

# SHUSTERMANIA!

Newsletter 9/20/2011  
Issue 4

Neal Shusterman, Author  
Wendy Doyle, Editor

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Miss the first  
issues?  
[storyman.com](http://storyman.com)

## QUESTION FOR THE NEXT ISSUE:

Which Everlost power  
would you most like to  
have?

1. Allie's (skinjacking)
2. Mary's (controlling the wills of others)
3. Mikey's (transforming into imaginary creatures)
4. Jix's (furjacking),
5. The Haunter's (moving objects with your mind)
6. Zin's (ripping objects out of the living world and into Everlost)

Submit your answer to:  
[shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:shustermania@gmail.com)



**Let's make a difference!**  
Please consider giving to  
[the Red Cross of Missouri](http://the Red Cross of Missouri)  
to assist the victims of  
the tornado that struck  
Joplin in May 2011.

## A Word from Neal

Titles are always troublesome.  
How do you sum up a book in a single word or phrase? You might be interested to know that a number of my titles were changed in the course of writing the book. Usually by me, sometimes not.

My working title for [THE SHADOW CLUB](#) was "The Sloppy Seconds." [EVERLOST](#) went through several titles, starting with "Dead Kids," then moving on to "Hang Time," "Half-life," "Not Dead Yet," and "The Light Fantastic." [FULL TILT](#) began its life as "Fast Ride," and now I find myself at a crossroads with another book.

And I was hoping you could help me...

I'm working on the rewrite of my third "Antsy Bonano" book. The title all along has been "Antsy Floats." But there are several good reasons why that title won't work.

Reason # 1) [ANTSY DOES TIME](#) - which, in my opinion is an even better book than [THE SCHWA WAS HERE](#), did very well in hardcover, but fell off the edge of the earth in paperback.

These things happen. (If you want to change that then get out there and [BUY IT!](#)) Anyway, in order to market the new book, we must remove Antsy from the title, and try to give it a separate life as a stand-alone book.

Reason #2) The word "floats" isn't very active, and although it has attitude, it doesn't grab the reader and rip his or her eyeballs out, the way a title needs to.

Reason #3) No one else in this

## Wendy's Turn

My turn is short this month: Just keep sending in your poems, Fan Fic, Fan Art, ideas for the Classroom, your summer reading lists, Questions for Neal and book trailers.

Please consider donating to the [Joplin, MO tornado relief fund](#). Tell me how you raised money for the relief effort!

Neal Shusterman  
Author



process but me liked the title.

And so, I've been given the assignment of coming up with a new title --but I've been having a really hard time doing that.

Here's where you come in. I want my fans to suggest titles for the book. Here's what you need to know about it: Antsy Bonano, and his zany cast of family and friends take a comical, but heartfelt Caribbean cruise on the absurdly large "Plethora of the Deep" - the largest cruise ship in the world, for Old Man Crawley's 80th birthday.

In the course of the story Antsy meets a stowaway girl, and gets involved in an international smuggling operation, the details of which I won't get into, because I've already given you too many spoilers.

Okay, got it?

Send your titles to  
[Shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:Shustermania@gmail.com)

If I use anyone's title, you'll receive a \$100 Barnes and Noble gift certificate, and be recognized in the books acknowledgments!

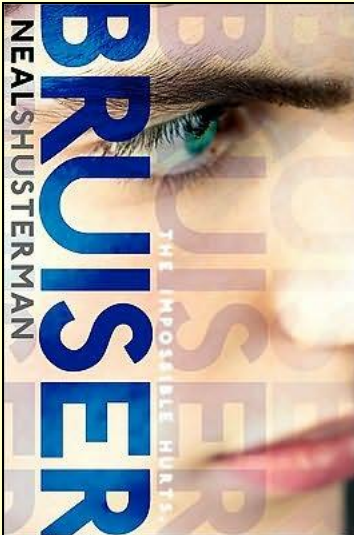
Wendy Doyle  
Editor

Check out the "Question for Next Issue", and tell me what you think!

[shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:shustermania@gmail.com)

## Teacher's Corner

with **Heidi Stoll**



[Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B000APR004)

*“Once in a while our school has half days, and the teachers spend the afternoon ‘in service,’ which I think must be a group therapy for having to deal with us.”*

—[Bruiser](#)

School is getting ready to start whether we are in denial about it or not. Lazy summer days by the pool are coming to an end. Just walk into a store and take a look around. There are school supplies everywhere and commercials reminding us that our relaxing days are winding down. Here are some of my pointers for a great start for the school year.

#1: Set up library times early. I take my students to the library in my school every 21 days. The rule for my classroom is that they each have a book to read at all times. 21 days seems to be a good amount of time for the average reader to read an adolescent novel. Those students who read faster are always able to check out books from my personal classroom library or take their own time to visit the library.

#2: Have students complete a reading log. Even adults do better at reaching a goal when they plan. My students do better at reading when they plan ahead. The easiest way is to have them take the total number of pages of the book and divide them by 21. It's so much easier for a 13 year old to reach the goal of reading 9 pages a day versus reading 180 pages in 3 weeks.

#3: Do a book talk. On the first day of school I have my most favorite books on display in my classroom, and on the second day I do my first book talk. I give my students a quick summary of books that I love. They make a “shopping list” of book titles that sound interesting to them. And on the third day of school, we do our first library visit together and fill out our reading logs together.

#4: Give the students time to read. Students are coming back to us after spending their summers traveling,



playing, swimming, camping, etc. It's important that they practice getting back in the swing of things. I always give them time to read their first assigned pages in my classroom. It really reinforces that I believe reading is super important.

#5: Show them the importance of reading. I have a chart that I share with my students that shows testing percentiles tied to the amount of time spent reading.

#6: Set up guest speakers. This can be done as often as possible or once a quarter. Find parents with different careers and ask them to come in as a guest speaker. Their topic of course is how they use reading/writing in their jobs.

#7: Use Shusterman's books in your class! Have your students read his books independently OR use one of his books as a classroom read-aloud. Don't forget to use voices for the main characters!!!!

I wish each teacher and student the best school year. It's an exciting time! Remember to take good care of yourselves!

*Teachers: Do you have suggestions and stories on how to use Neal's books in your school or classroom? We want to hear from you!*

Submissions:  
[shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:shustermania@gmail.com)

## Questions for Neal - Readers want to know:

- **What's your favorite word?**

It's a toss up between *brouhaha* and *cattywampus*.

- **Can you tell us your funniest (or most interesting) question from a fan?**

Three answers: **1)** I was once in a presentation where a kid asked "What were you feeling when you wrote *The Giver*." My answer was "I was feeling a lot like Lois Lowry."

**2)** I was once in South Carolina, and all the students had read *Full Tilt*. One kid in the back of the room raised his hand to ask the first question of the day, and he asked, with a perfectly sarcastic, and wonderfully slow southern drawn "Mr. Shusterman... What planet are you from?" **3)** My all time favorite question came from a high school girl with purple hair. The whole school had all been reading *Unwind* and advance copies of *Bruiser*. Again, it was the first question of the day. Anyway, she leans back, with a big smile on her face and she asks. "So... How cool is it?" And I had to admit... It's totally cool! (The next question, of course, was "What's the deal?")

*Got a question for Neal?*

*Submit to:*

[shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:shustermania@gmail.com)

*In the next exciting issue, we finally find out: Coke or Pepsi?????*

## Resurrection Bay - A Story in Seven Parts - Part 4

*This never-before-published story is exclusive to Shustermania subscribers. To read the previous installments click [here](#).*

*In part 3, Anika's dad was ready to move his family out of the path of sure destruction, leaving behind their home and most of their possessions. Anika dropped her charm bracelet through the slats in her porch and encountered a terrifying sight while trying to retrieve it. But then the impossible happens: the glacier changes direction.*

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On Thursday, at about 2:30 in the morning Exit Glacier, having plowed through the forest before it, took down the fence of Seward Memorial Cemetery, and gouged its way through. It took down headstone after headstone. It tore apart what few marble mausoleums stood there. They fell like houses of cards. The wall of ice churned up the hallowed ground, and then, when the entire cemetery was under the massive sheet of ice. . . the glacier stopped.

Just as quickly and mysteriously as it had begun its advance, the forward surge ended. Most people agreed that it was some kind of miracle. I wasn't so sure.

In the morning, Rav and I ditched school. I think half our school ditched, so they could join the crowds standing in front of what used to be the town graveyard, getting only as close as police would allow. Mostly our friends and neighbors were hoping for a moment of TV fame, and with all the reporters there, chances were good that some of them would be interviewed.

Rav and I didn't crowd the barricade like the others, because we were there for a different reason. Instead we climbed to the top of an abandoned work shed, where we could have a better view of the whole face of the glacier, and we waited.

Rav was not happy about being here, but he wasn't leaving either.

"What you're thinking is crazy," Rav said.

"I know."

"I should just walk away from you," Rav said.

"Then why don't you?"

"I guess I must be crazy too."

I smiled at him and that made him look a little bit ill. He looked away. "You said you banged your head, right?"

"I didn't bang it that hard."

## Resurrection Bay - (cont'd)

"It was hard enough to make you bleed," he pointed out. "You were in pain, and probably confused, how can you be sure what you saw that night?"

"Because I am."

We watched as the geologists took measurements, and the reporters reported. Not a single piece of ice had fallen from the glacier's face since we had arrived.

"I really don't want to spend a whole day watching a glacier not move." said Rav.

"I know what I saw the other night - It was that dead woman," I insisted, "and maybe it's not as impossible as you think. The Tlingit believe everything is interconnected. The earth and the sky, the ice and us."

"You're only half Tlingit," he pointed out.

"Right. And so the other half needs scientific proof. *That's* why we're here."

"What do you expect to see? Dead people strolling out of the ice like zombies, looking for brains to eat."

I turned back to the glacier. "No, not zombies. Not exactly. . ."

"Then what?"

"I don't know. There's not a word for what they are."

"And anyway," said Rav, "Most of the people in that Cemetery have been dead since, like, forever. There won't be anything left to come back."

"Permafrost," I told him.

"What?"

"There's permafrost six feet down. It's frozen all year round, which means that a lot of people will be perfectly preserved."

Rav got that ill look about him again, maybe even worse than before. He opened his mouth to say something, then closed it again when nothing came out.

We watched for a few more minutes in silence, then Rav asked me. "So, is your Mom buried here?"

I shook my head. "No," I told him. "Her family took her to a Tlingit burial site."

"Oh." He was quiet for a good ten seconds before he said, "Mine is."

Nothing out of the ordinary happened at the glacier that day, or the next, so things began to settle back to normal. Many of the geologists and all the reporters left, because the glacier was now old news. Now it sat there more still than ever, its leading edge hunched on the Cemetery.

It's funny how the rational world has a way of pummeling things that don't make sense into a neat little pile that it can push under a rug and dismiss it. That whole business with the woman under the porch, for instance. See, the next day some homeless woman was found shoplifting in town. She was one of the summer people who didn't leave, because she apparently had nowhere to go back to. Even though this woman had blond hair, and the woman I saw didn't, it put enough doubt into my mind. Maybe that's who I saw. After all, it was just in the dim light of a dying flashlight, and as Rav was so happy to point out, I *had* bumped my head. My thoughts might have been addled. That made more sense than anything else, and with things getting back to normal, I'd rather believe I was temporarily nuts than the alternative.

But there were things going on in the town in those few days after the glacier had made its move. Had I been more observant, I might have noticed I might have put two and two together

. . . Like the way our English teacher, Mrs. Mason, suddenly seemed to have no interest in teaching at all. And when the bell rang, she left class even faster than us kids.

. . . Like the way that our mailman stopped delivering mail. He just stopped showing up. Word was that he didn't call in sick or anything - he just locked himself in his house and wouldn't come out.

. . . Or the way Betsy down at the Nail salon kept redoing her own nails, happy as a clam, instead of doing her customer's nails.

But the only thing I noticed was the strange way Rav was acting - especially toward me. He was avoiding me - he wouldn't even look at me in class - and when I finally did corner him by his locker, he yelled at me.

"Just go away. I don't want to talk to you, okay?" And he stormed off.

He failed a math test that day, and I figured that maybe he was mad because I made him sit on that stupid roof watching for the undead, instead of letting him study. Rational. Simple. Easily explained away.

A week later, Dad went out on a date. Believe it or not, one of the female geologists he had been flying around had taken a liking to him. She was one of the few still in town to take readings, but I suspect that was just because she wanted to see more of Dad. I wasn't sure how I felt about it, but I wasn't going to ruin it for Dad.

It was a bright full moon that night, and Dad was going to take her on a moonlit flight over the ice field. Very romantic. I, of course, was left at home to babysit Sammy, but at around eight o'clock, Rav turned up on our doorstep, knocking so timidly, I was actually surprised it was him.

## Resurrection Bay - (cont'd)

He stood there with his shoulders shrugged awkwardly up, like he was cold, even though he was wearing a heavy jacket. There was something on his mind. Something that was weighing on him so heavily, I could practically see his back curving from the weight of it.

"I just want to say I'm sorry," he said. "I shouldn't have acted the way I did to you."

Since Rav rarely apologized for anything, I decided to milk it. I folded my arms and leaned against the door frame. "No, you shouldn't have," I said, pretending I wasn't ready to accept his apology, even though I was.

"Yeah and I'm sorry."

That weight still lingered on him. As much as I wanted to make him suffer, I couldn't. "Apology accepted. So what's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said a little too quickly.

"Nothing's wrong at all. As a matter of fact things are totally right." He gave off a weird little laugh, and then he said. "There's something I want to show you. I know it's late, but do you think you can get out?"

"Sure," I told him. "My Dad's not home anyway."

Then Sammy, who had snuck up right behind me, asked "Can I come, too?"

But the look on Rav's face said that Sammy wasn't invited. I figured this might be about his apology, and about us making up. The last thing I needed was Sammy along as a third wheel.

"No," I told Sammy. His face got all twisted, and his body got all limp-boned. "Anika..." he whined. I looked to Rav, but he shook his head. So I made a decision. "Sure, I told Sammy. . . "Of course, if you come, you'll miss Dad flying by."

"What?"

"Yeah - Dad's gonna do a low fly-by and wave to us - maybe even set down and pick us up, to take us with him to the ice field."

"Really? D'ya think he'd land right on the roof?"

"Maybe," I said. "You know how Dad likes to surprise us."

Then I waited for a moment, before I shook my head and said. "Naah, forget it. He'll have to do it another time - you have to come with Rav and me."

"Why?" he said, getting all twisty and limp-boned again.

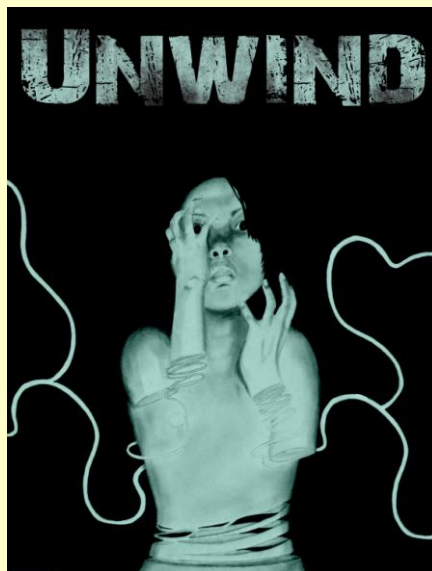
"You're too little to stay here by yourself."

He looked at me, deeply insulted. "Am not!" And that's all it took.

Sammy promised to be good, and not to watch anything scary on TV, and I left holding hands with Rav, wondering what he had to show me, hoping it was something fun. . . and never even imagining the terrifying truth behind it.

...to be continued.

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This is a concept for a cover for [Unwind](#) done by Jesika Chin, a student in Bradenton, FL.

We thought it was cool enough to put in the newsletter!

## Fan Fiction

Faithful fan Kayla sent in her FanFic! Here's her take on [Everlost](#):

Patrick Hutcherson meandered slowly through the urban area, walking just fast enough to keep his feet from sinking into the ground. All around him, people bumped into him - or, they would have, if they'd known he was there. He was used to seeing people walk through him now.

As he watched, a small girl on a bicycle wheeled towards him.

"Hey," he said aloud, just for the sake of it, because sometimes in Everlost kids had a habit of talking to hear their voice. "I want to ride a bike." He shrugged his shoulders and as the girl passed through his space, Patrick jumped into her body. He just shouldered himself around the girl's own consciousness, leaving it up to the fleshie to steer the bike. Patrick knew he wouldn't be able to remember what to do, for when he had crossed into Everlost he had been seventeen years old and hadn't ridden a bike since he was thirteen.

Almost five years had passed since his body fell into a coma, after his alcoholic stepfather had pushed him out of a three-story window. His living body would now be well into its twenties, while he remained here, eternally seventeen. At first he had kept up with his family, but soon he'd realized that the only person he cared about was his eight year old sister, Lily, and she had been sent overseas with her grandfather a year after he crossed. Afterlights couldn't cross the ocean - they'd sink like a rock, with no way back out. He had thought about skinjacking a cruise passenger, but he knew the risks of staying in one body too long and it made him feel too drained to switch all the time. It was too much trouble, even to see his sister.

*...to be continued.*

Isn't that GREAT!?!? Thanks Kayla!

*Got something you want to see in upcoming newsletters?*

submit to:

[shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:shustermania@gmail.com)

## I'm Reading...

Also from Kayla, her reading list:

1. [Everfound](#)
2. *Vanish* by Sophie Jordan
3. *Clockwork Angel* by Cassandra Clare
4. *Incarceron* by Catherine Fisher

From Tammy F:

"I'm reading [Everwild](#), and loving it!"

What did you read this summer?

Submit to:

[shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:shustermania@gmail.com)

## Thought I'd share...

From Ally Nicole Smith, Nashville, TN USA

I live in Nashville, TN so I thought it was so cool that Allie and Milos were exploring Broadway and the Grand Ole Opry in Everwild. I also travel on I-40 a lot headed towards Texas, in the west. So when I read about Jill blowing up the bridge where I-40 crosses the Mississippi River into Arkansas I was just like Oh My Gosh!! I've been there!!

I have been to Ground Zero in New York City. In Everlost, Mr. Shusterman created those buildings and made them more majestic than ever. Also in Everlost I have been to Atlantic City because I have family up in New Jersey. Every time I walk the famous boardwalk now, I'm picturing Mary Hightower and the McGill having a standoff with the ship parked by the pier.

Anyways, throughout all of Mr. Shusterman's books I have been able to say, "Ohhh I've been there!" and that really makes you believe the book. It has really convinced me as to why there is no way these stories just couldn't be true.

*What do you want to share?*

submit to:

[shustermania@gmail.com](mailto:shustermania@gmail.com)

This has been a somber and reflective month for all of us. Some of you may be too young to remember exactly where you were when you heard about the twin towers being hit. I remember. A friend called me, waking me up at about 6:30 AM and said. “Neal, there’s been an attack on the twin towers, and they’re both down.” She knew that my Dad used to work there. And as I turned on the TV, it felt so surreal, I remember walking through that whole day in a daze. A few years later, I was considering the story of Everlost, but hadn’t felt compelled to write it... Until I realized that the Twin Towers would be there, standing tall forever, and nothing would ever tear them down. That’s what inspired me to write Everlost, and the subsequent trilogy. The passage from the chapter “The Forever Places,” is my favorite part of that book.

But before I wrote Everlost, I wrote the poem below – just a week after the towers came down. Everything in it is true. I hope you enjoy it.

**Slice of Heaven**  
**by Neal Shusterman**  
**Written after September 11, 2001**

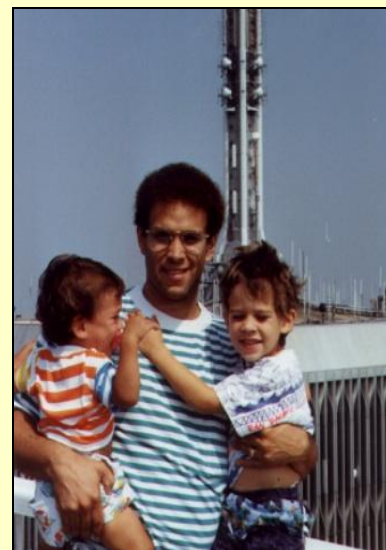
Always there,  
 Like faint gray mountains in the distance.  
 The only hint of skyline seen,  
 From the south tip of Brooklyn.

They grew up with me;  
 At ten my father took me to the Battery,  
 To watch them as they rose,  
 The marvels that defined my youth.  
 At 18 my father brought me again.  
 His office; tower two, floor 88.  
 Above the clouds, yet still on solid ground.  
 The view from his window confirmed heaven.

My sons had pizza on the 110th floor  
 When the towers had two months to live.  
 King Kong straddled the gap in my youth.  
 Spiderman caught the helicopters in theirs,  
 But pizza in the sky was still the same;  
 Greasy and overpriced  
 Just as I remembered.

On the Times Square screen,  
 Larger than life, but smaller than reality,  
 My father, now retired, saw his old office crumble,  
 And wondered who he knew,  
 But didn’t dare find out.  
 His old business cards are now treasures.

Had it been only architecture,  
 Had it been only office space,  
 The loss could be settled,  
 But how can you make an accounting,  
 When your sons still remember the face,  
 Of the man who served them pizza in the sky?



Me and my sons Brendan and Jarrod on the WTC observation deck.

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We LOVE fan-created book trailers!

