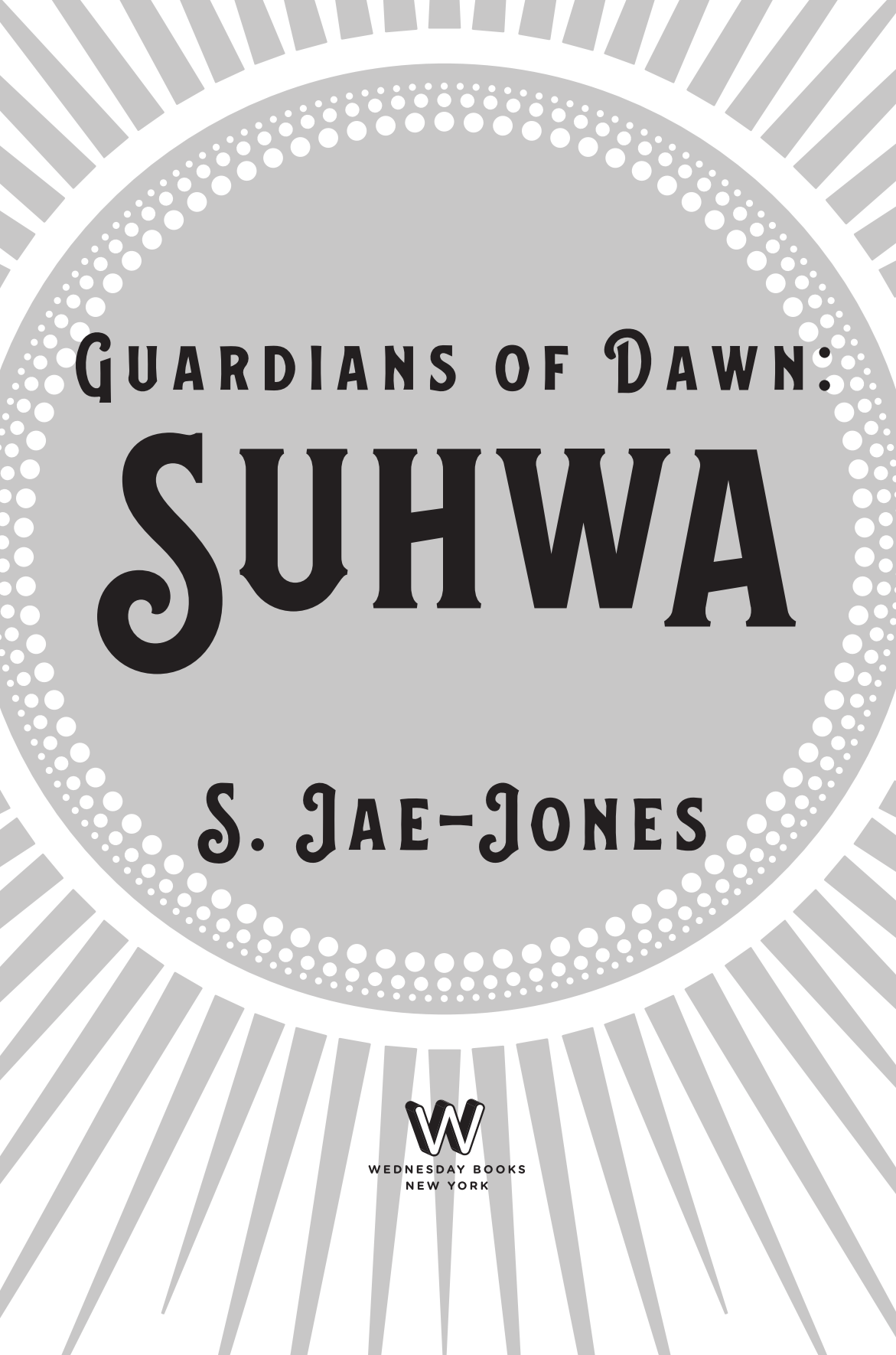




GUARDIANS OF DAWN:

SUHWA

S. JAE-JONES



**WEDNESDAY BOOKS
NEW YORK**

GUARDIANS OF DAWN

THE STORY SO FAR . . .



MAGIC IS FORBIDDEN IN THE MORNING REALMS. When the last emperor of the Mugung Dynasty was possessed by a demon and transformed into a monster known as an abomination, the Warlord declared the Just War and rode down with his northern warriors to raze the capital and install himself as the new emperor. Twenty years later, magicians are hunted by Kestrels and a secret resistance organization called the Guardians of Dawn works to smuggle refugees to the outermost west.

Jin Zhara is a young magician and apothecary's assistant who stumbles upon the Guardians of Dawn when a mysterious plague begins turning other magicians into abominations. As she struggles to keep her magic under control, she discovers that the source of the plague may be demonic in origin. Demons are forces of pure chaos, and due to a magician's unique ability to manipulate the void, they are susceptible to possession and transformation. Zhara and the other Guardians of Dawn work to find a cure for abomination, but they are in need of a book of demonology called *Songs of Order and Chaos*, rumored to be lost after the Just War.

Meanwhile, Zhara's powers are nothing like those of an ordinary magician. When she transforms an abomination back into a little boy, she realizes she is the Guardian of Fire reborn, one of the four legendary elemental warriors destined to defeat the Mother of Ten Thousand Demons. Her newfound status puts her in the sights of one of the Lords of Tiyok, a greater demon, who captures her and reveals that there are four portals to the demonic world open throughout the

Morning Realms to facilitate the Mother of Ten Thousand Demons' incarnation on earth. Zhara defeats the Frog Demon and seals the portal at Mount Zanzei, determined to find the other elemental warriors and *Songs of Order and Chaos*.

Her search leads her to the outermost west, where she meets Li Ami, a refugee and scrivener working with a mysterious scarred youth, Gaden, to uncover the source of a blight killing the land by translating a fragment of *Songs of Order and Chaos*. A horde of undead seems to be related to the blight, and Ami discovers that she is the Guardian of Wood, with the ability to control the living and the dead. Together with Zhara, Gaden, and Yuli, the Guardian of Wind, she seals the demonic portal at the Pillar and defeats the Locust Demon, at which point the Warlord dies, plunging the Morning Realms into a civil war.

Up in the north, Yuli struggles with her status as both the Guardian of Wind and the granddaughter of the Warlord. The future of the Morning Realms rests on the outcome of the political games being played among her people; if the Lady of Wild Things wins the Grand Game and becomes the Warlord's successor, she would enact even stricter anti-magic laws throughout the land. If, on the other hand, Gaden claims their rightful inheritance as the long-lost heir of the Mugung Dynasty, they could bring magician liberation back to the Morning Realms. But Gaden is reluctant to rule, so Yuli must defeat Kho, the daughter of the Lady of Wild Things, in the Grand Game, in order to prevent the further oppression of magic. Complicating matters is the plague of waking dreamers and demon-possessed bodies sweeping through the north, and as the Guardian of Wind, only Yuli can restore these lost souls to their rightful place. Yuli, Zhara, and Ami work together to find more of *Songs of Order and Chaos* and the location of the demonic portal at the Singing Skies at the same time Yuli loses the Grand Game to Kho, her rival and love interest. But Kho is more than what she seems, and helps Yuli and the others to defeat the Moth Demon and seal the portal, only to become possessed by the Mother of Ten Thousand Demons. The balance between order and chaos is destroyed, and the girls must find the Guardian of Water in the Azure Isles and defeat evil once and for all.



THE GUARDIAN OF WATER



IT HAD BEEN TWO LONG YEARS SINCE the Bangtan Brothers were last in the Azure Isles and Min Suhwa would be damned if she missed their next performance.

Sneaking out of the convent was not an easy task on an ordinary day, but the days had ceased to be ordinary since the start of the civil war. The politics of the mainland did not often touch the everyday lives of the average Azurean, but ever since the Lady of Wild Things declared herself for the Sunburst Throne, not even Suhwa's small, isolated convent of the Way could escape the war's encroaching influence. Weekly deliveries of rice and other supplies from the surrounding villages came with news of northern troops occupying the major cities and ports of the Isles, as well as reports of the arrests of magicians by Kestrels in places as remote as Genbu Island. It was the first time the Azure Isles had ever been occupied by an outside force, and its people chafed at the imposition.

But nonetheless, the Bangtan Brothers were scheduled to be in Hwangyeong in ten days' time, proof that the Azureans liked to laugh in the face of adversity. Word of the performance troupe's incredible artistry had spread throughout the Morning Realms, to the point that even Suhwa, despite her sheltered existence, was entirely aware and eager to witness it for herself. She had been to Hwangyeong—only a few days' journey away—once before and was perhaps even more excited to experience the sights and sounds of the bustling port city than she was to see the Brothers themselves. Folk fairs and festivals were fun enough, but Suhwa knew every face and voice in the village at the

foot of the mountain, and was hungry for something new, something unfamiliar.

Besides, it would break up the dreadful monotony of convent life.

Duckoo whined as Suhwa rearranged her bedding for the fifth time, his fluffy white tail thumping the floor impatiently.

“Not now,” she said sternly, making sure the pile of dirty laundry beneath the blanket was roughly the same size and shape as her own form. “Can’t you see I’m busy?”

The dog grumbled as he lay down, resting his head on his paws and looking up at her with big, imploring brown eyes. The convent was home to several strays, although there were more of the animal variety than human ones these days. Suhwa had been the last human orphan welcomed into these walls six years ago, and Duckoo was the youngest now. He had been babied by everyone since he first arrived as a small, shivering puppy three winters ago, and was now dreadfully spoiled. He whined again, louder this time.

“No. Go play with your brother instead.” Satisfied with the now human-shaped pile on her bed, Suhwa turned her focus inward, to the pool of magic she held at the center of her being, drawing it forth to lay a shimmering veil of illusion over the bundle.

Duckoo huffed.

Suhwa frowned as she tried to recall what she looked like. Vanity was not proscribed among the priestesses, but mirrors were expensive, and Suhwa had only the haziest grasp of her own image. Long, shining black hair with a streak of white by her face, fair skin, dark eyes, but the details were only half remembered from childhood. The pile of dirty clothes rippled beneath her hands as she concentrated, struggling to conceptualize herself from the wellspring of ki within her. The vague form of a sleeping girl emerged beneath the blanket, her features obscured by long black hair with a distinctive streak of white. Duckoo sniffed curiously at the bedding.

“Not bad,” Suhwa said, surveying her handiwork. It was harder placing a glamour on something other than herself, easier to mold her own ki than it was to shape another’s. Whether or not the illusion looked like her, it at least looked convincingly like a person.

Duckoo gave the pile another sniff before turning away in disinterest.

“What, you don’t agree?” Suhwa pouted. “Fine, Yongma will fix it.” She glanced around her tiny room, which was scarcely big enough for the pallet on the floor, let alone another dog. “Speaking of, where is your brother?”

As though summoned, another dog poked its head into her room from the outside corridor, black with white spots where Duckoo was white with black spots.

“Oh good, there you are.” Suhwa reached for Yongma and the black dog nosed her hand, closing his eyes as she stroked his ears. Around the convent, he and Duckoo were called the Jun and Yan dogs, ostensibly for their opposite coloring, which mirrored the bisected black-and-white symbol of the order, but mostly for their contrasting personalities. Suhwa gestured to the sleeping girl. “Do your thing,” she said to the black dog.

Yongma looked at the bundle of robes, then back at her with an aggrieved expression in his blue eyes.

“Come on,” Suhwa wheedled. “Would you do it for a treat?”

Yongma took one glance at her empty hands and sniffed.

“Fine,” Suhwa huffed. “You’re getting chubby anyway.” She rose to her feet and picked up the large empty basket by the door. “I suppose it won’t do any good to ask either of you to stay behind to sell this deception tonight?”

Both dogs gave her an identical grin.

“I thought so,” she muttered. “Ungrateful little ingrates. Just don’t ruin my plan.”

The plan was to pretend to get sick after dinner and sneak out during the evening’s free time. Life in the convent had its routines, but it also had its share of leisure hours. Once their assigned duties were completed, a priestess or acolyte of Do had the freedom to pursue whatever they wished—music, dance, painting, martial arts, history, gardening—provided they were always ready to perform at the rituals of birth and death required of their order in the surrounding villages. Although the days had been growing warmer, the nights were still chilly enough that most priestesses stayed inside after sundown,

leaving the main courtyard empty. Suhwa had been slowly but surely gathering her supplies to leave over the past week—a few handfuls of rice from the kitchens during cooking duty, a small pot and a spoon during washing-up duty, a heavy cloak and some blankets during laundry duty, and a knife and rope dart during martial arts practice. All was in readiness; it was only a matter of planting the seeds of illness during her chores and waiting until twilight now.

“Are you all right, Suhwa?” asked Sister Wisteria as she handed Suhwa her robes to be laundered. “You don’t quite seem yourself today.”

Suhwa feigned surprise as she gathered the dirty linens into her basket. “I suppose I’m a bit tired,” she said, flattening her gaze and lowering her voice a few pitches. “Perhaps I have a bit of a cold coming on.”

Sister Wisteria clucked sympathetically. “Well, with the weather being so changeable lately—cold one day and warm the next—it’s no wonder you’re feeling a bit peaky.” She reached down to scratch Duckoo behind the ears. “Be sure to take care of yourself and rest easy. The work can wait.”

“Thank you, Sister,” Suhwa said, affecting a demure attitude. “Perhaps I will retire to bed early tonight.”

“Don’t push yourself, child,” the priestess said. “Go rest.”

“I’ll be fine,” Suhwa insisted with a weak smile. She couldn’t push too much, too soon, or they would send the healer, Sister Magnolia, to check on her with a tonic and treatment. “Truly. I’ll finish up my chores, then I will rest. I promise.”

Sister Wisteria pursed her lips. “If you say so.”

Suhwa felt the slightest pang of guilt at deceiving the kindly priestesses who had taken her in and raised her ever since she appeared on their doorstep all those years ago. They had asked nothing of her except to be healthy and happy, which had been a sort of freedom that nevertheless felt like a prison sometimes. The bonds of affection Suhwa had for the priestesses could be just as confining as the bars of a cage, and she dreaded the reproachful censure she would face from Mother Belladonna when she returned from seeing the Bangtan Brothers at Hwangyeong.

But there were some occasions worth the head priestess's disappointment.

She went through the rest of the laundry rounds with a listless yet effortful demeanor, as though she were attempting to work through oncoming fatigue. Suhwa could pretend better than anyone, a skill she had learned through years of having no one to play with besides herself and the dogs. It was a little like slipping into a glamour, but instead of her appearance, it was her entire demeanor that changed. Her facial expression, her body posture, her voice, Suhwa could manipulate each of those aspects of herself as easily without magic as she could with it. Magic, of course, was frowned upon in the Azure Isles as it was in the rest of the Morning Realms, but there had been little enforcement of it in places as remote as her convent.

"Up to mischief again, are we?" Sister Larkspur asked as they opened their door. Suhwa had left Sister Larkspur to the very last, hoping to avoid the priestess's too-observant eyes. They were the only one at the convent who could see through Suhwa's playacting, perhaps because they knew her all too well.

"I don't know what you mean, nene," Suhwa said, keeping her head bowed.

"Of course not," Sister Larkspur said cheerfully. They were one of the younger priestesses, not quite middle-aged, and had been Suhwa's closest human confidante ever since she arrived at the convent as a child. "It's only that you have been suspiciously compliant with all your chores without complaint all week, which usually presages some sort of trouble with you."

Suhwa suppressed a cringe. It was true she had been careful not to elicit any extra attention while carrying out her duties, mostly so no one would suspect her when it came to counting the rice stores and the other missing supplies.

Sister Larkspur's gaze softened. "I know it's been hard these past several weeks," they said gently. "The civil war has all of us on edge, not just Mother Belladonna."

The head priestess had been in a particularly anxious mood ever since the arrival of northern forces on the Azure Isles, causing her to

be uncharacteristically short with all her charges. Suhwa had borne the brunt of her displeasure more than once in the last month, although she had known it was more bark than bite.

"It would be easier," Suhwa said in a small voice, "if we were allowed to leave the convent." Mother Belladonna had decreed that all priestesses were to remain within convent walls for the time being, deeming the roads too unsafe to travel for their ritual duties.

"I know," Sister Larkspur said sympathetically. "I've got manuscripts piling up and a publisher in Hwangyeong who's probably wondering if I'll ever get around to finishing *The Maiden Who Was Loved by Death*."

Sister Larkspur's chosen avocation was writing, which they did under the pseudonym Jae Hyun. Apparently their trashy little romances were quite popular on the mainland, a fact that amused Suhwa to no end. "What if we went to Hwangyeong together?" Suhwa suggested. "Traveling would be safer with two."

For a moment, a sparkle of fun lit the priestess's round eyes before it was snuffed out. "I'm sorry, Suhwa," they said. "But you know we can't."

"Since when did you care about the rules, nene," Suhwa grouched.

Sister Larkspur grew stern. "It's not about the rules, mimi," they said. "It's about the danger that exists outside these walls."

"What danger?" Suhwa returned. "In the twenty years since the Just War, the Warlord has never given the Azure Isles a second thought; why would anyone start now? Besides, they've got bigger things to worry about, like whether or not the Baron Flotilla will send their ships to the mainland, than the everyday lives of the common Azurean."

The priestess gave her a serious look. "You are not a common Azurean, Min Suhwa."

"There are plenty of other magicians in the Isles." Officially, there were no magicians on the Azure Isles, but the bans of the mainland had never quite touched them and the people had quietly maintained folk practices for years. The presence of Kestrels now was troubling, but for twenty years Azureans had learned to look the other way when it came to magic, and Suhwa didn't think they would start turning on each other now.

"That's not what I meant," Sister Larkspur said quietly, "*Min Suhwa*."

Suhwa frowned. “What does my name—” She went still. It had been a long time since she had had to think about the implications of who she truly was. “What does that have to do with anything?”

The priestess gathered their laundry. “There are rumors that the northerners are in the Azure Isles for more than just a tactical alliance.”

Suhwa blinked. “Meaning?”

Sister Larkspur lowered their voice. “They say that the alliance is contingent on one thing,” the priestess said. “The capture of the Fleet Queen’s niece.”

Suhwa stiffened, and beside her, Duckoo gave a quiet growl. Yongma’s hackles rose, his blue eyes glittering dangerously. “Why now?” she whispered. “Why after all this time?”

“I don’t know,” Sister Larkspur said. “But it means that the roads are safe for no one, least of all you, mimi.”

Suhwa went quiet. “No one knows what the Fleet Queen’s niece looks like,” she said after a moment. “So why should we worry?”

The priestess stole a glance at the black dog at Suhwa’s feet. Yongma pressed his ears back and hid his face behind her leg. “I fear,” they said softly, “that the Fleet Queen may have other ways of identifying her.”

Fear rippled through Suhwa, and for a moment, her hold on her sense of self slipped, blurring the edges of her appearance. Yongma gave her a light nip on the ankle and she composed herself. “Why now?” she repeated.

“They say when the world is out of balance, the Guardians of Dawn are reborn,” Sister Larkspur said. “With the stories of abominations, the undead, and waking dreamers coming from the mainland, it would be hard for even the most skeptical of nonbelievers to hold on to their doubt.”

News of the return of the Guardians of Dawn, the elemental warriors of legend, had reached even Suhwa’s isolated convent. The tales of their defeat of monstrous demons were astonishing, but what was the most unbelievable was that they were merely girls. Girls her age. Of the four, the Guardians of Fire, Wood, and Wind had been discovered, but the last—Water—remained unknown.

And for good reason.

Suhwa met Yongma's blue eyes. The black dog blinked in warning. She turned to the priestess. "You think the Fleet Queen knows where . . ." She trailed off, unable to finish.

Sister Larkspur looked unwontedly serious. "I think," they said grimly, "that both the forces of order and chaos have a vested interest in finding the Guardian of Water."

Suhwa fell silent. The walls of Sister Larkspur's tiny room pressed in all around her, and she suddenly found it difficult to draw breath. Her lungs were collapsing, she was drowning, she needed to get out.

"I have to go," she managed, hurriedly piling the rest of the priestess's linens into her laundry basket.

"Oh, mimi," Sister Larkspur said, and it was the compassion in their voice that was the hardest for Suhwa to bear. "I know it's hard swimming in the shallow pool of priestess life when you would rather be traversing the wide seas. But you run to higher ground when the waters rise, and the flood is imminent. The convent is safe. And that is where we will all abide until the coast is clear."

Suhwa did not reply, meeting the priestess's eyes with a flat expression. "Will that be all, Sister Larkspur?"

Sister Larkspur sighed. "Just . . . don't do anything rash, mimi."

Suhwa straightened her shoulders. "I had hoped you thought better of me," she said.

"I do," the priestess said. "And that is why I worry."

GOMMUN YULANA WAS IN A BAD MOOD, and she couldn't help it. The early spring evening was mild in the southern province of Jingxi as Yuli walked along the harbor, the breeze blowing in from the ocean a breath of moist, living air laden with the scent of fish and brine. Yuli hated it; the humidity clung to her ruddy curls, turning them frizzy and unmanageable, and the silken air was damp and cloying against her skin. It was at times like these when her flesh felt too much that the urge to abandon her physical self and go spirit-walking was the strongest. Everything was uncomfortable: her fur-collared tunic sat heavily on her bones, the weather was both too warm and not warm enough, and the smell of the salty sea was abrasive against her nostrils.

All of this was made worse by the fact that she didn't want to be here, in Jingxi, waiting for a ship to bear her and her friends to the Azure Isles.

This whole enterprise had started poorly. Yuli had fought with Zhara for the first time since they had become friends, unable to agree on the best next course of action since they settled in the imperial city after the start of the civil war. Zhara had insisted on traveling to the Azure Isles to seal the demon portal at the Lake of Illusion, uncover the last fragment of *Songs of Order and Chaos*, and find the final Guardian of Dawn—not necessarily in that order. Yuli had thought their efforts would be better spent on finding a way to defeat the Mother of Ten Thousand Demons directly by destroying the amulet around Kho's neck. Her irritation had only increased when both Han and Ami took Zhara's side, leaving her feeling unwanted and out of sorts. Zhara

had made peace afterward, which only made Yuli feel worse about her ungracious attitude.

"I know you want to save Kho," Zhara had said gently. "And I do too, but we don't even know how to destroy that amulet; the last time we tried with the Moth Demon, we failed."

Yuli didn't appreciate the reminder. It was at the Singing Skies that Kho had sacrificed her soul to seal the portal, leaving her body vulnerable to possession by the Mother of Ten Thousand Demons.

Kho.

Her Kho.

Who was now leading the Golden Horde in a bid for the Sunburst Throne as the new Lady of Wild Things.

Yuli didn't like thinking too hard about the state of the Morning Realms at the moment. It was all too much, too big, too overwhelming. The world order she had known her entire life was gone, replaced by an uncertain future in which she had too many stakes. Her home. Her heart. Should the Lady of Wild Things win the war, magic would be not only oppressed but eradicated. Should their side—the pro-magic alliance—win, what would happen to her beloved? But even the outcome of the war paled in comparison to the very real consequence of failing to defeat the forces of chaos growing larger by the moment. If she and the other Guardians of Dawn failed to defeat the Mother of Ten Thousand Demons, the world would end.

So it was easier not to think about it and wallow in petty injustices instead.

"There you are," came a voice behind her. "We're to leave within the hour."

Yuli turned around to see a beautiful, bespectacled girl looking at her with concern. Ami, the Guardian of Wood, whose understated appearance belied her ability to physically control ki and animate the inanimate. Ami was the quieter and more reserved one of the two other Guardians of Dawn, and the one more likely to deliver a brutal truth than palliative comfort. It made it harder to indulge in self-pity.

"Zhara's finished weeping then?" Even Yuli was shocked by the acid in her own tone.

"It's been nearly a year since she last saw Suzhan," Ami said. "And the academy of music is here in Jingxi."

Zhara's sister had been studying the zither at the academy for a while now, and Yuli couldn't fault her friend for wanting to see someone she loved before she embarked on a dangerous journey to places unknown. It was just that Yuli was sore for not being afforded the same opportunity.

"Everyone's getting a reunion," she said bitterly. "First you and your father back in the imperial city, and now Zhara and her sister and this person Chu or Xu or whatever."

"Chan Xuhei," Ami said matter-of-factly. "They're Han's advisor and close friend from Zanzei. They apparently also know Zhara pretty well." Prince Rice Cake had insisted on his friend traveling with them to meet with the Indigo Baron; Xu was familiar with Azurean court customs and spoke a little of the dialect.

"Yeah, well," Yuli said. "It would be nice if I got to see my loved ones too." She thought of her uncle Mongke back in Urghud, and wondered if they were even still alive after the city had fallen to the Moth Demon's army.

Ami said nothing, merely fixing Yuli with her too-intense gaze. It felt a little like being slapped in the face.

"I suppose we should get going then," Yuli grumbled. "Tides or whatever."

The two girls walked back to the harbor house in silence. Ahead, Yuli spied the slim figure of Chan Xuhei standing on the dock and peering out over the water. The first time she had met them at the palace in Zanzei, they had been wearing kohl and rouge, but now their face was scrubbed free of makeup and unwontedly grim.

"We have a problem," they said as the girls approached.

"What problem?" Ami asked.

Chan Xuhei pointed toward open water, where several distinctive squat, boxy armored boats ringed the harbor. Azurean armored ships. "The blockade," they said quietly, "arrived sooner than expected."

The initial plan had been to leave Jingxi under the cover of night before the Fleet Queen dispatched her ships to the southern ports,

closing them to all traffic in or out. The Azure Isles had declared themselves for the anti-magic cause as soon as the civil war began, and all the southern pro-magic ports had been preparing to withstand a naval blockade by shoring up their cannonry and supplies, but it appeared as though they had misjudged the timing.

"We could have left sooner," Yuli said, thinking of the time Zhara had spent catching up with her sister, before berating herself for such an ungenerous thought.

"Then we would have been caught on open water," Chan Xuhei said. "I'm no sailor, but I doubt our craft would have been able to withstand the full might of the Azurean navy."

Yuli stole a glance at the light Lalang-style passenger ship that would ferry them across the water to the Azure Isles. "What does the captain say?"

"If we could find some way to sneak out of this harbor without being noticed, we might have a chance," Chan Xuhei said. "Past the breakwater we will have the advantage of speed that heavier, fully armored ships do not. But we have to get past"—they gestured toward the shapes on the horizon—"all this if we hope to outrun them."

Zhara appeared beside them, her eyes red-rimmed and puffy. "Is something the matter? I thought we were leaving soon."

"Just a naval blockade," Yuli said somewhat acerbically. "Any ideas on how to get past it, oh great leader?"

Zhara shot Yuli a look that was half reproach, half annoyance. It was clear their earlier fight was not entirely forgotten.

"Hoi," said the captain from the vessel. "We'd best find some way to leave soon lest we miss the tide."

Zhara glanced from their boat to the ships in the harbor. "What do we know about Azurean turtle ships?" she asked quietly.

"You cannot honestly be thinking we can leave for the Azure Isles *now*," Yuli said incredulously.

Zhara set her lips in a firm line. "It's not like it will get any easier to leave if we wait," she said. "At least now we have the element of surprise."

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

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

EU Representative: Macmillan Publishers Ireland Ltd, 1st Floor, The Liffey Trust
Centre, 117–126 Sheriff Street Upper, Dublin 1, D01 YC43

GUARDIANS OF DAWN: SUHWA. Copyright © 2026 by S. Jae-Jones. 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

Designed by Devan Norman

Library of Congress has cataloged the hardcover edition as follows:

Names: Jae-Jones, S. author

Title: Suhwa / S. Jae-Jones.

Description: First edition. | New York : Wednesday Books, 2026.

Series: Guardians of dawn ; 4 | Audience: Ages 13–18

Identifiers: LCCN 2026000350 | ISBN 9781250191519 hardcover

ISBN 9781250191533 ebook

Subjects: CYAC: Fantasy | Magic | Ability | Demons | LCGFT: Fantasy
fiction | Novels

Classification: LCC PZ7.1.J38425 Su 2026

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2026000350>

The publisher of this book does not authorize the use or reproduction of any part of this book in any manner for the purpose of training artificial intelligence technologies or systems. The publisher of this book expressly reserves this book from the Text and Data Mining exception in accordance with Article 4(3) of the European Union Digital Single Market Directive 2019/790.

Our books may be purchased in bulk for specialty retail/wholesale, literacy, corporate/premium, educational, and subscription box use. Please contact
MacmillanSpecialMarkets@macmillan.com.

First Edition: 2026

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1