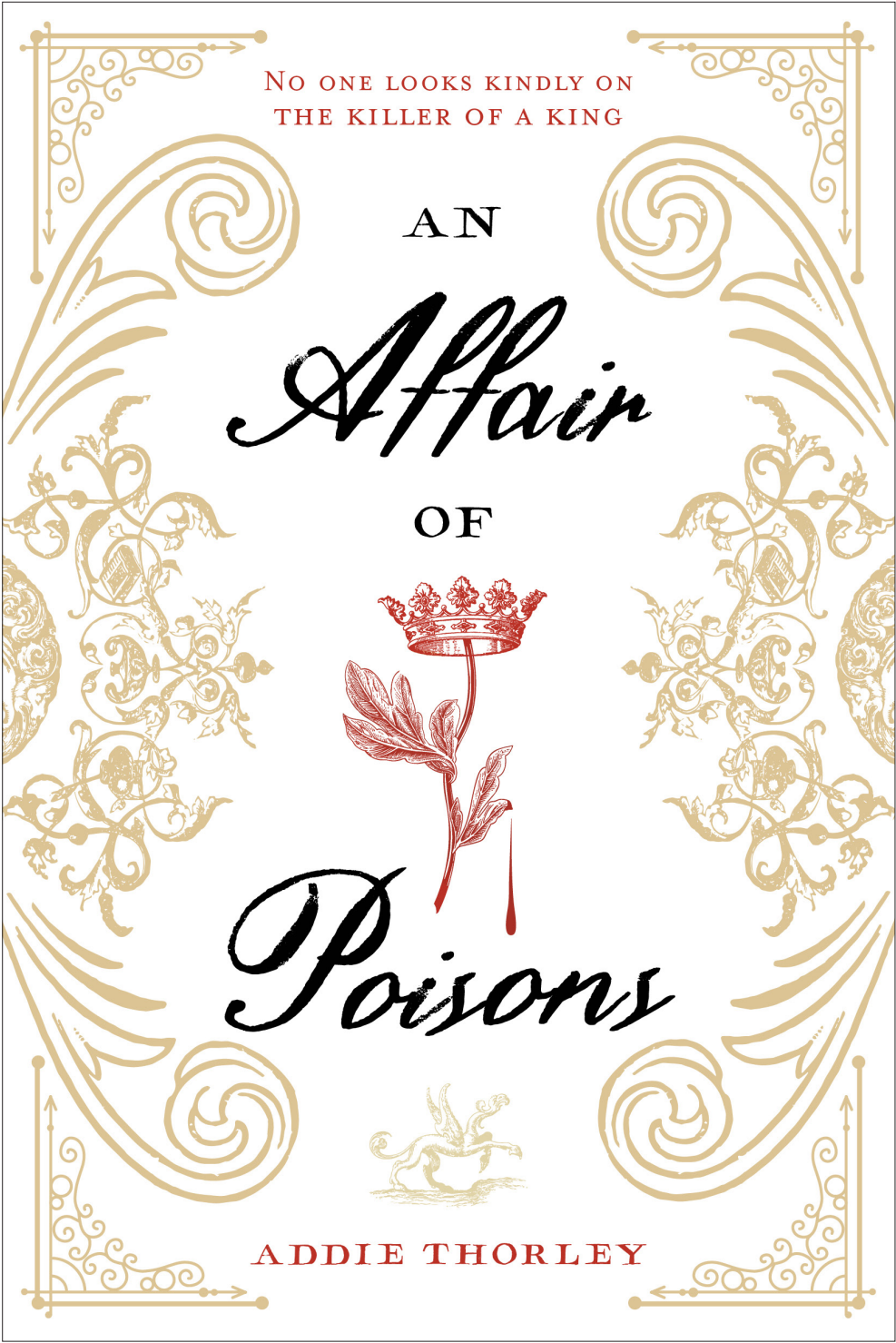
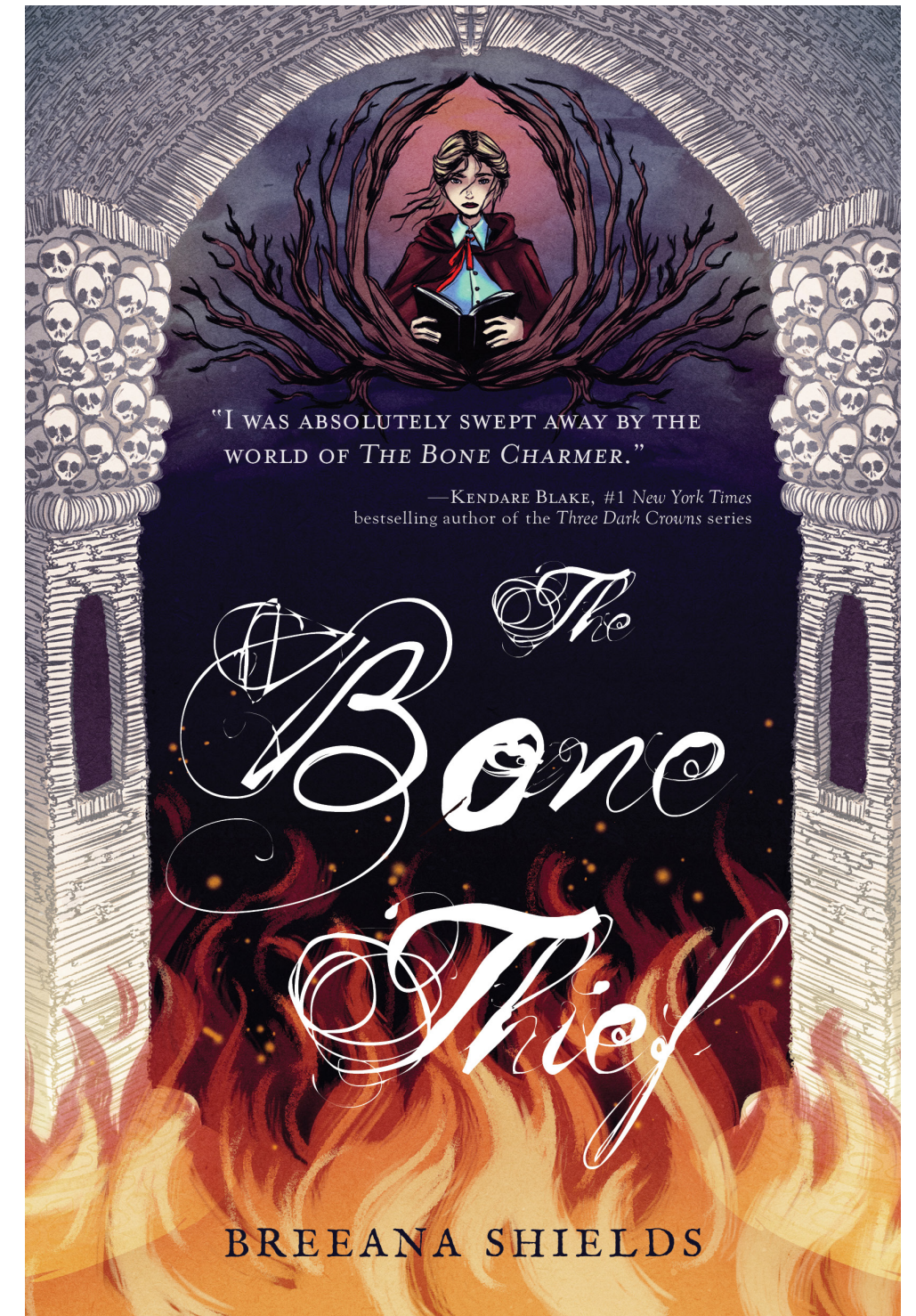
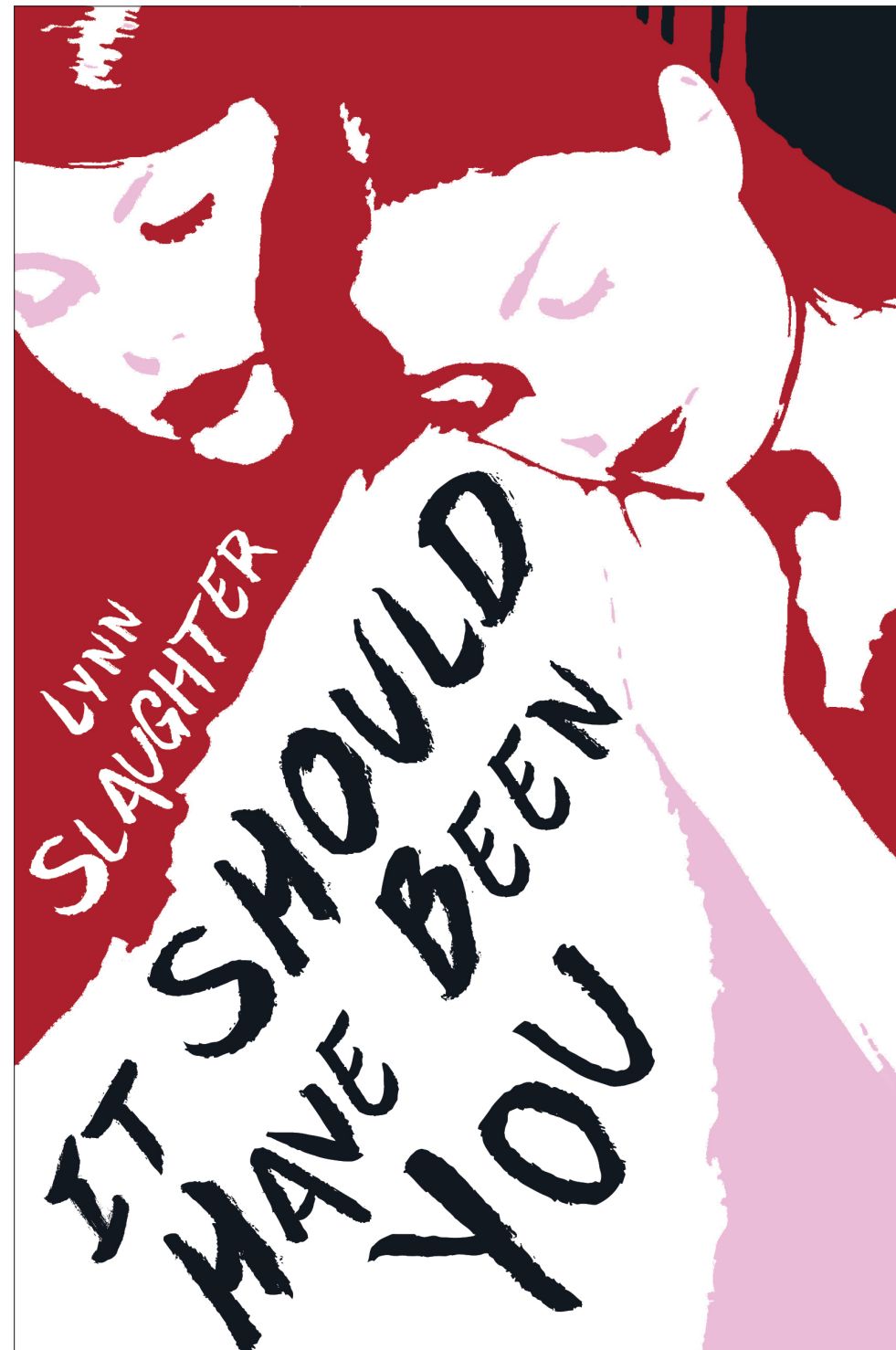


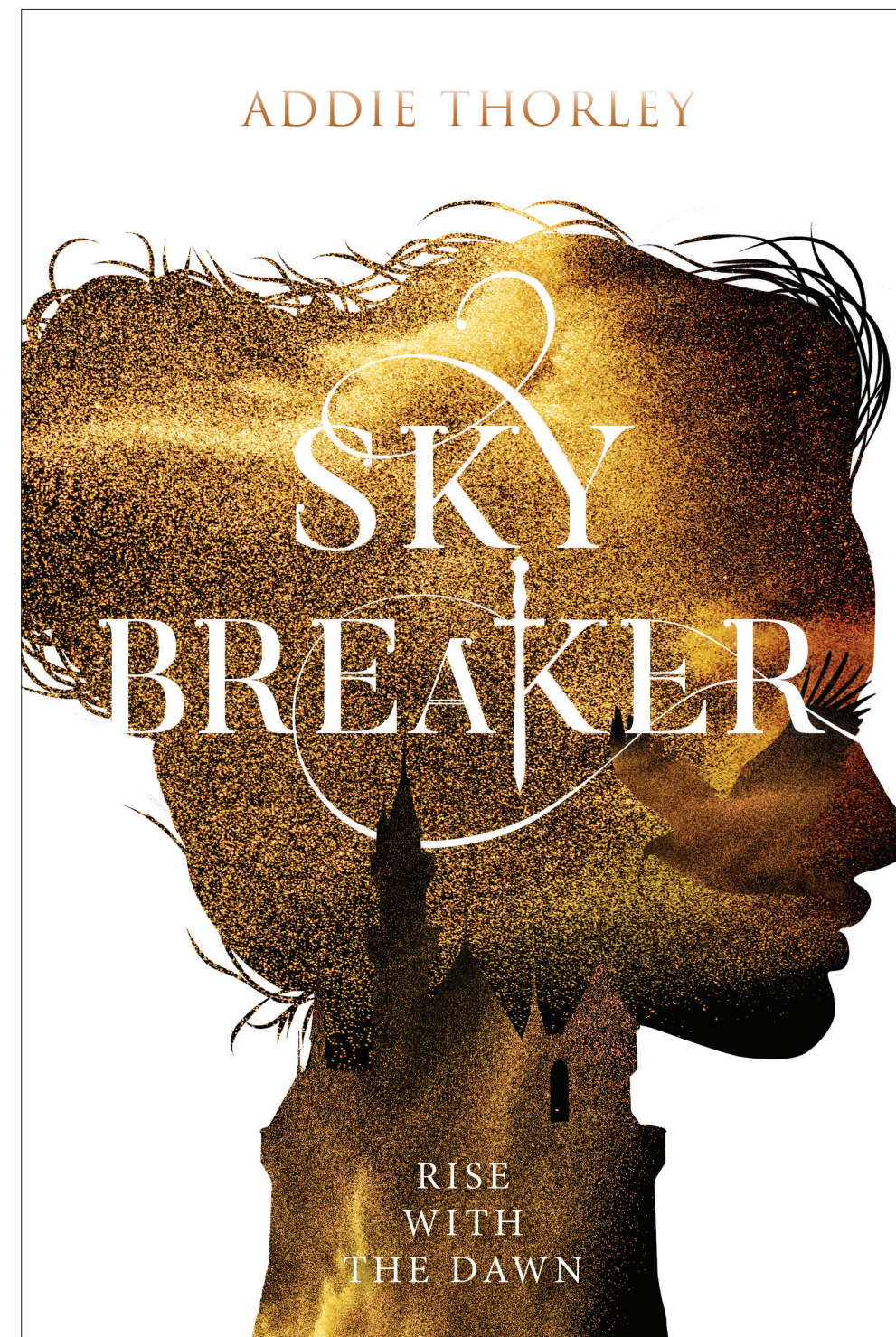
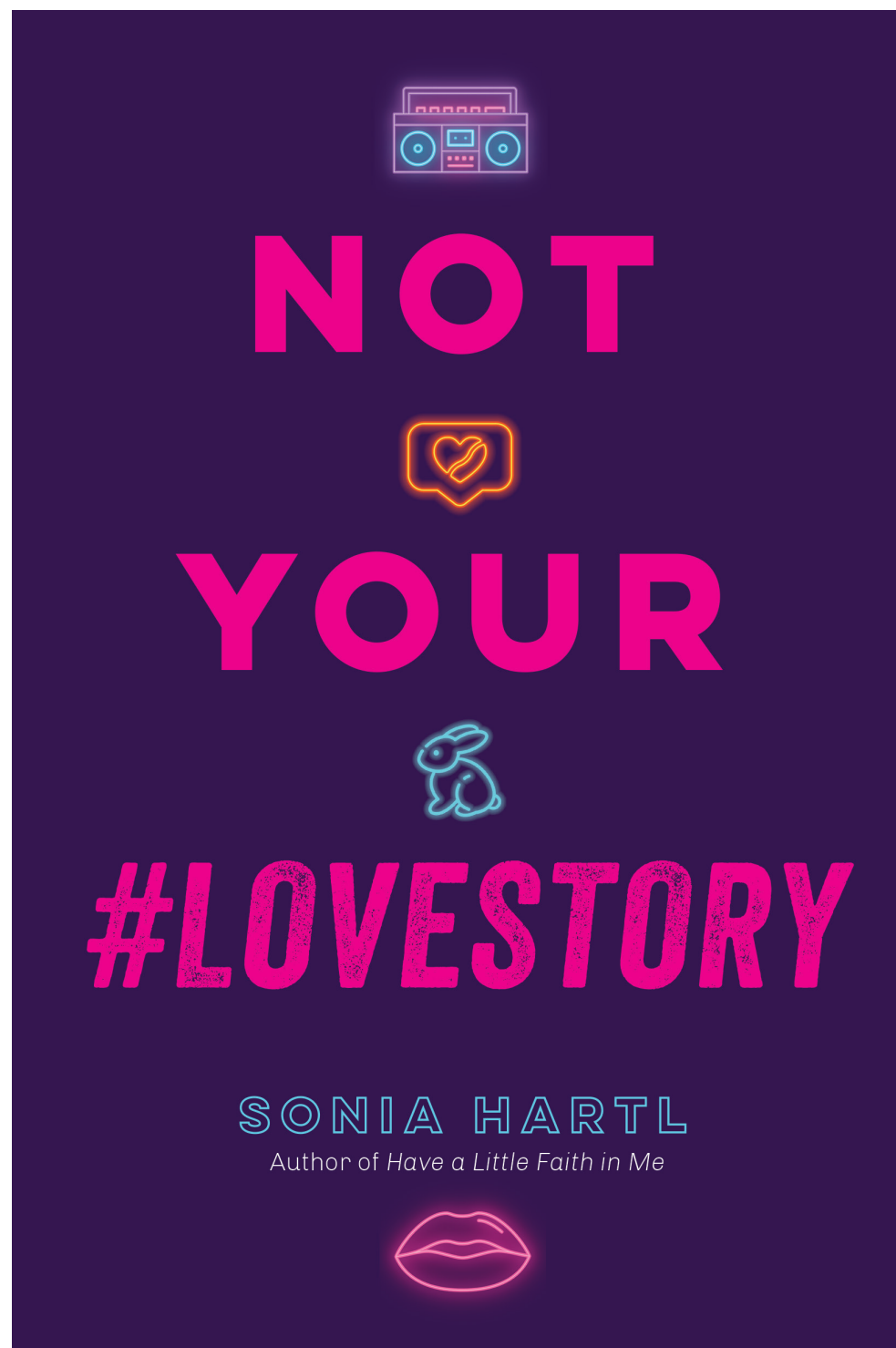
SELECTED BOOK COVERS
YA FICTION



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YA FICTION



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YA FICTION



SELECTED BOOK JACKETS

YA FICTION



ADDIE THORLEY spent her childhood playing soccer, riding horses, and scribbling stories. After graduating from the University of Utah with a degree in journalism, she decided “hard news” didn’t contain enough magic and kissing, so she flung herself into the land of fiction and never looked back. When she’s not writing, she can be found galloping around the barn where she works as a horse trainer and exercise rider. She currently lives in Princeton, New Jersey, with her husband, daughter, and wolf dog. *An Affair of Poisons* is her debut novel. You can find her online at www.addiethorley.com or on Twitter @addiethorley.



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TODAY I WILL KILL A MAN.”

ISBN 978-1-62414-713-5 \$18.99 US
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AN AFFAIR OF POISONS
ADDIE THORLEY

PAGE STREET PUBLISHING CO.

NO ONE LOOKS KINDLY ON THE KILLER OF A KING

AN
Affair
OF
Poisons
ADDIE THORLEY



AFTER UNWITTINGLY HELPING HER MOTHER POISON KING LOUIS XIV, seventeen-year-old alchemist Mirabelle Monvoisin is forced to see her mother’s Shadow Society in a horrifying new light: they’re not heroes of the people, as they’ve always claimed to be, but murderers. Herself included. Mira tries to ease her guilt by brewing helpful curatives, but her hunger tonics and headache remedies cannot right past wrongs or save the dissenters her mother vows to purge.

Royal bastard Josse de Bourbon is more kitchen boy than fils de France. But when the Shadow Society assassinates the Sun King and half of the royal court, he must become the prince he was never meant to be in order to save his injured sisters and the petulant dauphin. Forced to hide in the sewers beneath the city, Josse’s hope of reclaiming Paris seems impossible—until his path collides with Mirabelle’s.

She’s a deadly poisoner. He’s a bastard prince. They are sworn enemies, yet they form a tenuous pact to unite the commoners and former nobility against the Shadow Society. But can a rebellion built on mistrust succeed?



SELECTED BOOK JACKETS

YA FICTION



MEREDITH TATE grew up in Concord, New Hampshire, where she discovered *Harry Potter* and subsequently fell in love with the many worlds of science fiction and fantasy. In college, Meredith regularly stayed up late working on her first novel. Pursuing her love of travel, Meredith spent a semester in London and then backpacked in Europe for a month before earning her master's degree in social work from the University of New Hampshire. After graduation, Meredith worked in the field in Boston for a few years before deciding to pursue her true dream of telling stories. Her debut novel, *Missing Pieces*, was published by Omnific Publishing in 2015. Meredith and her husband spent three wonderful years in St. Louis, Missouri. They recently moved to Zurich, Switzerland, as expats. Meredith spends her days eating cheese and chocolate by the lake, and writing stories about characters much braver than she is.

Also available as an ebook.

Design by Kylie Alexander for Page Street Publishing
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“IF YOU DID
SOMETHING SO
BAD, so VILE
AND HORRIBLE
THAT THEY HAD TO
LOCK YOU UP
FOR YEARS AND
ERASE YOUR
MEMORY
... WOULD YOU
REALLY WANT
TO KNOW?”



FREEDOM TRIALS
MEREDITH TATE



They erased her memory.
But they can't erase what she's done.

EVELYN SUMMERS
IS IMPRISONED
FOR A CRIME
THAT WAS
WIPED FROM HER
MEMORY.

**IN ORDER FOR EVELYN TO
BE RELEASED**, she—along with other
“reformed” prisoners—must pass seven mental,
physical, and virtual challenges known as the
Freedom Trials. One mistake means execution
and with her history of being a snitch, her
fellow inmates will do everything they can to
get revenge.

When new prisoner Alex Martinez arrives,
armed with secrets about Evelyn's missing
memories, she must make a choice. She can
follow the rules to win and walk free, or covertly
uncover details of the crime that sent her there.
But competing in the trials and dredging up her
erased past may cost Evelyn the one thing more
valuable than freedom: her life.



SELECTED BOOK JACKETS

YA FICTION



SONIA HARTL is the author of *Have a Little Faith in Me* (Page Street), which received a starred review in *BookPage* and earned nominations for the Georgia Peach Book Award, YALSA's Quick Picks for Reluctant Readers, and ALA's Rise: A Feminist Book Project List. When she's not writing or reading, she's enjoying pub trivia, marathoning Disney movies, or taking a walk outside in the fall. She's a member of SCBWI and the Managing Director for Pitch Wars 2020. She lives in Grand Rapids with her husband and two daughters. Follow her on Twitter @SoniaHartl1.

Also available as an ebook

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PRAISE FOR SONIA HARTL
AND *HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN ME*

"Hilarious and poignant."
—RACHEL LYNN SOLOMON,
author of *Today Tonight Tomorrow*

"A powerful read."
—BOOKPAGE, starred review

"A laugh-out-loud delight."
—HANNAH CAPIN, author of
Foul is Fair

"Bitingly funny."
—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

—A YALSA QUICK PICKS FOR RELUCTANT READERS NOMINEE

—A GEORGIA PEACH BOOK AWARD NOMINEE

—RISE: A FEMINIST BOOK PROJECT LIST NOMINEE

**"WE GOT WHAT
MANY PEOPLE
TRIED FOR
AND ONLY A
FEW ATTAINED.
INSTANT, VIRAL
FAME."**



NOT
YOUR
#LOVESTORY
SONIA
HARTL



NOT
YOUR
#LOVESTORY

SONIA HARTL
Author of *Have a Little Faith in Me*

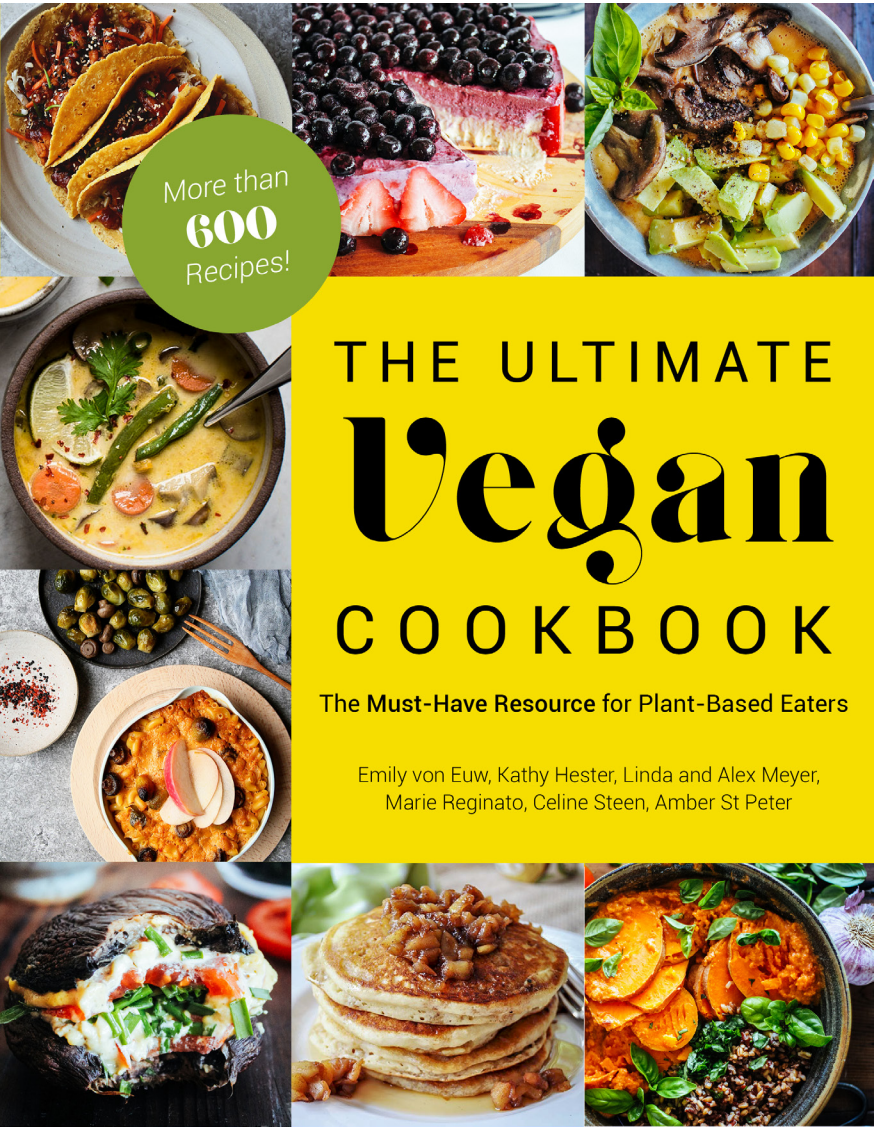
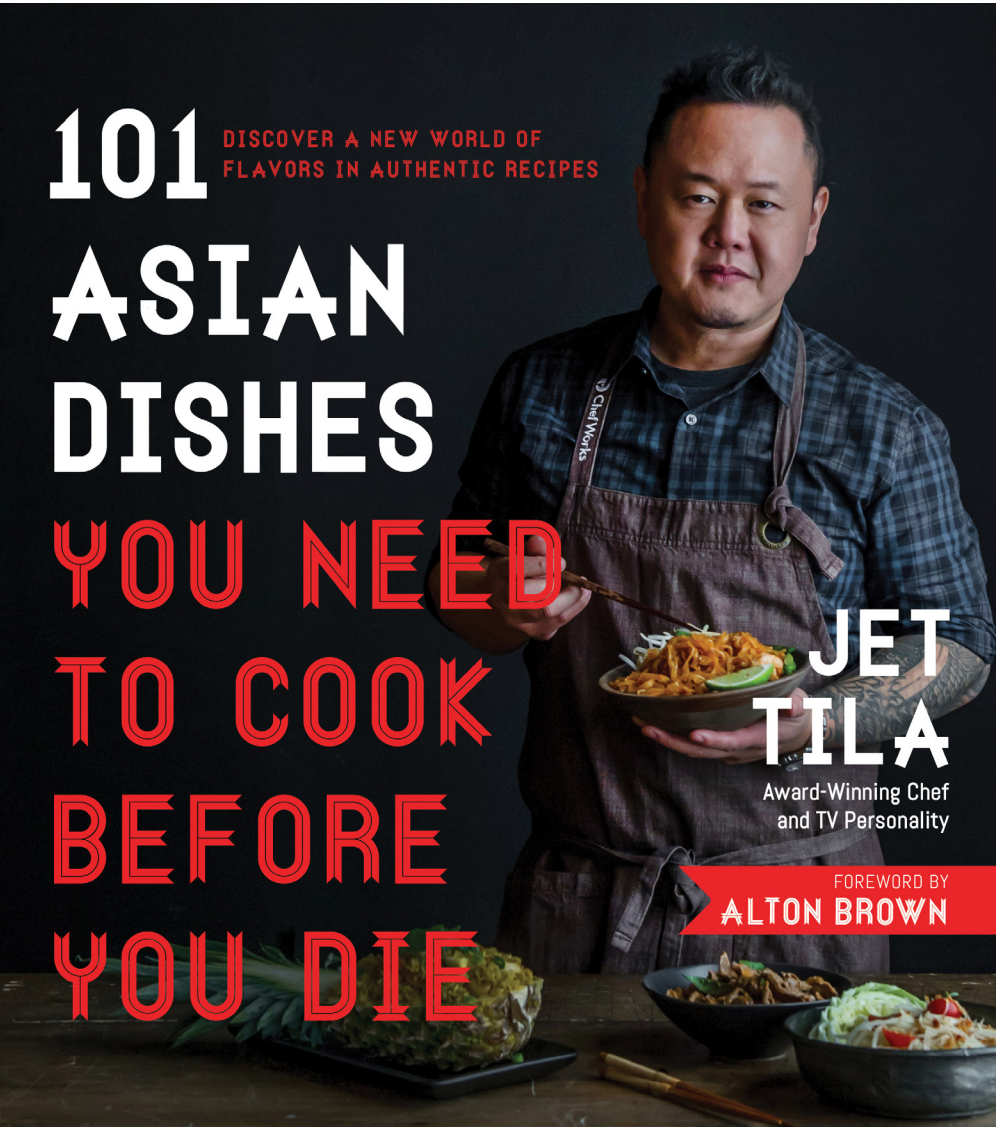


**SHE WANTED
TO GO VIRAL...
JUST NOT
LIKE THIS.**

MACY EVANS DREAMS OF earning enough income from her YouTube channel, R3ntal Wor1d, to leave her small, Midwestern town. But when she meets a boy named Eric at a baseball game, and accidentally dumps her hot dog in his lap, her disastrous "meet-cute" becomes the topic of a viral thread. Now it's not loyal subscribers flocking to her channel, it's Internet trolls. And they aren't interested in her reviews of VHS tapes—they only care about her relationship with Eric.

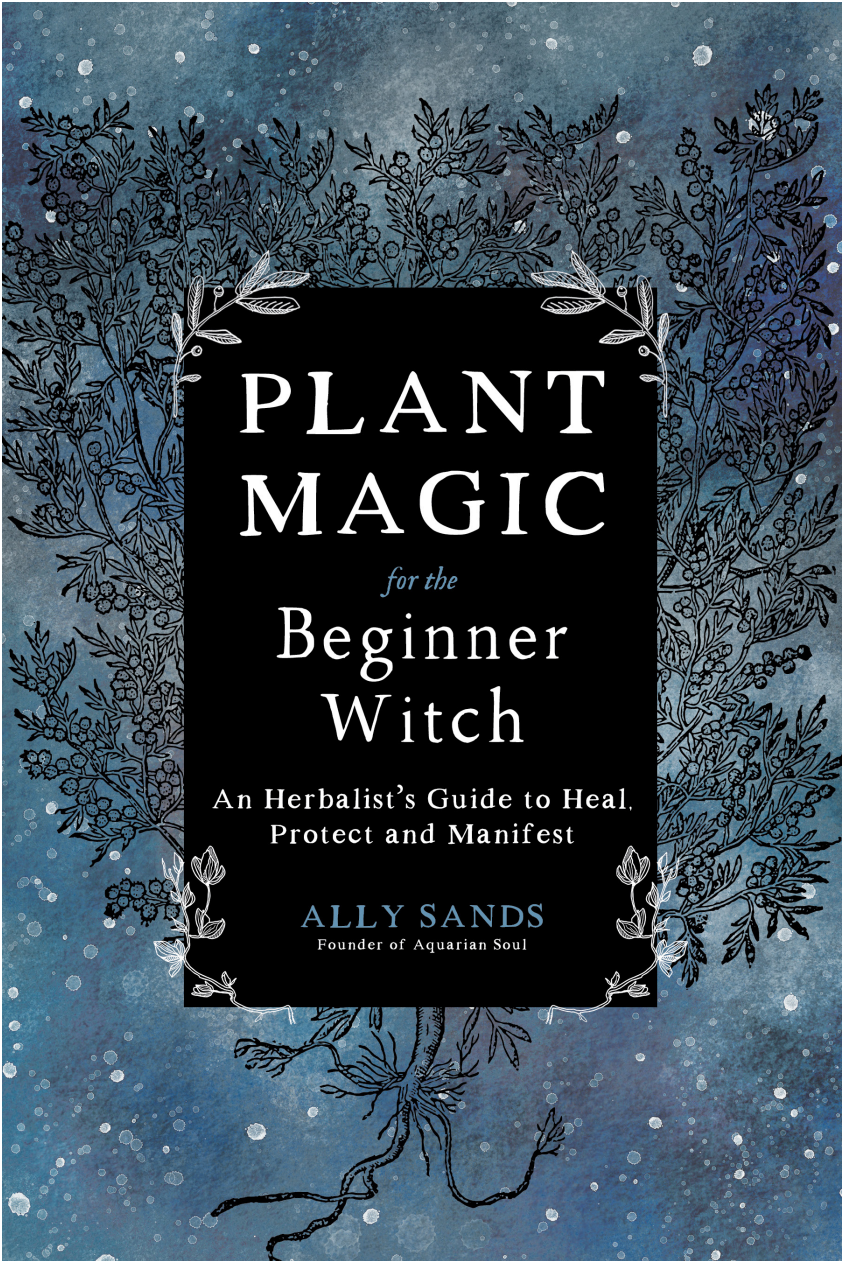
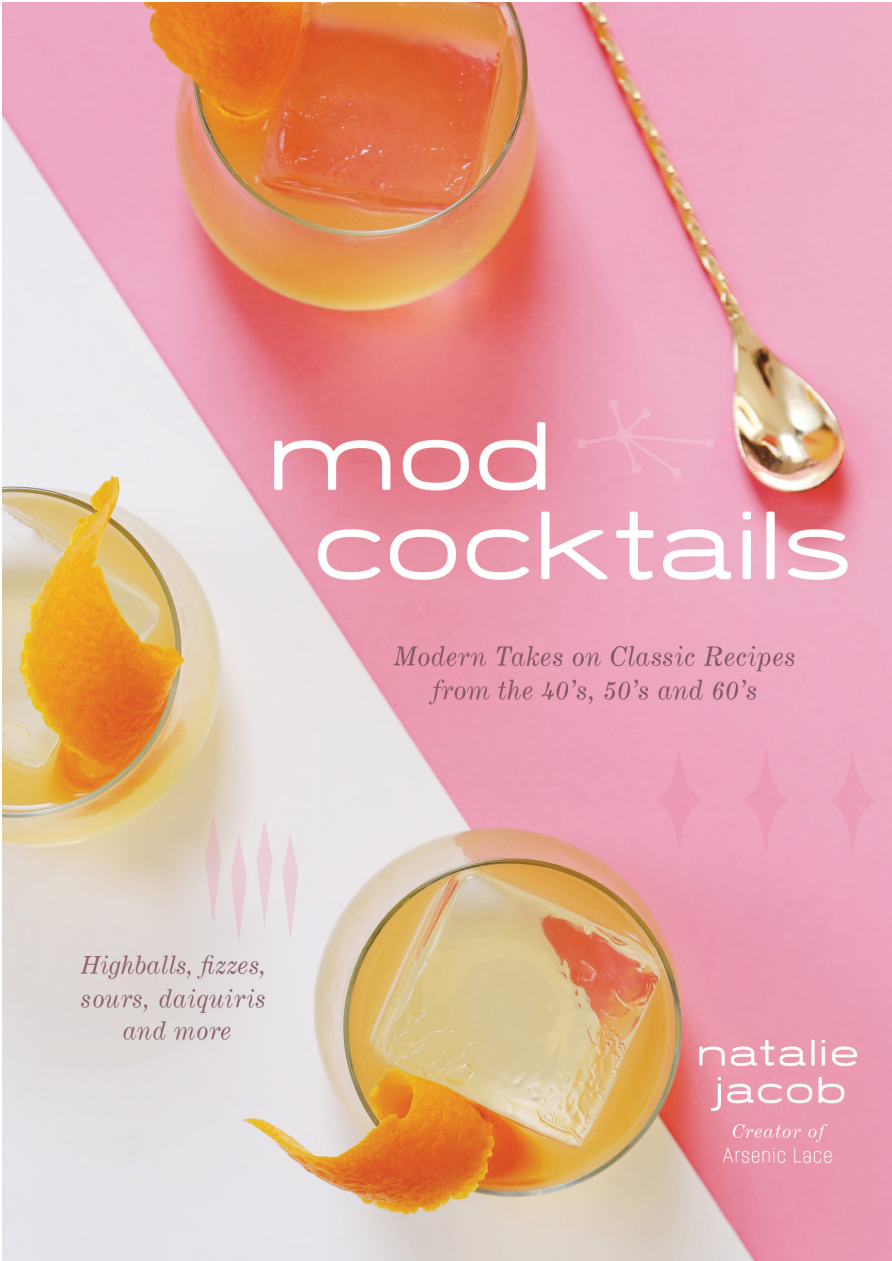
Eric is overly eager to stretch out his fifteen minutes of fame, but Macy fears this unwanted attention could sabotage her "real-life" relationships—namely with the shy boy-next-door, Paxton, who she's actually developing feelings for. Macy knows she should shut the lie down, though she can't ignore the advertising money, or the spark she gets in her chest whenever someone clicks on her videos. Eric shouldn't be the only one allowed to reap the viral benefits. But is faking a relationship for clicks and subscribers worth hurting actual people?

SELECTED BOOK COVERS
NON-FICTION



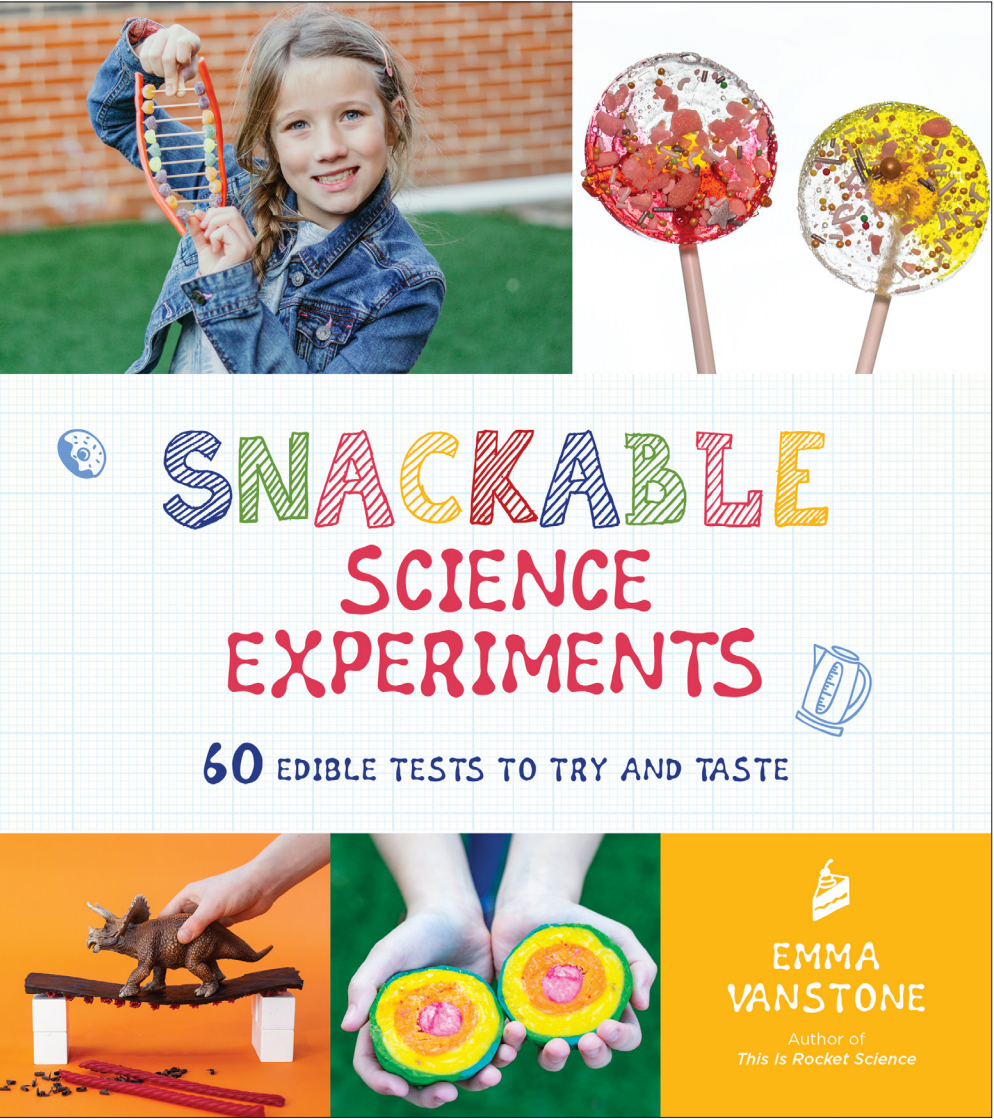
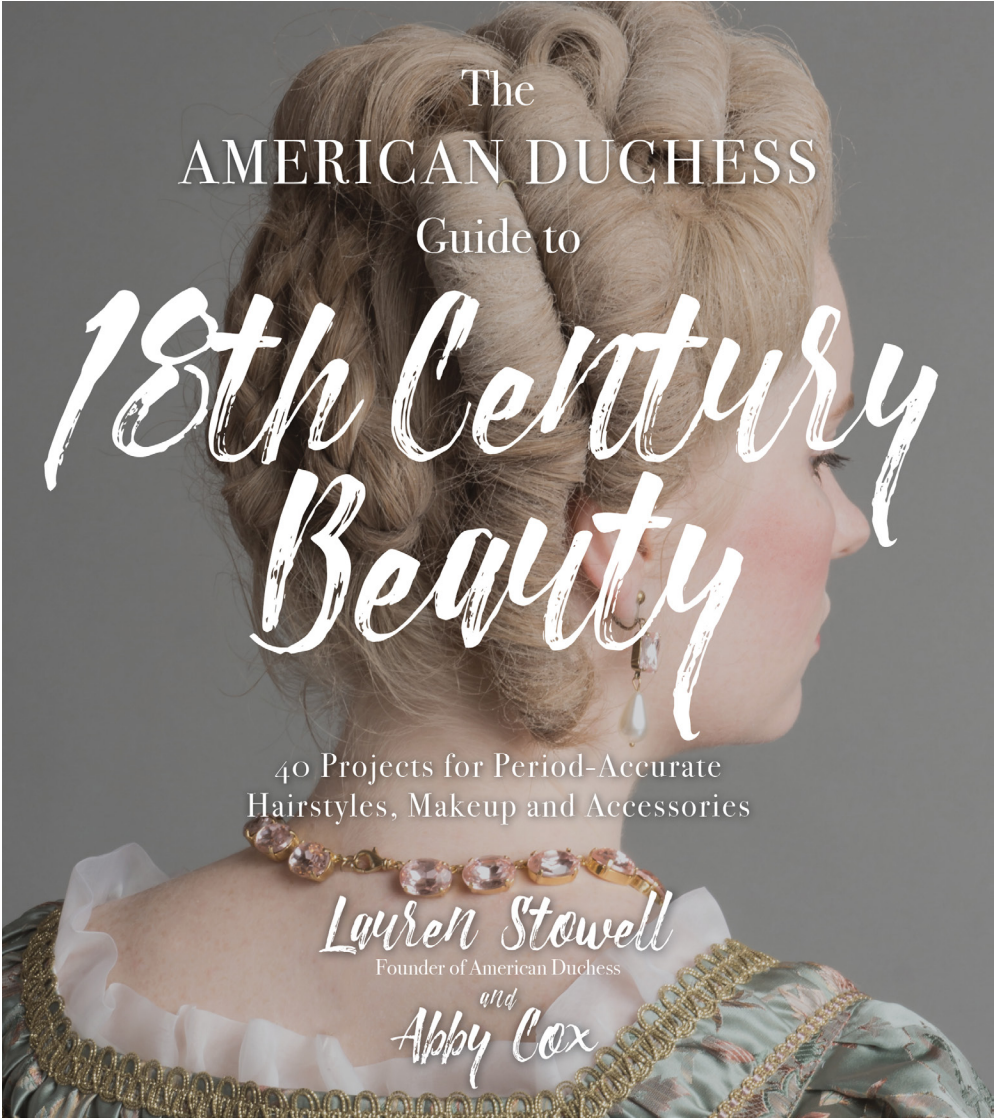
SELECTED BOOK COVERS

NON-FICTION



SELECTED BOOK COVERS

NON-FICTION



SELECTED BOOK INTERIORS

YA FICTION

Freedom Trials

MEREDITH TATE

Or so I thought. I waited until they were gone before I let myself cry and decided some privacy wasn’t the worst thing in the world. I don’t blame them for hating me—I hate me too.

All of a sudden, every toilet in the bathroom simultaneously flushed. I was washing suds off my armpits when the water pressure cut in half. I blinked up at the showerhead, wondering what happened, when scalding spray sputtered all over my shoulders and face.

I yelped and leaped out of the shower gasping for air, just in time to hear giggling and pattering footsteps.

That’s when I noticed my towel was gone.

Because if giving me second-degree burns wasn’t enough, now they wanted to humiliate me.

Tears mingled with the shower water and shampoo dripping down my face. Soaking wet, barefoot, burned, and stark naked, I traipsed back into the Level Two corridor, pressing one arm over my boobs and the other over my crotch. Six jacks lined the halls, taking the opportunity to rake their eyes up and down my naked body. Which is super gross, because they’re, like, forty.

Cell doors creaked open and giggles erupted at the sight of the naked slinger. Cheeks burning as red as my shoulders, I sprinted to the end of the hall, where Director Hannon glared daggers at me for causing a commotion.

AND, if that wasn’t the perfect day, guess who progressed to Level Two? Ronnie Hartman. My evil former roommate. I’m sure it won’t be long before she meets my bathroom friends, and then they can all join the fun and torture me together.

That’s it. I’m not showering for a month.



My tongue is rough as sandpaper by morning. At least, I think it’s morning. I lick my lips, hoping for moisture, but nothing comes. My mouth is a desert. So thirsty.

I’m crouching in the corner of my bathroom hideaway when voices fill the room beyond the door. I press my ear to the metal just in time to hear footsteps clacking toward my lair.

Bam bam bam.

“Evelyn, it’s Director Levine.” Her curt voice penetrates the thick layer of steel. “Your trial’s over. It’s noon.”

Relief washes over me. I wobble to my feet and force my arm, which grew surprisingly weak from a couple days’ fasting, to yank open the door.

The director pops her head into the room and raises her brows. “Well, E.S.-124, I’m impressed. You always were resourceful.”

MEREDITH TATE

second fragments of memories I don’t understand. I can’t even deal with this shit anymore. “This is the worst day ever. And that bitch marred my face, and I’m ninety-nine percent sure I’m gonna get bruises from the fight, and—”

“Wait, what fight?”

“I was in a fight, with another contender who’s had it out for me since day one for something that wasn’t even my fault. And my whole body is sore because we hit the ground pretty hard, and honestly, I want to go home, pretend this whole two-year shit show never happened. I just want to go back to living with my mom.”

Alex blinks.

I roll my eyes. “What is it now?”

“You really don’t remember . . . do you?”

“No, I don’t.” I huff. “Like I already told you, I don’t remember shit about my own life. How can I possibly be clearer?” I punch the window, grimacing at the throbbing in my knuckles afterward.

“Eva, you don’t live with your mom.” He lowers his voice. “You live with your aunt.”

His bizarre words strike me, and I can’t help it—I burst out laughing.

“What’s so funny?”

“My evil aunt Lily? Yeah, okay. Good one, Alex. Seriously, my mom can barely tolerate that woman, I don’t know why you’d think I—”

“Eva, stop. Your mom’s dead.”

FREEDOM TRIALS

EVELYN SUMMERS: PRISONER E.S.-124
REHABILITATION DIARY
DAY 605

At lunch today, Ronnie asked about my first kiss. I lied and told her I’d never kissed anyone, because I couldn’t bear to explain. She already thinks I’m super innocent, so she bought it. Her question felt like ramming a knife into my heart, so let’s not also twist the blade.

Matt and I kissed once. We were at Sherri Sherman’s New Year’s Eve party, the winter before I came to the Center. She’d made all these awesome little cheese cubes, mini sausages, and hummus. It was the first New Year’s Eve I didn’t spend at home. We sipped sparkling cider and watched the countdown on TV.

Sherri’s dad was stuck in the hospital over the holidays, held prisoner to whatever new experimental drug of the week they thought would be “the one” to cure his ALS. It was his seventh try or something, and not looking good. I think her mom thought the party would help cheer Sherri up, because her Christmas blew, sitting in white-walled hospital waiting rooms for hours, praying for a miracle.

Matt had on this navy blue shirt, unbuttoned at the top to expose a few tantalizing inches of chest. His jeans sagged a bit at his waist, and damn, he looked hot. Seeing him made my insides go all mushy. Even though he was a senior and I was a lowly freshman, I wasn’t going to throw away my shot.

MEREDITH TATE

David, who was seven when I came here. Who is nine now.

It comes crashing back, a tidal wave of memories flooding over me.

I slide my back up against the wall, using the cold concrete to ground me back in reality. Tears prickle in my eyes as my brother’s sandy-haired, blue-eyed face comes into focus.

How? How did they do it? How did they erase a whole person from the past nine years of my life? And why? They didn’t erase my mom, Matt, or any of my friends from home. Why David? It doesn’t make any sense. It’s like they snipped him out of my mind, a surgical photoshop procedure in my brain, leaving empty patches in memories where my brother should have been. But they did it in such a way that I never saw the holes. Their wipe was flawless.

They wanted me to believe he never existed. And I did. I’m awake for hours, ruminating over every freckle on David’s face. By the time my spine grows stiff against the cement, the alarm clock ticks from 4:59 a.m. to 5:00 a.m. and wails our morning wake-up call. The lights click on.

“Last one!” Carolyn rolls over and kicks off her sheets. “Last trial! Whoop!” She pumps her fist in the air.

Desirae grumbles and hauls herself out of bed, sporting a shiny black eye. She scowls at me. “Good. Let’s get on with it.”

The jacks and nurses come with Memoria, but we’re already at attention in a terse line. Swiping the pills under my tongue is second nature to me now.

FREEDOM TRIALS

David. David. David. David. David.

I chant his name in my head, burning his image into my brain so I can’t forget him again.

As the shock wears off, a thought sneaks in: If Mom is dead, where’s David now?

“Welcome to your seventh trial!” Allard throws his hands in the air like he’s tossing confetti.

I clamp my arms tight at my sides, between Miles and Desirae. No one fidgets. No one moves a muscle. We stand stoically in the orientation room for the last time. This is it. The end. Game over. Freedom or death.

The six directors crowd in a semicircle around Doctor Allard, their hands clasped behind their backs. They watch us like scientists, studying their latest collection of expendable lab rats.

Which one of you did it? Which one of you took him from me?

“Fear is a basic human emotion. Fear is healthy.” Allard paces down the line of contenders, nodding at each of us in turn. “Because it’s such an integral part of life, fear is our seventh and final principle of rehabilitation. Fear of the unknown causes the desire to commit crime.”

That sounds like a stretch, but okay.

Five jacks file into the room, each toting a sleek red

SELECTED BOOK INTERIORS

YA FICTION

The Bone Thief

BREEANA SHIELDS



The nightmares follow me to Ivory Hall.

I dream of my mother’s death in vivid, horrid detail. Followed by Latham coming toward me with a weapon in his hand.

I jolt awake, sweating and gasping for breath. I stuff my knuckles into my mouth to keep from screaming.

Only a bad dream, I tell myself. Only my mind using my fear as fuel to re-create traumatic memories and invent new worries.

I reach for the wall to steady myself so I can sit up. But the moment my skin makes contact, I’m yanked back into the nightmare. I stand in a large space of some kind. The walls are lined with shelves overflowing with spell books, boxes of bones, unusual weapons, candles in various stages of use.

Music floats on the air.

I turn and see Latham, eyes eager and bright. And then the sword begins to fall.

I pull away from the wall and wrap my arms around my knees. Slow, cold horror settles over me. Norah’s voice echoes in my head: *Ivory Hall is made entirely of bone*.

What if my dreams aren’t nightmares? What if they’re premonitions? Just now, when I touched the wall . . . I don’t know how it would be possible without blood or flame, but it felt just like a bone reading. Of the future.

Of my death.

Chapter Three

The next morning, I wake to gentle rapping. I scrub at my eyes, disoriented. It takes me a moment to figure out where I am, but when I do, the night before rushes back, and my stomach lurches. Another knock sounds, and a girl around my own age pokes her head through the door.

“Saskia?”

I pull myself into a sitting position. “Yes?”

The girl enters and gives me a bright smile. She’s holding a tray laden with fruit and bread. Her wide brown eyes are framed by thick lashes, and dark curly hair tumbles down her back all the way to her waist. She reminds me of someone, but I can’t figure out who.

BREEANA SHIELDS

“Are you hungry?” I open my mouth to answer, but she slides the tray across my lap and keeps talking. “I guess that’s a silly question, since it’s nearly time for the midday meal and you haven’t had anything to eat since yesterday. Unless Norah offered you a light meal last night? It doesn’t seem like she would have, but she surprises all of us sometimes.”

She pauses and tilts her head to one side as if she’s waiting for a reply.

“No, Norah didn’t offer me a meal.” I pick up a deep purple berry from the tray. “And yes, I’m hungry.”

“I thought you would be.” She sits on the end of the bed. A smattering of white star-shaped tattoos curve around the back of her ear, and her right arm is covered in indigo swirls. “I’m Tessa, by the way, your new roommate.”

Suddenly the pieces fall into place. I saw her in the bone reading; she was my roommate on my other path as well. Chills race up my arms. What are the chances I’d end up sharing a room with the exact same person? Unless we were fated to meet no matter which path survived?

She must notice a change in my expression, because her eyes go soft. “Are you feeling ill? Norah said that sometimes Bone Charmers have a harder time adjusting than the rest of us. It sounds miserable, but I could probably help if you aren’t feeling well. I could do a spell for nausea if you need it.”

“Thank you, but I’m fine,” I say, though it’s a lie. The nightmare—or was it a bone reading?—flits at the edges of my thoughts and it’s all I can do to keep the panic at bay. I pop the berry into my mouth and chew slowly. “You don’t have a roommate already?”

THE BONE THIEF

“No,” she says, drawing out the word so it sounds both humorous and annoyed. “There were uneven numbers, so I was assigned a solo room. But it’s been so dull all by myself—not to mention lonely—and I can’t tell you how happy I am that you’re here.” Her hand folds around my ankle.

Normally, I would find her chattiness grating, but a wave of affection washes over me that I can’t explain. She feels like an old friend, lost and then found again.

I keep eating while Tessa talks. She tells me all about how her first term went, how she’s finally feeling more confident in her abilities, how she can’t wait until she can introduce me to her friends.

“I want to know all about you, too,” she says after several minutes, “but it will have to wait until later. Norah wants to see you in the great hall”—she motions toward the food—“as soon as you’re finished eating, of course.”

The great hall. That can only mean one thing: a binding ceremony. My appetite vanishes and I push the tray away.

“I’m done,” I tell her. “Let’s get this over with.”



Norah hasn’t asked me about the details of my kenning. Including which of the three Sights my reading showed.

I can tell her anything I want.

Tessa and I walk down the corridor toward the great hall. As she fills me in on what to expect during the ceremony, I think of my father’s lessons in strategy. Should I say I have

BREEANA SHIELDS

Third Sight? Assuming Norah has hired another instructor to replace Latham, they would presumably be using his old office. Latham might have left behind clues there that could help locate him.

Then again, I could say I have First Sight. Maybe focusing more heavily in reading the past would help me determine his plan in more detail.

And not choosing Second Sight might be protective—if I’m bound to the same Sight as either my mother or Gran, will Latham really acquire the bones of all three Sights by killing me?

The large doors of the great hall come into view, and an image rises in my mind. A huge rectangular room bathed in sunlight. Soaring ceilings supported by massive bone columns. Hundreds of folded cloaks resting beside stone basins. A shiver tingles down my spine. It’s as if a ghost has sidled up beside me to whisper secrets into my ear. Memories of things that never happened to me but would have if I’d been on a different path. If Gran’s bone had never broken.

But when Tessa opens the door, the scene before me looks nothing like the one in my memory.

The day is overcast, and so the stained-glass windows aren’t flooded with light and color. No rows of long tables. No stacks of colorful cloaks. No grandeur at all.

And the room is empty.

“Oh no,” Tessa says, “you had more time to eat and I rushed you. I’m sorry.”

I laugh at the sincere look of regret in her eyes and take her fingers in mine. “You’re a good friend, Tessa.”

THE BONE THIEF

Her eyebrows disappear into her hairline, and it takes me a moment to realize my mistake. We’ve only just met, and my response was far too familiar. I let go of her hand and my cheeks flame.

She studies me with a perplexed expression, and I scramble for some way to explain. “I’m sorry, I—”

The door at the far side of the great hall swings open. But it’s not Norah who enters the room. It’s Bram. My heart leaps at the sight of him, and a wave of confusion slams into me. My hands twitch at my sides as he approaches, and I resist the urge to reach up and sweep aside the lock of chestnut hair that has fallen across his forehead. It’s as if my body is a stranger, responding to things I don’t remember. What my heart *should* be feeling is panic. Bram knows enough to ruin my life. He knows my mother had Gran’s bones illegally prepared for my kenning. He’s seen me use unbound magic. And now he’s here at my binding ceremony, where I will make promises that turn me into a hypocrite. The realization is like soap drizzling into my eyes during a bath. A moment ago, I was fine, but now Bram’s presence is uncomfortable. Irritating.

He vowed to keep my secret, but will he?

“Hello,” I say. “I wasn’t expecting to see you here.”

“The binding ceremony requires witnesses,” Bram says. The wine-red shirt he wears brings out a hint of ruddiness in his complexion. “Norah asked me to attend.” She could have chosen anyone for a witness. Why Bram? “She thought you might appreciate a familiar face,” he says, as if I’ve spoken my concerns aloud.

SELECTED BOOK INTERIORS

NON-FICTION

Incredible Vegan Ice Cream



FROM *the*
BAKERY

There is nothing better than freshly baked goodies served with cool, creamy ice cream. This chapter is dedicated to ice cream flavors that eat like structured desserts. They activate all of your senses at the same time, and are sometimes unexpected but always familiar. They are the most complex to make, but by far the most popular flavors in our shops.

Almost all of the ice cream inclusions in this section are made from scratch at FoMu. It is hard to source all-natural, plant-based specialty ingredients in bulk, but it is even harder to find ones that taste great and make us feel good. I think it is important to make the components of each flavor from scratch to ensure quality and balance, but when you're in a pinch for time, feel free to substitute your favorite plant-based, all-natural, or organic store-bought ingredients.

The ratio of inclusion to ice cream in these recipes is generally pretty high. I feel strongly that ice creams with chunks should have a sturdy chunk in each and every bite. I encourage rough chopping your inclusions, as they naturally break up during mixing and dissolve a bit in the ice cream base while setting. I love tons of big irregular chunks in my ice cream. The faint of heart can certainly use less and chop more. Either way, these recipes are sure to please.

RASPBERRY
ALMOND
CRUMBLE

Makes about 1 quart
(272 g)

- 1 pint (312 g) fresh or frozen raspberries
- 2 cups (480 ml) all-natural canned coconut milk
- 3 tbsp (37 g) organic unrefined cane sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (60 ml) agave
- Pinch of sea salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (140 g) Oatmeal Crumble (page 124) cooled to room temperature, or neutral granola

This recipe balances the sweet-yet-tart flavor of raspberry with the creaminess of coconut and the hearty crunch of oats. It is a whole classic berry crumble à la mode in one scoop. While Massachusetts is not exactly known for its bounty of fruit crops, we are especially proud of the ones we have and showcase them accordingly. My son Asher is particularly fond of raspberries. He fills his belly more than he fills his container when picking at the farm. I always use fresh, local raspberries when possible, but frozen will do in the off-season. Homemade Oatmeal Crumble (page 124) is wholesome and so simple to make, but in a pinch use your favorite store-bought neutral-flavored granola. For this recipe in particular, I like to add chopped almonds to the crumble, but that is certainly optional.

Start by making the raspberry purée. In a high-speed blender or food processor, purée the fresh or frozen red raspberries until they're smooth. Set aside $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (120 ml) of the purée. Use a high-speed or immersion blender to thoroughly mix the remaining purée, coconut milk, sugar, agave, and salt. Chill the mixture for at least 1 hour, or overnight.

Add the chilled mixture to your ice cream maker and churn it according to the manufacturer's instructions. Most machines take 10 to 15 minutes depending on the temperature of the mix, and it should look like soft serve when it's finished. Transfer the churned ice cream to a large freezer-safe container. Wide and shallow containers work well for mixing, freezing, and scooping later on. Gently fold the crumbled oats into the base until they're evenly distributed. You want to be sure to maintain the air that was churned into the base for the best texture. Smooth the top, cover the container, and freeze the ice cream for at least 5 to 6 hours, or until it is set. Don't skimp on time—this ensures the best quality and shelf life of the ice cream.

For an ideal texture, set the ice cream out for 5 to 10 minutes before serving it. It will keep well in the freezer for a couple of weeks in an airtight container.



FRESH MINT
CHUNK

Makes about 1 quart
(272 g)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (100 g) packed fresh mint leaves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (100 g) organic unrefined cane sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (60 ml) water
- 2 cups (480 ml) all-natural canned coconut milk
- 1 tbsp (15 ml) organic agave
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp peppermint oil (optional)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (112 g) dark chocolate, roughly chopped

You have probably seen mint chocolate chips, in all of its bright green glory, on just about every ice cream shop menu. This recipe is a little different. It has no artificial color and calls for fresh mint leaves instead of mint flavoring. The mint leaves are cooked down into a syrup and added to the base for a refreshing, herbal-tasting mint ice cream. Most mint varieties will work, but the flavor may vary slightly, so feel free to experiment!

In a small saucepan, simmer the fresh mint, cane sugar, and water over medium heat until it is slightly reduced, for about 7 minutes. You should be left with about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (160 ml) of concentrated mint syrup. Let the syrup cool to room temperature, then pass it through a fine-mesh sieve, making sure to squeeze out all of the syrup from the mint leaves. Discard the mint leaves.

Use a high-speed or immersion blender to mix the mint syrup, coconut milk, agave, and peppermint oil, if you're using it. Chill the mixture for at least 2 hours, or overnight. This will give the base an opportunity to perfume and come to a better churning temperature.

Add the chilled mixture to your ice cream maker and churn it according to the manufacturer's instructions. When the base has the consistency of a thick milkshake, transfer the ice cream to a shallow, wide, freezer-safe container, and fold in the dark chocolate chunks. Smooth the top of the ice cream and cover it tightly. Freeze it for at least 5 to 6 hours, or until it is firm.

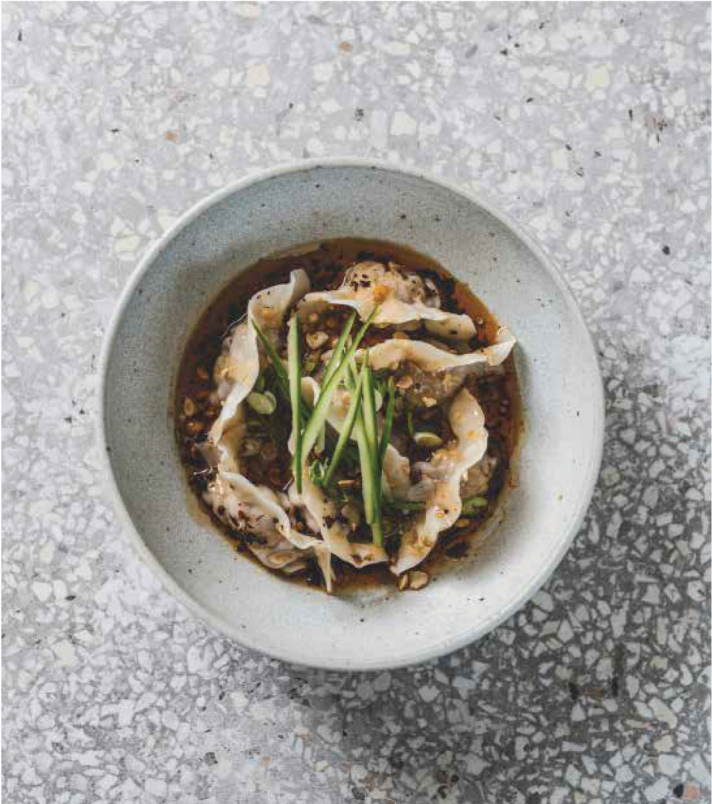
Store this ice cream in the freezer in an airtight container for up to 1 week.



SELECTED BOOK INTERIORS

NON-FICTION

*This is a Book
About Dumplings*



CHICKEN AND GINGER JIAOZI

I daresay these are the best dumplings in the whole book. The stand-out flavor in this dish comes from the more fatty chicken cuts—so if you're into lean cuts of chicken, a heads-up, you're not going to like these dumplings. But there's method to my madness: Like adding more oil to any dish before serving, the additional oils released from the chicken fat while being cooked carry through the flavors of the marinade and the ginger to burst on your taste buds.

The meat should be chopped roughly to get a nice firm texture to bite into. Keep an eye out for young ginger, because old ginger can really pack a punch!

MAKES 24 DUMPLINGS

Filling

10½ oz (300 g) fatty ground chicken
5 tbsp (40 g) grated fresh ginger
2 tbsp + 2 tsp (40 ml) oyster sauce
4 tsp (20 ml) light soy sauce
2 tsp (10 ml) Shaoxing rice wine
2 tsp (10 ml) sesame oil
Pinch of ground white pepper

24 Dumpling Wrappers (page 142)
Black Vinegar and Tamari (page 133), for serving
Roasted Sichuan Chile Oil (page 130), for serving
Bang Bang Sauce (page 137), for serving
Juliened cucumber, for serving
Sliced green onion, for garnish (optional)
Chopped roasted peanuts, for garnish

Make the filling: In a medium bowl, combine all the filling ingredients and mix vigorously in one direction until the mixture binds. Cover and let rest in the fridge for 30 minutes.

Working with 1 dumpling wrapper at a time, place 1 level tablespoon (15 g) of filling in the center of a wrapper and shape into a half-moon (see page 146). Cover loosely with a clean, damp tea towel and repeat the process to form the remaining dumplings.

Cook the dumplings in a pot of boiling water until cooked through, 4 to 6 minutes. Remove from the water using a slotted spoon. Serve in bowls topped with Black Vinegar and Tamari, Roasted Sichuan Chile Oil, Bang Bang Sauce, cucumber, sliced green onion (if using) and roasted peanuts.

PORK AND GARLIC CHIVE JIAOZI

Garlic chives are exactly what they sound like—the more “garlicky” relative of standard chives—and can be used as a tastier substitute for standard chives (and even garlic, if you can't be bothered peeling garlic cloves). Garlic chives find their place in Chinese cooking in many egg-based favorites, doughs and broths, but feature prevalently in many dumplings—this recipe is no exception!

Garlic chives should be easily accessible from your run-of-the-mill Asian grocer, but don't fret too much if you can't find them—garlic and chives or green onions can be swapped in.

MAKES 35 DUMPLINGS

Filling

17½ oz (500 g) fatty ground pork
2½ tbsp (20 g) finely grated fresh ginger
½ cup (12 g) finely chopped garlic chives
½ cup (25 g) finely chopped green onion
Pinch of salt
Pinch of ground white pepper
1 tsp superfine sugar
2 tbsp (30 ml) light soy sauce
1 tbsp (15 ml) Shaoxing rice wine
1 tbsp (15 ml) sesame oil

35 Dumpling Wrappers (page 142)
Mum's Fried Garlic and Soy (page 134), for serving

Make the filling: In a medium bowl, combine all the filling ingredients and mix vigorously in one direction until the mixture binds. Cover and let rest in the fridge for 30 minutes.

Working with 1 dumpling wrapper at a time, place 1 level tablespoon (15 g) of filling in the center of a wrapper and shape into a half-moon (see page 146). Cover loosely with a clean, damp tea towel and repeat the process to form the remaining dumplings.

Cook the dumplings in a pot of boiling water until cooked through, 4 to 6 minutes. Remove from the water using a slotted spoon. Serve with Mum's Fried Garlic and Soy.

