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‘A poignant novel exploring the complexities of childhood grief, its many manifestations and its healing’

*Irish Times*

‘A haunting and unforgettable new novel . . . a beautiful story of love, healing and strange magic. Resonant of classics such as *The Owl Service* by Alan Garner, *Whistle Down the Wind* by Mary Hayley Bell and *Skellig* by David Almond . . . Sally Nicholls is simply an exceptionally talented writer’

*Lovereading*

‘Poignant and gripping . . . Sally Nicholls intertwines ancient myths of pagan gods with an emotive and touching love story’

*The Bookseller*

‘Nicholls is a writer of enormous power and strength, using an ancient myth in new and surprising ways.

A wonderful, evocative, lively book’

*Literary Review*

‘The balance the author strikes between metaphor and character-driven plot cannot be faulted’

*Financial Times*

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*The i*

‘This is a gripping novel . . . children who love  
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*The Times*

‘Romantic and inspiring’

*Sunday Times*

SEASON  
OF  
SECRETS

SALLY NICHOLLS



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*To my family,*

*For sticking around.*



*I'm Molly. Molly Alice Brooke on school registers. If you're a friend of mine, or someone in my family maybe, then I'm Moll too. If you're an adult in my family, which right now is complicated, then I'm love, or Molly-love, or Curly-Mop, or Sweetheart. At my old school I was Molly-Mop. At Christmas I was an Angel and a Hotelkeeper.*

*Names are important. Everyone has one, except really tiny babies maybe, or stray dogs, or people who've forgotten who they are. And even stray dogs and people with amnesia have names. They've just forgotten them.*

*And then there's my man. He didn't have any name at all.*







# 1

## THE ROMAN ROAD

It's raining when we come up the hill from school today. A sudden, heavy flash of rainstorm; here then gone. Hannah sticks her school bag over her head and stamps through the puddles.

'Back *home* we never had to walk in the rain. Back *home* someone would've picked us up. In a *car*.'

'They wouldn't have just driven down a street to get us,' I say. Hannah's always so sure she's right. Talking to her leaves me full of half-finished arguments, dangling fights I know I should have won. If Mum and Dad were here they wouldn't drive down a poxy hill just to save us getting wet. We only got picked up at home because we went to some stupid school miles across town. 'We had to wait at after-school club till

someone finished work. And then we had to do shopping. And if it was gymnastics or piano we had to have tea in the car. In a *box*. And—’

‘At least *someone* came,’ says Hannah. ‘Someone *cared*.’

*Someone* is Mum.

‘Grandpa cares,’ I say, but I don’t think she hears me. Hannah is one and a half years older than me, yet she takes up about one and a half million times more space.

The trees in the gardens up the hill rustle, as if they’re talking about us. But trees don’t talk. I look at them over my shoulder, all rain-dropped and rain-drooped, and hurry after Hannah.

She’s pushing open the door to Grandpa’s shop. She stands inside and shakes herself, drops of water smattering the bread and the biscuits, leaving dark spatters on the newspapers in their rack.

‘I *hate* this place!’ she says. Loudly.

I come in small behind her. I don’t hate this place. Grandpa and Grandma’s shop. It’s poky and dark and higgledy-piggledy. It sells a mess of things I’ve never seen in normal shops, like Eccles cakes and Ordnance Survey maps and home-made jam, next to ordinary

boringables like Coco Pops and Fairy Liquid. There's a misty fridge with milk bottles with JONES and ENTLY written across them in felt tip, in case people go home with the wrong bottle. You can order more exotic things – mangoes or ricotta cheese – if you don't mind waiting for the van, though most people don't, they just go to Tesco's. In one corner, there's a metal grille where the post office used to be and in another are baskets of earthy potatoes and onions. It has a friendly, muddly smell all its own: newspaper and bleach and earth.

Grandma's leaning against the counter, writing in a big accounts book. She looks up when we come in and her face tightens.

'Hannah Brooke,' she says. 'Have a bit of sense now! Stop dripping all over the floor. Go on,' she says, when Hannah doesn't move. 'Get upstairs and into something dry.'

Hannah kicks the shelf.

'No!' she shouts, and then her face screws up like she's going to cry. 'I want to go home,' she says instead, ridiculously.

Grandma doesn't fight her, like Mum would have

done, but you can tell she's angry. She comes out from behind the till, presses her hand on Hannah's shoulder and pushes her through the door into the kitchen, where Grandpa's mashing the tea and whistling.

'Upstairs,' she tells Grandpa. 'Clean clothes. Now.' And she stalks back into the shop.

Hannah's face twists. It's pink and white with cold, and streaked with blue dye where her bag's run in the rain. You can see the fight boiling up inside her.

'*Go and die in a field!*' she screams at the door and Grandma's back. Then she runs out of the room, up the stairs.

Me and Grandpa are left in the kitchen. Grandpa rubs at his face, just the way my dad does. He breathes in this big breath – I can see his stomach rising, under the faded check cloth of his shirt. It's gone a nasty yellow around his neck and against the cuffs. My dad's shirts are always stiff and clean and white: you button him up all the way to his throat and there he is, locked up safe and going nowhere. But Grandpa Lived Through A War, so he wears things till they fall apart.

'All right, love?' he says now, and I nod.

‘*You* don’t want me to die in a field, do you?’ he says, and I shake my head.

‘You shouldn’t listen to Hannah,’ I tell him. ‘She’s always like that. Dad should have put her in an orphanage or something, instead of sending her here. She would have liked that, I expect,’ I add, virtuous, ‘since she doesn’t want to live here.’

Grandpa comes over and pats my shoulder. ‘Now, now,’ he says, in an absent sort of way. ‘No one’s going to any orphanage.’

But why not? If Dad could send us here, he could send us anywhere.

I go through the back door of the shop, into the hall and up the narrow stairs. The shop is part of Grandma and Grandpa’s house, so all of their rooms are muddled: the kitchen is downstairs, next to the storeroom, but the living room is upstairs. At night, when I lie in bed, the light from the television flickers against the landing wall, and studio laughter plays across my dreams. Everything is darker here, and older. Nothing matches, so you’ll have our old settee from Newcastle next to a high-backed red chair with feet like

a lion. There's a dark wood bookcase, with glass doors, where Delia Smith and Dick Francis sit beside ancient cloth-bound books with gold and silver printed up the spine.

The room I have here was Auntie Meg's when she was my age. It's got horrible yellow wallpaper and a grown-up picture of a tree, and a yellowy sink in the corner that doesn't work. Some of my things are here – my old bear Humphrey, my best books, my art things. But nearly all of my stuff is still at home, because we're not staying here for ever, just until Dad gets things Sorted Out.

Whenever that is.

I take dry clothes out of the wardrobe – blue jeans and my soft yellow jumper – but I don't put them on. I wrap my arms around them and stand by the window looking out over the garden. The rain is rat-a-tat-tat-ing on the roof and streaming down the windows. The trees are roaring with the wind in them, more like they're fighting now than talking.

'Listen!' Mum would say, if she was here. 'There's a night with a devil in it.'

It wouldn't be a bad thing – the devil in the night – but something exciting. Mum loved thunder-and-

rainstorms. If she were here now, like if we were staying with Grandpa and Grandma because it was a holiday maybe, we'd all go out and jump in the puddles. Even Hannah would, probably.

It's not dark yet, but you can tell that tonight isn't going to be fun. The sky is full of anger and the trees are raging like they want to kill someone. Standing here alone by the window, I almost believe in a devil in the rain.

Inside, the house is full of fighting too. I can hear Hannah next door, crying. I can hear Grandma downstairs, her voice high and angry, and Grandpa, murmuring at her.

I put on my dry clothes and climb into bed, pulling the funny old-fashioned quilt-and-blanket over my head. I get my book out and read, trying not to listen to the loneliness of being alone in a house full of noise. I'm reading *Three Cheers, Secret Seven*, which is Secret Seven book eight, so when I'm done I'll only need to read six more and I'll have read all the Famous Five and Secret Seven books there are.

Outside, the rain falls quieter now.

It's getting dark.

‘Molly? Are you there?’

Hannah is standing in the doorway, still in her wet clothes. There are two wet patches on her shoulders where the water’s run off her hair and on to her jumper.

‘Come on,’ she says. ‘Quick – before they find us.’

‘What are we doing?’

‘*Sbbb.*’ She clutches my arm and pulls me to the edge of the bed. ‘We’re going home. We’re running away.’

This is so surprising that for a moment I can only blink at her. This is way more my sort of thing than Hannah’s. I’ve read loads of books about people running away. Hannah only reads *Girl Talk* and *Top of the Pops* magazine. She’ll have no idea what to do.

‘Hey,’ I say. ‘*Hannaab.* Stop *pulling.* We need to pack. Sleeping bags – and food – and a knife – and toothpaste—’

‘Where d’you think we’re going?’ says Hannah. ‘The Arctic? We don’t need any of that stuff. We’ll just walk to Hexham and get the train.’

There’s a big map of Northumberland up on the landing. Hannah and I count off the miles to Hexham on the old Roman road.



‘Seven – eight – nine – ten. Ten miles! We can walk that. Come on!’

She drags me downstairs. I want to argue, but I don’t want Grandma to hear. Tonight isn’t a night to be running away. It’s dark and furious outside.

‘We can’t walk ten miles,’ I say. ‘*Hannaab*. That’ll take ages. It’s *miles*. Can’t we go in the morning?’

‘We’re going *now*,’ says Hannah. She tugs on my arm and I nearly fall.

‘What about Grandpa? What’ll he do when he finds we’ve gone?’

‘Who cares?’ says Hannah. She lets go of my sleeve and starts rummaging through the coats on the rack. I can hear the radio playing next door in the kitchen, and the hiss of fat from Grandpa frying sausages.

‘Hannah?’

‘*What?*’

‘What about Dad?’

Hannah stops, one arm half-into her jacket.

‘What *about* Dad?’

‘Won’t he just send us back here?’

There’s a silence. I look up. Hannah’s standing perfectly still, her jacket still dangling from one arm.

‘I don’t care,’ she says, ‘what Dad does. And I don’t care what he says. I’m not staying here any longer.’ And she pulls open the door, wet wind blowing into the porch, and runs into the night.

I hesitate for a moment. Then I run out after her.

Once outside, the air is wet and cold, and full of the smell and icy spat of rain. The wind blows the hood of my jumper up against the back of my head. My coat’s still hanging on the peg, and behind me the door slams shut. We’re locked outside.

‘Hannah!’ I shout. ‘Hannah! Wait for me!’

Someone answers, but I can’t tell from where. To my left, the lane curls out across the fields and up on to the moor. To my right, it slopes down the hill into the village, curving round across the village green and over the humpback bridge, past the church and the school and the little pub with the swinging Full Moon sign with the picture of the man in the moon. Is it up the lane or through the village to get to Hexham? Hannah would know, but I don’t. I go up, out of the village.

It’s dark. Much darker than it ever gets at home. No street lights. No torch. I have to feel for every step,

arms outstretched in case I fall; I can hardly see where I'm going. I splash straight into a puddle.

'Hannaab!'

I duck my head, screw up my eyes against the rain and stump up the lane. The wind rushes through the trees, sending the rain back to blow in my face. I stumble and almost fall. It's the devil in the night – the devil in the storm. It's in the trees. I stop walking. I don't want to go to Hexham on my own. I don't even know how to get there. In fact, the further I go, the more certain I am that Hannah's gone the other way.

Or maybe she's gone back to Grandpa's and left me here alone.

It's so pitchy-black and rainy, it's hard to tell how far I've gone. The moon's risen; a silver thumbnail shining through dark, rushing clouds. The lane has narrowed and the trees on the steep banks are closer. They send long, dark branch-fingers looming and roaring over my head.

'I'm not afraid,' I say, out loud.

Because now I can hear something coming. Someone. Feet. Feet, running towards me. My heart jumps. Who would be out on a wild night like this?

Alone, without a torch? It's the devil – I know it is. I turn and stumble-run up the bank, slipping and almost falling in the mud. I'm not going to make it. I'm going to be in the lane when he comes. My breath comes out in raggedy gasps and I think I'm almost crying. There is something so sinister about the running footsteps – dark noises alone in a black night – that stops my heart. But then there I am, almost in the hedgerow. I grab on to the branch of a hawthorn tree, thorns catching at my jumper and my fingers, and hold my breath.

And here he is. A dark shape, bent and running. It's a man, low and strong. He's so close I can hear his breath catch in his throat.

And then he's past, off down the road to the village. But now I can hear other noises – a horn, then another horn, and another. Coming closer. Horses. Dogs, barking. *Baying*. That's what dogs do, in hunts, when they smell their prey.

The running man has heard them. He looks back. His face is white in the darkness and wet with rain. He isn't wearing shoes, or a shirt. I can see his chest, rising and falling. I can feel how frightened he is. Who is he? Who's chasing him?

And then the dogs are here.

They charge round the corner and pour on to him. They're huge, more like wolves than dogs. He falls, lifting his arms to cover his face. And now the huntsmen are here, black shapes on tall horses. The lead huntsman stops and raises his head, and I have to clench my lips to stop myself screaming. He's got *horns* growing out of his hair, great tall antlers rising up out of the sides of his head. I press myself deep into the hawthorn tree until twigs dig into my back and thorns tear at my jumper. *Don't see me. Don't see me. Don't see me.*

The lead huntsman sits tall on his tall horse. He raises a black hunting horn to his lips and blows, a long clear note.

I squeeze my eyes shut tight.

And . . .

. . . they're gone.

I don't move. I keep my eyes shut. I can still smell the horses and the huntsmen, but the noises have gone. All I can hear is my heart and the quick, snuffly sound of my breath going in-and-out-and-in-and-out. And the rain. They must still be there, they must, they must—

There's a noise. A small one, something shifting, pebbles moving. I open my eyes. The lane is empty. The horses – the man – the dogs – they've gone. But something's still there, scrabbling in the lane.

Hawthorn trees aren't made to be held on to. They have too many prickles and not enough big branches. I shift and slip and slide into the lane, mud all down my legs and back. I struggle and fall forward. On to something – *someone* warm.

I scream. I scream and scream and hands come up and hold my shoulders, warm, living hands.

'Hush. Shhh. Shhh.' The voice is low and strong against the rain. I scramble back, terrified, and the hands let go. 'No one's going to hurt you. Shhh.'

It's not the hunter. It's the other one. The hunted man.

All of a sudden, I start to cry, gaspy, shuddery sobs. The hunted man sits back and watches me. I can see in the darkness that he's young, that his face is wet with sweat and rain, that his hair curls.

'There,' he says, in his low voice. 'Nobody's hurt. Nobody's hurting you.'

'You're hurt,' I say.

He is. His legs are all torn up by the wolf-dogs. Dark blood oozes out and over the ragged cloth of his trousers, rain and cloth and blood. Sobs shudder up inside me again and I look quickly away.

‘Nobody’s hurt,’ he says, again. He looks at me. ‘Are you far from home?’ I shake my head, and, ‘Go home,’ he says. ‘You shouldn’t be out at night. Didn’t your mother tell you that?’

‘My mother’s dead,’ I say, and I start crying again.

There’s a noise in the lane, bushes rustling. I tense, squeezing my stomach to keep the tears inside. The man grips my arm and lifts his nose like an animal, sniffing danger.

There’s a rustle from the bushes and a bird rises; a crow I think, wings flapping madly and then gone. The man’s grip on my arm relaxes and I hiccup, aware suddenly of how stupid I must look, snot and tears dripping down my face, covered in mud.

The hunted man leans forward. ‘Go home,’ he says again, more urgently. ‘Do you want the wild hunt to find you?’ But I’m frightened again and don’t answer. He grips my arm. ‘Go well,’ he says. ‘Go safely. But go now.’

There are only the two of us in the darkness, only the two of us in the whole world. I don't want to leave him, but I don't want to stay here either. I stumble back to my feet and down the lane, to home.





## 2

### NOWHERE MAN

I've not gone far when I see a torch, and hear a voice calling.

'Molly! Molly!'

'Grandma!' I run straight into her.

'Molly!' She holds me to her, then pulls me away and shakes me; not hard, but enough to shock me. 'What did you want to run off like that for? Haven't we all got enough to worry about?'

'I didn't—' I say, and I start crying all over again. Grandma puts her arm round me.

'Hey, shush. *Shush*. None of that. Grandma's got you.' But I remember.

'Grandma! There's a man.'

She pulls back.

‘A man?’

‘He’s hurt.’ I know exactly where he is, by the hawthorn tree. I point. ‘Look.’

Grandma shines her torch where I’m pointing. There’s nothing there but lane.

‘You aren’t telling stories again are you, Moll?’

‘No! Look! I’ll show you!’

I pull her closer.

‘Hey now, Moll, slow down. Easy does it. Where was he?’

‘Here!’ I grab her hand and swing the torch around. There’s the hawthorn tree, and the muddy streak where I fell down the bank, but no man. I run forward trying to see where he’s gone.

‘Hey!’ I call. ‘Where are you?’

‘Moll,’ says Grandma. ‘*Molly!* Come back here. Come on. Tell me what’s going on.’

I run back.

‘There was a man, a weird man, without shoes or a shirt or anything, running down the lane, and then this hunt came out of nowhere, a proper hunt, with dogs – wolves, really – and a man with horns growing out of his head and everything. And the wolves got him, and

they would have got me, only I was hiding. And then they vanished, all the hunt and everyone, except him, and he talked to me and he told me to go well and go safely and go now, so I did and then—'

'And then he vanished,' says Grandma. 'Or turned into a teapot?'

'Yes,' I say. 'I mean, no. He just vanished. But he was here! Look!'

I grab her torch hand again and point it on the patch of lane where he was lying.

'What am I looking at?' grumbles Grandma.

'Here!' I say. 'No – here – no, wait – it's here somewhere, I know it is.' I pull her closer. 'There! Look, it's blood! That's where he was lying!'

It's hard, in the darkness, to tell where the rain and the mud and the bloodstains begin and end. Grandma peers short-sightedly downwards.

'Could be,' she says at last. 'Could be a fox has been out, killing rabbits. Let's go home now, Moll. I'm old and I'm wet through.'

'But the man,' I say. 'He's hurt!'

'If he's not here now,' says Grandma, 'he can't be too badly hurt. If he's got any sense he'll have gone

home too. In any case, I think we should go home and tell Grandpa and Hannah that we've found you.'

So Hannah did go back. I should have known she wouldn't really run away. I feel cheated, suddenly, of my adventure – and my moment as the sensible one. Now I'm the little one, doing the wrong thing again.

Grandma holds out her hand and I take it.

'You think I'm making it up, don't you?' I say. I *did* used to make up stories, when I was little, but I don't any more.

'Me?' says Grandma. 'I think I've got much more important things to worry about.'

Which doesn't exactly mean that she believes me.



### 3

## NIGHT THOUGHTS

Grandpa's coming up the hill when we get back.

'Molly-love—' he says. 'What happened? Are—'

'She's fine,' says Grandma, before I can answer. 'She could do with a bath, though – look at her.'

Grandpa takes me up to the bathroom without saying anything else. He runs the bath. Afterwards he puts me to bed in my narrow little bedroom with a plate of cold sausages and hard, yellow potatoes. He sits on my bed and waits until I'm done. The curtains have been drawn against the night, but I don't look out. I don't like to think about what might still be out there.

'We'll get your things fixed soon,' says Grandpa. 'Bring some of your pictures from home and put them up, eh?'

‘Mmm,’ I say. Dad promised we were only here for a visit. Putting pictures up is a bit too much like staying for good.

‘Dad’s coming on Saturday,’ Grandpa says. ‘That’ll be nice, won’t it?’

‘Yes.’

‘Good.’ He pats my hand, awkwardly. ‘You would tell me if something was bothering you, wouldn’t you, Molly-love? Hannah or school or . . . or anything?’

‘Mmm,’ I say, again. I squirm down further into the bed. Grandpa sighs.

‘All right.’ He creaks up and kisses my forehead. ‘Sleep tight, sweetheart.’

After he’s gone, I lie on my back and stare at the ceiling. Above my head, the rain is pattering on the roof. I remember the hunted man, his voice in the darkness, saying, ‘Nobody’s hurt. Nobody’s hurting you.’ I wonder where he is now. I wonder if he’s found somewhere dry to sleep. I wonder if the hunt has found him.

I remember his hands, holding me, how gentle they were. I remember the kindness in his voice, saying, ‘Shhh. No one’s going to hurt you. Shhh.’



## 4

### THE WORLD ACCORDING TO BOOKS

There's only one thing I like about this bedroom and that's the windowsill. It's big and deep, and if you sit on it with a book and pull the curtains closed behind you, you can pretend you're in a secret room and no one in the world can find you.

I've always been a bookworm, and I've been reading even more since we came here and stopped having drama classes and gymnastics and piano lessons all the time. There's a bookcase in the hall which is full of Dad and Auntie Meg's books from when they were kids. Really old hardback ones like *Peter Pan* and *Swallows and Amazons* and books about girl guides. I know most of them already, because I always read them when we come on visits.

I would like to live in a book. The world works better in books. If you go on picnics, the sun shines. If something gets stolen, you can solve the crime just by thinking hard. If someone's dying, calling 999 will save them. It's always obvious who's good and who's bad, and kids can camp out on moors or go to the North Pole or be world-famous detectives aged only ten.

Everything is simpler, in books. In books, lost fathers always come back from the dead and bullies always get beaten. The sun always shines on your birthday and things always work out right in the end.



# All Fall Down



**SALLY NICHOLLS**

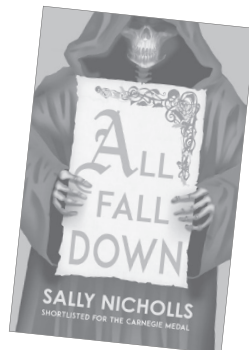
A deadly contagion races through England . . .

Isabel and her family have nowhere to run from a disease that has killed half of Europe. When the world she knows and loves ends for ever, her only weapon is courage.

The Black Death of 1349 was the deadliest plague in human history. *All Fall Down* is a powerful and inspiring story of survival in the face of real-life horror.

'This is a gripping novel'  
*We Love This Book*

'Highly recommended'  
Historical Novel Society



# WHEN THE SKY FALLS

PHIL EARLE

1941. War is raging. And one angry boy has been sent to the city, where bombers rule the skies. There, Joseph will live with Mrs F, a gruff woman with no fondness for children. Her only loves are the rundown zoo she owns and its mighty silverback gorilla, Adonis. As the weeks pass, bonds deepen and secrets are revealed, but if the bombers set Adonis rampaging free, will either of them be able to end the life of the one thing they truly love?

‘A magnificent story . . .

It deserves every prize going’

**Philip Pullman**

‘An extraordinary story with historical and family truth at its heart, that tells us as much about the present as the past. Deeply felt, movingly written, a remarkable achievement’

**Michael Morpurgo**



# A Wolf Called Wander

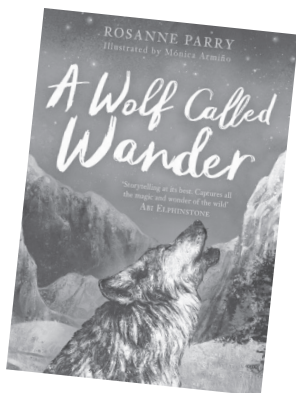
ROSANNE PARRY

A NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

*The wolf star, brightest of all in the summer sky, shines over my home ground. I know every hidden lake and rocky ridge, but if my pack is not in the mountains, then it is no home to me. I feel a howl deep inside, but dare not let it out.*

Swift lives with his pack in the mountains, until one day his home and family are lost. Alone and starving, Swift must make a choice: stay and try to eke out a desperate life on the borders of his old hunting grounds, or strike out and find a new place to call home. The journey Swift must go on is long and full of peril for a lone wolf, and he'll need to take every chance he can. Will he find the courage to survive all by himself?

Inspired by a true story, *A Wolf Called Wander* is about family, courage and survival. With beautiful illustrations from artist Mónica Armiño and an extra factual section about wolves and their environment, this book is perfect for animal lovers.



# WHEN *you* REACH *me*

**REBECCA STEAD**

WINNER OF THE NEWBERY MEDAL  
SHORTLISTED FOR THE WATERSTONES CHILDREN'S BOOK PRIZE

*I am coming to save your friend's life, and my own. I ask two favours. First, you must write me a letter.*

When Miranda starts receiving mysterious notes, she doesn't know what to do. The notes tell her that she must write a letter, a true story, and that she can't share her mission with anyone – not even her (former) best friend, Sal. It would be easy to ignore the strange messages, except that whoever is leaving them appears to have an uncanny ability to predict the future. And if that's the case, Miranda has an even bigger problem – because each note brings her close to believing that only she can prevent a tragic death. Until the final note makes her think she's too late.

'Smart and mesmerising'  
*The New York Times*



# THE *list* OF THINGS THAT WILL *not* CHANGE

**REBECCA STEAD**

*'An absolute original; marvellous, lovely, a story that kids will love'*

R J Palacio, bestselling author of *Wonder*

*Sonia and I have a lot in common. Our parents are divorced. Our dads are gay. We both love barbecue potato chips. But she is different from me in at least one way: You can't tell how she's feeling just by looking at her. At all.*

When Bea's dad and his wonderful partner, Jesse, decide to marry, it looks as if Bea's biggest wish is coming true: she's finally (finally!) going to have a sister.

They're both ten. They're both in the same year at school. Though they've never met, Bea knows that she and Sonia will be perfect sisters. Just like sisters anywhere, Bea thinks. But as the wedding day approaches, Bea makes discoveries that lead her to a possibly disastrous choice.



# BERLIE DOHERTY TREASON

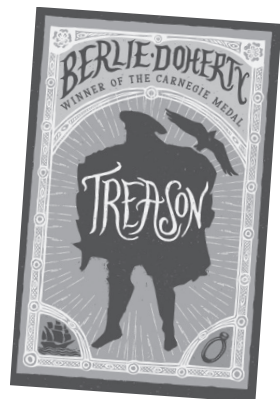
Will Montague is a page to Prince Edward, son of King Henry VIII. As the King's favourite, Will gains many enemies in Court. His enemies convince the King that Will's father has committed treason and he is thrown into Newgate Prison. Will flees Hampton Court and goes into hiding in the back streets of London. Lost and in mortal danger, he is rescued by a poor boy, Nick Drew. Together they must brave imprisonment and death as they embark on a great adventure to set Will's father free.

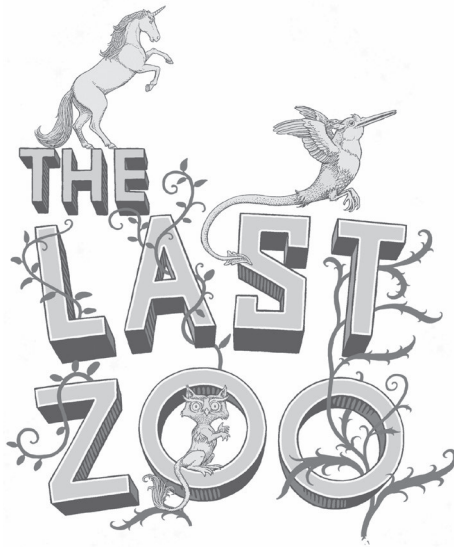
'Doherty paints a very vivid picture . . . almost Shardlake for young readers.'

*Independent on Sunday*

'A beautifully paced and measured story. 5 stars.'

*Books for Keeps*





SAM GAYTON

Pia lives in a zoo with her parents (both ghosts), several old and cranky genies, a devil, and two young angels. She spends her days trimming genie-beards, trying to avoid being tricked into selling her soul, and waiting for the angels to make a miracle big enough to save the world.

Then the angels go missing. Can she solve the riddles of the mysterious haloes the angels have left behind? Is the zoo's devil really trying to help her? And what does this all have to do with her best friends, the Rekkers? Pia needs to solve the mystery fast, because everything around her seems to be ending: her friendships, her childhood, and maybe even the world itself.

'An incredible fantasy fiction book full of humour' *The Sun*

'Mind-stretching, moving and explosive' *TLS*



# Jefferson

JEAN-CLAUDE MOURLEVAT

TRANSLATED BY ROS SCHWARTZ

WINNER OF THE PEN TRANSLATES AWARD

JEAN-CLAUDE MOURLEVAT IS THE 2021 WINNER  
OF THE ASTRID LINDGREN MEMORIAL AWARD

When Jefferson the hedgehog goes to his hairdresser's, he's shocked to discover the barber lying dead on the floor. Falsely accused of murder, Jefferson must go on the run with his best friend Gilbert the pig to uncover the real killers. Adventure, dark secrets and a most unlikely series of hair-raising events await Jefferson and his fellow animals as they travel into the Land of the Humans . . .

'Charming and instructive, fast-paced and entertaining – but, most of all, these qualities combine to deliver a powerful message about the brutal slaughter of animals for meat. This is activism in soft but deadly gloves' *Books for Keeps*





# HOPE JONES SAVES THE WORLD

JOSH LACEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BEATRIZ CASTRO

*My name is Hope Jones. I am ten years old. I am going to save the world.*

Hope Jones' New Year's resolution is to give up plastic, and she's inspiring others to do the same with her website [hopejonesavestheworld.com](http://hopejonesavestheworld.com). When she realises her local supermarket seems to stock more unnecessary plastic than food, she makes it her mission to do something about it.

She may be just one ten-year-old with a homemade banner, but with enough determination, maybe Hope Jones really can save the world.

'A lively and heartening read'  
*Guardian*



