

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace dress, is lying on her side in a dense field of dark green ivy. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a moody and mysterious atmosphere. The woman's face is partially visible, looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

# Small Beer Press

2010 & Big Mouth House  
& 2011

Holly Black · Georges-Olivier Châteaureynaud  
· Ted Chiang · Kelley Eskridge · Karen Joy  
Fowler · Alasdair Gray · Julia Holmes ·  
Kathe Koja · Karen Lord

## Old Men in Love

John Tunnock's Posthumous Papers: a novel  
Alasdair Gray

"Beautiful, inventive, ambitious and nuts."—*The Times* (London)

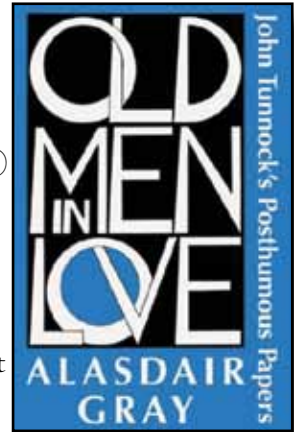
"Our nearest contemporary equivalent to Blake, our sweetest-natured screwed-up visionary."—*London Evening Standard*

Alasdair Gray's unique melding of humor and metafiction hearken back to Laurence Sterne and sit beside today's literary mash-ups with equal comfort. *Old Men in Love* is smart, down-to-earth, funny, bawdy, politically inspired, dark, multi-layered, and filled with the kind of intertextual play that Gray delights in.

As with Gray's previous novel *Poor Things*, several partial narratives are presented together. Here the conceit is that they were all discovered in the papers of the late John Tunnock, a retired Glasgow teacher who started a number of novels in settings as varied as Periclean Athens, Renaissance Florence, Victorian Somerset, and Britain under New Labour.

This is the first US edition (updated with the author's corrections from the UK edition) of a novel that British critics lauded as one of the best of Gray's long career. Beautifully printed in two colors throughout and featuring Gray's trademark strong design, *Old Men in Love* will stand out from everything else on the shelf. Fifty percent is fact and the rest is possible, but it must be read to be believed.

Alasdair Gray ([alasdairgray.co.uk](http://alasdairgray.co.uk)) is one of Scotland's most well-known and acclaimed artists. He is the author of nine novels, including *Lanark*, 1982 *Janine*, and the Whitbread and Guardian Prize-winning *Poor Things*, as well as four collections of stories, two collections of poetry, and three books of nonfiction, including *The Book of Prefaces*. He lives in Glasgow, Scotland.



John Tunnock  
1940 – 2007



June

FICTION  
ISBN: 978-1-931520-69-0  
Trade Cloth: 6 x 9  
312 pages  
US: \$24.00  
Can: \$27.00  
Pub Date: June 8, 2010

## 17: FURTHER EDUCATION



**W**HEN FINISHED HOMEWORK in the evenings I began trying to turn my fantasies into a single continuous novel, always burning the results because what I wrote was obviously the work of an adolescent schoolboy. These stunted efforts still made me more of a writer than our teachers, who gave us Chaucer, Shakespeare, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thomas Hardy and only two books by Scots. Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, set in the 12<sup>th</sup> century, told how Norman conquerors and Saxon commoners are at last united as Englishmen – what a good lesson for a Scottish school child! Scott's best novels have Scottish folk using local speech that teachers and examiners wanted us to forget. The other novel, John Buchan's *Prester John*, told of a Scots minister's son, working for the British Empire in Africa, who thwarts a black revolt planned by a black African who has fooled the white bosses by pretending to be Christian.

After World War 2 healthy men over 18 years were conscripted into the British Armed Forces for two years until 1958, when the British empire was nearly extinct. Those who refused conscription for political reasons were jailed. Roughly 10,000 refused on religious grounds and were not penalized.

Gordon MacLean left Glasgow because his dad got a job elsewhere. I did not much miss him, having now other friends who enjoyed discussing their emotional problems with an interested listener who seemed to have none. Before Gordon left he enlarged my political views without intending to. Hugh MacDiarmid's son, a boy of nineteen, had been jailed for refusing to do his National Service, because the 1707 Treaty of Union with England said no Scottish soldier could be ordered overseas against his will, and MacDiarmid's son refused to fight for the remains of the British Empire in Kenya, Crete or

## A Life on Paper

Stories

Georges-Olivier Châteaureynaud

Translated by Edward Gauvin

“These 22 curious tales verging on the perverse will strike new English readers of Châteaureynaud’s work as a wonderful find. Beautiful prose featuring ingenuous protagonists and clever, unexpected forays into horror are the hallmarks of these mischievous stories.”

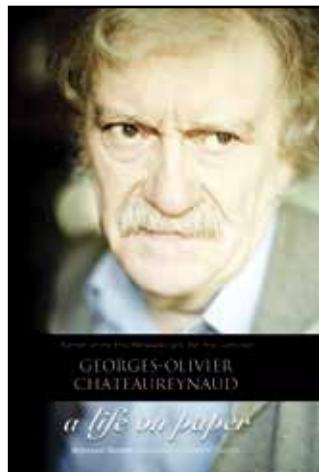
—*Publishers Weekly*

The celebrated career of Georges-Olivier Châteaureynaud is well known to readers of French literature. This comprehensive collection—the first to be translated into English—introduces a distinct and dynamic voice to the Anglophone world. In many ways, Châteaureynaud is France’s own Kurt Vonnegut, and his stories are as familiar as they are fantastic.

*A Life on Paper* presents characters who struggle to communicate across the boundaries of the living and the dead, the past and the present, the real and the more-than-real. A young husband struggles with self-doubt and an ungainly set of angel wings in “Icarus Saved from the Skies,” even as his wife encourages him to embrace his transformation. In the title story, a father’s obsession with his daughter leads him to keep her life captured in 93,284 unchanging photographs. While Châteaureynaud’s stories examine the diffidence and cruelty we are sometimes capable of, they also highlight the humanity in the strangest of us and our deep appreciation for the mysterious.

Georges-Olivier Châteaureynaud is the author of nine novels and over one hundred short stories, and he is a recipient of the prestigious Prix Renaudot and the Prix Goncourt de la nouvelle. His work has been translated into fourteen languages.

Edward Gauvin has published Châteaureynaud’s work in *AGNI Online*, *Conjunctions*, *Harvard Review*, *Epiphany*, *LCRW*, *Words Without Borders*, *The Café Irréal*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*. The recipient of a residency from the Banff International Literary Translation Centre, he translates graphic novels for Tokyopop, First Second Books, and Archaia Studios Press.



FICTION/SHORT STORIES  
ISBN: 978-1-931520-62-1

Trade Cloth: 5.5 x 8.5

232 pages

US: \$22.00

Can: \$25.00

Pub Date: May 25, 2010

May

*An excerpt from "The Excursion"*

No one out here knew who he was. We never do know much of what goes on. We're too far away from it all. Be it fashion, progress, war, or reputation, few things make their way out here. Everything is foreign to us, as though we took part only on an honorary basis in the human race. All we know is wind and rain and the sound of waves on the rocks. Our few visitors find it sad out here. They never stay. After the excursion, they hurry back quick as they can to civilization, to the sunny shallows, as though out here were the depths: the depths of what, God alone knows.

But they're wrong. It's not sad out here, well maybe just a bit, in an infinitely gentle way. You have to be born here, and not to have known anything else. Then you'd understand, you'd see how it cradles and calms you, lulls you to sleep for life. Your eyes stay open, but you're actually asleep, and all is well; nothing, almost nothing really reaches you, rain falls in a curtain of pearls between you and the world, the wind half drowns out the voices and cries.

I don't know how we found out he was famous. He wasn't the kind to brag. Maybe all he said was that he was in music, and that was enough to ring a bell; then we rummaged around in a closet and came up with an old magazine. A closet at the inn, no doubt, since it's always visitors who bring the books and magazines alike. There are no newsstands here. There isn't even a post office. We entrust our letters to the pharmacist. He stocks up on remedies at the branch depot every two or three weeks. But we rarely write. Who would we write, and what would we say? As for letters to us... well, no one writes us either. You can't make reservations for the excursion in advance. You come and work something out on the spot with one of the fishermen... So most magazines are at the inn, where they've been forgotten or left behind. The innkeeper saves them. Sometimes, when we stop by to see her for this or that, she pulls them out of the closet and we flip through them together. How terrifying, how bewildering is the tumultuous world they depict! Each time I've taken a peek I've thought back for days on the drugged athletes, corrupt congressmen, and two-timing princesses that haunt it, on the dictators, serial killers, and terrorists... and I think how lucky we are to live here, to only just live, in the murmur of the wind and the light tap of rain on our roofs.

# Redemption in Indigo

a novel

Karen Lord

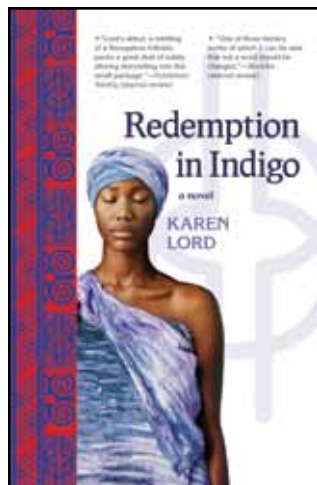
"The impish love child of Tutuola and Garcia Marquez. Utterly delightful."—Nalo Hopkinson

★ "Packs a great deal of subtly alluring storytelling into this small package."

—*Publishers Weekly* (Starred Review)

★ "This is one of those literary works of which it can be said that not a word should be changed."

—*Booklist* (Starred Review)



Karen Lord's debut novel, which won the prestigious Frank Collymore Literary Prize in Barbados, is an intricately woven tale of adventure, magic, and the power of the human spirit. Paama's husband is a fool and a glutton. Bad enough that he followed her to her parents' home in the village of Makende, now he's disgraced himself by murdering livestock and stealing corn. When Paama leaves him for good, she attracts the attention of the djombi—the undying ones—who present her with a gift: the Chaos Stick, which allows her to manipulate the subtle forces of the world. Unfortunately, a wrathful djombi with indigo skin believes this power should be his and his alone.

Bursting with humor and rich in fantastic detail, *Redemption in Indigo* is a clever, contemporary fairy tale that introduces readers to a dynamic new voice in Caribbean literature. Lord's world of spider tricksters and indigo immortals, inspired in part by a Senegalese folk tale, will feel instantly familiar—but Paama's adventures are fresh, surprising, and utterly original.

Karen Lord ([merumsal.wordpress.com](http://merumsal.wordpress.com)) was born in Barbados in 1968. She holds a science degree from the University of Toronto and a PhD in the sociology of religion from the University of Wales.

*Karen will be at the Brooklyn Book Fair on Sept. 12, 2010. Check our website as more readings will be added.*

FICTION

ISBN: 978-1-931520-66-9

Trade Paper: 5.5 x 8.5

224 pages

US: \$16.00

Can: \$19.00

Pub Date: June 22, 2010

# June

*An excerpt from Redemption in Indigo*

While Kwame is sniffing out the trail of Ansige's wife, let us run ahead of him and meet her for ourselves. She and her family have resettled in Makende, the village of her childhood. Much is familiar there, little has changed except, of course, for those who return.

Paama's father, Semwe, had left when a youth, returned, then left again when a man. Now an elder, he will never leave again . . . at least not the mortal part of him. He had wanted this final return to be a peaceful retirement; he acknowledged with regret that it was a retreat. The townhouse in Erria had lost all peace with regular visits from messengers bearing Ansige's variously-phrased demands for Paama's return. Semwe refused to argue with such a man, preferring to go to a place of quiet and safety where unwanted company could be more easily avoided. In a town, houses crowd together and everyone is a stranger, but in Makende, a stranger was anyone who could not claim relation to four generations' worth of bones in the local churchyard.

Semwe's wife, Tasi, was coming to Makende for the second time, no longer the timid young wife, but not yet the matriarch. She needed grandchildren for that, and how, she murmured, blaming herself, could she get those while her daughters stayed husbandless? She had no hope that Paama's marriage could be salvaged. She had chosen poorly for her first child, and she only prayed that she might choose more wisely for the other. Paama at least had strength and experience to sustain her, but her sister Neila, ten years younger, had only a combination of beauty and self-centredness that both attracted and repelled. She took the move from Erria as a personal attack on her God-given right to a rich, handsome husband. Tasi deplored such selfishness, but silently admitted that prospects in Makende were certainly limited.

And what of Paama herself? She said little about the husband she had left almost two years ago, barely enough to fend off the village gossips and deflect her sister's sneers. She didn't need to. There was something else about Paama that distracted people's attention from any potentially juicy titbits of her past. She could cook.

# Meeks

a novel

Julia Holmes

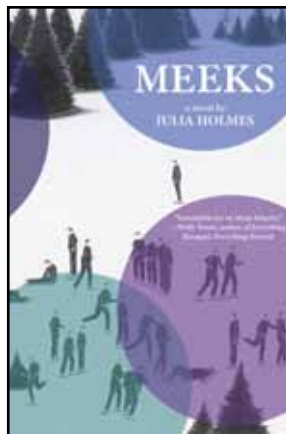
“A highly imaginative debut. . . . Holmes has fashioned a terrifying and utterly convincing world in which the perfect human being is one stripped of all illusions.”—*Publishers Weekly*

No woman will have Ben without a proper bachelor's suit . . . and the tailor refuses to make him one. Back from war with a nameless enemy, Ben finds that his mother is dead and his family home has been reassigned by the state. As if that isn't enough, he must now find a wife, or he'll be made a civil servant and given a permanent spot in one of the city's oppressive factories.

Meanwhile, Meeks, a foreigner who lives in the park and imagines he's a member of the police, is hunted by the overzealous Brothers of Mercy. Meeks' survival depends on his peculiar friendship with a police captain—but will that be enough to prevent his execution at the annual Independence Day celebration?

A dark satire rendered with the slapstick humor of a Buster Keaton film, Julia Holmes's debut evokes the strange charm of a Haruki Murakami novel in a dystopic setting reminiscent of Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale*. *Meeks* portrays a world at once hilarious and disquieting, in which frustrated revolutionaries and hopeful youths suffer alongside the lost and the condemned, just for a chance at the permanent bliss of marriage and a slice of sugar-frosted Independence Day cake.

Julia Holmes was born in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, and grew up in the Middle East, Texas, and New York, where she is currently an assistant editor at *Rolling Stone*. She is a graduate of Columbia University's MFA program in fiction and the author of *100 New Yorkers: A Guide to Illustrious Lives & Location*. *Meeks* is her first novel.



# July

FICTION  
ISBN: 978-1-931520-65-2  
Trade Paper: 5.5 x 8.5  
256 pages  
US: \$16  
Can: \$19  
Pub Date: July 20, 2010



## *An excerpt from Meeks*

I was born on a cool spring morning, the earth warming like wool under the first sun. I had no home, no name. I was a creature as of yet unknown, mystery of mysteries: a human being. Fresh prey for a foreign tongue, a babe to be hunted down by words not his own, unless he can be saved, called forth by his name. And against this blood-thirsty pack of words, my mother said the name of names: "Meeks."

I was lying quietly in the park grass and gazing into the deep summer sky and thinking in this way, when three men fell upon me and started dragging me toward the river. It's possible that they had mistaken me for a dead body (which in the park can sometimes be found), until I struggled, complicating their efforts considerably. Then I was standing, and they were standing, all of us breathing heavily after our exertions, and staring hard at one another.

Brothers, use your eyes. I am alive and well.

I wandered off alone, past the city bakers casting out yesterday's pastries and cakes, inking up the pristine sky with greedy, black-winged birds. The low grumbling heavens, the oily, silken rustling: my stomach turned. One moment, the world seems to hang in the brain as neatly as a picture, and in the next, the filthy birds cut the face of day with their vectors. I was surrounded by my old foes: little birds picked at the seams of my coat and thrummed against my chest, unbuttoning the air.

My mother tried everything to keep them away: black pepper dusted into my hair, long walks at breakneck speeds through the park. Eventually we had to accept that as the city's only full-time residents of the park, the relentlessness of birds would simply be a fact of our lives, of my life. One has one's little birds, burning like slender candles in the imagination, and then one has one's great birds, deep blue and nearly black who swim continuously in the river, breaking the surface suddenly to gulp air. The birds who emerge from the tops of the city clocks, and the dark, oiled wooden birds who are bearing the clock of existence and who come for you.

# A Working Writer's Daily Planner 2011

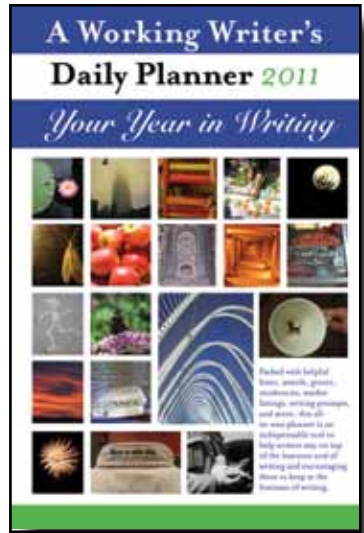
Your Year in Writing  
Small Beer Press

The perfect supplement to any writer's life, this new edition of *A Working Writer's Daily Planner* is even better than before, packed with more of the information writers need to organize their work schedules, track upcoming deadlines, and learn about grant opportunities, contests, and workshop programs. For 2011 we turned to those who know best what writers want—writers themselves—and asked them what resources they'd find most useful. The result is a unique and indispensable tool that makes it easy for writers to keep track of the practical, business end of writing, leaving more time for them to actually spend writing.

If you're a writer, you'll immediately see the advantage of gathering so much information into one spiral-bound compendium: application deadlines are built right into the calendar, along with spotlights on writing markets and helpful online resources. You'll also find information on writing conferences, advice on formatting manuscripts, suggested readings, and the dos and don'ts of submitting your work to journals, magazines, and literary agents. If there's a writer in your life, this calendar will make the perfect gift.

And because every professional writer needs distractions, we'll sneak in peculiar tales of the writing life, plenty of inspiring art and photos, writing prompts, and, as always, a few surprises too.

Also Available: **A Working Writer's Daily Planner 2010: Your Year in Writing**  
ISBN: 978-1-931520-58-4 · Spiral bound · 160 pp · US \$13.95 · CAN \$13.95



# August

REFERENCE/WRITING/YEARBOOKS

ISBN: 978-1-931520-67-6

Spiral binding: 6 x 9

160 pages

US: \$13.95

Can: \$15.95

## ONLINE WRITING CLASSES

If you're sitting at home wondering whether this year is the one in which you should have taken a chance and joined a writing program or audited a course at your local college, never fear, the internet means you're never too far from a writing class. There are many sites out there offering classes. You can study with individual writers or join local adult education classes (which may require your actual appearance) and then there are the internet juggernauts such as *Writer's Digest*. Here are a couple of sites that caught our attention and three others in case they seem like a better fit for you:

### **Gotham Writers' Workshop**

This is one of the oldest workshops online. It was founded in New York City in 1993 and began online classes four years later. Workshops run for 6–10 weeks with class sizes usually from 14–16 students. Prices range from \$125 (one-day intensive workshops) to \$295 (6-week workshops) and \$545 (10-week Master Class workshops), all the way up to \$1,745 for a 10-Week one-on-one personal class. There are occasional free contests throughout the year and many discounts available. "To date, more than 25,000 students from 100+ countries have studied creative writing online with Gotham."

[www.writingclasses.com](http://www.writingclasses.com)

### **Online Writing Workshop**

Begun by an editor and programmer at Del Rey, an imprint of Random House, the Online Writing Workshop is a community workshop focussed on science fiction, fantasy, & horror. Members are at many different stages of publication from novelists to never-submitted. Membership costs only \$49 per year and members review one another's work and use the forums. Four editors and writers choose monthly picks and provide open feedback for the benefit of all members.

<http://sff.onlinewritingworkshop.com>

[Writersonlineworkshops.com](http://Writersonlineworkshops.com) (from *Writer's Digest*)

Workshops range from 4–28 weeks in length and \$150–\$500 and cover the basics of writing fiction, nonfiction (including memoir) and poetry.

[Zoetrope.writingclasses.com](http://Zoetrope.writingclasses.com) (from *Zoetrope All-Story*)

Facilitated by the Gotham Writers' Workshop (see above) these are 10-week workshops that cost \$395 in screenwriting and fiction writing and an advanced course in each.

[Coffeehouseforwriters.com](http://Coffeehouseforwriters.com)

These workshops are quite short: only 4 weeks and cost \$80. There are ten sessions a year.

## What I Didn't See

and Other Stories

Karen Joy Fowler

In her moving and elegant first collection since the turn of the millennium, *New York Times* bestseller Karen Joy Fowler writes about the Booth family, a cult, a pair of twins . . . digging into America's past, present, and future in the quiet, witty, and incisive way only she can. Twelve stories, including two recent Nebula Award winners, "Always" and "What I Didn't See."

Praise for Karen's books:

"No contemporary writer creates characters more appealing, or examines them with greater acuity and forgiveness, than she does."—Michael Chabon

"If I could eat this novel, I would."—Alice Sebold

"What strikes one first is the voice: robust, sly, witty, elegant, unexpected and never boring. Here is a novelist who absolutely comprehends the pleasures of imagination and transformation."—Margot Livesey

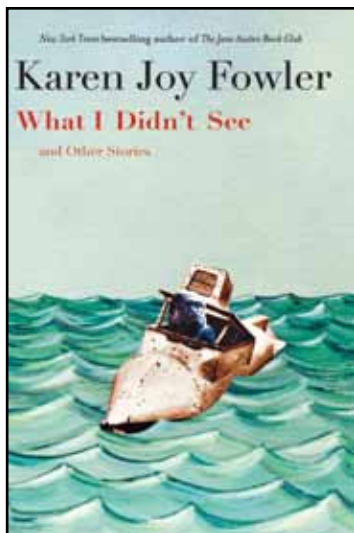
"Unforgettable . . . incandescent . . . bewitching."—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"Highly imaginative . . . In fine-edged and discerning prose, [Fowler] manages to re-create both life's extraordinary and its ordinary magic."—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Fowler's witty writing is a joy to read."—*USA Today*

"A splendid book, displaying a dazzling range of style, tone, and odd, true insights. Fowler is one of a kind."—*Minneapolis Star-Tribune*

Karen Joy Fowler ([karenjoyfowler.com](http://karenjoyfowler.com)) is the author of five novels including, *Wit's End*, *New York Times* bestseller *The Jane Austen Book Club* (adapted as a major motion picture), and *Sister Noon* (PEN/Faulkner Award finalist). Her collection, *Black Glass*, won the World Fantasy Award. Fowler and her husband, who have two grown children, live in Santa Cruz.



# September

*An excerpt from "The Pelican Bar"*

For her birthday, Norah got a Pink cd from the twins, a book about vampires from her grown-up sister, *High School Musical 2* from her grandma, (which Norah might have liked if she'd been turning ten instead of fifteen,) an iPod shuffle plus an Ecko Red t-shirt and two hundred dollar darkwash 7 jeans—the most expensive clothes Norah had ever owned—from her mother and father.

Not a week earlier, her mother had said it was a shame birthdays came whether you deserved them or not. She'd said she was dog-tired of Norah's disrespect, her ingratitude, her filthy language—as if fucking was just another word for very—fucking this and fucking that, fucking hot and fucking unfair and you have to be fucking kidding me.

And then there were a handful of nights when Norah didn't come home and turned off her phone so they all thought she was in the city in the apartment of some man she'd probably met on the internet and probably dead.

And then there were the horrible things she'd written about both her mother and father on facebook.

And now they had to buy her presents?

I don't see that happening, Norah's mother had said.

So it was all a big surprise and there was even a party. Her parents didn't approve of Norah's friends, (and mostly didn't know who they were) so the party was just family. Norah's big sister brought the new baby who yawned and hiccupped and whose scalp was scaly with cradle-cap. There was barbecued chicken and ears of corn cooked in milk, an ice-cream cake with pralines and roses and everyone, even Norah, was really careful and nice except for Norah's grandma who had a fight in the kitchen with Norah's mother that stopped the minute Norah entered. Her grandmother gave Norah a kiss, wished her a happy birthday, and left before the food was served.

The party went late and Norah's mother said they'd clean up in the morning. Everyone left or went to bed. Norah made a show of brushing her teeth, but she didn't undress, because Enoch and Kayla had said they'd come by, which they did, just before midnight. Enoch climbed through Norah's bedroom window and then he tiptoed downstairs to the front door to let Kayla in, because she was already too trashed for the window. "Your birthday's not over yet!" Enoch said, and he'd brought Norah some special birthday shrooms called hawk's eyes.

## Under the Poppy

a novel

Kathe Koja

“This book made me drunk. Koja’s language is at its poetic best and the epic drama had me digging my nails into my palms.”

—Cory Doctorow (author of *Little Brother*)

Love: it’s a triangle. War: is coming. Betrayal: is inevitable. Sex: watch out for the naughty puppets.

*Under the Poppy* is story Rupert and Istvan’s story: boyhood comrades, lovers for a lifetime, their flights, fights, passions and partings from a louche Victorian brothel to the dangerous salons of high society.

Orphaned brother and sister, Istvan and Decca, and their childhood friend, Rupert, live in a Victorian brothel called Under the Poppy. The brothel is owned by Decca who is in love with co-owner Rupert, but he’s in love with Istvan. When Istvan comes to town, louche puppet troupe in tow frail loyalties collapse. The lines of their desires intersect against a backdrop of approaching war, as old betrayals and new alliances—not only their own—take shape, hearts are broken, and the townsmen seek refuge from it all by watching the girls of the Poppy cavort onstage with Istvan’s naughty puppets . . . It’s a love story.

Kathe Koja’s books include *The Cipher*, *Skin*, and *Extremities*; YA novels include *Buddha Boy*, *Talk*, *Kissing the Bee*, and *Headlong*. Her work has been honored by the ALA, the ASPCA, the Parents’ Choice Award, and the Bram Stoker Award for Best First Novel. Her books have been published in seven languages, and optioned for film. She’s a Detroit native and lives in the area with her husband, artist Rick Lieder, and their cats. *Under the Poppy* is currently being adapted for the stage. ([underthepoppy.com](http://underthepoppy.com))



FICTION/HISTORICAL FICTION

ISBN: 978-1-931520-70-6

Trade cloth: 6 x 9

300 pages

US: \$24

Can: \$26

# October

*An excerpt from Under the Poppy*

The room is small but chilly, the coal-grate piled low. At the table together, scarlet damask and black tea, her shining pince-nez, his cheroot: Rupert with the night's receipts, Decca the month's accounts: "Adderley was here again?" Her pen's steel nib makes a disapproving sound, scratch-scratch. "Was it for Lucy? Sometimes I think she tries to fall ill, tries to ferret out the most diseased—"

"Not Lucy." He dwarfs the dainty duchess chair, its carved arms and wan petit-point roses: long legs, tight-squared shoulders, the sober frock coat and glass-polished boots of a prosperous undertaker. Black hair to his collar, a deep groove between his eyes, at odds with his young man's face. "Omar. An abscess."

"Then Omar can pay for the doctor himself, next time. Or switch to the spoon." Fox-colored hair piled high, secured with silver combs; on her violet silk breast are several pins, pinked topaz, opal, silver-gilt, and, pinned inside her bodice, a miniature blue eye in a circle of gold, a lover's eye, far more opulent than the others. "More tea?" She pours without waiting for an answer. He takes the whiskey-glass instead, he rubs his forehead. "Your head. . . . Call Vera, let her see to you."

"Fucking doesn't ease a headache."

"It relieves tension."

"I am not tense."

Lips parted to dispute this, she closes them again. Scratch-scratch. "The fire screen in the parlor wants replacing, the carpet there is fairly scorched through."

"Mm."

"Did we do well tonight?" She glances briefly at the door. "It seemed a thin crowd when I was on the floor."

"Well enough, considering."

She glances towards the door again. "Redgrave was in early, I saw him sporting with Pearl."

"Yes. . . . What do you look at?"

"Nothing." And then both hear it, the noise of commotion past the muted hum and thump of the dwindled downstairs crowd, the upstairs rooms: a girl's voice, Pearl's voice, high in protest—"No, sir! Stop! Sir!" Not play-acting, the heat of actual distress as Rupert stubs out his cheroot, Decca half-rising: "Let Omar deal with it. Rupert, let Omar—"

# Stories of Your Life and Others

Ted Chiang

We are proud to present a long-awaited new edition of Ted Chiang's Locus Award-winning debut collection which has been out of print for the last couple of years. Chiang is one of the most lauded writers in science fiction (his last two stories both received the Hugo Award) and readers are more than ready for this book to be available again.



## Table of Contents

“Tower of Babylon” (Nebula Award)

“Understand” (Hayakawa Award)

“Division by Zero”

“Story of Your Life” (Sturgeon, Nebula, Hayakawa, and Seiun Awards)

“Seventy-Two Letters” (Hayakawa and Sideways Awards)

“The Evolution of Human Science”

“Hell Is the Absence of God” (Hugo, Nebula, Locus, and Seiun Awards)

“Liking What You See: A Documentary”

★ “The stakes are high in all Chiang’s stories, for their social and existential implications concern him as much as their construction. He puts the science back in science fiction—brilliantly.”—*Booklist* (Starred Review)

“The first must-read SF book of the year. Chiang’s stories are audacious, challenging and moving.”—*Publishers Weekly*

“Essential. You won’t know SF if you don’t read Ted Chiang.”—Greg Bear

Ted Chiang lives near Seattle, Washington.

# October

FICTION/SCIENCE FICTION/SHORT STORIES

ISBN: 978-1-931520-72-0

Trade paper: 5.5 x 8.5

288 pages

US: \$16

Can: \$19



*An excerpt from "Understand"*

A layer of ice; it feels rough against my face, but not cold. I've got nothing to hold on to; my gloves just keep sliding off it. I can see people on top, running around, but they can't do anything. I'm trying to pound the ice with my fists, but my arms move in slow motion, and my lungs must have burst, and my head's going fuzzy, and I feel like I'm dissolving—

I wake up, screaming. My heart's going like a jackhammer. Christ. I pull off my blankets and sit on the edge of the bed.

I couldn't remember that before. Before I only remembered falling through the ice; the doctor said my mind had suppressed the rest. Now I remember it, and it's the worst nightmare I've ever had.

I'm grabbing the down comforter with my fists, and I can *feel* myself trembling. I try to calm down, to breathe slowly, but sobs keep forcing their way out. It was so real I could feel it: feel what it was like to die.

I was in that water for nearly an hour; I was more vegetable than anything else by the time they brought me up. Am I recovered? It was the first time the hospital had ever tried their new drug on someone with so much brain damage. Did it work?

The same nightmare, again and again. After the third time, I know I'm not going to sleep again. I spend the remaining hours before dawn worrying. Is this the result? Am I losing my mind?

Tomorrow is my weekly checkup with the resident at the hospital. I hope he'll have some answers.

I drive into downtown Boston, and after half an hour Dr. Hooper can see me. I sit on a gurney in an examining room, behind a yellow curtain. Jutting out of the wall at waist-height is a horizontal flatscreen, adjusted for tunnel vision so it appears blank from my angle. The doctor types at the keyboard, presumably calling up my file, and then starts examining me. As he's checking my pupils with a penlight, I tell him about my nightmares.

"Did you ever have any before the accident, Leon?" He gets out his little mallet and taps at my elbows, knees, and ankles.

"Never. Are these a side effect of the drug?"

"Not a side effect. The hormone K therapy regenerated a lot of damaged neurons, and that's an enormous change that your brain has to adjust to. The nightmares are probably just a sign of that."

# Paradise Tales

Stories

Geoff Ryman

Geoff Ryman writes about the other and dissects ourselves. His stories are set in recognizable places—London, Cambodia, tomorrow—and feature men and women caught in recognizable situations (or technologies) and not sure which way to turn. They, we, should obviously choose what's right. But what if that's hard?

This collection builds on the success of *The King's Last Song*—and on the two Cambodian stories included here, “The Last Ten Years of the Hero Kai” and the exceedingly-popular “Pol Pot's Beautiful Daughter.”

Over the next few seasons we are reprinting Ryman's previous novels (*Was, The Child Garden*) and collection (*The Unconquered Countries*) so with new introductions and so on to continue to build his readership.

Praise for Ryman's most recent novel:

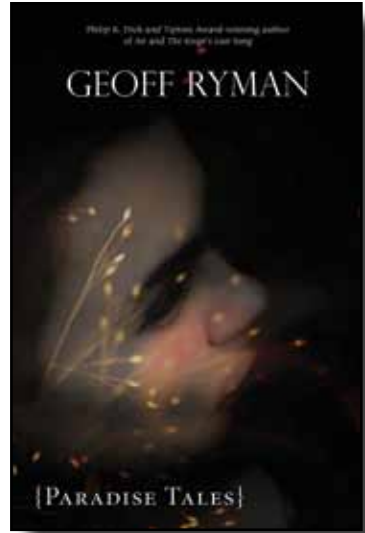
“[Ryman] has not so much created as revealed a world in which the promise of redemption takes seed even in horror.”—*The Boston Globe*

“Sweeping and beautiful.”—*The Sunday Times*

“Inordinately readable . . . extraordinary in its detail, color and brutality.”—*The Independent*

“Ryman has crafted a solid historical novel with an authentic feel for both ancient and modern Cambodia.”—*Washington DC City Paper*

Geoff Ryman is the author of the novels *The King's Last Song, Air* (Clarke and Tiptree Award winner) and *The Unconquered Country* (World Fantasy Award winner). Canadian by birth, he has lived in Cambodia and Brazil and now teaches creative writing at the University of Manchester in England.



# July 2011

*An excerpt from “No Bad Thing”*

*Job interview*

I thought he was just a sweet addled little vampire who lost his shoes. A lot of them are like that—brain dead, traumatised.

But this one had sparkling brown eyes, an amused smile, and thick black hair. You have to be careful around vampires. They’ve learned how to be appealing, and they do it so that they can eat you.

“I . . . notice the date of birth,” I say, looking at his application.  
1879.

“It’s easier these days to be honest.” He says it in a humble, weary kind of way, with a Mittel European accent. He’s taking off his shoes in the middle of a job interview and they go clump clump on the floor. The tips of his socks wriggle like octopus tentacles looking for food. One sock is red, the other green.

“We don’t see many of, uh, you, uh, Virally Affected Revenants up here in Canada. We’re not a very good bet on with our ozone layer problems.”

“But you have very early sunsets.” He bats his eyelids at me.

“You’ve left the name blank,” I say.

“Yes. We don’t like names.”

“I’m sorry but I do need a name if you are to work at the lab.”

He sighs. “Albert Einstein.” It gives him pain to admit it.

“Just . . . just to check. The Albert Einstein?”

“Oh, I think so. It’s hard to tell. So many memories over so long a period. You should hire me. VARs make very good scientists, you know. Our brains go young again and in theory we have centuries of work in us.”

He laughs and shakes his head. “In life, I was so against quantum theory. It offended my ideas about God.” He smiles ruefully, charmingly. “That’s less of a problem for me now, God not being high on the Vampire Top Ten.”

My tongue is buzzing because I’m nervous. “Thhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhis is a biology lab.”

He nods approvingly. “You’re exploring radiation resistance in plants, particularly quinoa. Also the transfer of genetic material from quinoa to other plants, such as food crops. This is something I find very, very interesting. I’ve been doing work on it myself.” He hands trace something in the air. “Maybe I should grow a coat and hat of quinoa for myself.”

# Solitaire

a novel

Kelley Eskridge

A *New York Times* Notable Book · Borders Original  
Voices selection · Nebula, Endeavour, and Spectrum  
Award finalist.

“Suspenseful and inspiring.”—*School Library Journal*

“A stylistic and psychological tour de force.”

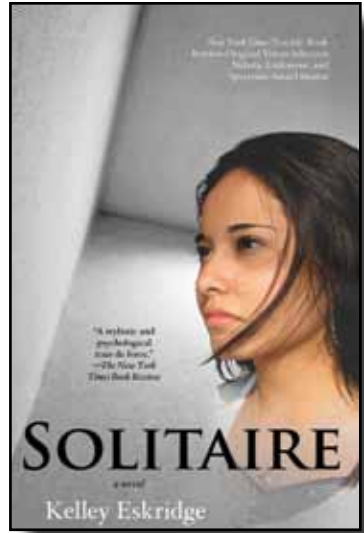
—*New York Times Book Review*

There are many books we'd love to see back in print and one we're happy to have acquired is Kelley Eskridge's debut novel, *Solitaire*.

Jackal Segura is a Hope: born to a life of responsibility and privilege as a symbol of a fledgling world government. Soon she'll take a position in the global administration, sponsored by the huge corporation that houses, feeds, employs and protects her and everyone she loves. Then, just as she finds out that everything she knows is a lie, she becomes a pariah, a murderer, a person with no community and no future. She is put into an experimental program designed to inflict the experience of years of solitary confinement in a few short months—virtual confinement in a sealed cell within her own mind, grief-stricken and alone, until the day her demons come out to play.

Afterward, branded and despised, she returns to a world she no longer knows. Struggling to make her way she has a chance to rediscover her life, her love and her soul—in a strange place of shattered hopes and new beginnings, called *Solitaire*.

Kelley Eskridge ([kelleyeskridge.com](http://kelleyeskridge.com)) is a novelist, essayist, and screenwriter. Her stories have been finalists for the Nebula and Tiptree awards, received the Astraea Award, and adapted for television. A movie based on *Solitaire* is in development. She lives in Seattle with her partner, novelist Nicola Griffith.



# January 2011

20

FICTION/SCIENCE FICTION

ISBN: 978-1-931520-10-2

Trade Cloth: 5.5 x 8.5

320 pages

US: \$16

Can: \$19

## *An excerpt from Solitaire*

So here she was, framed in the open double doors like a photograph: Jackal Segura on the worst day of her life, preparing to join the party. The room played wide before her, swollen with voices, music, human heat, and she thought perhaps this was a bad idea after all. But she was conscious of the picture she made, backlit in gold by the autumn afternoon sun, standing square, taking up space. A good entrance, casually dramatic. People were already noticing, smiling; there's our Jackal being herself. There's our Hope. It shamed her, now that she knew it was a lie.

She took a breath and stepped into the chaos of color and noise, conscious of her bare face. Most people had made some effort at a Halloween costume, even if only a few finger smears of paint along cheekbone or forehead. Enough to make them unrecognizable, alien. She had a vision of Ko Island full of monsters lurching to the beat that boomed like a kodo drum, so loud that she imagined the huge western windows bulging under the pressure, only a moment from jagged eruption. It could happen. There was always a breaking point.

But she should not be thinking about things breaking, about her life splintered like a bone that could never be set straight. She should wipe from her mind her mother's voice, thin and sharp, They give you everything and you don't deserve it, you're no more a Hope than I am! She should stop wanting to split Donatella's head open for saying it. And she should not yearn to lay herself in her mother's lap and beg her take it back, Mama, make it better while Donatella stroked her hair. What good would it do? Her mother would only find a way to break her all over again.

Enough. She shook her head and braced herself against the jostle of bodies. Fuck Donatella. Jackal would cope. She would find a way to work it out. She was here, that was the first step: and somewhere in this confusion were the people she needed — her web mates, her peers among the second generation of Ko Corporation citizen-employees. Her web was the world. Her web was safety. She only had to brave the crowd long enough to find them.

## The Poison Eaters

and Other Stories

Holly Black

★ “Black’s first story collection assures her place as a modern fantasy master. . . . Sly humor, vivid characters, each word perfectly chosen: These stories deserve reading again and again.”

—*Kirkus Reviews* (starred review)

“Reading a new book by Holly is like meeting up with an old friend. They might be a little messed up from the last time you saw them, they might have some serious drama going on in their lives, but the connection is immediate, and when they’re packing up to head off again, you don’t want to let them go.”—Charles de Lint (*The Blue Girl*)

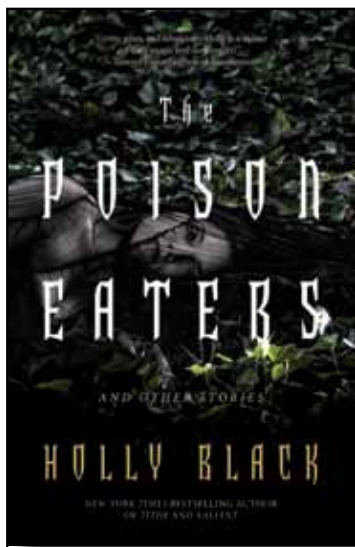
“Holly Black’s stories are dark and splendid blooms rising from roots sunk deep in myth and tradition.”—Ellen Kushner (*The Privilege of the Sword*)

“Gritty, grim, and fabulous—Holly is a master of dark magic and dark reality!”  
—Tamora Pierce (*Bloodbound*)

A Junior Library Guild Selection.

In her much-anticipated debut collection, *New York Times* best-seller Black returns to the world of *Tithe* in two darkly exquisite new tales. She also takes readers on to a faerie market, introduces a girl poisonous to the touch, and another who challenges the devil to a competitive eating match. These stories have been published in anthologies such as *21 Proms*, *The Faery Reel*, and *The Restless Dead*, and have been reprinted in many “Best of” anthologies. Young adult and adult readers alike love Holly’s ability to stare into the void—and to find humanity and humor there. With illustrations by Theo Black.

Holly Black ([blackholly.com](http://blackholly.com)) is the author of the novels *Tithe*, *Valiant*, *Ironside*, and *White Cat*. She and Tony DiTerlizzi created the best-selling *Spiderwick Chronicles*. She and her husband, Theo, live in Massachusetts.



FICTION/YOUNG ADULT

ISBN: 978-1-931520-63-8

Trade Cloth: 5.5 x 8.5

224 pages

US: \$17.99

Can: \$19.99

Pub. Date: February 2010

# Big Mouth House

*An excerpt from "The Coldest Girl in Coldtown"*

Fifty-seven days ago, Matilda had been sober. She'd had a boyfriend named Julian and they would dress up together in her bedroom. He liked to wear skinny ties and glittery eye shadow. She liked to wear vintage rock t-shirts and boots that laced up so high that they would constantly be late because they were busy tying them.

Matilda and Julian would dress up and prowl the streets and party at lockdown clubs that barred the doors from dusk to dawn. Matilda wasn't particularly careless; she was just careless enough.

She'd been at a friend's party. It had been stiflingly hot and she was mad because Julian and Lydia were doing some dance thing from the musical they were in at school. Matilda just wanted to get some air. She opened a window and climbed out under the bobbing garland of garlic.

Another girl was already on the lawn. Matilda should have noticed that the girl's breath didn't crystallize in the air, but she didn't.

"Do you have a light?" the girl had asked.

Matilda did. She reached for Julian's lighter when the girl caught her arm and bent her backwards. Matilda's scream turned into a shocked cry when she felt the girl's cold mouth against her neck, the girl's cold fingers holding her off balance.

Then it was as though someone slid two shards of ice into her skin.

The spread of vampirism could be traced to one person—Caspar Morales. Films and books and television had started romanticizing vampires and maybe it was only a matter of time before a vampire started romanticizing *himself*.

Crazy, romantic Caspar decided that he wouldn't kill his victims. He'd just drink a little blood and then move on, city to city. By the time other vampires caught up with him and ripped him to pieces, he'd infected hundreds of people. And those new vampires, with no idea how to prevent the spread, infected thousands.

When the first outbreak happened in Tokyo, it seemed like a journalist's prank. Then there was another outbreak in Hong Kong and another in San Francisco.

The military put up barricades around the area where the infection broke out. That was the way the first Coldtown was founded.

## The Serial Garden

The Complete Armitage Family Stories  
Joan Aiken

“Joan Aiken’s invention seemed inexhaustible, her high spirits a blessing, her sheer storytelling zest a phenomenon. She was a literary treasure, and her books will continue to delight for many years to come.”

—Philip Pullman

“My happiest discovery this year.”

—*Los Angeles Times*

“You can’t do better than to get your fantasy-reading child hooked on Aiken’s playful, witty magic.”

—*The Toronto Star*



The first complete collection of Joan Aiken’s beloved Armitage stories—including four unpublished stories. After Mrs. Armitage makes a wish, the Armitage family has interesting and unusual experiences every Monday (and the occasional Tuesday). The Board of Incantation tries to take over their house to use as a school for young wizards; the Furies come to stay; and a cutout from a cereal box leads into a beautiful and tragic palace garden. *The Serial Garden* includes Joan Aiken’s Prelude to the series, as well as introductions from Joan Aiken’s daughter, Lizza Aiken, and Garth Nix, and is gloriously illustrated throughout by Andi Watson.

A Junior Library Guild Selection.

Joan Aiken’s (1924–2004) first collection, *All You’ve Ever Wanted* was published in 1953. She wrote over a hundred books (including *The Way to Write for Children*) and was perhaps best known for the dozen novels in *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase* series. She received the Guardian and Edgar Allan Poe awards for fiction and in 1999 she was awarded an MBE for her contributions to children’s literature. ([joanaiken.com](http://joanaiken.com))

*Keep in touch: we have more  
Joan Aiken coming soon!*

FICTION/MIDDLE READER  
ISBN: 978-1-931520-57-7

Trade Cloth: 5.5 x 8.5

320 pages

US: \$20.00

Can: \$22.00

Pub Date: October 2008

# Big Mouth House



*An excerpt from "Yes, but Today is Tuesday"*

Monday was the day on which unusual things were allowed, and even expected to happen at the Armitage house.

It was on a Monday, for instance, that two knights of the Round Table came and had a combat on the lawn, because they insisted that nowhere else was flat enough. And on another Monday two albatrosses nested on the roof, laid three eggs, knocked off most of the tiles, and then deserted the nest; Agnes, the cook, made the eggs into an omelet but it tasted too strongly of fish to be considered a success. And on another Monday, all the potatoes in a sack in the larder turned into the most beautiful Venetian glass apples, and Mrs. Epis, who came in two days a week to help with the cleaning, sold them to a rag-and-bone man for a shilling. So the Armitages were quite prepared for surprises on a Monday and, if by any chance the parents had gone out during the day, they were apt to open the front door rather cautiously on their return, in case a dromedary should charge at them, which had happened on a particularly notable Monday before Christmas. Then they would go very quietly and carefully into the sitting room, and sit down, and fortify themselves with sherry before Mark and Harriet came in and told them precisely *what* had happened since breakfast time.

You will see, therefore, that this story is all the more remarkable because it happened on a Tuesday.

It began at breakfast time, when Mark came into the dining room and announced that there was a unicorn in the garden.

"Nonsense," said his father. "Today is Tuesday."

"I can't help it," said Mark. "Just you go and look. It's standing out among the peonies, and it's a beauty, I can tell you."

Harriet started to her feet, but Mrs. Armitage was firm. "Finish your shredded wheat first, Harriet. After all, today *is* Tuesday."

## Cloud & Ashes

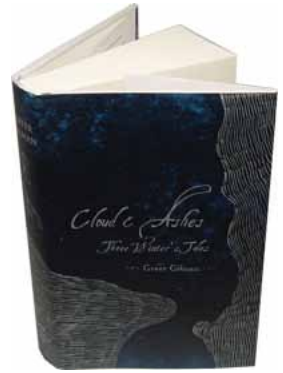
Three Winter's Tales  
Greer Gilman



"It is a story about story, and stories are what we are all made of. Abandon hope all ye who enter here."—Paul Kincaid, *SF Site*

"Sublimely lyrical Jacobeanesque dialect . . . an unforgettable realm and ideology."—*Publishers Weekly*

GREERGILMAN.COM · 978-1-931520-55-3 · TRADE CLOTH · \$26



## Hound

a novel

Vincent McCaffrey

"McCaffrey, the owner of Boston's legendary Avenue Victor Hugo Bookshop, succeeds in conveying his love of books in his intriguing debut."—*Publishers Weekly*

"*Hound* is billed as a mystery, and it's a good one, but its fuse is long and its pace befitting an old bookshop. That's a good thing... A compelling, old-school yarn, the kind of story a man who knows his literature tells."—*Time Out Chicago*

VINCENTMCCAFFREY.COM · 978-1-931520-59-1 · TRADE CLOTH · \$24



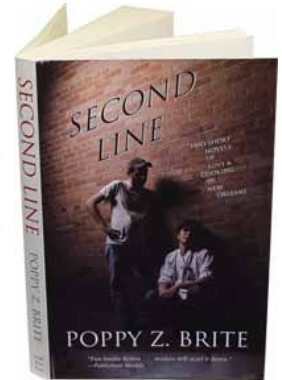
## Second Line

Two Short Novels of Love and Cooking in New Orleans  
Poppy Z. Brite

"Seeing love and passion bloom in the hearts of what seem like the most unlikely of subjects is, to me, quite a remarkable feat. . . . I dare you to give *Second Line* a try and see if you don't become a Brite fan like me!"—*NewOrleans.com*

"Fun foodie fiction, and readers will scarf it down."  
—*Publishers Weekly*

POPPYZBRITE.COM · 978-1-931520-60-7 · TRADE PAPER · \$16



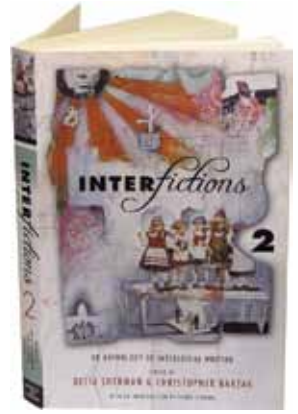
## Interfictions 2

An Anthology of Interstitial Writing

Delia Sherman & Christopher Barzak, Editors

Selected by Amazon.com as one of the Best Books of 2009.

Delving deeper into the genre-spanning territory explored in the first *Interfictions*, this anthology showcases work by Jeffrey Ford, Brian Francis Slattery, Nin Andrews, M. Rickert, and others. With an introduction by Henry Jenkins and an afterword/ editor interview by Colleen Mondor of *Chasing Ray*.



“This anthology celebrates its cross-genre concept as much as its content, with a lengthy introduction, contributor notes, and afterword. Will Ludwigsen’s lovely, melancholy ‘Remembrance is Something Like a House’ combines paranormal and true crime elements. Alaya Dawn Johnson’s dystopian ‘The Score’ reads like a post-9/11 *Twilight Zone* episode. . . . Fans of the first *Interfictions* anthology will dig it.”—*Publishers Weekly*

INTERSTITIALARTS.ORG · 978-1-931520-61-4 · TRADE PAPER · \$16

## Interfictions

An Anthology of Interstitial Writing

Delia Sherman & Theodora Goss, Editors

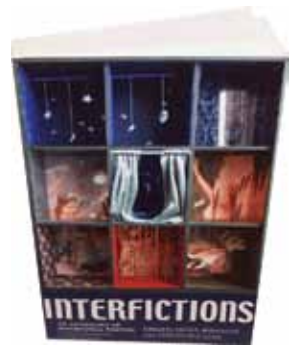
The first art object from the Interstitial Arts Foundation is an anthology of 21 stories (including three translations) from writers around the world who were tasked with writing works that fit between shelves—and these authors took that idea and ran with it.

“Odd, Deep, Delightful.”

—Michael Bishop, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*

“We want words to do more now and for our time not to have been spent with just one idea.”

—Adrienne Martini, *Baltimore City Paper*



INTERSTITIALARTS.ORG · 978-1-931520-24-9 · TRADE PAPER · \$16

# Interstitial Arts Foundation

## Couch

a novel

Benjamin Parzybok

“*Couch* hits on an improbable, even fantastic premise, and then rigorously hews to the logic that it generates, keeping it afloat (at times literally) to the end.”—*Los Angeles Times*

In this exuberant and hilarious debut (an Indie Next List Pick for Reading Groups) a freak accident floods three roommates’ apartment. They’re evicted—but have to take their couch. The problem? The couch—huge and orange—won’t let itself be put down. Soon the roommates are on a trek along back roads, byways, and rail lines, heading far out of Portland and deep into one very weird corner of the American dream.

Benjamin Parzybok lives in Portland, Oregon, with the writer Laura Moulton and their two children.

IDEACOG.NET • 978-1-931520-54-6 • TRADE PAPER • \$16



## The King’s Last Song

a novel

Geoff Ryman

“Sweeping and beautiful. . . . The complex story tears the veil from a hidden world.”—*The Sunday Times*

“[Ryman] has not so much created as revealed a world in which the promise of redemption takes seed even in horror.”—*The Boston Globe*

An archeologist discovers an ancient Cambodian manuscript inscribed on gold leaves but is kidnapped. Bargaining for his life, he translates the lost manuscript and the result is a glimpse into the tremendous and heart-wrenching story of a twelfth-century Cambodian king. As the two stories interweave, the question becomes whether the tale of ancient wisdom can bring hope to a nation still suffering from the violent legacy of the last century.

Geoff Ryman is the author of the novels *Air*, *The Child Garden*, *Was*, and *The Unconquered Country*. Canadian by birth, he has lived in Cambodia and Brazil and now teaches creative writing at the University of Manchester in England.

RYMAN-NOVEL.COM • 978-1-931520-56-0 • TRADE PAPER • \$16



# Stranger Things Happen

Stories

Kelly Link's debut collection of funny, spooky, and smart stories all have happy endings. They were all especially written for you. Best of the Year: *Salon*, *Locus*, *Village Voice*, *San Francisco Chronicle*. Includes Nebula, World Fantasy, and Tiptree Award-winning stories.

"An alchemical mix of Borges, Raymond Chandler and 'Buffy the Vampire Slayer.'" —*Salon*, Best Books of the Year

- » Our bestselling title. 6th printing. 75,000+ Creative Commons downloads.
- » Taught at many schools including: Bard, Brown, U. of Iowa &c.
- » Rights: Jenny Meyer Literary Agency. Sold to 9 countries.

KELLYLINK.NET · 978-1-931520-00-3 · TRADE PAPER · \$16



# Magic for Beginners

Stories

Best of the Decade: *Salon*, *The Onion*, *The Village Voice*, *HTML Giant*. Best of the Year: *Time Magazine*, *Book Sense*, *Salon*. Engaging and funny, this collection riffs on haunted convenience stores, husbands and wives, rabbits, zombies, weekly apocalyptic poker parties, witches, superheroes, marriage, and cannons—and includes several new stories. Each story is illustrated by Shelley Jackson.

- » Harcourt Harvest trade paperback · 0156031876
- » Rights: Jenny Meyer Literary Agency. Sold to 11 countries.

KELLYLINK.NET · 978-1-931520-15-7 · TRADE CLOTH · \$24



# Trampoline

an anthology

edited by Kelly Link

20 "fabulous tales" (*Washington Post*) by Christopher Barzak, Alan DeNiro, Carol Emshwiller, Jeffrey Ford, Karen Joy Fowler, Glen Hirshberg, Samantha Hunt, Shelley Jackson, Maureen F. McHugh, Ed Park, Christopher Rowe, Vandana Singh, Rosalind Palermo Stevenson, and Greer Gilman's World Fantasy Award winning "A Crowd of Bone," among others.

978-1-931520-04-1 · TRADE PAPER · \$17



## &c.

### 2009 Bestsellers

1. Benjamin Parzybok, *Couch*
2. Joan Aiken, *The Serial Garden*
3. Kelly Link, *Stranger Things Happen*

### Bestseller so far

Kelly Link, *Stranger Things Happen*

### Award Winners

- Carol Emshwiller, *The Mount: a Novel* · Philip K. Dick Award
- Greer Gilman, “A Crowd of Bone” (in *Trampoline*) · World Fantasy Award
- Greer Gilman, *Cloud & Ashes: Three Winter’s Tales* · Tiptree Award
- Elizabeth Hand, *Generation Loss: a novel* · Shirley Jackson Award
- John Kessel, *The Baum Plan for Financial Independence and Other Stories* · Nebula and Shirley Jackson Awards: “Pride and Prometheus”
- Ellen Kushner, *The Privilege of the Sword* · Locus and *Romantic Times* Reviewers Choice Awards
- Kate Wilhelm, *Storyteller: Writing Lessons and More from 27 Years of the Clarion Writers’ Workshop* · Hugo and Locus Awards

### Also available

John Crowley, *Endless Things: A Part of Ægypt*

Alan DeNiro, *Skinny Dipping in the Lake of the Dead: Stories*

Carol Emshwiller, *Report to the Men’s Club and Other Stories; Carmen Dog: a novel*

Angélica Gorodischer, *Kalpa Imperial: The Greatest Empire That Never Was* (trans. by Ursula K. Le Guin)

Laurie J. Marks, *Water Logic: An Elemental Logic Novel*

Maureen F. McHugh, *Mothers & Other Monsters: Stories*

Naomi Mitchison, *Travel Light: a novel*

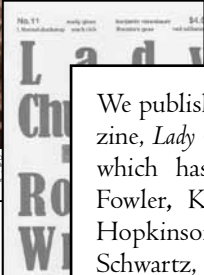
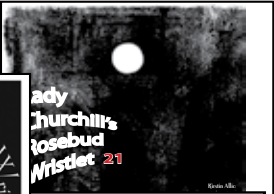
Benjamin Rosenbaum, *The Ant King and Other Stories*

Jennifer Stevenson, *Trash, Sex, Magic: a novel*

Sean Stewart, *Mockingbird: a novel, Perfect Circle: a novel*

Ray Vukceвич, *Meet Me in the Moon Room: Stories*

Howard Waldrop, *Howard Who? Stories*

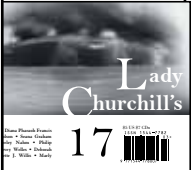
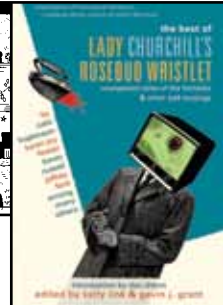


We publish and distribute a twice-annual lit zine, *Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet*, (LCRW), which has featured work by Karen Joy Fowler, Kirstin Allio, Jeffrey Ford, Nalo Hopkinson, Carol Emshwiller, David J. Schwartz, John Kessel, and Karen Russell.

Del Rey published *The Best of LCRW*, edited by Kelly Link & Gavin J. Grant and with a great intro by Dan Chaon (9780345499134).

LCRW is available from our website (smallbeerpress.com/lcrw) and is carried by many wonderful book stores such as: Atomic Books (Baltimore), Book Cellar & Quimby's (Chicago), Booksmith (San Francisco), Borderlands (San Francisco), Broadside Books (Northampton), Downtown Books & News (Asheville), Powell's (Portland), Prairie Lights (Iowa City), Room of One's Own (Madison), St. Mark's & McNally Robinson (NYC), Elliot Bay Books (Seattle), Dreamhaven and Magers & Quinn Books (Minneapolis), Pandemonium and Porter Square Books (Cambridge), Amherst Books (Amherst), Raconteur (Metuchen).

We are always happy to add more book-stores. Terms are 5+ copies/40% discount.



<b>Index by Author</b>			
Aiken, Joan	24	Travel Light	30
Barzak, Christopher	27	<b>Under the Poppy</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Black, Holly</b>	<b>22</b>	What I Didn't See	12
Brite, Poppy Z.	26	<b>Working Writer's Daily Planner 2011</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Châteaureynaud, Georges-Olivier</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>Index by World Rights</b>	
<b>Chiang, Ted</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>Châteaureynaud, Georges-Olivier</b>	
<b>Eskridge, Kelley</b>	<b>20</b>	<i>A Life on Paper (World English)</i>	<b>4</b>
<b>Fowler, Karen Joy</b>	<b>12</b>	DeNiro, Alan	
Gilman, Greer	26	<i>Skinny Dipping in the Lake of the Dead</i>	30
Goss, Theodora	27	Emshwiller, Carol	
<b>Gray, Alasdair</b>	<b>2</b>	<i>Carmen Dog</i>	30
<b>Gauvin, Edward (translator)</b>	<b>4</b>	Gilman, Greer	
<b>Holmes, Julia</b>	<b>8</b>	<i>Cloud &amp; Ashes</i>	<b>26</b>
<b>Koja, Kathe</b>	<b>14</b>	Link, Kelly	
Link, Kelly	29	<i>Magic for Beginners</i>	29
<b>Lord, Karen</b>	<b>6</b>	<i>Stranger Things Happen</i>	29
McCaffrey, Vincent	26	<b>Lord, Karen</b>	
Parzybok, Benjamin	28	<i>Redemption in Indigo</i>	<b>6</b>
<b>Ryman, Geoff</b>	<b>28</b>	Marks, Laurie J.	
Sherman, Delia	27	<i>Water Logic</i>	30
		McCaffrey, Vincent	
		<i>Hound</i>	26
<b>Index by Title</b>		McHugh, Maureen F.	
Cloud & Ashes	26	<i>Mothers &amp; Other Monsters</i>	30
<b>Couch</b>	<b>28</b>	Parzybok, Benjamin	
Hound	26	<i>Couch</i>	<b>28</b>
Interfictions 1, 2	27	Rosenbaum, Benjamin	
King's Last Song, The	28	<i>The Ant King and Other Stories</i>	30
<b>Life on Paper, A</b>	<b>4</b>	Stevenson, Jennifer	
Magic for Beginners	29	<i>Trash Sex Magic</i>	30
<b>Meeks</b>	<b>8</b>	Vukceвич, Ray	
<b>Old Men in Love</b>	<b>2</b>	<i>Meet Me in the Moon Room</i>	30
<b>Poison Eaters and Other Stories, The</b>	<b>22</b>	Wilhelm, Kate	
<b>Redemption in Indigo</b>	<b>6</b>	<i>Storyteller</i>	30
Second Line	26	Waldrop, Howard	
Serial Garden, The	24	<i>Howard Who?</i>	30
<b>Solitaire</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>Small Beer Press</b>	
<b>Stories of Your Life and Others</b>	<b>16</b>	<i>A Working Writer's Daily Planner 2011</i>	<b>10</b>
Storyteller	16		
Stranger Things Happen	29		
Trampoline	29		
Trash Sex Magic	18		



# Small Beer Press

Since its founding in 2000, Small Beer Press books have been selected as Best Books of the Year by *Time Magazine*, *Salon*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Village Voice*, *Book Magazine*, &c., have received the Philip K. Dick, Hugo, Shirley Jackson, and Locus Awards, and been finalists for the Story Prize and Believer Book Awards among others.

All our books are printed on at least 30% post-consumer recycled paper.

Some of our books are available as ebooks through our website, Fictionwise.com, Google, Scribd, Follet, etc. We are an independent press surviving on thin margins and while we love sharing books with friends and checking out books from the library we sincerely appreciate you not pirating our DRM-free ebooks. A few of our titles are available free online under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 3.0 license at [smallbeerpress.com/creative-commons](http://smallbeerpress.com/creative-commons).

Please check our events calendar online for author readings and more.

Small Beer Press

150 Pleasant St., #306

Easthampton, MA 01027

T/F 413-203-1636

[info@smallbeerpress.com](mailto:info@smallbeerpress.com) | [www.smallbeerpress.com](http://www.smallbeerpress.com) | [facebook.com/smallbeerpress](https://facebook.com/smallbeerpress)

Gavin J. Grant, Publisher

Kelly Link, Editor

Jedediah Berry, Editor

## **International Rights:**

Whitney Lee

The Fielding Agency

269 S. Beverly Drive, #341

Beverly Hills, CA 90212

310-276-7517 | [wlee@fieldingagency.com](mailto:wlee@fieldingagency.com)

## **Small Beer Press books are distributed to the trade and internationally by:**

Consortium Book Sales & Distribution, Inc.

The Keg House,

34 Thirteenth Ave., NE, Suite 101

Minneapolis, MN 55413-1007

T 800-283-3572 | F 651-746-2606

Small Beer Press Catalog No. 6, February 2010.

Available in print or as a DRM-free PDF ebook.

Cover art from *The Poison Eaters and Other Stories* © Corbis.

For updates and so on, subscribe to [smallbeerpress.com/not-a-journal](http://smallbeerpress.com/not-a-journal).

Thanks for reading.

Small Beer Press  
150 Pleasant St., # 306  
Easthampton, MA

01027

To:

[smallbeerpress.com](http://smallbeerpress.com)