

LIKE RABBITS

a linked story collection by Nayani Jensen

44,000 words

Partial MS now available. Complete MS available December 2025

THE HUMAN STORIES AT THE HEART OF SCIENCE

Canadian English-language rights to *Like Rabbits*, the astonishing debut from Rhodes Scholar and award-winning author Nayani Jensen, were pre-empted by Scribner Canada on the basis of one single story. We now have six of the 12 stories, and our UK agent AM Heath feels British Commonwealth rights will be sold based on this partial manuscript.

The collection imagines the inner lives of people poised at the intersection of history and science. A new father in the Golden Age of Dutch Science searches for the source of life; two aviators at the cusp of their careers grapple with adulthood and a disastrous crash; a young woman prepares to write the Olympics of mathematics exams in nineteenth-century Cambridge; a manuscript changes hands from 9th-century Baghdad across continents, altering meanings as it goes. Based on historical figures and archival research, in each story the deeply personal and the scientific layer to produce unexpected new meanings. *Like Rabbits* will appeal to fans of scientific biography (*Oppenheimer*, *The Theory of Everything*), or to readers of Benjamin Labatut and Andrea Barrett. The collection features:

- “Like Rabbits” (Regnier De Graaf, Delft, the Dutch Republic, 1672): A new father fight for priority in the discovery of the human egg while grappling with the death of his infant son.
- “Proof” (Philippa Fawcett, Cambridge, 1890): A young woman races the men in the Olympics of mathematics exams in 19th-century Cambridge.
- “Gutta Percha” (Telegraph workers, Karachi, 1865): In the rush to expand telegraph systems as the arm of the British Empire, workers grapple with loyalties while harvesting the necessary natural resin used as electrical insulator.



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

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: Scribner (2027)

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

LIKE RABBITS AN EXCERPT

a linked story collection by Nayani Jensen

Like Rabbits

Delft, the Dutch Republic. June, 1672.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maybe he just wanted her to be impressed.

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

Here.

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

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

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

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

And on it went.

THE FALLING MARIA

a novel by Yasuko Thanh

55,000 words / Manuscript available Spring 2026

A LYRICAL, MULTI-LAYERED AND SHOCKING TALE FROM THE AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF MYSTERIOUS FRAGRANCE OF THE YELLOW MOUNTAINS

What happens when a woman refuses to conform to the expectations of her gender? In 1920, 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 quickly put on trial—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.

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.

PRAISE FOR MYSTERIOUS FRAGRANCE OF THE YELLOW MOUNTAINS (2016)

"With compelling narrative drive, Yasuko Thanh imbues Mysterious Fragrance of the Yellow Mountains with atmosphere and resonance, and creates mesmerizing characters who undergo complex change—politically, socially, personally, sexually—as they are gathered into a vortex of intrigue and risk. [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**



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)

THE FALLING MARIA AN EXCERPT

a novel by Yasuko Thanh

IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, only Maria was visible, her figure isolated and poignant. Its composition had drawn comparisons to the works of old masters, each element carefully arranged to capture a moment. A photograph is a catastrophe, an intractable reality—the rest is mere history. She hung there, as if suspended above an unfathomable gulf, much like the lingering odor of elephants in the air after a rain. Maria gesticulated, caught in the act of falling.

When a pregnant woman dies the baby yanks the mother to Heaven by the umbilical cord. This elucidates the mystery behind Maria's peculiar suspension. Naturally, Maria was oblivious to this phenomenon at the time of her fall. It was why Maria's face remained sharply, horrifyingly in focus while other women, like five little flung stones, blurred into mere smudges. They were reminiscent of coal dust clouds rising from the mines below, or indistinct fingerprints fading from memory.

“Look at that,” St. Adelaide said the next morning, her finger hovering over the photo. “Pouff! She was gone. One moment she was there, and the next—nothing. Just like that. Plucked off the train like a tick from a dog, flung over God's shoulder like a little stone tossed into a dung heap.”

“Flung?” Nicolas echoed, his voice thick with disbelief. “I'd say she was flung to the dunghill like an old shoe—worn out and forgotten. Then God with his many hounds descended upon the train she was on, and shook the land, and made tunnels collapse. Many fled from the surrounding mine shafts like rats from a sinking ship. God shook until his arms grew tired, and then even a little more. And as he sat catching his breath watching the remnants trickle out, a person here, a person there, like a small drop of blood in the only place a wound has not yet clotted, I took my leave. And of course he was still muttering, ‘You can't do anything with a kid like that.’”

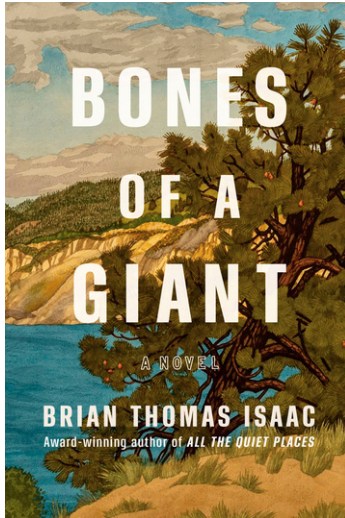
St. Lucian joined their search, guilt weighing heavily on him; after all, it was his fault Maria had been thrown from the train to Heaven in the first place, a consequence of his father's terrible mood. “It's infuriating, really. It feels so careless, doesn't it?”

“She will simply become one of the disappeared, one among the thousands,” St. Adelaide replied, her tone matter-of-fact. “An image of people in the streets, holding vigil candles and clutching photographs of their lost loved ones.”

BONES OF A GIANT

a unique Indigenous coming-of-age story by
Brian Thomas Isaac

85,000 words / First page proofs now available



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. 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 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. Brian and his wife live in West Kelowna where he enjoys time with his three grandchildren and is currently working on his third book.

*"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 despite the powerful forces of colonialism that pressed for an opposite result."* — **MICHELLE GOOD**, award-winning 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**, bestselling author of *Moon of the Turning Leaves*

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.

WHAT TIME THE SEXTON'S SPADE DOTH RUST

a novel by Alan Bradley

80,000 words / Finished book now available
Book 12 manuscript available April 2025

**BOOK 11 IN THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING FLAVIA DE LUCE SERIES
OVER 6 MILLION COPIES SOLD
A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE ADAPTATION HAS BEEN FILMED; COMING
TO THEATRES SPRING 2027**

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**

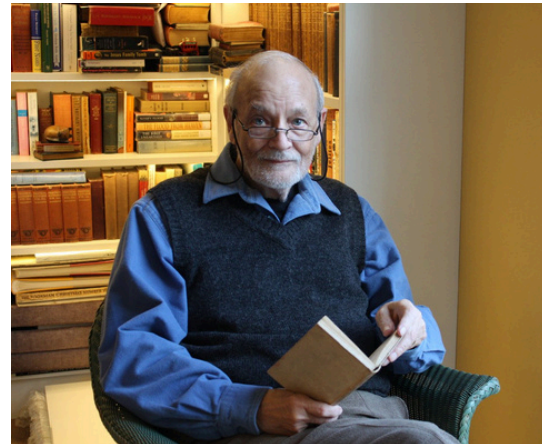
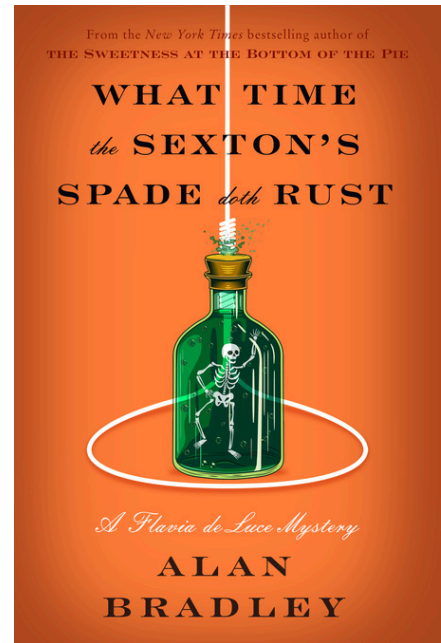
To say I am overjoyed by the return of the magnificent Flavia is a massive understatement. It's a great day when we have her back in our lives with a new, and riveting, crime to solve. Brava Flavia. Bravo Alan!" – **LOUISE PENNY**

"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.

EDGELANDS: EXPLORING SOCIETY'S MARGINS

by Mohamed Abdulkarim Ali

70,000 words / Manuscript available May 2025

FROM THE AUTHOR OF *ANGRY QUEER SOMALI BOY* COMES A NEW BOOK THAT EXAMINES THE CULTURAL MOSAICS OF 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 areas 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... 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 to come in 2019 by CBC Books, while living in a homeless shelter. He currently lives in Toronto.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: Knopf (January 2026)

“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

IVY WAS A PART of a quartet of friends with whom I'd have group calls. The call would end whenever Ivy's mother, a devout Catholic, had her come downstairs for their daily family prayer. I told her I didn't have my bank cards or ID and her response was quick:

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, a concrete structure which takes up about an entire city block near Dundas and University Avenues. 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. At this point I just wanted my stuff back and her deviousness gave me confidence that it was doable. I was done offering myself as a shield to protect their honour or dignity as they had spent years tearing away at mine. I was still nervous, but I couldn't let on that I felt anything because I didn't trust my family. I did this because I felt they left me no choice. If the building's wagging tongues spoke ill of my stepmother and siblings, all the better. She asked Ivy and I 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, Fadumo, I need my ID and bank cards.

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

The cop spoke firmly. *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 her.

We waited in the hallway and I got my bank and credit cards as well as my ID from the beauty case. I pressed the cards deep into my pocket, relieved that I didn't have to go through the process of replacing everything.

Before she closed the door, my sister said to call them. It was a bit rich considering she was the one who forced me to come out.

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. His latest novel, *Moon of the Turning Leaves*, was a #1 National Bestseller and has sold rights in the US and Germany. He lives in Sudbury, Ontario, where he is working on an Indigenous children's book to be published by Swift Water Books.

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."

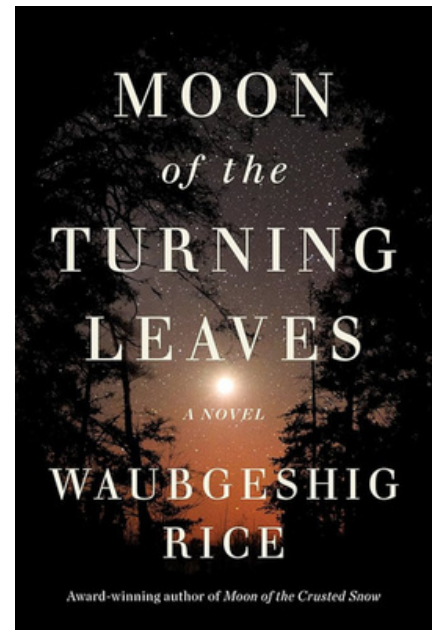
— **LIBRARY JOURNAL (starred review)**

"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)

GERMANY: Verlag Klaus Wagenbach
(March 2024)

FRENCH CANADA: Prise de Parole
(Fall 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 and Germany. He lives in Sudbury, Ontario, where he is working on his next novel.

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.

THE AFTER

a novel by Carrienne Leung

70,000 words / Manuscript available Spring 2025

WHAT REMAINS WHEN ALL HOPE SEEMS TO BE LOST

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.

Just because things are teetering towards disaster doesn't mean that life has stopped. Some, like Pauline, are mourning for lost loved ones; young adults such as Julian 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.

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

PRAISE FOR *THAT TIME I LOVED YOU* (2018)

“This compact gem of a collection of linked short stories...dazzles with its subtly...befriends its reader in the dead of night...[and] leaves a lasting impression and a new way of understanding people and the world.” — **THE GLOBE AND MAIL**

“As if channeled by Gladys Kravitz and Charlie's Angels, Leung's stories read like the juiciest verified gossip.” —**THE NEW YORK TIMES**

*“Leung, author of Toronto Book Award-finalist *The Wondrous Woo* (2014), walks readers through the matching split-levels of a Toronto suburb in her striking U.S. debut.... Readers peer through chain-link fences and discretely pulled curtains along with Leung's vivid, quotable characters-and are reminded that life doesn't happen between soap-opera episodes, cigarettes smoked at the kitchen sink, and trips to the mall, but during them.”* — **BOOKLIST, starred review**

“Written in the tradition of Alice Munro and Jhumpa Lahiri, Leung's debut story collection marks the career of a writer to watch.” — **Kirkus Reviews, starred review**



CARRIANNE 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 (Spring 2026)

THE AFTER

AN EXCERPT

a novel by Carrienne Leung

AFTER YEARS OF INSTABILITY, the Bayson Farms were supposed to be part of the solution to bring things back into balance. Pauline had watched the city go through the downward spiral. The sudden shortage of food, housing, everything. There were conversations in the news about wars close and far – civil wars, military coups, global trade contestations. These subjects were echoed on the streets as explanations to why people were houseless, why sushi was no longer a thing, why the summers were scorching, why businesses tumbled one by one and more people became jobless and then, sushi wasn't even a subject anymore. There were marches on the street, a couple of riots resulting on people storming grocery stores and department stores. Pauline watched on TV the reports of people running in the streets, running so fast that shoes flew off their feet, their arms were laden with bags of chocolate chip cookies or special edition sneakers. They grabbed whatever was there, so there wouldn't be the terrifying emptiness that was coming for all of them.

But now, there was only radio station remaining, and it was the only way to get news. The DJs only had one thing to report. Bayson Corporation was now the world and god and everything. Even as Pauline's life was lived in seclusion, she was aware that Bayson, a conglomerate, had in a 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. Everybody now worked for Baysons in some capacity. Either in the Farms which referred to the enormous greenhouses and hydroponic factories or the Domes, the 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 did go.

Pauline got her news from Jacko who owned the corner store that she frequented for her canned beans. Canned beans were her main sustenance now, and Jack 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, but received the news of the world because it came to him.

When she got the letter from Mei, Pauline asked Jacko about the Farms, and Jacko explained that you didn't need experience to work at the Farms, but you had to be strong enough to withstand eight-to-ten-hour shifts doing physical labour. Her sister was gangly and uncoordinated, wore glasses with coke-bottle lenses and tripped on her own feet often. Pauline was the one with the worker hands, stretched and hardened by work before she even hit high school. 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

85,000 words/ Manuscript now available

A HILARIOUS TRAFFIC JAM OF EMOTION ABOUT 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 Ivory Coast 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 childhood friend visits them with her African-American husband and dredges up Princess's difficult early years as a minority. 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 was 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 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.