who believes the land is his by law. She must fight to keep her home and family safe—until she and Lewis receive shocking news about Eddie.

Bones of a Giant is the story of young Indigenous people growing up and learning to value family and community in the face of deep injustice and suffering. It is through connection and belonging that Lewis and his loved ones find the identity, strength, and courage to survive and thrive.

"On a par with the brilliance of James Welch's Winter in the Blood and Ruby Slipperjack's Little Voice."

– **RICHARD VAN CAMP** on *All the Quiet Places*



BRIAN THOMAS ISAAC was born in 1950 on the Okanagan Indian Reserve near Vernon, BC. After completing grade eight, he found work in the oil fields and in construction, and eventually retired as a bricklayer. At the age of fifty, without any formal training, he began to write. Seventeen years later he completed his first novel, *All the Quiet Places* (2021), which became a national bestseller, won an Indigenous Voices Award, and was a finalist for the Governor General's Award and the Amazon Canada First Novel Award. It was also longlisted for the Scotiabank Giller Prize and CBC's Canada Reads, and was named one of ten best books of the year in Canada. Brian Thomas Isaac served on the jury for the 2023 Giller Prize.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: RANDOM HOUSE (May 2025)

All the Quiet Places (2021)

- NATIONAL BESTSELLER
- FINALIST FOR THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S AWARD
- LONGLISTED FOR THE SCOTIABANK GILLER PRIZE
- WINNER OF AN INDIGENOUS VOICES AWARD
- FINALIST FOR THE AMAZON FIRST NOVEL AWARD
- LONGLISTED FOR CBC CANADA READS
- LONGLISTED FOR FIRST NATIONS COMMUNITY READS
- AN INDIGO TOP 100 BOOK OF 2021
- AN INDIGO TOP 10 BEST CANADIAN FICTION OF 2021

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.

YOU'VE CHANGED

a novel by Ian Williams

85,000 words/ Manuscript available January 2025

A HILARIOUS TRAFFIC JAM OF EMOTION ABOUT A MARRIAGE, RACE, AND SEXUALITY

Beckett, a 43-year-old white contractor from Maine now living in Vancouver, has aspirations of landing a big contract and proving his worth. He's married to Princess, a 44-year-old fitness instructor originally from Rwanda who strives to become more and more beautiful. In *You've Changed*, they attempt to save each other from parallel midlife crises.

When Beckett is fired from his job, he loses confidence and purpose. An inventory of his life reveals a man who has no friends and is estranged from his family; he could be the poster boy for the epidemic of male, middle-aged loneliness in North America.

Princess's crisis has a less linear trajectory. The day before Beckett loses his job, Princess's Black Rwandan childhood friend visits them with her African-American husband and dredges up Princess's difficult early years as a minority in Kigali. Princess's pursuit of beauty seems linked to a life-long sense of displacement. And the marriage of their guests invites Beckett and Princess to inspect their own. Are they even the same people anymore?

You've Changed asks which parts of identity are liquid and which solid. How much can we change internally and externally and still be the same person? How do changes to our present identities necessitate new interpretations of our past?

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

"This work successfully examines major themes of empathy, responsibility, secrecy, race, multiculturalism, misogyny, and honesty."

— LIBRARY JOURNAL, **starred review**

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

"There is an entire modern Canadian literature that fortunately arrives in Italy and shows what is possible with words.... Williams puts all his ability to experiment by generating a novel that reproduces itself, in a complicated yet brilliant metaphor of the process of forming a family, the center of the analysis contained in "Reproduction": how it is formed, how it crumbles before it is even born, how it survives or reforms out of necessity." — L'INDIPENDENTE, Italy



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 2020 he published his latest poetry collection, *Word Problems*. 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 has been named the 2024 CBC Massey Lecturer.

Williams is Professor of English at the University of Toronto. He has held fellowships or residencies from Vermont Studio Center, the Banff Center, Cave Canem, the William Southam Journalism Fellowship, and the National Humanities Center. In the summer of 2022 he was a Visiting Fellow at the American Library in Paris. He is currently on the board of the Griffin Poetry Prize.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: Random House (August 2025)

PRAISE FOR DISORIENTATION (2021)

"A lyrical, closely observed contribution to the literature of race and social justice."

— KIRKUS REVIEWS

"Disorientation is so honest, vulnerable, courageous and funny that it left me dying to sit down over a long coffee with Ian Williams. Make that two lattes, and I'm buying!" — LAWRENCE HILL, author of *The Book of Negroes*

YOU'VE CHANGED AN EXCERPT

a novel by Ian Williams

THE DAY 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.

EDGELANDS: EXPLORING SOCIETY'S MARGINS

by Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali

70,000 words / Manuscript now available

FROM THE AUTHOR OF *ANGRY QUEER SOMALI BOY* COMES AN EXAMINATION OF OVERLOOKED LIVES IN LARGE CITIES

“Edgelands: The apparently unplanned, certainly uncelebrated and largely incomprehensible territory where town and country meet and rarely forms the settings for films, books or television shows....

Sometimes these area are so little acknowledged that they have not even been given distinctive names.

They are the “ignored landscape.”

— Marion Shoard, *Edgelands*

Who gets to be in the city and who gets to tell its stories?

In *Edgelands: Exploring Society's Margins*, Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali sets out to answer these questions and many more in an effort to offer a better understanding of the urban world by using his own experiences and education in urban planning as starting points. As a person who has been forced across several borders, both geographical and personal, Ali is intrigued by the way we choose to live amongst and beside each other.

Through a series of walks around Toronto, the reader will see the modern metropolis through Ali's eyes. If you thought you knew everything there was to know about Toronto, think again.

Edgelands: Exploring Society's Margins will open your eyes to the true nature of cities.

“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.”— **THE ADVOCATE** on *Angry Queer Somali Boy*



MOHAMED ABDULKARIM ALI, born in Mogadishu, Somalia, is a survivor. He wrote his first book, *Angry Queer Somali Boy: A Complicated Memoir*, which was selected as one of the best works of non-fiction to come in 2019 by CBC Books, while living in a homeless shelter. He currently lives in Toronto.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: Knopf Canada (Fall 2025)

“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*

EDGELANDS: EXPLORING SOCIETY'S MARGINS AN EXCERPT

by Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali

Transience

I SPENT THE FIRST WEEK back in Toronto at a hostel. I believe it's a fancy coffee shop now. I relied on the generosity of friends to cover my stay there and for everyday essentials. On Wednesday, I met up with a friend from Ryerson. I told her that I didn't have any of my bank cards or ID.

Let's go get them renewed then.

On our way, I let it slip that my IDs were still at my family's.

Oh, that changes things.

What do you mean?

It's your ID, meaning you can go get it.

It's not that easy.

Let's just go to the cops.

I went along with it. I wasn't comfortable calling the police on my family. My sister had done it once before and it shamed my stepmother to have cops outside her door for the neighbours to see. On the other hand, this friend had rescued me from a life of confinement in the closet, feigning love for a woman. What she suggested carried more weight than any doubt I had.

We walked into the police station at Dundas and University and explained my predicament to the cop at the front desk. We were told to go up to Weston and Lawrence, where my family lived and call the non-emergency number. We were cautioned we might have to wait a while as our request would be queued. We tried our luck and took the subway to Lawrence West station. I sat nervously on the bus. I was worried about seeing people I knew. When we got there, a cop met us in under an hour. She listened as I explained my predicament.

I can go up there but I can't go in without their permission. Hopefully the uniform will do the trick.

I didn't blink at her suggestion of intimidating my family. She asked me to wait by the elevators while she spoke to my eldest sister. My sister asked her where I was and the cop called me over.

Listen, I need my ID and bank cards.

Mohamed! We were worried. We heard you'd gone missing in London.

Ma'am, may we come in?

She told us to wait until she could get her mother on the phone. She passed the phone to me.

Mohamed, what's going on? Why are you there with the police?

Hoyo, I need my ID, that's all. Where is it?

Tell your sister to get my beauty case. Do you remember the code?

Yes.

Pass the phone back to your sister.

We waited in the hallway and I got my bank and credit cards as well as my ID from the beauty case.

Before she closed the door, my sister said call us.

I pressed the cards deep into my pocket, relieved that I didn't have to go through the process of replacing everything.

I didn't think that was going to work! The cop seemed pleased with herself.

TODDLERS MADE EASY

by Dr. Cathryn Tobin

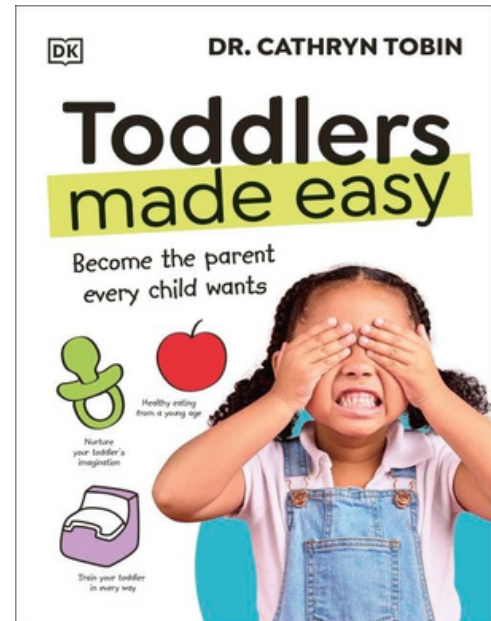
30,000 words / Final manuscript now available

HOW TO TRANSFORM EVERYDAY LIFE WITH A TODDLER

@healthiest_baby Instagram has over one million followers

From Dr. Cathryn Tobin, experienced pediatrician and host of the @healthiest_baby Instagram, comes a straightforward and helpful guide for parents and carers of toddlers.

Packed with friendly and helpful advice to support parents and toddlers during their trickiest moments, Dr. Tobin helps parents see matters from your toddler's point of view, with lively illustrations showing their thought patterns. Parent quizzes throughout the book help parents think about how to best handle a scenario, reflect on their own parenting background, and communicate effectively and calmly to support their child through this key developmental stage.



RIGHTS SOLD

WORLD: Dorling Kindersley, October 2024

Praise for *The Lull-A-Baby Sleep Plan* (2006)

“Dr Tobin's breakthrough discovery will revolutionize how new parents put their babies to bed! Read this book and sleep better tonight.” – **MICHELE BORBA, Ed.D., author of *12 Simple Secrets Real Moms Know and Parents DO Make a Difference***

“Dr. Tobin's important and highly readable book offers parents medically sound and scientifically based sleep strategies that are attuned to the needs of both babies and parents. By teaching parents how to activate their baby's relaxation response, Dr. Tobin's book offers a humane alternative to the ‘letting them cry’ method. Her light-hearted approach and easy to follow recommendations will foster confidence and competence for any new (and exhausted!) parent. The Lull-A-Baby Sleep Plan gives parents the greatest gift of early childhood – SLEEP!” – **DEBRA PHILLIPS HAUSER, Ph.D., Lecturer, Child Study Center, Yale University School of Medicine**



Dr. CATHRYN TOBIN is a distinguished pediatrician, trained midwife, author, and mother of four, based in Markham, Ontario. She has more than twenty-five years of experience in the field, and carries out more than 14,000 office consultations each year in her private practice – and loves every minute of it. Dr. Tobin trained at the largest children's hospital in the world, The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. She is the author of *The Lull-A-Baby Sleep Plan* (Rodale, 2006), and has been cited in, amongst others, *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Family Circle*, *Parents*, *Parenting*, *Child*, and *Today's Parent Magazine*.

TODDLERS MADE EASY AN EXCERPT

by Dr. Cathryn Tobin

PICTURE THIS: you're at a toddler birthday party. All the other mothers are seated calmly chatting away, with their children nestled in their laps mesmerized by a puppet show.

In stark contrast, you're running around the room, chasing your 18-month-old as they investigate every single cupboard, nook, and drawer within reach.

Yup, that was me. My child was the standout, the one who was wildly exploring everything rather than keenly watching the show.

As a paediatrician, I often felt the need to appear as the perfect parent with perfect kids. But, looking back, I realize my kids were perfect! My son's energy and curiosity were his greatest strengths. It was my expectations that needed adjusting. Here's the deal: high energy and a short attention span are normal during these awesome toddler years. Factor in a toddler's emerging independence and limited selfcontrol, and it's no surprise they're in constant motion. Finally, they can get around and taste, feel, touch, and explore everything.

MANAGING HIGH-ENERGY KIDS

OK, so knowing that it's normal is reassuring, but how can you manage it? Let's look at a few simple but effective strategies to make life easier for everyone without squashing your toddler's natural energy and curiosity:

- Set up a safe-space play area where your kiddo can roam free without you having to watch their every move. When you toddler-proof your home, your child has more room to explore, not more rules. Think of it as freedom within safe boundaries.
- Let them move with activities they can pour their energy into, such as dancing, exploring, or playing ball.
- Toddlers can learn to regulate and control their energy by playing games like Simon Says... and Red Light/Green Light, which help kids to tune in to their body.
- Create an environment that includes energetic activities such as drumming on pots, dance parties, or tossing balls, but also incorporate downtime and quieter activities to help your child learn self-regulation.
- A hyper kiddo can be an overtired one, so make sleep a priority.