

BURY OUR BONES in the MIDNIGHT SOIL

Dearest booksellers and librarians—

From the beginning, you have been my champions. You were the first to put my novels in the hands of readers. The first to introduce my sometimes-quiet, often-strange work to children and adults alike, to help my stories find their marks.

It is only fitting that you be the first again. Here you will find my next novel, a standalone as dark as *Vicious* and as sweeping as *Shades of Magic*, as monstrous as *This Savage Song*, and as full of heart as *Addie LaRue*.

But first, a confession: in the wake of *Addie's* success, I feared I'd never find another story to fill the void she left, not in readers, but in me. For months I stared into the open plot left in her wake, and threw in seeds, desperate to make them grow. Of course, nothing took, not until I gave up looking, and made peace with the fact the grave was barren.

Or so I thought.

Then, one day, something began sprouting up from the bottom of that plot.

A story about three young women, growing out of their worlds and into themselves. Young women tired of being told how little they were allowed to want, how much space they were allowed to take up in their world.

If you've read any of my other books, you know my love of villains, my fascination with the gray zone of morality, and the fact that most people don't reside in the absolutes of good and bad, but somewhere in the complicated in-between.


For so long, my love of villains felt at odds with my desire to write characters who represented my queerness. There was so much pressure to only write queer heroes, as if the combination of queerness and villainy must be read as a reduction, a conflation of queerness and villainy, instead of what I wanted it to be: the declaration that queer characters, like their real-life counterparts, should be allowed to possess the same complexity as their straight analogs.

I don't know if we've finally come far enough to embrace it, or if I've simply grown tired of waiting. Either way, I decided it was time to write this book. One in which the three leads exist and act with varying degrees of heroes and villainy, longing, love, and self-interest. You might not love all three, but I hope you understand them. I hope you see a piece of yourself, buried like a mirror in the work.

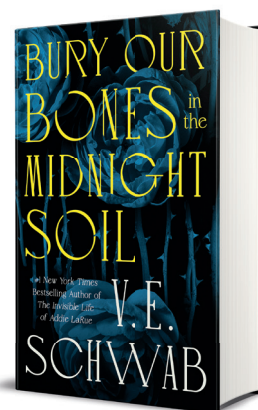
If *The Invisible Life of Addie LaRue* was a tale of immortality and hope, then *Bury Our Bones in the Midnight Soil* is a tale of immortality and hunger and rage.

I cannot wait for you to sink your teeth into this book.

And I hope it sinks its teeth back into you.



Best,
V. E. Schwab



On Sale 6.10.25