

OUT OF THE BLUE

A debut novel by Adebé DeRango-Adem

Estimated length: 80,000 words | Estimated delivery date: September 2022

A VIBRANT PORTRAIT OF BLACK LIFE AND LOVE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Out of the Blue is a love story between two Black artists, Marianne and Blaise, struggling to find their way into the future. It is a Black woman's coming-of-age tale that asks what freedom might look like in a post-George-Floyd world, and what place art could have in it.

The daughter of a woman who moved from New Orleans to Montreal, where Marianne was born, travels alone to New York to pursue her dream of being an artist. She develops an eye condition — blue sparks in her vision — that threatens her future. Blaise, Marianne's new boyfriend, doesn't believe in institutions and doesn't need them, since he's built a name for himself of his own accord. He wants to remain underground, but Sully, Chelsea's big-shot gallery owner, does everything he can to make Blaise larger than life. As a result, the lives of Marianne and Blaise are turned tragically inside-out.

Marianne comes to see that her eyesight is not her only problem. She also carries the inheritance of a woman born to a line of "problem women," as her mother Dee calls them: "Women who had audacity" — free women of colour in nineteenth-century New Orleans like Marianne's grandmother, who ran the famous bordello known as *Sacrebleu*.

Centuries of corporeal violence on the Black body permeate this story, as well as such recent characters such as activist Therese Patricia Okoumou, who climbed the Statue of Liberty in 2018 in protest over family separations at the Mexican border, and poet Amanda Gorman, who dressed for the Met Gala in a royal blue ensemble influenced by the Statue of Liberty.

Full of the rich Black social history of New Orleans and New York, including the notorious ghosts known as h'aunts, *Out of the Blue* is a literary foray into the metaphysics of skin colour: the paradoxical, simultaneous invisibility and hyper-visibility that people of colour experience on a daily basis, with often devastating results.

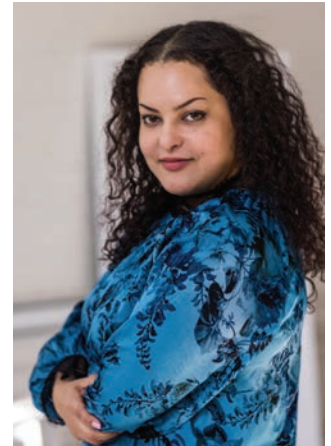


PHOTO: Selena Phillips-Boyle

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ADEBE DERANGO-ADEM has published three poetry collections and has a fourth coming out 2022. She is also the editor, with Andrea Thompson, of *Other Tongues: Mixed-Race Women Speak Out* (Inanna Publications, 2010), an anthology of art & writing that explores the question of how mixed-race women in North America identify in the twenty-first century. She is a former mentee of the late Amiri Baraka. *Out of the Blue* is her first novel. She lives in Toronto. See also @adebe_ on Twitter and adebe d.a. on Facebook.

<https://adebederangoadem.com/>

“**IS THE PAST EVER** thick down here!” said Blaise.

It was their third date, and a gallery was inevitable. The space at The Krewe was smaller than Marianne had imagined, but managed to hold what it needed to hold—bones, teeth. Perfectly preserved aspects of colonial history. Black history. Or was Black history really white history?

“My Lady,” said Blaise, slowly and darkly. He was looking especially macabre now, in the gallery’s dim lights. “I present to you Lumumba’s tooth.”

It was underwhelming and overwhelming at once. The rest of the exhibit featured small fossils presented as scientific “anomalies.”

“They take your art to their country, then showcase it like, ‘Look what we found!’” Blaise continued. “Shit’s gotta stop.”

It always irked Blaise that institutions like the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York liked to make African art appear as though it all came from a distant, ossified past. Sometimes, during Black History Month, there might be a special exhibit of Afrofuturist painters: the more alien and unreal the work, the better. But it was that very future that to Black people in America had begun to feel alien, their dream no longer promised. A future always blurred, threatened with removal. And what about artists of the now, who existed in the present, thriving? There had to be a middle ground between being stuck in the muck of history, and being forced to dream of a life other than here.

It irked Blaise too, that museums would dare charge Black people in the first place.

“They want to talk reparations? They should start with the galleries.”

The Krewe, on the other hand, was a gallery by and about and for the Black community, and artists like Blaise who worked solely in the un-curated here and now. The curator in charge of the small Lumumba exhibit was a mysterious high yellow fellow, who, in spite of the cool temperatures, was sweating profusely.

Lumumba’s body had been dismembered and dissolved in acid, his bones crushed and scattered. His tooth, however, was saved; kept by a Belgian policeman for decades, a body part turned into a family heirloom. No one knew where the tooth was kept for all this time, until now, when it was exhibited at The Krewe.

Blaise knew he would get his work shown there some day. Or maybe even at The Met. But that day would likely only happen if something *really bad* happened to a Black person, he said. Something would happen to pull back the veil and reveal how “them powers that be” really felt about Black people; the scariest part was the mirror beneath the veil that shone a back a face that didn’t feel a thing. Then the nation would repent a little come February, like clockwork. It was always easier to celebrate contributions made by the dead.



THE CLUB OF FRAUDS

A high-tech literary thriller by Paul Glennon

Estimated length: 90,000 words | Estimated delivery date: January 2023

FOUCAULT'S PENDULUM MEETS THE CRYING OF LOT 49, WITH A DOSE OF HITCHCOCKIAN MCGUFFINRY

Aldon Bakker is a man who tells lies for fun and profit on the internet, so when he's entrusted with the delivery of a mysterious notebook as a dying wish of tech billionaire and old rival Grant Wisniewski, he's reluctant to do the job. Aldon and Grant were the founding members of the group of recreational hoaxers calling themselves The Club of Frauds. Surely this is Grant Wisniewski's last great hoax? Grant, it would seem, would like Aldon to believe that the world is run by a hidden cabal of artificial intelligences called The Patronage. The notebook is crucial to their plans and their undoing. Aldon is having none of it – he and The Club of Frauds invented The Patronage.

But as Aldon's professional, digital, and financial life is dismantled, he's forced to play along to deliver the notebook to his paranoid former co-conspirator Brother Victor, now in retreat at a monastery in the Italian Apennine mountains.

Aldon becomes the pawn of forces bigger than himself: Wisniewski's technology company, its corporate rivals, a neo-luddite terrorist group calling themselves The Heynows, and perhaps even the remaining members of The Club of Frauds. Their incremental pressures move Aldon towards a confrontation with his own fabrications and their consequences.

The Club of Frauds explores the bonding power of co-creation, the thrill of being on the inside of a joke, and the disorienting alienation when the jokes on you.

Praise for *The Dodecahedron* (2005)

Shortlisted for the Governor General's Award

"There's a lavish intelligence at work in Glennon's book. He plays with the reader — joining hands at times with her, at other times pushing her forcefully away — but this is a fine model for reading: an experience that is once intellectual and visceral. A Frame for Frames is a worthwhile experiment. It makes something old new again."

— Michael Redhill, **THE GLOBE AND MAIL**

"There is also a hint of Gnosticism in the book, as if part of Glennon is allied with the insane monks of Tenebria, desperate to escape this world of falsehood and waking dreams — a world where even our senses betray us — into an ideal world, a perfect realm, even if a realm of perfect nothingness." — **THE TORONTO STAR**



PHOTO: Tracy Glennon

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PAUL GLENNON was shortlisted for the ReLit Award in 2001 for his short story collection *How Did You Sleep?*, and for the Governor General's Award in 2006 for *The Dodecahedron, or A Frame for Frames*. He has since published the *Bookweird* trilogy of young adult fantasy novels. He won a Sunburst Award in 2011 for *Bookweirder*, the second book in the trilogy. Paul lives in Ottawa, where for the last eighteen years he's been a Software Product Manager, a strange and wonderful job where you are responsible for the success of the product, yet nobody reports to you.

IT WAS AN ordinary notebook. I paid no attention to the executive assistant's warnings about reading it in public. That would be Grant, mystifying. I had a sense of what this was, the game that was being played. It was another round of the Club of Tedious Frauds. Grant's last round? I'd expected something ancient and arcane: Nostradamus' Last Predictions, Robert Fludd's Alchemical Notebook, Annals of the Tenebrious Temple, Immortal Insights of the Count of Saint Germain. There ought to be bits of mistranscribed Latin and Greek, some cabalistic Hebrew, some magic squares, pentagrams, chiromantic hands, perhaps a sefirot for illustration.

The reality was more mundane and perhaps more interesting. It was a plain cardboard and grey canvas-bound book in A5 size, perhaps not exactly to ISO standard. I wondered if this was a Moleskine joke. A lot of people think that a mole skin notebook is an actual historical thing, but it's just a generic term used by the French bookseller and immortalized by travel writer Bruce Chatwin in the eighties. In 1997 an Italian stationery company copyrighted the word and started producing the notebooks every creative pretender carries like a badge.

I could see Grant running with this minor fraud, pretending to have found the original pre-Chatwin mole skin notebook. Surely he would have sourced actual mole skin to complete that joke though? This was just standard oiled canvas, convincingly worn. The pages inside were faintly lined with black ink. The writing throughout was in varied shapes of blue, blurred as if written with a fountain pen or a simulation thereof. Not a single character used a recognized alphabet. It might have been a variation of Moon's glyphs combined with some fanciful runic-type characters. It might and most possibly be total gobbledygook.

I leafed through it, right there on the train, not caring who saw. If Grant had sent people to watch me they could report that I was careless and he would know that I was not playing along. The notebook had a few blank pages in the middle but was otherwise crammed fairly tightly. It had been filled in two directions, from the front and the back. Paragraph indentations in the forward text suggested that this was supposed to be some sort of narrative text or diary, but there were a few bulleted lists, some underlining, the occasional daggered or double daggered footnote. The back pages were filled a series of tables containing the only characters I recognized – standard Arabic numbers, dot-separated on the thousands digit, like the Europeans do, commas on the decimal – some sort of accounting, an inventory, perhaps a ledger.

The whole train ride back home I tried to guess what I was supposed to think this was. Codes to decommissioned Soviet nuclear sites? Banking transactions?



THE AFTER

A novel by Carrienne K. Y. Leung

70,000 words | Manuscript available: October 2022

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

First came the announcement: “Faster than anticipated destruction of the ecosystems. Tipping point. Mass extinction.”

Ten years later life, as humanity knew it, was over. With the collapse of everything, people had two choices: to live, or to “leave by choice.” Suicide. The world had broken down and now everyone was on their own. Or were they?

Just because it’s the end of the world doesn’t mean that suddenly nothing is happening. Lovers, like Pauline, are still mourning for lost loved ones; teenagers such as Jason are still going through identity crises; and small, lonely girls like Jing find companionship by befriending crows.

The end may have come for planet Earth, but in a small neighbourhood in the suburbs, community members of both the human and animal varieties work side-by-side in order to survive.

The After is a novel replete with hope for a new beginning in the face of despair. Carrienne Leung brings deft insight into humanity’s reaction to the approaching finale, and reveals what really matters to them in their last moments.

Praise for Leung’s Debut Story Collection *That Time I Loved You*

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

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

“Crystalline prose, sharp storytelling, and pitch-perfect narration enhance Leung’s accessible and affecting depiction of how cruelty undermines and kindness fortifies people’s sense of community.” — **PUBLISHERS WEEKLY**



PHOTO: Sarah Couture

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

CARRIANNE LEUNG's 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. She lives in Toronto with her son.

RIGHTS SOLD

CANADA: HarperCollins, January 2024
USA: tk

WHEN “THE ANNOUNCEMENT” CAME, it had screamed from every radio, every TV, every newspaper and social media feed. It was the official notice from those men in high towers running things that they had finally thrown in the proverbial towel into the ring. The Announcement had a name, a long name, and it was a report signed by all the scientists in the whole damn world, but the humans just called it, “The Announcement.” Something to do with the faster-than-anticipated destruction of ecosystems. Something to do with tipping points. Something like the 6th (or is it 7th?) mass extinction. And honestly, most of the islands in the Pacific were already buried and long gone. Mass evacuations had begun years ago. Some parts of the globe had already been razed by fires, devastated, obliterated, experienced it like the canary in the mine that never made it out. But of course, those with the means in the North (or was it West?) kept up their cars, their central heating in the winter, the central air in the summer and pushed it deep down into the small recesses of their brain where all the unspeakable dread dwelled. That is, until it caught up with them too.

In the broadcast, the men in black suits backed by the men in white lab coats said they didn’t know when the end of the human species would come when pressed by the journalists. It will be gradual, they said. It may take decades. There were things they could not account for, things that they could not measure with their billion-dollar tools and technologies. They only knew that the atmosphere, the weather systems, the sea...all were changing more rapidly than they could know. In other words, it wouldn’t be like a meteor falling and obliterating the dinosaurs all at once. One of the men in black, wearing mirrored sunglasses tried to wax poetic by referencing T.S. Eliot. He whispered hoarsely into the microphone, “It won’t be a bang, it will be a whimper.”

* * *

Before the Announcement, there had been food riots. Then fires, the police, the new military zones, the fortifying of the neighbourhoods of the rich and then those who had the money fled to walled communities called the Domes. The leftover people knew because jobs at the Dome were the only things on offer anymore, but it meant leaving the city and their families behind. Word on the street was that the Domes were fortresses, except the Domes was under glass with their own weather system and instead of a moat full of crocodiles, the communities were secured with land mines and invisible laser fences that would fry you like a moth too close to flame. Also, once in, you could never leave. That’s the rumor anyway.



THE LIGHT IS BREAKING

An novel by Peter Oliva

Estimated length: 100,000 words | Estimated Delivery Date: October 2022

AN EPIC FAMILY SAGA OF LOVE, CHANCE, AND HEARTBREAK IN ITALY

The Light is Breaking is the story of the Foti family, a chronicle of bergamot landowners, and all around them: the exhumed saints, singers, car salesmen, maids, and Mafiosi that circle their lives. It begins with a woman who was born in Calabria in 1925 to a wealthy Italian family. After she meets and marries an impresario, her story washes back to 1848, and then moves quickly forward, following the family's estate and its inhabitants from one romance to the next, until the woman and each of her five sisters are buried in their unlikely graves.

Based on a true story, *The Light is Breaking* is about the price of love and the street-smart nobility of mad dreamers. Peter Oliva has been visiting Italy since the 1970s, when he met a remarkable woman who took him into her home. He spent much of his youth at her kitchen table, at her elbow, listening to her family's origins, and his own, setting down a tale of headstrong suitors, tragicomedy, and impossible love.

With these stories, collected over decades, Oliva spans the extraordinary distance between Calabria and Sicily. This family's migration is much more than a physical one from one place to another, however. It depicts the subtle difference between hope and a leap of the imagination that is common to us all.

About *The City Of Yes* by Peter Oliva (1999)

Winner of the Writers Trust Award for Fiction, 2000

"An exquisite verbal labyrinth... A tenderly funny hymn to the romance between two cultures." – THE NATIONAL POST

"The City of Yes is a brilliant juggling act, a novel at once erudite and poetic, that explores a mythic place in our imaginations and brings us a little closer to the reality that is Japan." – THE TORONTO STAR

"A charming, deft, and gently humorous novel... Every sentence possesses polished elegance" — THE LITERARY REVIEW OF CANADA

"Oliva has proven himself to be one of Canada's finest literary authors with The City of Yes." – QUILL AND QUIRE

"A delightful, poignant, and fully engaging story... Wonderfully inventive." – THE GLOBE AND MAIL

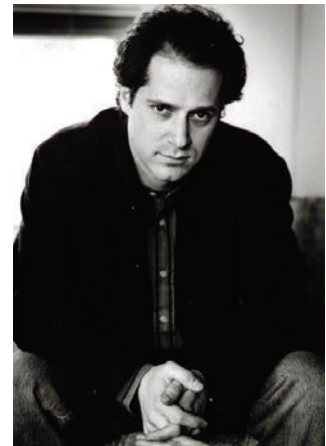


PHOTO: Don Denton

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PETER OLIVA is a novelist and journalist whose work has appeared in Canada, France, Spain, Italy, and Japan. His writing has been called "a Calvino-like intersection of art and reality," and "a complex meditation on suffering and love." He has written for numerous periodicals, including *Brick*, *Canadian Geographic*, *The Globe & Mail*, and Japan's largest newspaper, *The Daily Yomiuri*. He has published two acclaimed novels, *Drowning in Darkness* (Cormorant Press, 1994) and *The City of Yes* (McClelland and Stewart, 1999). Peter Oliva established the renowned Calgary bookstore, Pages on Kensington. He was raised in Italy and Canada, and has studied Japanese in Saitama, Japan. He lives in Calgary with his wife and two daughters.

<https://www.peteroliva.com/>

THE LIGHT IS BREAKING AN EXCERPT

1973. That was the year my father's Volkswagen fell apart like an old shoe. He called this van The Orange Lemon, because it was bright orange, and because it had a habit of breaking down and conspiring against all our plans.

We were a family of five. There was my father, a bookish fellow on his first sabbatical leave. He had plans to lecture in London. There was my mother, a nurse who had thick black hair and looked more Italian than my father. My brother John, who was four; all the waitresses fell in love with his big ears. He cried whenever he was put down, so he was usually in my mother's arms. She would later say that John went to Europe and his feet never touched the ground.

Your brother is a kite, she said. Then she picked him up, from wherever he was, and set him on her hip.

There was my evil sister Lisa, a small, blonde thing, six years old, who wore yellow clogs on her feet. I was eight, full of serious plans, and I followed my father wherever he went.

We left Canada in January, and picked up the van in Norway. By springtime, we'd traveled through hundreds of campgrounds, all over Scandinavia, Germany, France and Spain. Near Reggio di Calabria, at the tip of the boot, my father smelled gasoline. So he drove into town, to the only Volkswagen dealer in the city, and we watched my father perform the ritual we'd seen in every city from Oslo to Messina. He reached for a dictionary and said, wait here, I'll be right back.

Inside the dealership, my father flipped through the pages of his dictionary, and said, in Italian, Please, you must excuse me. Then, after a time, he said, I have the perfume of gasoline. Can you help? The woman in front of him was short. She had black hair and we would come to know her as The Senora. She'd listened as my father cut up the language, and she winced. She brought him to a waiting room with red leatherette furniture. There were hundreds of photographs all over the walls. Cab Calloway, Louis Armstrong, Josephine Baker. All of them were signed, and my father—who played the piano as young man—was suitably impressed. He had trouble reading his dictionary. He would describe the photographs to us later by saying, "It was like standing in God's office."

I would later learn that we used God's name more liberally in America than in Europe. "In the old country," Serafina Foti said, "God doesn't show up so often."

Entering from another room, a well-dressed man startled my father out of his meditations. The man had curly hair, tight against his head, and he smelled like olive oil. He wore a red vest and crisp black pants. The man listened to my father repeat his hard-earned phrases: from scusa to aiuto. And then the man answered, in perfect English, How can I be of service?

We walked out of that room, past The Senora, his black-haired secretary, and we squeezed ourselves into an old silver Audi. The man, whose name was Don Carlo Mazzone, and who smelled like olive oil, took us for lunch. There, in the dining room, under a portrait of a fisherman that had been painted with a finger, we ate.

And we stayed a year.



MOON OF THE TURNING LEAVES

A novel by Waubgeshig Rice

Length: 304 pages | Manuscript available: September 2022

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. Twelve long years since the steady supply of food and fuel from the south became a thing of the past.

The sudden end of the world as everybody knew it, and the horrors of that first winter since everything became dark, only steeled the resolve of Evan Whitesky and the other members of the Anishinaabe community to survive on their own terms. Because the world wasn't ending, as the community elders reminded them. It had already ended with the original displacement of their people to the far north by colonial authorities. They have seen this "apocalypse" before. They've seen it—lived it—over and over. But they had always survived.

Now, years after the power went out, Evan, his teenage daughter Nangohns, and a small team of resourceful community members have resolved to venture south on a 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 challenges they face, hope continues to drive them forward, leading them ultimately to an astounding discovery at destination's end.

Praise for *Moon Of The Crusted Snow*

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

"The rising literary star has created an unsettling story about a snowbound northern Anishinaabe community, where a post-apocalyptic 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



PHOTO: James Hodgins

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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 latest novel, *Moon of the Crusted Snow*, was released in October 2018.

RIGHTS SOLD

Canada: Random House, fall 2023

US: Morrow, fall 2023

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-propeller 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.



TO THE BRIDGE

A novel by Yasuko Thanh

272 book pages | Manuscript available: August 2022

FROM THE WINNER OF THE 2016 ROGERS WRITERS' TRUST FICTION PRIZE COMES A STORY THAT DEALS WITH EVERY PARENTS' WORST NIGHTMARE: A CHILD'S SUICIDE ATTEMPT

The day started out ordinarily enough for Rose Duncan, her husband Syd, and their daughter Juliet. Another routine Sunday before the usual weekday grind. It was as the day was coming to a close that Rose was beckoned into Juliet's room, and as soon as she stepped inside, she immediately knew that something was different when she detected the smell of vomit permeating the air. At first, in shock, she thought her daughter was hungover, but when Juliet asked to take a few days off from school, Rose's mind shifted to another conclusion and she prepared herself to hear the words, "I'm pregnant."

What followed was something far worse: five words that upended the life Rose thought she and her family were living and made her question everything she knew:

I tried to kill myself.

And then—

I only told you because it didn't work.

Praise for Yasuko Thanh

"*Mysterious Fragrance of the Yellow Mountains will carry you away with the startling clarity of its language—you will almost forget you are reading at all. Until, that is, you are drawn up short by the uncanny sense that this book is not really about the past at all ... that it is instead directly addressing you, the reader.*" — JOHANNA SKIBSRUD, *Scotiabank Giller Prize-winning author of The Sentimentalists*

"*On rare occasions, you read a book that gives you the sense it had to be written, that the impulse to get these words on the page was more about necessity than choice. Books such as those are full of passion, pain, and urgency, and offer the kind of triumph you feel lucky to witness. Mistakes to Run With is one such book – it feels driven by the compulsion to document, by the urgent human desire to be heard. And when every detail has been shared, every unvarnished truth thoughtfully relayed, Thanh makes you want to stand up and cheer the accomplishment.*" — THE GLOBE AND MAIL



PHOTO: Don Denton

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

YASUKO's story collection *Floating Like the Dead* was published by McClelland & Stewart in 2012 and 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. CBC hailed Yasuko Thanh one of ten writers to watch in 2013. 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 biography, *Mistakes to Run With*, was a national bestseller. Yasuko lives in Victoria, B.C., with her two children.

RIGHTS SOLD

Canada: Hamish Hamilton, Spring 2023

THIS IS A STORY about reckoning, about people around the world inhaling for the first and exhaling for the last time while I spin, infinitesimally small, in the grand scheme of things. A mother at this point in time, not too distant from the primordial soup that existed before God said, Let's turn on the lights. My journey from soup to fish to bird to quadruped, our world from darkness and nothing to x-ray machines and transplant units, the mutation of cells magnified by a zoom lens to the focused beam of a million years and movement through the ages seen through a telescope. From Juliet's birth to the two of us, sitting on Juliet's carpet.

That is one way to tell the story. The blues. The bottom-of-the-river blues that wash you away, slip you downstream, and when you try to catch hold, end up with only the current in your hand, your closed fist. The other way begins here, with my daughter, her face green.

Here I am.

And death as a friend. "When it gets too much, I'll help."

* * *

I see Juliet's birth, her hand in mine. Juliet's voice asks, "Have you seen all there is to see?" Her lips don't move but I hear her as clearly as a bird. "Last chance to dance. Bet it all. Let it ride." Then I suddenly find myself in a hospital bathroom with handrails, Juliet on the toilet, pee tinkling in the bowl. "You've heard of privacy, right?"

"You surrendered your right to privacy when you tried to kill yourself."

I say those words, "kill yourself," aloud for the first time.

"There's nothing for me to kill myself with in here," Juliet says.

"I don't care." Which, of course, contradicts my true feelings.

She wipes in disgust, flushes, pushes her IV pole back to bed and gets tangled in the tubing maneuvering onto the mattress, cannula bruises on her arm like the defense wounds of an assault victim. "You're making too big a deal of this."

Completely taken aback, feeling like she stabbed me, I say, "Stealing a tube of lipstick is not a big deal. Failing an exam. Staying out all night. But life and death? That's as big a deal as it gets."

"What-ev." A sadness, the sadness of having survived, passes over her face and then she's back to smiling as though this is a gory horror movie she's watching, not starring in.



THE BOOK OF RAIN

A novel by Thomas Wharton

94,000 words | Final page proofs now available

INSPIRED BY DAVID MITCHELL'S *CLOUD ATLAS* AND RICHARD POWERS' *THE OVERSTORY*, THE AUTHOR OF THE ACCLAIMED *ICEFIELDS* AND *SALAMANDER* DELIVERS A STUNNING NOVEL OF LITERARY SUSPENSE ABOUT ANTHROPOGENIC ENVIRONMENTAL CHAOS – AND HOPE – IN THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE.

What difference can it make to save the life of one animal?

The Book of Rain begins in the northern mining town of River Meadows, where a valuable ore's strange properties create anomalous effects known as "decoherences" that alter reality and engender environmental collapse, eventually forcing the evacuation of the town. From this beginning the novel follows three intertwining stories:

- Alex Hewitt returns to River Meadows years later to search for his sister Amery, who has disappeared while rescuing animals that have been trapped in the restricted zone.
- Claire, a young woman from River Meadows who now traffics illegal wildlife comes to an island under threat of environmental catastrophe for what she hopes will be her greatest prize yet, only to find herself facing a life-altering choice.
- In a future as distant as myth, a flock of birds sets out on a dangerous journey to prevent the extinction of their ancient enemy, humanity.

Praise for *Icefields* by Thomas Wharton

"Ice, when it is touched, can sear the flesh; in Icefields, it fires the imagination." — **PEOPLE MAGAZINE**

"Careful dialogue, a steady pace and cool, subtle prose." — **NEW YORK TIMES**

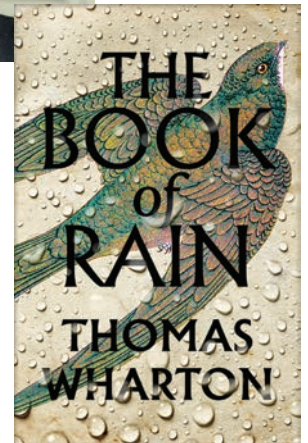
"Wharton has ably captured the turn-of-the-century feel of rural Canada, complete with boosterism, a Victorian adventuress and teahouses in the wilderness." — **THE WASHINGTON POST**

"Wharton writes with a prose style as clear as glacial waters, tempered with brilliant imagery and lucid dialogue." — **THE CALGARY HERALD**

"Icefields is a novel of crystalline beauty from a writer to watch." — **THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**



PHOTO: Mary Sperle



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

THOMAS WHARTON has been published in Canada, the US, the UK, France, Italy, and Japan. His first novel, *Icefields*, won the 1996 Commonwealth Writers' Prize for Best First Book in Canada and the Caribbean and was also a 2008 CBC Canada Reads pick. His next book, *Salamander*, was shortlisted for the 2001 Governor-General's Award for Fiction and was also a finalist for the Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize the same year. In 2006, Wharton's collection of stories *The Logogryph* was shortlisted for the International Dublin Literary Award. Thomas Wharton lives with his family and his chickens near Edmonton, Alberta.

thomaswharton.ca

RIGHTS SOLD

Canada: Random House, March 2023
French Canada: Editions Alto, fall 2023
French ex-North America: Editions Payot & Rivages

Prologue: The Others

BEFORE WE WERE HERE, this was their world. They lived their urgent, unstoried lives, each nameless generation passing on without ever knowing the unbroken poem of continuance in their cells. More than once fire, ice, drought, and death from the sky winnowed their numbers to the edge of silence, but they endured, struggled back from the brink, and flourished again, filling the skies, the waters, the land.

Time was an ocean of now. There was no history, no future.

Then we came. And now it's Tuesday afternoon.

Without warning the connections all go down. In the sudden muteness of our devices the chatter in our own heads is deafening. Desperate to escape it we leave our apartments and offices and classrooms and gather on the paths and lawns of the municipal park. There are stalled, silent cars in the street, suggesting that whatever knocked out our signals and screens struck here too. People move slowly, uncertainly, wading like reluctant swimmers in a strange new element. This had been an ordinary working afternoon, but now the rest of the day, the week, has suddenly become unhitched, like a trailer rolling off by itself to the side of a road. All the unfinished projects, the tasks we've been putting off until later, the reports we were supposed to have ready by Friday that we haven't even started yet, and everything else that needs doing before the week's end: the long-postponed checkup and cleaning at the dentist's, the trip to the home reno store to return those light bulbs that were the wrong size, the parent-teacher interview that we hoped would explain how our bright, articulate offspring could be doing so poorly in both math and English. It's all still real, and pressing, but somehow now on the other side of an unthinkable chasm no one knows how to cross.

We want to know what's gone wrong. We want to know how long we'll have to wait before things return to normal. Rumours and speculation gush like a punctured oil pipeline, but no one has any real information yet. At first people fret and grumble and curse whoever is responsible for the disruption, but it's clear there isn't much eagerness to return to the heaps of work everyone has waiting for them. The strings that bound us have begun to loosen in the warm afternoon air, the first perfect blue-sky day after what seemed like weeks of grey drizzle.

We feel past due for a little relief...

But something's missing, something that keeps us from giving in completely, even if we don't know what it is.

Then someone asks, Where are the birds?

