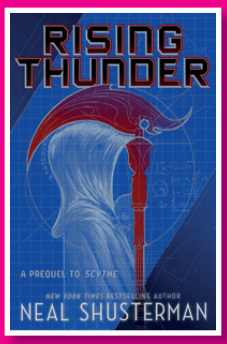
ISSUE 24 AUTUMN/WINTER 2026

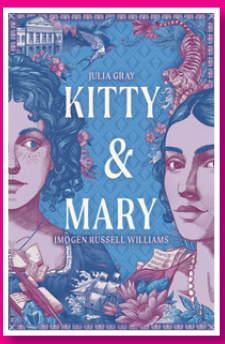
#WRDXTRA

A MINI-MAG FOR TEENAGE READERS

Welcome to this issue of WRD XTRA magazine – your mini-magazine for teen and YA readers. Check out this issue's latest extracts – we've got a period drama, a sci-fi thriller, a dark ghost story, and two contemporary romances to pick from. And, if you need some more help to pick your next read, there's a spotlight on witchy reads, top three cosy reads and the best new books reviewed.

EXTRACTS FROM







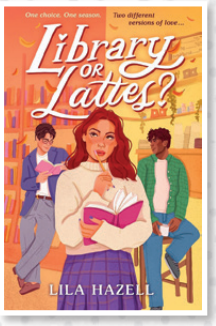




Please note, extracts featured in WRDXtra are from YA books and could contain subject matter which may not be suitable for readers under the age of 14 years.

COSY FALL READS

With the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness upon us, it's time to settle down with a perfect cosy read. Take your pick from these top three awesome Autumn reads.



LIBRARY OR LATTES?

by Lila Hazell

Walker Books, £9.99

Cosy and packed with YA tropes, this new series plays with the sliding doors twist, where faced with a life-changing decision, alternate chapters show two different versions of heroine Willa's story. One story, two romances – a cosy feel-good escape read.

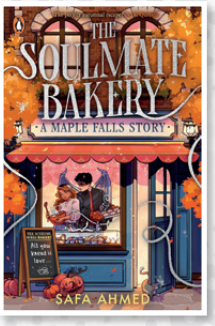


THE FALL I FELL

by Megan Clawson

Electric Monkey, £9.99

When family drama forces Ava Matthews out of her final year of fashion school and back to her grandad's farm she's thrown back into a life she left long ago. But as the leaves turn, can old heartache wounds heal and is there a second chance of love? A slow burn second-chance autumnal romance that will weave cosy threads around your heart.



THE SOULMATE BAKERY

by Safa Ahmed

Puffin, £9.99

Set in magical Maple Falls, a small town full of magic and enchantment, this cosy read follows kitchen witch Maya who's certain that a magical cookie recipe will find her soulmate. Baking, magic, witches and romance – what's not to love?

GO ALL IN. National Year of Reading 2026

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RISING THUNDER

The *Mona Lisa* was dead.

The acid contained in the balloon that Renz Marzano had hurled was so caustic, so ruinous, it had eaten through the bulletproof glass protecting the famed portrait, disintegrated the frame, and then spilled down the haughty woman's face, obliterating an eye, then a cheek. It left a scar that slashed corner to corner and continued to spread until virtually nothing was left.

Irreparable. Unimaginable.

Nature, not man!
Save the world, not ourselves!

He hadn't been the first to hurl an acid balloon today. Ava had thrown hers first—but she missed, and the balloon burst upon a group of tourists. Their clothes and flesh immediately began to sizzle, and their screams were something Renz didn't think he'd ever forget. Ava had a hair trigger—too quick to launch an attack. Drü had sternly warned her before they set out, but Ava couldn't overcome her nature, and now security was already closing in on her.

There were two others who had been in position, but the botched attempt had spooked them, and they were nowhere to be seen. It had all been left to Renz.

After Ava's fail, people began to rush this way and that, not knowing what was going on, only that whatever it was, it was terrible. This was just the distraction that Renz needed; the commotion had allowed him to get close enough to have an easier shot than Ava, and take down da Vinci's venerable lady forever.

We are the scourge!
Sacrifice is the solution!

How much sacrifice? The eco-nihilists believed all humankind was forfeit. The only way for the world to heal would be the willing—or unwilling—annihilation of the human species. Only then, only when the last human was dust, could the world hope to recover from the damage done. The eco-nihilists did not believe in murder, however; they believed in the self-denial of the species. Sterilization. Abstinence. A flat refusal to reproduce. It was already beginning to happen naturally all over the world—the low birth rates in Japan, China, the United States, and great swaths of Europe—as if people instinctively knew that the human race should, within a few short generations, snuff itself out for the sake of the planet. It lent weight to eco-nihilist doctrine.

They were called anarchists by the media, because the things they did raked up chaos. But anarchists? It was an insult. Anarchy was merely chaos as an end. But eco-nihilism's endgame was more than mere mayhem. It was the eradication of all things human.

We failed the test.
It is our destiny to go unflinching into the night.

Those words—Drü's words—were hard to resist when Drü's manifestos and missives were filled with such certainty, you had to believe whether you wanted to or not. But Drü wasn't here in the Louvre; masterminds like him watched the board, and rarely made an appearance upon it. Renz was on his own. He had no idea where the other members of the team had gone. Maybe they had gone to take out other works of art in other galleries, or maybe they'd just escaped. No way to tell just yet.

With the prime target neutralized, Renz escaped the gallery, pulled by the swift current of the panicked crowd, then ducked into an alcove near Winged Victory—a sculpture that Drü had considered as a target as well but decided against, since it wasn't as famous as the Mona Lisa. In the alcove, Renz removed the wig and fake mustache he wore—a hackneyed but effective disguise—and rejoined the crowd escaping the museum. In a few short minutes, he was just one of hundreds on the Paris metro.

Ruin is release.
Obliteration the prize.
Soon everyone will understand.

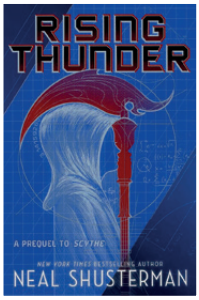
For Lorenzo Marzano it began with anger. That was how he was recruited—radicalized, some would say. But in truth, Renz's fall into misanthropy had begun months before, with the monster who had attacked his sister. A monster who had a slick lawyer and enough money to grease the wheels of injustice. The monster who had gotten off.

And when Renz's sister died, they said it was by her own hand. But Renz knew the truth. It was the monster still there in her mind, still having his way with her, and the only way for her to stop it was to simply not be here anymore.

Renz's original plan was to kill the man. But he was not a killer. As much as he fantasized about it, he couldn't take another human life. And so now Renz saw the man's face everywhere, in everyone he passed. And he hated them all. Every last one of them. There was no redemption for anyone. No excuse or escape from the stain of being human.

His only desire now was to make others feel his pain.

WHAT'S INSIDE



- An unstable world on the brink
- Damaged teenagers seeking absolution
- An epic prequel to the bestselling dystopian series

Rising Thunder
by Neal Shusterman,
Walker Books, £20.00
Don't miss all the books in the Scythe trilogy.

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KITTY & MARY



The Journal of Mary Bennet
15th April 1813

I believe that I am both a patient person and a dutiful daughter – yet I also believe that if I must hear ONCE MORE, about how inconvenient it is that my sisters are so far away, I shall scream directly into Mamma's face. All day long she halloos my name like the Master of Hounds: 'MaaaaRYYY!'

And my only possible escape is through marriage! Faint chance of that. Our father may well 'despair' of my ever entering the wedded state, as I heard him say woundingly to Lizzy in parting. I myself despair of being at Fate's mercy – hoping somehow to find a husband who will overlook my plainness in his desperation to win a helpmeet or handmaiden. I do not wish to 'win' a husband! I wish to support myself by my own efforts, as though I were not a girl at all, but a man. I know it is impossible, and yet sometimes I lie awake, revolving mad notions of departure or disguise . . .

It shows a sad lack of sisterly feeling to envy Kitty so much. Yet living far from Longbourn, far from Mamma's invalidish ways and Papa's sardonic eye – the idea of such freedom makes me almost frantic! What would I not give for a little daily peace – or at least a nook where Mamma's 'MaaaaRYYYY!' cannot find me? It is my lot, however, to remain here, at least at present, and so I must continue to endure, dear Journal. There, I can hear Mamma scolding up the stairs.

Kitty Pemberley
27th April 1813

My dear Mary,

Pray do not think ill of me for neglecting to reply to your letter until now. I am not frivolous (you surely know me better than to make such accusations!) but I must confess, I have found much to amuse me here at Pemberley with Lizzy. It is not just the dances, and the pleasure of our dear sister's company, which I am finding all the greater now that I do not have Lydia by my side; it is also the house itself and its grounds, where I lose myself contentedly for hours.

As for Darcy – I always thought him tiresome and ill-tempered, but our brother-in-law is much improved by marriage! Why, just yesterday we engaged in a lively discussion about the Marquess of Wellington, and I could see that he was most impressed by my contributions.

It pains me to hear these tales of Mamma's ill- health, but I fear, Mary, that you have indulged her too greatly. You know perfectly well that she will seize every chance to complain; do not, therefore, allow her the opportunity!

I do hope that I will be able to return soon to Longbourn, but in the meantime, dear sister, I have every confidence that you are the best of all possible nurses. After all, you are far more intelligent than I am and will therefore surely be able to divine from Mamma's manner exactly what ministrations to give.

Your loving sister,
Kitty

The Journal of Kitty Bennet
28th April 1813

I did not confess this to Mary (just think of her satisfaction!) but yesterday I overheard an exchange between Darcy and Lizzy that caused me some disquiet. Lizzy was at the pianoforte, and arcy – as he so loves to o – was sitting beside her, listening to her play. They could not know that I was at the indow- eat, hidden by the curtain.

'How pleasing it is to see Kitty away from Lydia at last,' said Lizzy, pausing in the middle of her march. 'I had often felt that Lydia's tendency to ver- xcitement affected our sister a great deal. Kitty is easily led, you see, and always has been. Here, I feel she has a chance to acquire a greater sensibility.'

'But with Lydia settled in the north of England,' Darcy murmured, 'would Kitty not have that happy chance no matter her situation?'

'What are you suggesting?' said Lizzy, with a hint of sharpness.

'Simply that I am a selfish fellow who would like his wife to himself,' said Darcy. 'Let her go back to Southwell Hall, and enjoy becoming Jane 's little shadow for a time! She does follow you about so, Eliza.'

'Does she?'

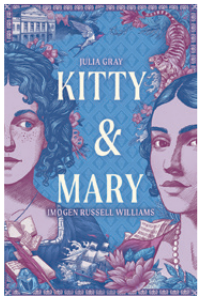
'Or, indeed, she might return home to Longbourn, since Lydia is no longer there.' (Darcy will not say aloud the name of Lydia's husband, but that, of course, is another story.)

'You are indeed a selfish fellow,' said Lizzy. At that came the sound of rolled-up sheet music being used as a weapon, and then the sounds of merriment and affection. I felt, suddenly, terribly lonely. It was galling to be referred to as a 'little shadow', when I am trying so hard to develop my own opinions. I had thought that Darcy valued my company, but I see now that he has merely become better able to disguise his contempt!

But I do not want to go home. as Mary suggests. . . . No: I cannot bear the thought of returning to Longbourn. How will I ever find a husband there?

K.B.

WHAT'S INSIDE



- The forgotten Bennet Sisters
- A story told through letter and journal entries
- A characterful twist on Jane Austen's classic characters from Pride and Prejudice

Kitty and Mary
by Julia Gray and Imogen Russell Williams, Andersen Press, £16.99

SEASON OF THE WITCH

WITH THE SPOOKY SEASON UPON US, HERE ARE OUR TOP MAGICAL YA READS SURE TO PUT A SPELL ON YOU!



TOO HEXED TO HANDLE

by Charlotte Ingham, Hot Key Books, £9.99

Daisy has a secret: she's a Souleater, an outlawed magical being who feeds on emotions. She's also hexed: her kiss cursed to kill. So not ideal when she finds herself on a quest to find a cure with her grumpy gardener, who also happens to hunt souleaters… A witty, witch-adjacent, funny fantasy romance.



SUCH A WITCH

by Sarah Henning, Tempest, £9.99

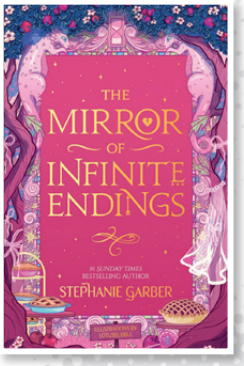
Pretty, popular, and a total witch, Embry Woodcross is queen bee at Raven's Head School for the Magically Gifted and not even the annoying quips of Rye Knighton can get her down. But when she ends up the lead suspect in a murder, only Rye can help clear her name. Magical rom-com meets murder mystery in this cute fantasy read.



NIGHT CURSE

by Emma Hinds, Usborne, £9.99

Emyrs Swift is so dead. 157 years dead – yet cursed to be seventeen forever and hidden in a magical library. But when the ancient spell books go missing, he must team up with annoyingly attractive shapeshifter Aubrey Vale and embark on a dark, gothic, magical adventure. Spellbinding!



THE MIRROR OF INFINITE ENDINGS

by Stephanie Garber, Orion, £22

Return to the Magnificent North with cameos from fan-favourite characters from the Once Upon a Broken Heart series. This Jacks and Evangeline novella, complete with characterful illustrations, explores the possibility of infinite endings featuring your favourite couple. A magically romantic read!.



THE WYCHERLEYS: FATE AND OTHER CHARMS

by Annaliese Avery, S&S, £9.99

The third book in the magical Wycherleys trilogy sees Aurelia Wycherley facing her toughest magical battle yet. Tasked with saving magic, Aurelia's only goal is to save the witch that she loves, but how can she do that when it's her magic that is killing Jules? Don't miss this exciting and enchanting conclusion to this bestselling Regency witchy fantasy.



PRACTICALLY MAGIC

by Jen Calonita, Avon, £9.99

When Kat Hadley discovers that she is unlucky in love thanks to a spell cast by her older sister, Kat is furious. She manages to break the spell but with it she also breaks the Hadley sisters magic itself, and things start to unravel fast! Can Kat save the town of Mystic Hollow before Halloween ends? Magical sisters, a love-spell gone wrong and a whole heap of magical mayhem in this cosy and cute, autumnal magical adventure.



A WITCH'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND DECEPTION

by Aamna Qureshi, Tempest, £9.99

Unlike her brothers, Sonya was born without magic and is often disregarded. So she decides to run away from her royal life in the castle and takes refuge with Azam, a 'stitch-witch', in his cosy cottage where he lives with his grandmother and little sister. A cosy will-they-won't-they romance, packed with immersive magical world building and a rich Pakistani heritage twist. Delightful.

WITCH! WITCH! WITCH! WITCH!

GHOST

'Coming for you, ready or not!'
We're running through the woods, kicking golden leaves. I laugh as Ben whoops and does a forward roll down the slope, bouncing up with twigs in his hair.

'I'm going to beat you!'

He will, of course. My twin brother is always competitive, always doing more, going further, these thirteen years of racing to keep up with him.

'I can see it, Marie!'

Ben plunges on, jumping between trees, bounding over fallen branches. Our breath clouds in the cold December air, and I feel that excited buzz, because it's Christmas soon, presents and family and warmth and love. I can already feel it, that delicious weight of a stocking stuffed with treasures, painstakingly wrapped by Mum and Dad, and the tree guarding all our gifts. I can't wait for Ben to open his from me, a framed picture I drew of our back garden apple tree in the summer.

'I hope it's frozen …' he calls back. 'We could stand on the ice.'

'Too dangerous, Ben!' I shout at his leaf-covered head, and he hoots, echoing my words in that annoying brotherly way.

'Scaredy cat!'

Perhaps I am. Better than a drowned one.

We reach the path in a skid of leaves and chalky stones. I look back at the brow of the hill. The trees are black against the lowering light. The sun is falling fast.

'Ben, it's getting late…'

He laughs again and singsongs my words, as he tears off into the gathering shadows.

We're alike, Ben and I, with our mops of Dad's dark hair and Mum's big eyes. 'Double the trouble,' my father's daily dad joke.

'Found it!' Ben calls, as I pull through the branches, catching like claws. And there it is: the pond, serene as anything, reflecting the overhanging trees, the setting sun, and now us, as we stand at the water's edge.

Twins looking up. Twins looking down.

Ben waves from the water.

I wave back, then watch him stoop and pluck a fallen branch. He snaps it, and the sound skims off the hushed water.

A bird cries, startled from its perch, and flies over our heads.

'Don't,' I say, seeing his reflected self about to throw.

'Why? It's only a stick.' He dangles it, taunting me.

Cheek! Cheek!

A blackbird lands close by, scuttling and hopping, pecking with its unmistakeable bright beak, like a candle flame in the gloom.

'Lon Dubh.' Mirrored Ben points his stick, and the bird jumps into the air to flit among the bare trees. 'That's what the Celts called them.'

Cheek! Cheek!

'I read it in one of Uncle Matty's books, they thought of them as doorkeepers…'

The blackbird dives to drink, the water ripples.

'To what?'

'To other worlds!' He shoves into me and does that ghost voice that makes me giggle. 'Wahaa-ha-har!'

The bird dives again. Circles and shapes across our reflections.

'Let's get back, I'm starving. Race you to the top!'

He's off, ghost-laughing as he goes, but I don't turn from the water, the diving bird that swoops faster and faster.

Lon Dubh. The doorkeeper.

Because there I am in the water that sways, then stills.

And there are two more figures, standing beside me.

A young girl dressed in a tunic, a band of bronze about her neck, a spear clutched close. Her eyes look from me to the other girl, a bonnet on her head, a basket of wild flowers in her hand.

Have we always been there together, just waiting to see each other properly?

As their hands reach to part the water…

'Marie!' Ben's voice is faint in the distance.

The bird sings.

The water breaks and ripples, the figures become something else.

A tall shape, horned, black as darkest night.

'Marie, come on!'

Cheek! Cheek!

The blackbird skims the surface and the water clears.

There's only one girl now.

'Marie!'

Who I remember so well, as she turned from her frightened face and ran towards her brother, a silhouette against the setting sun.

WHAT'S INSIDE



- An ancient evil in the woods
- Echoes of ghostly voices
- A chilling tale told across three centuries

Ghost
by Finbar Hawkins, Zephyr, £8.99

EXTRACT

Old story, new rules

Perfect Sense & Sensibility

'Need a light?'
Maggie nodded as Elliott Sharma produced a box of matches, striking one against the packet and leaning forward to catch the tip of her cigarette with the flame.

She leaned into him, the feeling intimate and conspiratorial.

There were three Dashwood sisters – but most people could only remember two. Maggie felt this keenly, being the youngest and least exceptional member of an annoyingly exceptional family.

She wasn't so much a Dashwood as the *other* Dashwood, the one no one could remember.

Elliott cupped his hand around the flame as she looked up at him through her eyelashes. He was objectively good-looking, there was no other way to put it; but he was arrogant and annoying and treated her like she was a child – or, worse still, a younger cousin, as if all brown people were related, and somehow the two-year age gap gave him familial, authoritarian rights over her.

'I thought good girls *didn't* smoke?' he teased. 'I might have to call your mother.'

Maggie took a long, hard drag of the cigarette, and said nothing – aside from descending into a vicious coughing fit. Because she didn't smoke. She hated smoking. She was just holding it for Katya, who was behind the bus stop with Maggie's French exchange student, exchanging saliva.

'I guess good girls don't smoke,' Elliott surmised.

She tossed her head, flipping her hair in what she hoped appeared a haughty and imperious manner. She'd wanted to look cool, Parisian, a dash of insouciance styled with a Breton-striped T-shirt and black leather miniskirt, her tan trench coat skimming her kitten-heeled ankle boots. She was going for rebellious. And feminine. And grown-up. And something. Something that told the world exactly who she was.

She continued coughing, until Kat stuck her head out from behind the bus stop.

'You OK?' she asked, in her black stretch miniskirt, thick white socks and Doc Martens shoes, Noëlle attached to her neck giving her what would undoubtedly be a sizeable hickey.

'Fine,' Maggie replied huskily. The smoke was infiltrating her lungs, a cloud of dirt settling on her insides like a post-apocalyptic scene of destruction. She wanted to cough it all out, rid herself of the taste, but Elliott was still there, so she couldn't.

She threw the cigarette to the ground and stamped it out huffily.

'Hey!' Kat exclaimed. 'That was my last one!'

'You'll thank me one day.'

'I won't,' Kat replied tartly before disappearing behind the bus stop again, Noëlle's arms around her waist like a giant octopus about to exact revenge on a predatory fishing vessel.

'So, how are you, Dashwood?' Elliott asked, his face a picture of innocence – as if he hadn't just watched her attempt to smoke a cigarette that was clearly not hers. 'How's Marianne?'

Elliott Sharma in his wide-leg faded black jeans, boxy black T-shirt and two-tone black-and-white loafers, was in love with Marianne, the way everyone was in love with Marianne – because Marianne was Marianne.

'Fine,' she said glaring at him. 'Marianne is *fine*.'

Marianne was more than fine, obviously – she was Marianne. Musical prodigy, studying at the Guildhall, being asked to stand in for professional concert pianists because she was just that good.

'Is she still seeing . . .' He trailed off, his eyes searching the ground in front of him.

He looked like a model from Ape to Gentleman, which was something Maggie had only ever heard of because her ex-boyfriend had been obsessed by it. He'd spend hours combing through the website for inspiration on how to dress like the try-hard he so obviously was, something she had refused to see until it was far too late – which admittedly wasn't Elliott's vibe. Elliott's vibe was like he hadn't tried at all.

'Brandon, yes. They live together now.' She forced herself to think about something else. Something other than Elliott Sharma's vibe. His boxy black T-shirt skimming his toned abdominal muscles, his sleeves catching the top of his muscular arms.

Not. That. Maggie.

'Oh.'

Yes. Oh, Elliott Sharma. Marianne is unavailable. Now, be on your way, she thought. I am stylish and in control, a just-turned seventeen-year-old on the way to visit her new college – and I might meet someone who believes that narrative, because they haven't seen me coughing my guts up at a bus stop. Choking on smoke again, that's what they'll think. Margaret Dashwood, permanently surrounded by fire.

'On your way to BPC open day?' he asked, as if reading her thoughts.

'Yes,' she replied primly. Why wouldn't he and his arms go away? Why couldn't Kat and Noëlle do whatever they were doing later, when Elliott Sharma was gone?

'What did you choose?' he asked interestedly.

'History, Economics and Film Studies.'

'What are you going to do with those?'

She rolled her eyes, feeling she'd been asked the question too many times to count.

'You sound like my mother.'



WHAT'S INSIDE



- An elite boarding school
- Friendship and romance
- A contemporary sequel to Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*

Perfect Sense & Sensibility
by Christine Pillainayagam, Macmillan, £8.99

Have Yourself a Messy Little Christmas

At half-ten, after some last-minute primping, we head back out into town. Obviously we're heading straight for Canal Street, the gay heart of the city (as I discovered when planning all my wicked schemes), and I couldn't be more thrilled. Finally, I'm getting to have the queer experiences I've only seen in the books and movies I'd read and watch when my parents weren't home.

The others were correct – Mondays are not the most popping days for club-going, but at least there are still enough people out that it's not embarrassing to be seen here.

"No sign of Evan so far," Matteo calls, scanning the room.

"Good," Otis shouts over the music (one of the MUNA songs that goes the hardest).

"Let's just have some fun, forget all about it."

"Sounds good to me." Larissa jerks her head to the bar. "Drinks?"

"Drinks," I confirm, taking the hand she offers to pull me through the crowd, Matteo and Otis close behind.

We had a couple of drinks while we were getting ready, so I'm feeling looser already, like my skin fits me a little better than usual. And, by the time I've finished the fruity but lethal cocktail that Otis recommended, I have a feeling I'll be ready for anything – seducing the ladies, or maybe even physically fighting Evan if he does show up.

I feel weirdly protective about Otis – he's too sweet a boy to deserve getting his heart broken – plus, I'm always ready to fight a man anyway with even just the tiniest bit of provocation. I'm stronger than I look, and I like to think that I look pretty strong in the first place. A long time ago, I got tired of being the frail, ill one and so I worked hard to get stronger, lifting weights at the college gym with Kat and hauling things around in the garden at home every weekend.

To my great surprise (and pleasure) it seems like several people in here agree. I'm the recipient of a number of interested glances and find the eyes scanning my body (particularly my bare arms and shoulders) very affirming.

I do know that I'm bisexual regardless of who I'm dating, but only ever dating boys has made me sick of not being seen as queer. I want people to look at me and go, "Oh yes, that's a queer person, for sure." And if I need to be literally making out with a notman for that to happen, then so be it. It's a hard life, but someone has to do it.

We're all out on the dance floor (Chappell Roan's *After Midnight* is now playing – this club clearly understands the assignment) and anything feels possible. We're scream singing along to the lyrics and every time Chappell gets to the line about wanting to 'kiss your girlfriend', Larissa's eyes dart to me, our bodies moving a little closer, the energy in the room sparking around us.



Larissa is hot, there's no denying that. Her simple black dress is so low-cut it would be scandalous if she wasn't wearing a sheer but heavily patterned longsleeve top underneath it, fishnets ducking into her boots and Otis's gold glitter highlight-drops on her cheeks.

Otis has used the glitter on his chest and it keeps catching my eye, sparkling on his collarbones.

Watching the way he moves to the music, his slightly anxious aura long gone, he's so gorgeous I almost can't bear it. The world should be so glad that he's bisexual – fuck Evan for making him feel like the fact that he's full of possibility, endless opportunities for connection and magic is anything less than the most beautiful thing in the world.

God, I love being bi.

"I love how feral people get to this song," Larissa shouts in my ear as the DJ puts on a Charli XCX song. Everyone presses closer together, the beat picking up and up and up, every note infused with delirium.

Right, *Larissa*. There could be something there. I don't know how serious she is when she flirts with me. But I'm not meant to be analysing things, I'm meant to be being reckless and grabbing life by the balls, damn the consequences.

I dance a little closer, the smirk she's wearing around her eyes deepening into each crease as I do so.

The room smells of sweat, mingled perfumes and spilt cocktails. The floor pulses with each beat and with our collective heartbeats, too, everyone in the room just one body, joined together by the euphoria of being young and free and *queer*.

WHAT'S INSIDE



- A queer love story
- Humour and heartbreak
- A fun and festive rom-com

Have Yourself a Messy Little Christmas
by Anna Zoe Quirke,
Little Tiger, £9.99

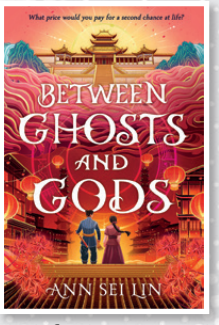
REVIEWS



AND THEN WE SCREAMED

by Holly Bourne, Usborne, £9.99

Everything was perfect in the small town of Maple Lakes… until the cheerleaders started screaming. With uncontrollable mass hysteria taking over their town, it's up to wannabe journalist Clover and her teen crush Brady to investigate, and discover what darkness lies beneath their town. A gripping, twisty thriller from the master of YA storytelling.



BETWEEN GHOSTS AND GODS

by Ann Sei Lin, Walker Books, £16.99

Having sold her soul to a demon during her lifetime, Kasu now works at the high stakes gambling den in the underrealm. But when she agrees to help a mortal boy Arun search for his mother, the two find themselves entangled in a demonic web of danger and deceit. This rich and dark fantasy adventure draws on Chinese mythology and spins a supernatural saga that will have you hooked!



PRINCESS (APPARENTLY)

by Siren Knight, Usborne, £8.99

When London teenage activist Delia receives a royal invitation and finds herself at a lavish Caribbean palace nothing could prepare herself for the summer she's about to have and the secrets she's about to discover. A fun romantic comedy with all the makeovers, crushes and love triangles you could ask for, and a fierce mixed race main character you'll be cheering on all the way. Humour and heart in perfect combination!



I FEEL YOUR PAIN

by A.M. Ellis, Penguin, £9.99

In a futuristic world Dominion Pharmaceuticals offers the solution to anyone's pain – transfer the suffering to a paid Pain Carrier. And Nova Williams is one such pain carrier. But when she meets Castor Fox, heir to the Dominion empire, they are drawn together. But how will their relationship survive when they discover that Nova is Castor's Pain Carrier. And, in a future where pain is transferrable, someone always pays the price. A gripping dystopian love story.



SAY WHAT YOU THINK

by Rachael Fernandes, Fox and Ink, £9.99

Life's about to get complicated for Selena. She's just started her last year of school, with university deadlines looming, her neighbour crush has just moved away, and her anonymous Secret Sender writing account is garnering massive reactions in the school paper. Can she find the courage to reveal her writing identity, navigate first love, and decide on her future path? A fun and intelligent rom-com, coming of age novel.



ARE YOU STILL WATCHING

by Kelechi Okafor, Scholastic, £9.99

The year is 2032 and Dorcas thinks she has her whole life ahead of her. But when she discovers that her life is the subject of a reality show beamed across the galaxy, and that unless she does something extraordinary she'll be permanently cancelled, she needs to figure out what to do with her life before her time literally runs out. An exciting high-concept dystopian thriller with a sci-fi twist that explores surveillance, social media, ethics and social justice.



72 HOURS OF YOU

by Darianne Schramm, Electric Monkey, £9.99

72 hours before someone dies, Sydney Hoffman sees a pink neon countdown clock over their head. Unable to prevent it, but constantly seeing death status updates, has left Sydney alone and distant. But when she meets Peter Beckett his optimism convinces her to wander New York looking for pink countdown clocks and helping strangers live their best final hours. But what happens when she sees Peter's clock? A tender love story about learning to live and learning to let go, perfect for fans of Adam Silvera and Lara Nowlin.

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