THIS WILD WANTING

SOPHIE GONZALES



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Calla Fenn was only nine months old when her birth father stole her away in the dead of night.

The family's town house was finally still, blanketed in the sort of silence only sheer exhaustion brings. Calla was experiencing what the ladies in her mother's knitting circle called "the eight-month backslide" and what her adoptive father called "gods, she's awake *again*?" and what her mother called "undeniable proof that all ten hells exist." That night, like every night for the past two weeks, she had tested the limits of her parents' patience, wailing and kicking her tiny feet every two hours like clockwork. This turn of events had—quite inconveniently—shattered any illusions her parents had that, now that the newborn months were long passed, she would sleep through the night forever.

It had only been an hour since Calla's parents had collapsed into a heavy, desperate sleep, which meant they were due at least one more hour before Calla's screams broke through their consciousness. So they did not stir when the front door gave

a soft creak. Didn't flinch at the shift in the air, or the brush of footsteps gliding over the floorboards. Did not notice the shallow breathing of the figure stealing down the hallway holding a wriggling bundle in his arms.

How could they have? A creak is just a creak. A breath is quieter than the wind. And dread? Well, dread is hard-pressed to rouse the truly sleep-deprived. It settles in the belly, silent and slow, seeping into dreams and wrangling them into nightmares.

Calla, though—Calla woke. She grasped pudgy fists around the bars of her crib and pulled herself to her feet, wobbling slightly. She'd learned to stand only days ago, and she wasn't yet graceful about it, but she *was* curious. Expecting her mother or father, she blinked into the shadows, only to find a stranger blinking back. A beautiful man with flowing black locks, and skin like starlight, and flashing black eyes.

Calla didn't cry. If only she'd cried.

Only, there were many things Calla didn't like lately. She decidedly did not like turnip. Or the color blue. Or wearing socks. But what she *did* like—what she absolutely *loved*, in fact—was attention. Company. Newness. And this man was new.

"Hello, Calla," the man whispered, dropping to the crib's level. "I believe you belong to me."

Then he brushed a hand, cool and unfamiliar, across Calla's face before turning to the bundle in his arms. A second infant, a little smaller, smooth-skinned and sleeping. Again, the man passed his hand over the baby's face, and Calla watched in fascinated silence as the baby's features shimmered and shifted until they mirrored her own.

Calla stared down at the other baby, not knowing enough about her own face to recognize it on another. All she saw was a companion. She observed with wide eyes as the man lowered the other child into the crib beside her. And though she was sad to be parted from her new friend so quickly, she didn't whimper when the man lifted her from the crib and whisked her through the darkness of the house.

In fact, she made no noise at all until the two of them were well past the garden path, and the cobbled fence, and the thicket of brambles that bordered the gate. Not until the man pulled a small gold band from his coat—barely larger than a bangle—and slipped it over Calla's hand, about halfway to the elbow.

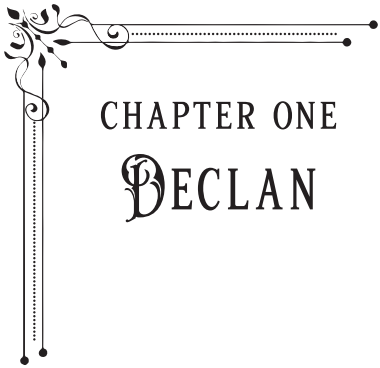
"I apologize for this," the man said, now in a normal speaking tone. "But I can't have you getting lost on me again."

With that, he laid his hand over the bracelet until it sank deep into Calla's skin. Then, Calla screamed. The scream of a child experiencing agony for the first time. The scream of a child who has learned, far too young, that not all people are good. The shrill, terrified scream of a child begging for her mother.

But her mother, tucked safe in bed behind thick stone walls and beneath a blanket of sleep, did not stir.

Her mother wouldn't wake again, in fact, until the sun streamed through the curtains hours later, and the baby down the hall started fussing in her crib.

"She didn't make a peep after midnight," Calla's mother said to her husband, bouncing the baby on her hip as they shared a relieved look. "Perhaps the worst is over."



CHAPTER ONE
Declan

When I was a small boy, perhaps of seven years or so, my governess, Eaving, had a serious talk with me. "Declan," she said, "you mustn't place too much importance on money. It is far less valuable than the many precious things it cannot buy."

I took her words at the time and cradled them to my chest, though I chose not to let them into my heart quite yet. Instead, I observed, determined to form my own opinion. And it must be said, for most of my life, I felt that Eaving was quite mistaken about the middling value of money. While love and loyalty and kindness are all wonderful things, it is also wonderful to have enough food each day. To purchase boots of sturdy leather that don't pinch your toes after yet another growth spurt. To replace a shattered windowpane in haste, before the winter frost has a chance to snatch every scrap of warmth from the house.

I couldn't help being keenly aware of such things, particularly after watching my friend Lottie lose her own family's

fortune at only ten years old, when her parents became estranged from her paternal grandparents. Watching her hunger and stumble and shiver, all the while refusing to accept any money from my family—or others, for that matter—at the behest of her determinedly proud parents. Lottie confided in me many times over the years how desperately she wished her family could find fortune once more. I hated seeing her tears of frustration, knowing it was within my power to remove her misery, if she would only accept it from me.

Needless to say, Eaving's advice continued to puzzle me over the years. She had grown up in circumstances only marginally more comfortable than Lottie, so how was it that she came to scoff at money like she did? Couldn't she see why it should be so valued, so sought-after? Was it a sage wisdom I lacked, and would perhaps obtain someday, with experience and age? Or was it simply that one cannot truly value what one has never had?

I was going to ask Eaving this very question, eventually. Only I never quite got around to it. And then, all at once, I ran out of opportunities altogether.

Now, at eighteen, I still can't say I entirely agree with Eaving's views on wealth. There have been countless potential problems in my life that my own family's fortune has neatly warded off, and very few problems caused by it. Though there is one concept I am starting to understand. The most valuable things in life cannot be purchased with any mortal currency.

Which is why I have resolved to pay by other means.

And today, almost unbelievably after months of fruitless

searching, Lottie believes she has finally discovered the black market.

My stomach twists with anticipation as I navigate the cobbled streets that lead to Lottie's home. The evening is, as usual for this side of town, bustling with frenetic energy. Shopkeepers are drawing their shutters, closing business for the day, and horse-led carts pass me one after the other as they transport dinner guests and other callers. Servants rush from house to house, lugging about parcels of meats and vegetables, cakes and pastries, flowers for the table and bottles retrieved from deep wine cellars.

Lottie's street looks much like my own, though perhaps a notch less in grandeur. Sprawling town houses stand shoulder to shoulder, and within their half-drawn curtains, lamplights are beginning to glow orange. I glance through some of these windows, wondering if I'll spot a familiar face. I spent almost as much time on this street as my own while growing up, after all. I don't spy anybody I know, but I do catch glints of crystal decanters, and glimmers of fine silverware laid out for anticipated guests.

Then, caught between two pristine buildings, is Lottie's house. In my youth, it was unremarkable among its neighbors, simply another immaculate home in an immaculate row of them. Now, however, its crumbling exterior draws the eye. It reminds me of a faded piece of artwork, its edges peeling, its color desaturated, and its details muted and lost to time. The stone walls are covered with wild, untrimmed vines, strangling the house on all sides as though nature has decided to reclaim the house for its own. The Highbraid family has long lost the means to pay for somebody to tame them,

along with the spare time to attend to it themselves. Their long days are filled with odd jobs and hard labor, as the entire family partakes in their unending quest to repay their debts. Lottie confided in me once that, even with all four of them contributing, they barely manage to cover their interest.

As I rap my knuckles against the door, a flake of dried paint peels off and flutters to the porch step, exposing the raw wood beneath like a wound. The door swings open at once. I'm expecting to find Lottie waiting for me, but instead I'm greeted by Essie, her younger sister. She mustn't have been expecting me, because her face lights up at once. "Declan! Wait there, I have something for you."

Essie turns on her heel, her braid—the same shade of dark brown as her older sister's—swinging wildly. She begins to tear down the hall, though she stops herself halfway down. "You can come in, though," she says over her shoulder, a little impatiently, as though I should have inferred as much.

I have a fair feeling I know what she's running to fetch, and so I pull out my coin satchel in preparation after closing the door behind me. Sure enough, she reappears bearing a woven basket filled with eggs. At only ten years old, Essie's ability to contribute to the family's income is rather limited, but she has a knack for animal upkeep. In the tiny garden space allotted to the Highbraid town house, she keeps a goat for cheese, a hutch of rabbits for fur and meat, and as many hens as she can squeeze into the makeshift coop her father constructed for her out of discarded furniture wood.

"You do need more, right?" she asks, holding the basket to me. "It's been more than a week."

"We've just run out."

"Excellent. Two silver, please."

We go through this regularly enough that she must surely know I have no intentions of paying two silver by now, but I follow our well-worn script dutifully. "I couldn't take these for less than five, Essie."

"*Five?*" Her eyebrows flicker up in true surprise.

Usually I pay four. This evening, however, my coin satchel is filled to the brim, and I'm in the mood to see how far I can push my offer before Essie becomes suspicious of charity. Or rather, offended by its lack of plausible deniability. She might only be ten, but she isn't a fool.

"The last basket had three double yolks," I say. "Your hens are too good at their jobs for base pay."

"It's a sight more than base pay," Essie says, but she can't hide her smile. Five it is from now on, then.

When Lottie spies us, she's passing the hallway on her way to the kitchen with a dreamy expression that tells me she was simply filling in the time. While waiting for me, I presume. My suspicions are proven right when she snaps to attention and rushes over, dark eyes blazing. "*Finally*, Declan," she says, untying her apron as she walks. Beneath it, she's wearing a plain cotton dress in the pale blue shade she's been partial to since childhood. The color contrast makes her skin appear to be a richer, deeper shade of brown. More like her mother's. "I told Mrs. Haverthorn we'd be by before supper."

"It is before supper."

"*Minutes* before." She grabs onto my arm and tugs me to the front door. Essie, still holding the basket of eggs, glances down at them uncertainly, and a thought occurs to me.

"Do you have the time to bring those past my house?"

I ask her over my shoulder. "I'll add in another five for the trouble?"

I have just enough time to catch Essie breaking into a beam of sheer delight before I'm pulled entirely onto the street by a determined Lottie.

"*Ow*, Lottie. I'm coming, aren't I?"

"Not fast enough. What kept you?"

I wrench my arm free from her vise grip and fall into step beside her. She weaves in and out of the bustling crowd with the deftness of someone trained in defensive maneuvers, even though it's been many years since she quit classes at the Old Lyceum to take up cleaning work. *In fact*, I muse as she pulls ahead of me just before two servants meet to block my path, *she's nimbler than that, even*. Perhaps that should be a surprise, given how long it has been since her formal self-defense studies. But then, I suppose, she spends much more time rushing back and forth along these streets during the busy hour than I do. At this time, I'm usually still in language tutoring.

"My parents left late for their trip," I explain. There's not a thing on earth I could offer Madame Adnet as a bribe to convince her to end our lesson while they were still home. *Another area money falls short in*, Eaving's voice rings in the back of my mind, rather smugly. *It doesn't hold a candle to power.*

From the clipped sigh Lottie gives, it's clear she accepts my explanation, but not without a touch of irritation. I understand. The one occasion it was imperative for my parents to leave on time, and they vastly overstayed their welcome in their own home. Albeit, not to their knowledge. As a rule, they are remarkably committed to being absent from my life, so the timing almost feels targeted. As though they couldn't

help themselves from impeding my quest to reunite with Eaving. If they had any way of knowing my evening plans, I might be tempted to suspect them. As it is, it can't be any more than a frustrating coincidence.

It's no matter in the end, though. I'm here, aren't I? On my way to meet Lottie's Mrs. Haverthorn. And it's not supper yet, no matter what Lottie says. We've kept our word. Technically.

"She's just quite particular about time," Lottie explains after a pause so long I take a moment to realize who she means. "Once, I arrived five minutes late and she made me go home. Wouldn't pay me, wouldn't even let me clean a thing. Over five minutes."

"Why should it matter? You could've stayed behind another five at the end of your shift, surely?"

"Hmm, one would think."

"And yet you think this woman is trustworthy?"

Lottie surveys me with a cool expression. "I think she's scrupulous," she says, and I find myself unable to argue with her logic.

We pass through the square, and I hear them before I see them. The king's guard. Their cloaks are the precise deep red shade of autumn berries, and they wear breastplates bearing the raven crest of King Edmund. Their boots hit the cobblestoned ground in perfect synchronicity, audible even over the chattering of the crowds. These men aren't merely soldiers. They're the king's chosen ones, entrusted to stand between the kingdom and foreign threats. The same threats my parents aim to defuse through diplomacy and bargaining. If my parents are our first line of defense, the king's guard is the

final barrier between the kingdom and ruin. A barrier that has never yet broken.

I slow my step without meaning to, watching them in awe as they push through the parting crowd. Will I stand among them one day soon? Or will my parents continue to thwart my attempts to join? Even as the thought occurs to me, guilt wrenches my belly. It is impossible to consider this without remembering what happened the last time I placed my name on their candidate list. But I am determined to fix that mistake. And Mrs. Haverthorn will, I hope, provide the means I have lacked until now.

Lottie gives my arm an impatient tug, and I wrench my attention away.

The Haverthorn house is several minutes past the patisserie, tucked at the end of a row of houses noticeably less opulent than Lottie's own street. The young boy who answers the door seems to recognize Lottie, and he steers us through the entranceway and to a set of steps descending into a dimly lit wine cellar. Here, he directs us to wait while he fetches Mrs. Haverthorn from upstairs.

Lottie and I lock eyes briefly, and I can't fight the urge to raise a questioning eyebrow. There's something decidedly dodgy about this whole situation. From the cramped size of the room, to the damp smell seeping out of the stone walls, to the heavy chains hanging unsecured from the door, it rather feels like we've been led downstairs to our own imprisonment. Though, I suppose, I'm not sure what I expected. One probably doesn't conduct a private sale of charmed, possibly illicit, objects in one's sunroom.

My trepidation doesn't stem from nothing. Though it's

rare for people to cross the haze on purpose—most wouldn't dare, well-versed since childhood in the dangers that lie beyond it—there are those, like me, who get it into their heads to try. Crossing the haze is simple, but doing so safely is another matter altogether. Doing so requires some sort of charmed object or enchantment. Something to protect one against mischief. And where there is a demand, there is supply. Plenty of people purport to sell trinkets with properties that keep a human safe in the realm of the fae. The vast majority of them are lying. We've all heard tell of someone—usually a friend of a friend—who brought an "enchanted" thimble or necklace on their journey through the woods and never returned.

Lottie holds my gaze. She seems quite convinced Mrs. Haverthorn possesses legitimate charms. She found a cupboard full of them, apparently. She'd recounted with excitement last week how, when her hand brushed against one of the silver goblets, she felt as though she were eating a lamb roast dinner. "*There was nothing in my mouth*," she'd said, "*but it was no different from eating real food. It was actual magic, not trickery. I'm sure of it*."

Going by the child's age earlier, I presumed Mrs. Haverthorn to be his mother, but when the lady of the house makes her way down the stairs, I realize she must be his grandmother. Assuming she's a relative at all, of course. Her gray hair, slicked back into a simple bun, has already begun to fade into white, and perpetual scowl lines have settled deep into the planes of her face. Her dress is a deep navy blue, and at first glance it almost appears silken, though on closer examination it appears to be constructed of finely woven wool. A

practical dress for this time of year, with temperatures dipping not quite low enough to sting, but enough so that the midday sun has become far more appreciated than a month ago.

"I expected you at least half an hour ago," Mrs. Haverthorn says to Lottie coolly.

Lottie doesn't even glance at me, but I can practically hear her cursing me in her mind. "Yes, I'm so sorry. My . . . little sister needed me for something. Is now too late for you?"

Mrs. Haverthorn, who still hasn't acknowledged my presence, takes her time responding. "We are just about to sit down to eat," she says somewhat petulantly.

"Perhaps we speak quickly, then?" I suggest, and from the way she startles, you would almost think she hadn't noticed me at all. She fights to keep her expression blank, but I catch the very corner of her lip curl.

"So you're the one who values his life little enough he would venture through the haze," she says. "May I ask what would possess you?"

She may not. Not until I have what I came for, at least.

"Lottie said you have a lodestone," I say. "And directions."

"Yes, well." Mrs. Haverthorn raises her eyebrows and surveys her wine collection, as though she has decided to pick out a fine drop to accompany dinner. From the layer of dust that has settled along the bottles, I doubt she's done anything of the sort in recent times. "Did Lottie also mention the price?"

Before she even finishes her sentence, I've pulled out my satchel and opened it. I pass it to her without comment, and she weighs it in the palm of her hand, then shakes the bag

until the coins rattle. She's satisfied, of course. It's more than double what she asked for. Not that I have any intentions of overpaying her. It's only that I'm wary of last-minute hurdles. After all, she has something I desperately want, and she knows it. If she were to sell me the lodestone and then double her price for the verbal directions—something I could well see happening, given my lack of alternatives—I wouldn't have a choice but to wait until I had fetched the rest of her fee. And I've waited long enough.

She pulls the ring out first, from a pocket deep within the folds of her dress. It's simply crafted: a thin iron band, smooth but unpolished, with no obvious effort put into its aesthetic appeal. But, I suppose, that was never meant to be where its appeal lies. In its center sits the lodestone, a rock of deep charcoal gray with roughened edges. I've read about them in my research, though somehow I expected the rock to be blacker.

She places the ring on a nearby desk—the only piece of furniture in the room—and beside it, she lays a simple nail. As soon as she removes her hand, the nail begins to tremble in place, pulled magnetically toward the stone.

"This ring comes from the Gloaming Market itself," Mrs. Haverthorn says. "Though it was purchased a decade ago, or more now. This ring was specifically charmed to fight against any directional glamours. As long as you keep it on your person, you will always know the path home. Of course, if you allow yourself to become trapped by other means, knowing the path won't be of much help."

I pick up the ring to examine it, and I swear I can feel a faint charge within my fingertips. It's a buzzing, almost

heat-like sensation. Not much else changes, though I'm not sure exactly what I expected. Sudden, intimate knowledge of the layout of the city? A map appearing in my brain? That's not a lodestone's purpose. It can't give me information. It can only prevent the information I already know from being siphoned from my mind.

"Once you cross the haze, you will only be able to find your way back with either the lodestone or a fae guide," she continues while I study the ring. "It will be difficult for you to find somebody to trust across the haze. Those that dwell there might not be able to use magic when they walk among us, but on their side of the haze, they can draw it from the air and wield it to cause any number of misfortunes to fall upon you. You must also remember that while they are incapable of telling an outright lie, they can weave tricks within truths. One of the folk there might offer to help you, only to lead you to a quiet place to hack off parts of your body for a spell. How attached are you to your eyeballs, boy?"

"Quite attached, as it happens," I say in a dry tone, though my voice falters. It's the first time I've hesitated since I concocted this plan. "Are they . . . all like that?"

"No. Not in the Mire, at least. Folk from the autumn and summer courts aren't vicious on the whole, though you'll find they think you rather slow. More like a pet than an equal. In crowds, you will be roughly as safe as you would be here. Do not be hasty to leave yourself alone with anyone, though."

I take a mental note of this. "What of the other courts?"

"Generally, the winter and spring courts are far enough away from the Mire you're unlikely to encounter any folk hailing from them. You don't want to, either."

She might mean it to be comforting, but this doesn't achieve much in the way of allaying my fears. Still, despite the sudden tension in my shoulders, my hand closes tighter around the ring.

"I once knew a woman who fell in love with one of the fae. Even after she returned here, she was stolen back. *Years* later. Once they become aware of your existence, you can never truly guarantee your own safety again. What could be worth that?"

"Are you refusing to make the sale?" I ask her, and she bristles.

"I said nothing of the sort. It's only . . ." She softens somewhat and looks from my head to my shoes and back up again. "You're very young."

I wonder if she's thinking of her grandson. Does he wear mismatched socks to bed, like most of the children in town? A superstition meant to ward away nighttime intruders intending to whisk them away across the haze. Does she wake before sunrise to check that he still sleeps in his bed, safe in our realm?

"I can look after myself."

Lottie glances at me now. Concern is etched across her round face, and her usually plump mouth is drawn thin. The story of the stolen woman spooked her, I think. But so many tales like that are passed from person to person, I'm reluctant to take them at face value. Everybody who shares these stories will insist it happened to somebody they knew and yet you'll hear the very same story repeated by people across classes and generations. Really, they mean it's a story they heard. And a story they heard is usually one that has been

embellished. Unlike this ring, the value of a story increases dramatically with a few flourishes here and there.

I'd bet half my satchel that, if the woman existed at all, she returned to the haze of her own free will. The clue is right there in the story. *She fell in love.* People will do almost anything to be reunited with a loved one, be it romantic or platonic.

Myself included.

"I've written the directions down," Mrs. Haverthorn tells me, pulling out a freshly rolled scroll. "It's not a long journey. Perhaps twenty minutes by foot from here. But some sections are complicated. I've drawn diagrams to assist."

Lottie draws in a sharp breath as I take the scroll. "Declan," she whispers. "Maybe—"

"Thank you," I say quickly. To be safe, I unroll it and scan the contents. Both to ensure the directions seem legitimate and that they are sufficiently legible. Mrs. Haverthorn is correct. It isn't complicated in terms of difficulty. There are no rituals to perform, or walls to scale. But the directions are precise. *Turn at the fourth pine tree to your left. Walk until you reach the foxgloves, and veer right when you draw level to the brook. Take a sharp left by the tree with the wasp nest.*

I hope this is current. Though, I imagine, the closer one gets to the haze, the less prone the environment is to the ravages of time and human intervention. People steer clear of the haze as a general rule—no one wants to accidentally stumble over to the other side and find themselves trapped in the realm of the fae. And though I haven't been there myself—obviously—I've heard many a time how nature itself behaves differently there. Even when I was small, Eaving would warn me that if I was ever walking in the rain and the

sky above abruptly cleared, I should turn around and head immediately back in the direction I came from. Back into the storm and away from whatever lurked beneath the suddenly clear skies.

"I only provided directions to the Gloaming Market," Mrs. Haverthorn says. "Lottie told me that's your destination?"

"Yes, that's all I need."

"What is it you're hoping to find there, boy? Other than a thinned soul?"

Lottie rolls her eyes at this, but luckily, Mrs. Haverthorn misses the gesture. There's a stigma against those who have crossed the haze and returned. People whisper that their souls are thinned, though there's little agreement on what, exactly, this means. Some believe it alters the mind, changing one's personality or values. Others think it tarnishes the very humanity of the traveler, dooming them to never enjoy an afterlife, be that heaven or reincarnation. Lottie and I happen to believe neither. Though I am surprised to find Mrs. Haverthorn does, given her collection of charms. Perhaps she meant it to land as a joke?

"I need a resurrection spell," I say as I rebind the scroll. "There's somebody very dear to me I need back as soon as possible."

Mrs. Haverthorn barely reacts to this. I suppose she suspected it was something like that. One doesn't go to the faerie black market to buy a fine new pair of trousers. "That," she says, "will come at a high price indeed."

I offer her a tight smile. "I'm used to high prices."

She picks up my coin satchel and surveys its contents once

more. Her bottom lip all but disappears between her teeth, and she sighs as she thrusts a hand in to collect her dues.

"Not like these, I'm afraid," she says, in a voice almost too low to hear.

I avoid Lottie's alarmed glance. She is entirely too familiar with falling short of costs and, therefore, overly sensitive to the threat of it.

I'm not worried, however. Merely determined.

I owe Eaving a debt. And I pay my debts.

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