

CHAPTER SAMPLER

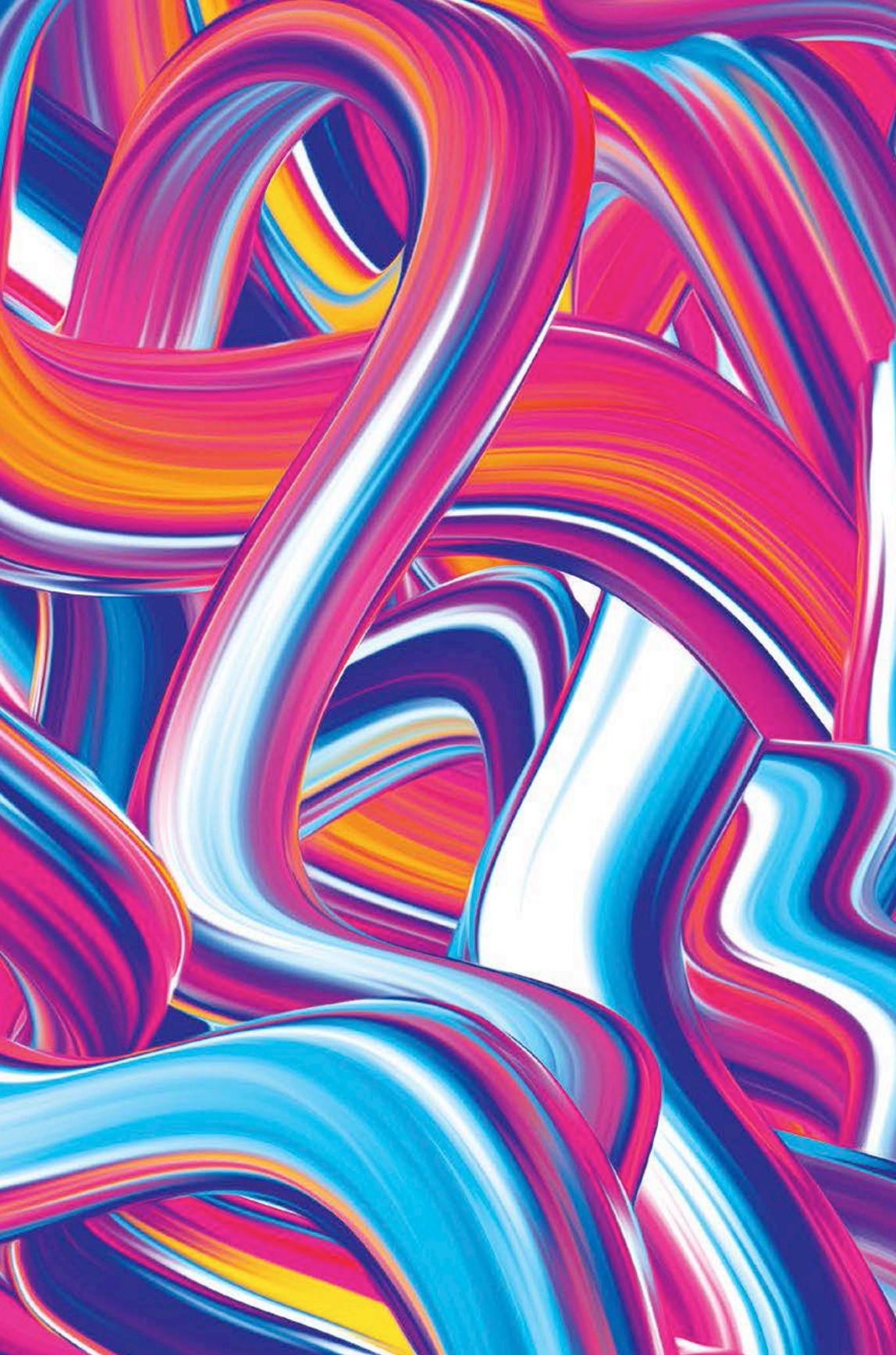
“It’s a portrait of the artist as a young woman,
one likely to inspire anyone lucky enough to pick it up.”

—Tommy Wallach, *New York Times* bestselling author of *We All Looked Up*

PILFER
PERISH

KAYLA CAGAN

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EARLY PRAISE FROM AUTHORS

“*Piper Perish* is like a season of *Project Runway* mashed up with Jandy Nelson’s *I’ll Give You The Sun*. In *Piper*, Kayla Cagan has given us a fallible but ultimately lovable new heroine. It’s a portrait of the artist as a young woman, one likely to inspire anyone lucky enough to pick it up.”

—Tommy Wallach, *New York Times* bestselling author of *We All Looked Up*

“A love-letter to the artistic life, filled with glamour, passion, hunger, and heartbreak.”

—Hope Larson, *New York Times* bestselling author, graphic novelist, and two-time Eisner Award winner

“At once a glittering high school dream and the gritty reality of small-town life. It’s the Cinderella story for any artsy kid stuck in a dead-end town dreaming of life in the city, a life in which art surrounds you.”

—Marika McCoola, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Baba Yaga’s Assistant*, Finalist for the Eisner Award for Best Publication for Kids

“*Piper Perish* is smart, fresh, and utterly engaging. Infused with a love and respect for art that shines through on every page, Kayla Cagan’s debut is equal parts funny and heartbreaking. You won’t put it down.”

—Brandy Colbert, author of *Pointe* and *Little & Lion*

“*Piper Perish* brings spark, originality, and artistry to a story about family and friendship, love and envy, and the place where dreams and reality clash.”

—Heather Cocks and Jessica Morgan, *The Fug Girls*, authors of *Spoiled* and the bestseller *The Royal We*



“Piper Perish is the heroine I didn’t even know I was waiting for, so specific and unique, and yet universally relatable to anyone who’s ever longed for more. This book is for anyone who’s felt inspired, who’s felt rejected, who’s felt trapped where they are—yes, it’s possible this book might just be for everyone.”

—Amy Spalding, author of *The New Guy (And Other Senior Year Distractions)*, *The Reece Malcolm List*, and *Kissing Ted Callahan (And Other Guys)*

“Get ready for all the feels! Urgent, funny, and achingly real, *Piper Perish* will pull you into her artsy, messy, and love-rich world on the first page and hold you tight until the very end. The voice is so fresh and intimate you’ll swear you’ve known Piper your whole life.”

—Leila Howland, author of *Hello, Sunshine*

“Meet your new favorite book. Kayla Cagan brings a vibrant, irresistible new voice to YA fiction, and *Piper Perish* is engaging and beautifully real, from start to finish. A story that will break, heal, and warm your heart.”

—Sarah Skilton, author of *Bruised and High & Dry*

“If a book could be my BFF, it would be this one.”

—Bonnie Burton, author of *Crafting with Feminism and Girls Against Girls*

“A smart, complicated, emotionally mature coming-of-age story that leaps off the page and reminds you why you ever dared to dream. Bonus points for every Houston shout-out.”

—Pamela Ribon, bestselling author of *Notes to Boys: And Other Things I Shouldn’t Share in Public*



EARLY PRAISE FROM BOOKSELLERS AND EDUCATORS

“With Andy Warhol as her muse and art school as her dream, Piper Perish is a character readers will root for. Style and wit, intelligence and heart, genuineness and longing: this girl is a gem. If you’ve ever yearned to be part of a bigger world than the one you were born in, you’ll find a home in this book.”

—Jennifer Buehler, PhD, 2016 President of the Assembly on Literature for Adolescents of the NCTE (ALAN)

“Readers will fall in love with the fallible Piper Perish, for she’s learning how to fall in love with herself while navigating the intersections of family obligation, boyfriend betrayal, best friendship, and her own drive to create art.”

—Niki Marion, Odyssey Bookshop, South Hadley, MA

“*Piper Perish* perfectly depicts the evolving heart of a girl on the edge of growing up and starting over.”

—Amy Brabenec, Brookline Booksmith, Brookline, MA

“Kayla Cagan has utterly captured the teenage voice in *Piper Perish*, whose creativity and big dreams know no bounds . . . it’s truly impressive to read.”

—Shoshana Smith, The Reading Bug, San Carlos, CA

“Written with a delicate awareness of the concerns of the modern teen, *Piper Perish* is one of the most absorbing contemporary YA novels I’ve read in recent years.”

—Sara Grochowski, Brilliant Books, Traverse City, MI

“The fresh and immediate first-person narration grabbed me right away, and I couldn’t wait to find out what was next. Fans of *The Serpent King* and *I’ll Give You the Sun* shouldn’t miss it!”

—Tegan Tigani, Queen Anne Book Company, Seattle, WA

Piper
Perish

PILFER PERISH

KAYLA CAGAN



CHRONICLE BOOKS
SAN FRANCISCO

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For my mother, who gave me a watch

and

For Josh, who gave me time

JANUARY

1/1 1:04 pm

It was official: I was blind.

At least that's what I thought until Kit rolled over and helped me pluck my puffy eyes apart. "I told you not to wear false eyelashes in bed," she said.

I started crying all over again and pouted at her.

"Just help me unstick my whole face. My eyeballs hurt!"

"It's not your fault," she said. "It's freaking Enzo." (That's why she remains my best friend and I will love her forever and ever because she always knows just what to say and also she saw the whole freaking thing happen.)

"I have eyelash glue on my eyeballs."

“That’s impossible, and even if you did it would be dry by now, not wet. Does it feel like glitter?”

I nod.

“Your eyes are all big and gluey and have gold glitter stickered on ’em because New Year’s Eve sucked, except for I finally made out with French Marcel, until we like, almost passed out. But,” she added, “that was before I saw the very worst breakup of all times.”

I couldn’t even begin to talk about it because my eyes hurt and my heart hurt and I refused for it to be true. Because this is not how my senior year will end. I’m not going through spring semester or the rest of my life without Enzo. Did he completely forget about New York? Is he really assuming Kit and I will go without him?

Andy Warhol said, “Everyone winds up kissing the wrong person goodnight.”

Once again, he knows everything. I have to wonder: What would Andy do right now? How would he deal? Would he paint? Because that’s all I want to do right now. That, and throw up.

1/2 9:41 pm

Having life explained to me at the 610 Diner rivaled everything, especially by someone as incompetent as Marli. Kit took me for Diet Coke and mashed potatoes and gravy. She ordered her regular tater tots and ranch dressing. We expected Nadia to come back with our order and surprise, there was Marli. I thought she’d be with STD Ronnie today, thought it was her day off, but of course, I am most definitely not my sister’s keeper

and I don't even have an idea of when she goes back to college. Her winter break is like 6 months long, which is so stupid considering it never snows in Texas, everyone knows that.

"Well, if it isn't Angry Warhol and Etsy Betsy," Marli said as she flung our food at us. "Hi, poseurs. Nadia didn't tell me you were sitting in my section."

"We thought it was HERS," Kit said and Marli said, "Shut up, KATRINA."

Kit asked her if she'd picked up any new STDs since she's been home and I coughed into my drink.

"You look like shit, Piper. What's the matter? Disappointed with another one of your arts and crafts projects? D-I-Y turn a little D-I-E?"

I looked up at her, wishing my sister would just be cool for once.

"Enzo broke up with her," Kit said.

Marli stepped back.

"Pipsqueak."

Marli had not called me that since I was 7.

"Pip, that sucks."

My eyes started watering, maybe from the leftover eyelash glue, maybe from Marli, and I turned my head to look out the window so she couldn't see my face. It was confusing whenever Marli was nice to me. A trick. In the parking lot, a family wearing cowboy hats was squeezing out of the cab of a truck, waddling toward the front door.

"Pip."

“She heard you,” Kit interrupted.

“What happened? Maybe I can help,” Marli said.

“You thought Ronnie contracted crabs in Galveston . . . from the beach,” Kit said. “You. Definitely. Can’t. Help.” I almost choked on my straw, snorting.

“So much for New Year’s resolutions,” Marli said. “I was trying to be nice, you little shits.”

Nadia called Marli over before we could say anything, which was a relief. I could eat my mashed potatoes in gloomy peace. I guess it’s cool Marli has a job to come back to during winter break so she can have drinking money for next semester, but I wish she would leave for good. She always has just the right amount of miserable in her to make me feel miserable, too. So when she’s nice, I can never really trust her. It is trick or treat all year round with her.

“Is it my hair?” I asked Kit, checking my reflection in the restaurant window. I leaned my head against the back of the booth seat and sucked in my cheeks. I used to have long dark brown hair like everyone in my family. Now it is short, like Andy’s. And silver platinum-blond, like Andy’s. And it looks better with black T-shirts, like Andy’s. Even writing in my journal feels freer, being more like Andy’s. When I go to NYC with Enzo and Kit, I will make art, as important as Andy’s. And I will finally be away from Marli and be happy.

“It’s definitely not your hair,” Kit said. “It’s his eyes. He’s short-sighted. He can’t see the future.”

Marli delivered a Diet Coke refill to the table and said, “It’s not his eyes, Stupid. It’s his peen.”

Kit and I both gave her death glares. I didn't want to discuss the insides of Enzo's pants with anyone, especially Marli, over a plate of mashed potatoes.

"That's what I've heard from the whole baseball team," Marli said. "And the football team, too."

"Still hanging out in the high school locker rooms?" I said.

"I guess some habits don't change." I was being nasty but who cared. "And even though it's none of your beeswax, for your information, Enzo is not gay. When are you ever going to understand the difference between homosexual and creative?"

"When will YOU, Pipsqueak?" Marli asked, and walked to another table.

"A gay guy wouldn't break up on New Year's," Kit said. "And besides, Enzo's Italian. He's got too much . . . style . . . class . . . for that."

"His parents are Italian," I reminded her. "He's just a Texan like the rest of us."

I felt my throat get all lumpy, the reminder of how much I hate living here. I mean, I don't hate Houston. It's just wrong. Everything is wrong when you're in the wrong place, the wrong time, the wrong decade.

"We won't be Texans for too much longer. We'll be New Yorkers before the end of the year!"

My head was throbbing. I could feel the beats in it. "So like, are we all supposed to just be friends now? It has to be the three of us, but . . . he's just royally screwing this up! We've been planning this since freshman year. What does this breakup even mean?"

“It means we’ll figure it out.”

“Are you sure?”

“All for one and one for all,” she said, clinking her coffee against my Diet Coke. Then she sat up in her chair and threw her shoulders back and adjusted her black horn-rimmed glasses and dougied her soft, springy spirals, which made me smile even though I didn’t feel like it.

“C’mon, dance a little.”

“I don’t wanna,” I said. The music was bad.

“Then I’ll have to bust it for two.” She jumped from our booth and moonwalked in front of the table over to the pie counter. She propped a “Soda Jerk” cap onto her head, pulling it over her eyes, Michael Jackson–style.

“What are youuuuuuu looking at?” Kit said, dancing and pointing at the diners who were checking her out.

“Not much,” mumbled an old dude at the counter. “Just a fool.”

That made Kit freestyle back into her dougie, dance harder, like she was actually going to win him over. This is why I love her.

I left \$20 on a \$15.43 check on the table.

At least Marli can’t say I don’t tip.

1/4 1:45 pm

I called him this morning. I don’t know what I was thinking. Here’s the stupid message I left for him:

“Enzo, it’s me. We need to talk. Whatever I did, I’m sorry. And I know you didn’t mean what you said. I love you. You know that, right? We’re still meant to be together. You and me and Kit and New York. We can’t mess up THE PLAN. Call me.”

Ugh.

I went with Mom to the grocery store because I couldn’t sit around just waiting for him to call.

“We’re not drinking soy milk anymore,” Mom announced. “The clinic’s now saying there’s not enough calcium in soy milk to help with bone strength. With all of the fractures during football season, I think there’s something to it. Do you know how many of your classmates I’ve already seen? Besides, dairy milk isn’t going to hurt you. Maybe it will even help you put a few pounds on, which would be good. You’re looking a little too skinny these days. Also, soy is too damn expensive right now.” She finally paused.

“Why are you so quiet?”

I shrugged.

“Uh-oh,” she said. “What’s wrong? You love soy milk. Talk to me.”

“Wrong,” I said. “I don’t love soy milk. Soy milk is just a thing. I love people.”

“Oh, no. Here we go. Have a fight with the boy?” Mom asked, picking up the soy milk and rereading the carton.

“I guess.” I shuffled sideways to the cart and leaned down on the handle. She patted my back.

“My girls always have the worst breakups.”

I didn't look at her.

"C'mon, you. Let's shop this out. Spill the beans."

"I can't," I said.

"Lorenzo's always been . . . self-centered, you know," she said.

I lifted my head to see she'd loaded the cart with chocolate soy milk.

"This isn't a week to give up the hard stuff." She winked at me.

Then I told her everything.

1/4 7:27 pm

Wasn't hungry for dinner so I just had PB&J. Mom and Dad are at a movie now. OK, so back to today, breaking it down for Mom.

"When you left the house, everything seemed fine," Mom said, unloading the groceries. "Even though the two of you were dressed like vampires going to a funeral in all that black, you still looked pretty cute. Though, coral really is your color."

I had to remind Mom that wasn't the point.

"It was just a little excessive," Mom said. "You two were dressed to the nines!"

Kit and I worshipped the seniors who started the NYE Dance tradition when we were freshmen. They were total geniuses. Extra dances? Extra outfits!

Enzo had picked me up that night and brought me a silver-sprayed corsage. We respected the New Year's Eve party theme, Everything Silver Must Turn Bold. We had painted our nails silver and I added silver streaks to my already silver-white-gray hair and he was wearing the Gaultier knockoff.

"We had to look good, Mom."

Enzo, Kit, and I had talked about how the dance committee was going to deliver us a version of Andy Warhol's first Factory, which was called the Silver Factory.

"Hello! We were basically in New York in the 1960s!"

"That's a bit of a stretch. Besides, didn't Andy Warhol and his friends do a bunch of drugs? I don't think he's such a great role model for you guys." She brushed her fingers through my hair. We were sitting on the porch at this point. Mom had insisted sweet tea would make the whole thing seem less bad, which I didn't want to admit was true, but was.

"The theme was BOLD," I said. "Why not think bolder and bigger? It wasn't a school dance. It was like . . . the beginning of our lives."

She smirked at me.

"Anyway, on our way over to the dance I thought everything was fine, but now I realize he was in a totally pissy mood. When I asked him what was wrong, he said we were a bunch of conformists and then I asked, 'Don't you remember why we're going? . . . for like, seeing what the Factory might have been like?'"

"I call bullsoup, honey. You just wanted to go to the dance," Mom said.

I couldn't explain to Mom that Enzo and I weren't just going as seniors, but for artistic exploration as well. She wasn't getting it. I stuck to the basics.

When we got there, Kit was totally holding court with the little freshmen who love her. Kit calls them her Little Fresh Fishies, which is kind of adorbs. I went to say hi to her. Enzo went to pee.

"What's up?" Kit asked, covered in metallic polka dots. We kissed each other on the cheeks, two times, the French way. Kit's girls watched us carefully.

"What's up, Piper?" one of the freshies asked.

"Checking out the scene."

"Your feathery eyelashes are wicked. How'd you . . . ?"

"Kit made 'em," I said.

"Aaaaaauuuuhhh, ooooooh," they exhaled.

Kit twisted her arm into mine and leaned her head into my shoulder and said, "Take a picture" and we posed like we were the freaking cutest. The girls whipped out their phones to catch us, no filters required.

"One day," I told them, "those photos will be worth a lot. Andy would have silkscreened us." Then we were off to the table where the dance committee was handing out silver glow sticks.

Kit asked, "What did Enzo decide to wear tonight?"

"He's calling it Trips, Tops, and Tails but I'm calling it 15 Minutes of Fabulous and it's amazing as usual." I reminded Mom of the details. Silver chain mail fitted top, black cropped trench coat over it, skinny black jeans, black hair spiked up

and through a silver top hat, a reverse skunk he calls it, silver Docs with black laces. He'd sprinkled silver powder over the both of us after we got out of his car, and told me, "No matter where we stand the light will reflect off us, like we're stars fallen to the ground."

We pulled up next to him and I went to kiss him and caught his cheek.

"You look good in silver," he said. First compliment he had given me all night.

"Wait a minute," Mom said to me now. "He didn't compliment you until then?"

"We're post-compliment," I said to her.

She shriveled her nose at me.

"Bullshout again. You're 18 years old. You are not over compliments."

"Kind of," I said. "So, DJ Anonymous—that's DJA, Ms. Adams's son—was spinning and everyone started to move and Kit was already in the middle of the dance floor, her minions around her, shooting looks at French Marcel."

"The exchange student?" Mom asked.

"Yeah, she's all into him." Kit was dancing exactly like her idol, Janelle Monáe (she learned all her moves), except somehow even cooler. It's her weird superpower that even when's she being silly-stupid-funny, Kit's kind of incredibly hot. She's like the girl who should be head cheerleader, but chose the life of HEAD EVERY-FREAKING-THING ELSE instead. She's a crockpot of crazy, as Mom would say, but in a good way.

“Anyway, Kit was dancing and I was about to go over to her, but then Enzo put his hand on my waist so I turned and kissed him and was like, ‘Let’s dance! Let’s dance in the new year!’”

There were 7 minutes to go according to his spiked silver watch. I wriggled my eyebrows at him the way he liked and he said no. He stood still and his eyes were watery and red and I said, “We can be pretentious asses later but let’s dance now! Look at Kit!”

“I can’t dance,” he said.

“Since when?”

“No, I can’t dance with YOU,” he said, louder than me.

The way he said it . . . it was so mean. I hated telling Mom this part.

“But my outfit. It twirls like Saturn’s rings!”

“I know,” he said. “I’m the one who designed it!”

“Hey.” I was trying to be nice. “Have you gone catatonic?”

Can you just talk to me?”

“NO!” He was practically shouting over the music. And then. . . .

“What?” Mom asked.

“It’s so bad,” I said.

“What?”

“It’s so embarrassing.”

“It couldn’t be worse than his outfit,” Mom said.

“Mom! God!”

“I’m sorry,” she said. “Go on.”

“He said it was about to be a new year . . . that he has to finally be him, the ‘real him’ . . . that he can’t be who the world wants him to be.”

“Uh-huh,” Mom said, sipping on her tea.

“So I told him I loved him no matter what.”

“Piper!” Mom said.

“Mom, but then, he started . . . he started doing this whacked-out, really crazy, dance . . . like first, he pulled out these gauzy scarves from the pockets he’d sewn into his trench coat, and he was holding them up over his eyes, like some kind of belly dancer or something, and the more he whipped them around, the more I like . . . could not stop watching. He kept dancing around the other seniors with the scarves, waving them like flags over their heads, and even though Kit was dancing with Marcel, she was trying to catch one of the scarves while it was midair, thinking he was just trying to create some trippy effect against the strobe lights and the disco ball. And of course, what Kit did, all of her little fresh fish did, too. One of them said, ‘Tragic cool!’ like she knew anything about being tragic or cool and held one of the scarves up to her face, smelling it! Then they all tried to catch one, waiting to see what he would do next. He had everyone’s attention . . . and that’s when he slowed down and grabbed one of the scarves he had dropped and looped it around his top. . . .”

“The metal one?” Mom interrupted.

“The chain mail, yeah, and he started lifting up his own shirt. It looked like he was putting on a show. I thought he was doing some kind of performance, a surprise! I thought he was doing something . . . important, maybe, like for me. People were kind of clapping . . . and whistling. But

then he danced out of his pants, on purpose. Like, his pants were on the floor. He did, like, a striptease, for me and everyone else in the gym. We could all see him.”

“Wait,” Mom said. “Am I understanding you correctly? Did Enzo . . . did he get naked, Piper? Like streaking?”

I covered my eyes. Total embarrassment and humiliation and sadness hitting me all at once.

I’m crying again now. I need a break. More in a few. Going to take a shower.

1/4 11:34 pm

Just made some coffee. Have to get this out or I’m not going to be able to sleep tonight. OK. So obvi, Mom was freaked.

“Naked? You let him get naked in the gym?” Mom was kind of laughing and holding her cheeks at the same time. She reminded me of the person in that painting The Scream, only if it was set in our kitchen.

“Naked,” I finally said. “And I didn’t let him. I didn’t know what to do! I thought it was a dance!”

“A dance?” Mom said, shaking her head. “That kid is nuts! I knew he was off!”

He wanted everyone to quote-unquote know the real him, he said when he was standing there . . . naked (I could hardly even think about it). And he said that I’d dragged him to the dance, he didn’t want to be there in the first place, and he decided he was going to express himself. He had to be true to THE REAL ENZO, which also meant breaking up with me. But I didn’t tell Mom any of that part.

“He’s on drugs,” Mom said, part question—part statement.

“Maybe,” I said. “I know he’s done some acid before. But not like Andy’s friends. They did speed. And like, all the time.”

“Piper! What the hell are you doing hanging around with him? And why do you know about what drugs Andy Warhol’s friends did? Jesus!” She was both laughing and yelling at me. “Wait till I share this with Dad.”

“He’s not going to get it.”

“He’s not the only one. Do YOU get it? And you know way too much about the drug scene, kiddo!”

“Mom, everybody knows about drugs. DUH! And it’s not called ‘the drug scene,’ there is no drug scene. Just drugs. And this whole thing is not Enzo’s fault,” I said. “I should have known he didn’t really want to go to the dance.”

“Oh, honey. None of this is your fault. What . . . how . . . did your evening end?”

“They took Enzo out of the gym, right at the stroke of midnight, the school security guards. They threw his trench coat over his . . . body. I was like, ‘You never loved me,’ but more like a question, and he said, ‘I’m sorry, Piper, we’re over,’ so then I was crying, it was getting all over my gold and silver feather eye lashes and Kit came running across the dance floor screaming, ‘MOTHER F’ER!’”

“Oh please, don’t watch your language now,” Mom said. She took one of her pills for headaches, washing it down with her sweet tea. Looked like the drug scene was right there on our porch.

“Kit pushed Enzo in the chest,” I continued. “Security tried to hold her back. She tried to punch him in the face but missed his eyes and nose because he’s so tall and she’s so short and that’s why her fingers are bandaged, were bandaged. She hit his chin.”

“Oh,” Mom said, “I thought that was one of Kit’s new looks.”

“No.” I laid my head on the kitchen table.

“What a crazy.”

“He’s not crazy. He’s just misunderstood.”

Mom leaned down to my ear and pulled my chin up so she could see my face.

“New Year,” she said. “New start. Let’s make a No Crazies promise. No crazies?”

“No crazies,” I said, hooking my pinkie with hers.

I wanted to tell her it was impossible to keep a No Crazies promise when I felt crazy myself, but promises don’t seem to mean anything anymore anyway.

Going to bed now. Done.

1/6 10:33 pm

Andy said, “The idea of waiting for something makes it more exciting.” It isn’t exciting though. I hate waiting and I hate that I hate waiting. I’ve called Enzo’s voice mail over and over again. It’s been a Sunday of this:

“Hi it’s Enzo. Leave me a massage and I’ll get back to you. Ciao.”

“Hi it’s Enzo. Leave me a massage and I’ll get back to you. Ciao.”

“Hi it’s Enzo. Leave me a massage and I’ll get back to you. Ciao.”

Substituting massage for message isn’t funny after you hear it 36x in one day. He still hasn’t called and Dad almost busted me getting a Shiner out of the fridge earlier. I told him I was bringing it to Marli because she was in her bedroom with cramps and he waved me off and said, “Good luck with that” and then I went back to my room, lay down, and waited. The idea of waiting may be exciting but actually waiting sucks.

In my last message to him, I said, “You may not want to talk to me about our breakup but we have to talk about New York. Don’t be stupid, Enzo.”

I hope he listened to it.

Looking at my palette of colors, my Pantones of pain. I can’t write anymore. Time to paint.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR FEARLESSNESS.

Piper Perish inhales air and exhales art. The sooner she and her best friends can get out of Houston and into art school in New York City, the better. It's been Piper's dream her whole life, and now that senior year is halfway over, she's never felt more ready. But in the final months before graduation, things are weird with her friends and stressful with three different guys, and Piper's sister's tyrannical mental state seems to thwart every attempt at happiness for the close-knit Perish family. Piper's art just might be enough to get her out. But is she brave enough to seize that power, even if it means giving up what she's always known? Debut author Kayla Cagan breathes new life into fiction in this ridiculously compelling, utterly authentic work featuring interior art from *Rookie* magazine illustrator Maria Ines Gul. Piper will have readers asking big questions along with her. What is love? What is friendship? What is family? What is home? And who is a person when she's missing any one of these things?

KAYLA CAGAN is a novelist and playwright. She received her BFA in Theater from Stephen F. Austin State University. She lives with her husband and dog in Los Angeles. *Piper Perish* is her debut novel.

MARKETING & PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

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