

*The*  
**RENAISSANCE**  
*of*  
**GWEN**  
**HATHAWAY**

*The*  
**RENAISSANCE**  
*of*  
**GWEN**  
**HATHAWAY**

.....✦ **A NOVEL** ✦.....

ASHLEY  
SCHUMACHER



WEDNESDAY BOOKS  
NEW YORK



# PROLOGUE

**WAS TEN WHEN I FIRST MET** the Wized Old Wizard. I didn't know then that the old man was a Ren faire legend, a traveler who only sometimes popped up at faires, never announced, never traceable. No director would kick him out or refuse to let him set up shop because it meant an influx of visitors once word got out that he had arrived . . . if those visitors could arrive before he took a notion to leave.

In retrospect, perhaps there should have been a place to sit, somewhere for weary souls to settle and absorb the wisdom he claimed to possess. Instead, the old wizard stood behind a counter just like every other vendor at the faire, a variety

of potion bottles promising love, luck, or hexes scattered between sachets of bundled pine needles and jars of brightly colored sand. Strange brass beads that shone thick and golden in the dim light hung from thin chains along the front of the counter, twinkling near my hips.

“Come to buy my wares?” the Wizen Old Wizard asked.

He didn’t sound particularly wise, nor old, really. He sounded jolly in a subdued way, but much too young to be calling himself the Wizen Old Wizard.

I peered through the wispy haze of smoke that permeated the air. I tried to decipher if his long gray beard and matching bushy eyebrows were fake, but every time I thought I had settled on the dark complexion of his face, I found my view obscured once more.

“Choose wisely, child,” the wizard told me, gesturing to the table. “Magic is not free.”

Ten years of being a human was long enough for me to become self-conscious, especially in my street clothes. When I wore the faire costumes Mom made for me—even if I *did* refuse to wear slippers and hid sneakers beneath—I felt like one face in the crowd, just another maiden in the village of Wiltonshire, or Hollygrove, or Pleasance, or at whichever faire our big blue RV, Britomart, was parked at the time. But in modern clothes, in pants and sweaters and Converse that were always bought a half size too large, I felt watched by the world in a way that made my skin prickle.

I felt stupid standing in front of the Wizen Old Wizard in my faded thrift store jeans, but this shop was different than

any other vendor I had seen at *any* faire, and by then, I had been to almost every single one in the United States.

There was something about him, about his stall, that felt like a step back in time, a true harkening back to a land with no electricity or fans or upright showers. I couldn't even hear the hiss of the smoke machine, no matter how still I made myself and how carefully I listened. There was only the wizard's occasional cough, the happy, distant shouts of the faire patrons out in the sunshine, and the gentle sound of my own breath.

"You have not heard of my name before," the wizard said suddenly through the silence, causing me to nearly drop the potion bottle in my hand.

"No, my lord," I said, an incorrect faire habit that immediately made me blush. "My lord" was only meant for nobility, which the wizard was technically not, but he had such a commanding presence, my tongue slipped.

The wizard didn't seem offended. He smiled in a way that made me wonder if he did so often, quickly and with only one side of his mouth quirked beneath his impressively dense facial hair. He seemed serious on purpose, like he hadn't meant to let the half-smile slip.

"Most who come to me have sought me," he said. "Some come from miles and miles away. But it seems as if fate brought you here today."

"I don't believe in fate," I said quickly.

Because I didn't believe in fate. I *don't*. And yet my mind wandered to the coin—the coin—the one tucked safely in the

deepest, plushest part of my mother's jewelry satchel. The one my great-great-grandparents flipped to see if they should abandon their jobs and run away with the Renaissance faire in the first place. The one that my parents flipped to decide if they would get married, if they would have me, if they would homeschool me and raise me in the Ren faire circuit.

The one that I stole and flipped just two weeks before meeting the Wizened Old Wizard to see if Mom was going to get better, if the doctors were right and the cancer wasn't aggressive and was, in fact, highly treatable.

The one that said *no*. The one that I refused to believe and shoved back into Mom's drawer and swore to never touch again.

The wizard must have heard it in my voice, my uncertainty regarding fate, because this time he smiled with both sides of his mouth.

"I do not only sell potions," he said. "I also give advice."

I had seen the prices on some of the potion bottles. If this was an extra feature, a mysterious one that brought people from miles away, there was *no* way I would be able to afford it with the birthday money still sitting in my pocket.

"Advice?"

"Of a sort. You ask a question; I answer."

"Like a fortune?"

"I cannot see the future more than any other man," the wizard replied. "But I have been on this earth so long, I do know a fair amount of its patterns, yes. If it's a query of what lies ahead of you, I can do my best to answer."

I wondered if a new fate could cancel out another. I wondered if the Wizen Old Wizard could rewrite my destiny, if he could undo the power the coin held over my family and over me.

“How much?” I asked. “For the fortune?”

“*Advice*,” the wizard stressed. He leaned forward, still somehow encased by smoke, and I felt like I was being evaluated.

“For you,” he said, “I will accept exactly three tokens.”

“Tokens?”

“Items,” he amended. “Things of importance to you.”

“That . . . seems like a lot,” I said.

For the first time, I got a clear enough view of the wizard’s face to see a twinkle—a literal *twinkle* of mischief—in his eyes.

“I am *very* wise, and as I said, magic is not free. Come back tomorrow with your chosen tokens, and I will answer your question.”

I turned to leave, dismissed, but paused before I raised the heavy sheet from the walkway.

“If you are so wise,” I said without turning, “if you know so many patterns, can’t you guess what my question will be?”

He was silent for so long, I was afraid I had offended him.

“You doubt my wisdom, child?” he finally said.

I gulped, not intending for it to be so audible. “I don’t know you,” I said, trying to make my voice braver than I felt. “I didn’t know you existed before today. And I definitely didn’t travel miles and miles to be here to see you. My parents are

in the Renaissance faire circuit. You just happen to be where *I* am.”

If the wizard rarely smiled, then he never laughed. After a beat in which I entertained all sorts of fantastical deaths by lightning from the wizard staff he surely carried or from a magical curse, his chuckle started low and raspy before growing into a jovial howl that made me want to both laugh along and hide.

“I can tell already that what you seek is certainty,” he said, still laughing. “I can also tell you that no such thing exists. Save your tokens, girl. Nothing is inevitable, good or bad. When you have a more important question, I am sure we will cross paths again.”

But he must have been able to tell I didn’t want to leave empty-handed, was too lost to step outside the tent with nothing. He grumbled something under his breath, bent beneath the counter, and came back with a closed fist.

“Give me your hand, girl,” he said. His fingers, brown and hardly wrinkled at all, dropped a necklace into my open palm.

Not a thick bead like the ones for sale below me, but a tiny globe balanced at the middle of a delicate gold chain. It wasn’t like anything Mom made to sell in our shop. Her jewelry was beautiful, but full of rubies and emeralds and would-be diamonds. This was something different. It felt warm, heavier than I would have guessed, in the palm of my hand.

“The world,” the wizard said, startling me from my examination, “can be vast and cruel. But it can, sometimes, be



shrunk and tamed. Sometimes, if you're clever, you can find ways to make it kinder. Remember that."

This made about as much sense to me as my latest biology homework.

"What am I supposed to do with this?" I asked, holding up the necklace. "What does that even *mean*?"

The wizard smiled, just once more. "You say you don't believe in fate," he said, "but I believe you do, and I believe it's your fate to decide what taming the world means for you."

And then, because I was ten and not intimidated by adults—but mostly because my mouth ran away without my brain—I asked, "What does it mean for *you*? How do you tame the world?"

The Wized Old Wizard blinked once in a way that made me realize it wasn't something you *asked* adults, especially Ren faire performers, no matter how wacky their shop premise.

"I'm sorry—" I began.

"No," he said. "Many have come to me, but no one has ever asked me that," he said. And then, as quickly as it had slipped, his self-assured mask came back up and he smiled his wise smile at me instead of his bemused one.

"I think your fate will surprise you, my young friend. Keep the necklace. It is my gift to you."

And then, like a burst bubble, someone slipped through the curtain and we were no longer alone, the wizard moving on from me to welcome his next guests.

“Weirdo,” I made myself say under my breath as I left his stall, because it was much easier to pretend like he was just another performer, that he was trying to sell his cheap bottles of sand for a ridiculous price, instead of believing that maybe he was right and fate was real or whatever.

Still, that night after Mom and Dad tucked me into my RV bunk—a ritual I was much too old for but loved all the same—I clasped the globe to my neck and lined three treasures on the thin windowsill beside my bed: a tiny elephant of blown glass no bigger than my pinky nail, Mom’s and my favorite book of poetry, and a key to my aunt Tabitha’s garden shed, the one nonmoving place of permanence I could call mine.

I wanted to go back and ask him if the coin was right. I wanted him to tell me, once and for all, if the coin held all the power of fate and decisions and time that my family lore promised. I wouldn’t get distracted by his talk of *fate* and *taming the world* and all that little-kid stuff; I would get straight to business and ask him about what actually mattered.

But when I came to the Wizeded Old Wizard’s stall the next morning right after the gates opened to the public—this time appropriately dressed in one of the faire costumes Mom had made me—the stall was empty.

“Where is the wizard?” I asked a passing knight.

He stuffed a biscuit in his pocket that looked suspiciously like a McMuffin and shrugged. “Not here, mistress,” he said. “Perhaps he has gone to chase magic in a faraway land.”

“But he was here,” I insisted. “Yesterday. I saw him yesterday.”

The knight dropped his faire speak, looking a bit bored. “Look, kid, he ain’t here. As far as I know, this spot is empty for the whole faire, okay?”

For the next seven years, I would look for the Wizeden Old Wizard at each faire. But just as easily as he had stumbled into my life, he stumbled out of it. Sometimes I’d hear that he was at another faire than the one we were working. Sometimes I wouldn’t hear of him for months. But I kept my treasures ready, always ready, and the necklace around my neck so that he would remember me.

Just in case.

Because I still had questions to ask. Maybe more than when I’d started.



## CHAPTER ONE

WONDER WHAT THE WIZARD WOULD TELL me now, if he could see me standing with my elbows resting atop the stone wall looking down below into the lazy river moat with *literal alligator floaties*. I wonder what he would say if he could see my swirling thoughts. I wonder how he would advise me to make the world tamer given that the whole world around me has changed.

The moat encircles a castle—again, *literal*. I shut my eyes and give myself a moment to recalibrate like Dr. Jenkins—my teletherapist and my closest thing to an *actual* wise wizard—suggested I do when I feel overwhelmed. *Close your eyes,*

*breathe, and just let yourself exist in the moment with no expectations, Madeline.*

I try. It doesn't really work. The huge stone castle doesn't change back into a worn-but-loved wooden facade. The moat doesn't dry up and disappear from existence to match the Stormsworth Faire of my memory, the Stormsworth Faire of last year, where Mom is sick but still here. Where she is slow and tired but still sits in a folding chair stringing beads for a bracelet.

Everything, *literally everything*, is different this year. And I'm trying my best to take it all in and *accept* and *breathe through the changes*, but it's hard. So hard.

A memory flashes of elementary-school-aged me being perennially unimpressed by Ren faire structures and castles and life-size papier-mâché dragons, and Mom asking what it would take to thrill me.

*A moat, I told her. An actual moat.*

But here it is, the one thing I said it would take to make a Ren faire stand out from all the rest, the one thing that would impress me, and she's not here to see it.

Mom died last year, near the end of the Stormsworth Faire, actually. It all seemed so sudden, even though she had been in and out of hospitals for a while.

I breathe in, exhale, then take in the air again to fill every minuscule space in my lungs while my fingers play with the globe that still hangs from my neck. I tug fretfully at it, like it's a chain I can pull to hear the wizard's low rumble or Mom's

light, smiling voice, but the only sounds that reach my ears are of people laughing and splashing in the water below as bored lifeguards watch from their mini turret-shaped stands.

“Please, fair maiden,” an exasperated voice says from behind me, “for the love of the kingdom and also my sanity, do *not* tell me thou art thinking about dropping that hunk of greasy meat in the moat.”

I jerk upward from where I was leaning against the wall, quickly taking in the paper-wrapped turkey leg in my hand that I forgot I was holding before turning around.

The voice belongs to a bard, but unlike most bards I’ve come across at faire, this one is young, like maybe-my-age young, and he carries a lute. It’s rarer than you’d think to hear a proper lute at Ren faire. Lots of bards and minstrels are perfectly happy with their acoustic guitars, ukuleles, and the occasional accordion, but this is the real deal with a stocky pear-shaped body that blocks nearly the entirety of its player’s slim frame.

He is the most ordinary-looking boy I’ve ever seen. If he was cast in a movie, he would be Teenager #3 or not credited at all. He would be a guy waiting in line for coffee, a blurry figure hunched over a book in the background of a library scene, or maybe, if the casting director was feeling particularly kind, the boy with one line of discernable dialogue on a crowded street. His hair is brown, his skin is white, and his eyes are that kind of muddy dark color that might be brown, might be black, but you’re never going to bother looking

closely enough to find out, especially because it's hard to get past the thick, very non-time-period black-framed glasses that are a touch too big for his face.

"I wasn't going to *drop it*," I tell him.

The bard shrugs and strums a note. "You wouldn't be the first to drop something in the moat just to watch it splash."

"It's opening weekend," I say dubiously, "and this moat didn't exist last year."

*None of this existed last year.* My finger twitches toward my hip, where my travel journal usually rests, eager to catalog another tally mark beneath the *things that are different at Stormsworth* heading I know I'll make tonight. Of all days to forget my journal in Britomart.

"I *know*," the bard says, oblivious to my thoughts. "It's brand new, and already *somebody* had the bright idea to drop in at least a dozen foam swords and shout, 'Fight, you fools!'"

I level a look at him. "You dropped swords into the moat? You know there's always a code of conduct for faire staff and entertainers, right? I'm guessing 'don't throw things in the moat' is on there."

He grins. "It's not."

"Probably because it's *understood*," I say. "You're going to get fired."

He plucks at a string without breaking eye contact. He's the kind of sunshiny that pisses me off: willfully cheerful. Stupidly optimistic and carefree like it's his only personality trait, which it probably is.

"It's fine. I know the faire owners."

And just like that, I'm tired of this conversation. Not because the bard is particularly exhausting—even though he is—or because it's two in the afternoon and I haven't eaten lunch yet—even though I haven't—but because most conversations make me feel tired since my mom died. Because every single one is another string of words that separates me from her last. Every new person I meet is another person that won't get to meet my mom or see her flitting from stall to stall at faires to laugh with friends.

Everything, *literally everything*, feels like a reminder that she isn't here at our favorite faire.

Which I knew, of course. I knew that this faire in particular would be the hardest to weather without Mom, because this is *Stormsworth*. This is where so many of Mom and Dad's older friends who have left the circuit come each year as a kind of homecoming. It also used to be one of the more humbly decorated faires, and for that reason, it was one of Mom's favorites.

She loved the ramshackle stalls, the dirt pathways, the baseball-diamond-turned-arena. She said it felt like home. And because I grew up coming here, grew up looking forward to it year-round as a place where aunts who were not aunts and uncles who were not uncles would scoop me up in hugs and say things like, *My, how you've grown* and *Already taller than your mother*, it felt like home to me, too.

*And* it was the last faire she attended.

So I'm too tired to play with this bard, even though it's a rarity to see someone my age who is not a patron and even



rarer for it to be someone I've never encountered in the circuit before. He's definitely a local, definitely someone who got an "in" because he knows the new owners. I haven't met the new owners, but I'm nursing a quiet grudge against them because they scrapped every little thing about the old Stormsworth Faire in favor of this overproduced, *expensive* monstrosity.

"This is lunch for my dad," I say to the bard, meekly gesturing behind me with the turkey leg. "I'd better take it to him before it gets cold."

"Wouldn't want that, Gwen," he says, falling in line with me as I turn to walk back toward our stall. I open my mouth to tell him my name isn't Gwen—and I have *no* idea why he would think it is—but he cuts me off with a waggle of his eyebrows and "This sounds like . . ." He pauses for dramatic effect. ". . . a Journey."

I unfortunately recognize the first few notes he plays.

"God, *please* don't," I beg. "Also, 'Don't Stop Believin' isn't exactly a song from the Renaissance."

"Eh," the boy says, still strumming, still *annoyingly* walking beside me. "Nobody cares, so long as you throw in a hearty 'huzzah' once in a while."

He loudly sings the opening line of the song, and somehow manages to yell "Huzzah!" even *more* loudly after the girl takes the midnight train going anywhere. The answering "huzzah" from nearby faire-goers is—as is typical—on the tipsy side of enthusiastic.

I envy the girl on the train from the song. I'd pay a hefty price to be anywhere else right now. People are staring at us,

smiling at us. The attention makes my skin itch, and I'm achingly aware of where my elastic faux corset digs beneath my arms.

"Would you *quit it*?" I whisper-yell under my breath, grabbing the bard's arm.

My actions regrettably have no effect on his strumming, but he does stop singing and turns to smile at me.

"Gwen, you wound me. Is it the song? Because trust me: I know *plenty* of others."

"Just stop," I say. "Please. And my name's not Gwen. It's—"

"No, no." He holds up his hands, cutting me off. "Your name is Gwen. I won't hear of you being anything else."

His tone is easy, jovial. Too jovial. Like we're friends. And maybe it's because I was just thinking of her and Stormsworth and everything, but it reminds me . . . It reminds me a little bit of Mom. She was exuberant, too.

I don't mean to snap at him so harshly, but I do.

"Go *away*, bard."

My words must not come out as menacing as I thought, because his grin only widens.

"Don't be mad, Gwen. We've only just met. I can't possibly have annoyed you yet. That's not scheduled for another"—he pushes back a sleeve and checks his very not-Renaissance Apple Watch—"ten minutes."

We're almost to the stall now, and I can't bear letting him near Dad. Dad, who will look relieved and happy and a bit sad all at the same time when he sees me with someone else my age.

He's worried about me. I know because he's been doing that thing where he hovers a little more than usual after my Thursday appointments with Dr. Jenkins. And he's constantly asking "All right, Maddie?" or "Called Fatima lately?" when he thinks I've been too quiet for too long, which is often. Which isn't fair, because *he's* quiet, too.

I stop in the middle of the stone path—the one that just last year was reddish-brown dirt—and face the bard.

"You're ahead of schedule," I mumble to him. "You annoyed me the second I saw you."

For a moment, he looks hurt. His eyes—decidedly brown now that I'm looking—squint a little at the corners and his lips curve down. He recovers quickly, though, and the bright smile of a bard with no worries or cares slips back into place.

"But I need a muse, Gwen," he says, holding up his lute. "For my songs."

"Then I suggest you keep looking," I say, turning on my heel. "Go bother someone else."

I blessedly don't hear his footsteps or strums following me. *Good riddance*. And yet something in my heart jerks sideways when I glance behind me and see him walking away, his shoulders slightly lowered. The nudge of guilt makes me angry, and when I hear the distant opening chords of "Dancing with Myself" on a lute, I get angrier.

"Here," I say, irritably stepping into our stall and shoving Dad's turkey into his hand. "Dennis said to tell you hi and to come get your own leg next time."

Dad's bushy eyebrows scrunch over his nose, the only indication that he has detected my foul mood.

"All right, Maddie?"

I try not to sigh. "Fine, Dad."

A long pause as he wrestles with the paper of his lunch.

"Not hungry today?"

"Big breakfast," I say. Which is true, but not the whole truth. I'm too flustered by the changes to eat—and by the *bard*, if I'm honest with myself—but there's something else that's been bothering me. With the stall momentarily empty of customers and my guilt-fueled anger bubbling in my stomach, I drag my workbench stool over in front of Dad's cash register.

"How did you not know about this?" I ask him.

Dad finishes chewing. "About what?"

I point over my shoulder toward the faire. "*That.*"

"Oh," Dad says. "That."

As if there would be anything else to talk about.

He pauses to take a bite of turkey, chews like he's trying to break the world record for slowest mouthful of food ever consumed, and then coughs into his elbow. "I guess I did know about it."

I figured as much, which leads me to my next question. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Dad isn't like Mom. His emotions don't flash across his face for anyone to read. You have to know where to look, and then *really* look, to get an inkling of what he's thinking.

"It was a lot, Maddie," he says after taking forever to chew

again. “I knew Stormsworth would be different—the structures, the events, the setup, everything. And I didn’t think you could handle any more . . . news.”

“But *how* did everything change?” I persist. “Marge and David didn’t have this kind of money. Where did they get the cash to revamp *everything*? And why would they sell it afterward?”

“They don’t. They didn’t.”

I pause as my brain fumbles for answers. “Oh my god. They *died*, didn’t they? Is that what you’re afraid to tell me?”

Dad’s eyes widen. “No, no. They just retired, kid. They were old, you know? This place was a passion project and then the new buyers swooped in with an offer they’d be crazy to refuse and *then* changed everything. It happened . . . Well, it happened last August. I heard about it through the grapevine, of course, but I didn’t want to bother you with it when you were . . . when *we* were still . . .”

Dad gets quiet in the way he does when he looks too directly at the hole where Mom should be. I’ve never mentioned it to Dr. Jenkins or to Dad, but when he gets the faraway look in his eyes, the one where he’s flipping back through his own memories of Mom, it makes me scared. It makes me worried one day he’ll go into the memories and not come back.

The story goes that when Dad met Mom, he was reading a book and looked up to see a princess standing before him.

“Bright as starlight on a dark winter’s night,” he used to whisper to me when I’d request the tale of their meeting as a bedtime story. “But prettier. Much prettier.”

Dad didn't want to go to the Renaissance faire. His friends dragged him out of their college dorm, away from his precious studies for a day of drinking beer and betting on jousting matches. As always, Dad managed to sneak a book with him and eventually lost his boisterous friends and sat in the corner of the smallest tavern alone to read in peace.

He was halfway through his latest reread of *The Lord of the Rings*, he said, when he felt someone staring at him.

When he looked up, there was Mom, shirking her princess duties to get closer to the long-haired, bespectacled boy with the frown between his eyebrows and the finger poised to flip the page.

"I *never* dropped books," Dad would say. "I always set them down, and I usually wasn't happy about it. But when I saw your mom for the first time"—and he would always pause to laugh here—"I forgot all about my book. I forgot about everything except her. Just her."

Mom would usually come in at that part of the story, folding herself tight into Dad's other side, all three of us crammed on the bottom bunk that served as my room. She would kiss his cheek, reach across to smooth back my hair, smile, and say, "It was only the once, but it was such a loud *thump* in the quiet tavern, we both jumped and he spilled his ale."

Sometimes I would demand to see Dad's copy of *The Two Towers*, the pages forever rippled by the upset beer, but usually I would just tuck myself farther into our little family nest, reveling in my parents' love story.

I try to remember the nest and keep some of the bitterness

out of my voice when I say, “You should have told me. You know it’s my favorite faire, that this was Mom’s *last* faire.”

Dad flinches, but I press on. “Why the hell wouldn’t you mention it was going to be different this year?”

“It’s not *all* different,” Dad argues. “The new owners have employed most of the usual crowd. It’s the people who make this place special, you know? That hasn’t changed.”

It’s cheesy, what he says, but it makes me think of the bard again, of snubbing him *and* his enthusiasm that reminds me of Mom. It’s not Dad’s fault—or the bard’s, for that matter—that everything is different. It’s not the bard’s fault that his enthusiasm brushed up against memories of Mom.

I pull on the globe around my neck again.

“I’ve changed my mind,” I tell Dad. “I’m going to go grab some lunch.”

“Probably for the best,” he says.

I keep an eye (and ear) out for the bard as I walk to the food vendors, but I don’t see him for the rest of the day.

Maybe I want to say sorry.

I *definitely* want to find the Wized Old Wizard and ask him how I’m supposed to make the world tamer and kinder if I can’t even be kind to a complete stranger who meant me no harm.

And, honestly? I want to know what comes next. I want to ask him where my life is going from here, because from where I stand, it looks like a sea of Mom-lessness and peering around corners hoping to see her coming toward me, only to be disappointed.

I know she's not coming back. It's been a year. We're long past the three-day miracle of biblical proportions. So I guess I want to know *when* I'll stop counting every day, every moment that she's not here . . . but also what I'll do when I stop. If I even can.



This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

First published in the United States by Wednesday Books,  
an imprint of St. Martin's Publishing Group

THE RENAISSANCE OF GWEN HATHAWAY. Copyright © 2023  
by Ashley Schumacher. All rights reserved.

Printed in the United States of America.

For information, address St. Martin's Publishing Group,  
120 Broadway, New York, NY 10271.

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

Designed by Devan Norman

The Library of Congress has cataloged  
the hardcover edition as follows:

ISBN 978-1-250-84024-0 (hardcover)

ISBN 978-1-250-84025-7 (ebook)

Our books may be purchased in bulk for promotional, educational,  
or business use. Please contact your local bookseller or the  
Macmillan Corporate and Premium Sales Department at  
1-800-221-7945, extension 5442, or by email at  
[MacmillanSpecialMarkets@macmillan.com](mailto:MacmillanSpecialMarkets@macmillan.com).

First Edition: 2023

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1