

Title	Author	Lead
Among the Free	Haddix	Luke Garner stood shoulder to shoulder with a dozen other boys, waiting. It was six A.M., time for the daily inspection of all workers at Population Police headquarters.
Beyond the Valley of the Thorns	Carman	Yesterday I left Lathbury behind.
Can You Sue Your Parents For Malpractice	Paula Danziger	“Lauren, why was the skeleton afraid to cross the road?” I pretend I don’t hear Linda. She keeps talking anyway. “Because he had no guts.”
Death’s Door	Betsy Byars	Herculeah Jones sat in a window booth at the Kit Kat Cafe. She was watching the motel across the street.
Death’s door	Byars	Herculeah Jones sat in a window booth at the kid kat café.
Eager	Helen Fox	The Bell Family lived in the suburbs,
Flipped	Wendelin Van Draanen	All I’ve ever wanted is for Juli Braker to leave me along. For her to bank off-you know, just give me some space.
Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone	Rowling	Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much.
Heat	Cadnum	Someone was saying my name.

No More Dead Dogs	Gordon Korman	When my dad was a helicopter pilot in Vietnam, he once rescued eight Navy Seals who were stranded behind enemy lines. He flew back.
Oy, Joy!	Lucy Frank	“Joy, you’re not concentrating,” said my friend Maple. We’d just gotten through the first three days of high school. Now we were sprawled on my bedroom rug
Peter And The Star catchers	Barry Pearson	The Tired Old Carriage, pulled by two tired old horses, rumbled onto the wharf, its creaky wheels bumpety-bumping on the uneven planks, waking Peter from
Secret Identity	Wendelin Van Draanen	Bubba Bixby was born big and mean, full of teeth and ready to bite. That’s what my mom thinks anyway.
Star girl	Spinelli	When I was little, my uncle Pete had a necktie with a porcupine painted on it. I thought that necktie was just about the nearest thing in the world.
The Andromeda Strain	Crichton	A man with binoculars. That is how it began: with a man standing by the side of the road, on a crest overlooking a small Arizona town, on a winter night.
The Breadwinner	Ellis	“I can’t read that letter as well as Father can,” Parvana whispered into the folds of her chador. “Well, almost.”

The Chocolate War	Robert Cormier	They murdered him.
The killing Sea	Lewis	The nightmare again. The water rushed in from nowhere, from everywhere. Swallowing him in an instant. He couldn't breathe.
The Plague	Clem Martini	Drew in, find your place on the branch and know this: Dream are sacred.
The sisterhood of the traveling Pants	Brashares	Once upon a time there was a pair of pants. They were an essential kind of pants-jeans, naturally, blue but not that stiff, new blue that you see so often on the first day of school.
The Teacher's Funeral	Richard Peck	If your teacher has to die, August isn't a bad time of year for it. You know August. The corn is earring.
Zen and the art of faking it	Sonnenblick	So. Eighth grade. Second semester. New state. Math was math-algebra, of course. They always stick the Asian kid in the algebra class. Science was science.
The Falcon	Koller	<del>This is the journal of Luke Carver, age 17. I, Luke Carver, here by start my journal.</del> <del>Dear Journal,</del> Man, is this lame or what? A seventeen year old guy.
The Wanderer	Creech	The sea, the sea, the sea. It rolled and rolled and called to me. Come in, it said, come in

Girl with a pearl earring	Chevalier	My mother did not tell me they were coming. After-wards she said she did not want me to appear.
The Cat Ate my Gym suit	Danziger	I hate my father. I hate school. I hate being fat. I hate the principal because he wanted to fire Ms. Finney, my English teacher.
Wolf Brother	Paver	Torak woke with a jolt from a sleep he'd never meant to have.
With every drop of blood	Collier	When they brought Pa home from the war all shot up, he said he might die, and he did, too.
Heat	Cadnum	Someone was saying my name.
The Plague	Martini	Draw in, find your place on the branch and know this: Dreams are sacred.
Beyond the valley of thorits	Carman	Yesterday I left Lathbury behind. I traveled with Father and he let me drive the cart on the road to Bridewell.