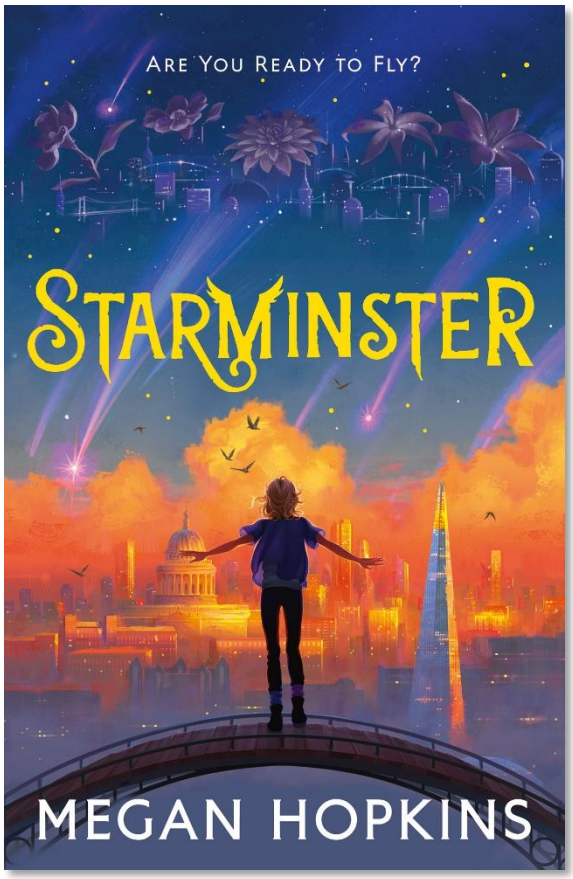
STARMINSTER

Megan Hopkins

Fiction | 978-1-684**64-863-4** | Ages 9-13 | Paperback | 5 x 7.75 | 288 pp | $9.99 | LOC: 2025950095

Be swept along with Astrid into a breathtaking, magical world of incredible adventures, new friendships, and … mystery.



- Epic, soaring, beautifully written adventure.
- Thrilling fantasy with parallels to our own world.
- Strong, complex, and supportive friendships.
- Magical worldbuilding, full of heart.
- Memorable, well-drawn, diverse characters.
- Themes: families, belonging, identity, power, resilience, ethics, social justice.

Shortlisted by UK booksellers for Foyles Book of the Year 2024!

Review Praise

"A creative, attention-grabbing fantasy exploring themes of classism and love and desperation."
– *Kirkus Reviews*

"A stellar story packed with magic and mystery." – *Booklist*

MEGAN HOPKINS

"Yes."

"I see." She let go of the plant, and looked at Astrid, her gaze forceful. "Astrid, I know you're afraid. But a lifetime is too long to stay hidden in a shed. So will you come?"

When blaming a celestial body for madness, the moon is the usual culprit. But Astrid's mind was full of the night sky, and the sparkle of stars. The Perseids meteor shower hadn't quite ended. There was still a chance she could see it for herself.

"I'll come," Astrid whispered.

Perhaps on another night, Astrid would have resisted when Mrs. Wairi helped her to her feet and escorted her across the shed. But she had wept in a dead-end hole in the ground last night. She was hungry to watch the Perseids slashing across the sky.

Astrid followed Mrs. Wairi through the doorway.

Behind her, the concussive slam of the door.

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Astrid stood on shaky legs outside the threshold. She shielded her eyes with her hands. It was already too much, too much.

The air was moving.

Astrid had never felt wind like this, the air yanking on her with intent. Her fair hair spread out; her heart jolted. She gulped a lungful of swelling air.

The stars. She was going to see the stars, at last.

She wasn't sure what to expect. In nursery rhymes, they twinkle-twinkled. Pictures rendered them static, though numerous; film turned them into a depthless plane like a sparkly Christmas card. She had seen pictures of galaxies like an opal necklace, gleaming a hundred colors; white flame wreathing the surface of a ball; the Milky Way like a pathway to heaven.

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