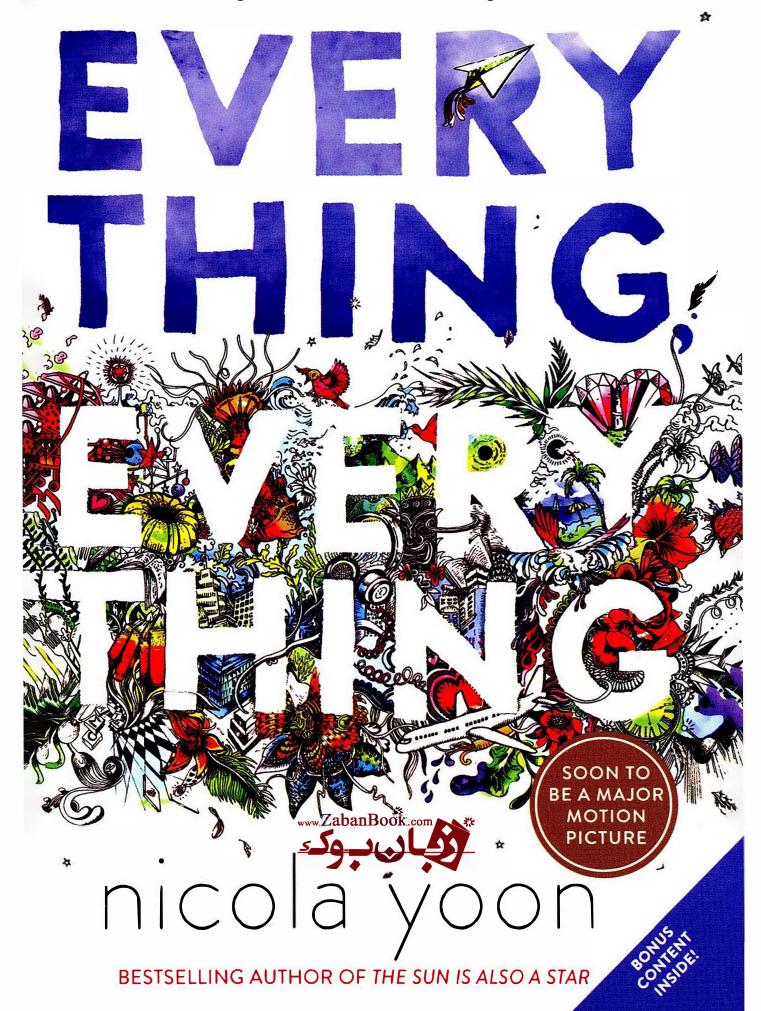
The greatest risk is not taking one.







#### "EXTRAORDINARY."

—New York Times bestselling author Jodi Picoult

#### "WILL GIVE YOU BUTTERFLIES."

—Seventeen

"A **DO-NOT-MISS** for fans of John Green and Rainbow Rowell (aka everyone)." — Justine

"Your **NEWEST OBSESSION** is here."

-MTV.com

"Bound to be an INSTANT HIT."

—Bustle.com

"HEARTWARMING and inventive."

-Mashable.com

"Not only was I TOTALLY HOOKED ... by the end I was totally BLOWN AWAY."

—NPR's All Things Considered



-Kirkus Reviews, Starred Review

★ "Everything, Everything is WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL."

—SLJ, Starred Review





# \*EVERYTHIG, EVERYTHIG

"[A] fresh, moving debut."

—Entertainment Weekly

"Gorgeous and lyrical." — The New York Times Book Review

"A vibrant, thrilling, and, ultimately, wholly original tale that's bound to be an instant hit."

—Bustle.com

"This extraordinary first novel about love so strong it might kill us is too good to feel like a debut. Tender, creative, beautifully written, and with a great twist, *Everything, Everything* is one of the best books I've read this year."

—Jodi Picoult,

#1 New York Times bestselling author

"I give all the stars in the sky to Nicola Yoon's sparkling debut. *Everything, Everything* is everything, everything—powerful, lovely, heart-wrenching, and so absorbing I devoured it in one sitting. It's a wonder. The rare novel that lifts and shatters and fills you all at once."

—Jennifer Niven,

New York Times bestselling author of All the Bright Places

"Everything, Everything has everything . . . romance, heart, and intelligence. Nicola Yoon's book and voice stayed with me long after I finished reading." —Danielle Paige,

New York Times bestselling author of Dorothy Must Die





"With her stunning debut, *Everything, Everything,* Nicola Yoon has constructed an entirely unique and beautiful reading experience. Gorgeous writing meshes with original artwork to tell a love story like no other. You've never read a book like this."

—David Arnold, bestselling author of *Mosquitoland* 

"There's a quiet beauty about *Everything, Everything* that kept me captivated from start to finish. Olly and Madeline's love story stole my heart." —Katie McGarry, author of *Nowhere but Here* 

"This is an easy romance to get caught up in." —Publishers Weekly

"Deeply satisfying."

—The Bulletin

"Readers will root for the precocious Maddy as she falls hard for the boy next door. . . . Teens in search of a swoonworthy read will devour [Everything, Everything]."

—Booklist

"It's tempting to drop everything everything once you've begun. . . . It's hard not to be consumed by this tale of doomed love."

— The Times, London

"I just couldn't put it down. . . . If you're a fan of *The Fault in Our Stars, If I Stay* or *Before I Die*, then this book is for you."

—TheGuardian.com

"Everything, Everything offers a thoughtful exploration of how we define life and living, while still delivering a breathless romance."

—The Horn Book Magazine

"A deep friendship that's honest and flirtatious and bound for a love that's worth taking risks for."

—Miami Herald



# EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING

~

## nicola yoon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID YOON





#### THE WHITE ROOM

I'VE READ MANY more books than you. It doesn't matter how many you've read. I've read more. Believe me. I've had the time.

In my white room, against my white walls, on my glistening white bookshelves, book spines provide the only color. The books are all brand-new hardcovers—no germy secondhand softcovers for me. They come to me from Outside, decontaminated and vacuum-sealed in plastic wrap. I would like to see the machine that does this. I imagine each book traveling on a white conveyor belt toward rectangular white stations where robotic white arms dust, scrape, spray, and otherwise sterilize it until it's finally deemed clean enough to come to me. When a new book arrives, my first task is to remove the wrapping, a process that involves scissors and more than one broken nail. My second task is to write my name on the inside front cover.

#### PROPERTY OF: Madeline Whittier

I don't know why I do this. There's no one else here except my mother, who never reads, and my nurse, Carla, who has no time to read because she spends all her time watching me breathe. I rarely have visitors, and so there's no one to lend my

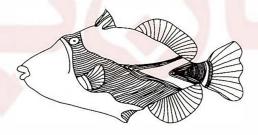


books to. There's no one who needs reminding that the forgotten book on his or her shelf belongs to me.

#### REWARD IF FOUND (Check all that apply):

This is the section that takes me the longest time, and I vary it with each book. Sometimes the rewards are fanciful:

- O Picnic with me (Madeline) in a pollen-filled field of poppies, lilies, and endless man-in-the-moon marigolds under a clear blue summer sky.
- O Drink tea with me (Madeline) in a lighthouse in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in the middle of a hurricane.
- O Snorkel with me (Madeline) off Molokini to spot the Hawaiian state fish—
  the humuhumunukunukuapuaa.



#### Sometimes the rewards are not so fanciful:

- O A visit with me (Madeline) to a used bookstore.
- O A walk outside with me (Madeline), just down the block and back.
- O A short conversation with me (Madeline), discussing anything you want, on my white couch, in my white bedroom.

Sometimes the reward is just:

O Me (Madeline).





#### SCID ROW

MY DISEASE IS as rare as it is famous. It's a form of Severe Combined Immunodeficiency, but you know it as "bubble baby disease."

Basically, I'm allergic to the world. Anything can trigger a bout of sickness. It could be the chemicals in the cleaner used to wipe the table that I just touched. It could be someone's perfume. It could be the exotic spice in the food I just ate. It could be one, or all, or none of these things, or something else entirely. No one knows the triggers, but everyone knows the consequences. According to my mom I almost died as an infant. And so I stay on SCID row. I don't leave my house, have not left my house in seventeen years.

DAILY HEALTH LOG

Madeline Whittier

PATIENT NAME

May 2

DATE

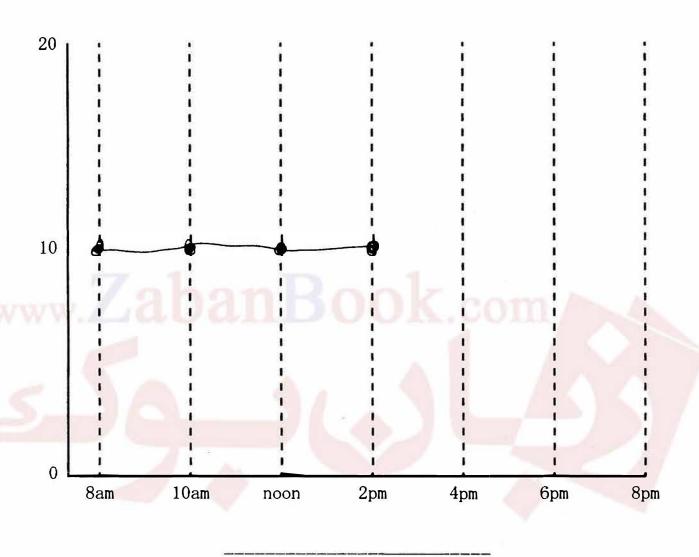
Dr. Pauline Whittier

CARETAKER

0002921



#### BREATHS PER MINUTE



#### 



#### AIR FILTER STATUS

	8am	OK
	9am	OK
	10am	70
	11am	OX
	12pm	OK
	1pm	04
ww.Zabar	2pm	OK
	3pm	
	4pm	
	5pm	
	6pm	
	7pm	
	8pm	



#### **BRTHDAE UISH**

"MOVIE NIGHT OR Honor Pictionary or Book Club?" my mom asks while inflating a blood pressure cuff around my arm. She doesn't mention her favorite of all our post-dinner activities—Phonetic Scrabble. I look up to see that her eyes are already laughing at me.

"Phonetic," I say.

She stops inflating the cuff. Ordinarily Carla, my full-time nurse, would be taking my blood pressure and filling out my daily health log, but my mom's given her the day off. It's my birthday and we always spend the day together, just the two of us.

She puts on her stethoscope so that she can listen to my heartbeat. Her smile fades and is replaced by her more serious doctor's face. This is the face her patients most often see—slightly distant, professional, and concerned. I wonder if they find it comforting.

Impulsively I give her a quick kiss on the forehead to remind her that it's just me, her favorite patient, her daughter.

She opens her eyes, smiles, and caresses my cheek. I guess if you're going to be born with an illness that requires constant care, then it's good to have your mom as your doctor.





#### ALIEN INVASION, PART 2

I'M UP TO the part where Charlie realizes that the mouse's fate may be his own when I hear a loud rumbling noise outside. Immediately my mind goes to outer space. I picture a giant mother ship hovering in the skies above us.

The house trembles and my books vibrate on the shelves. A steady beeping joins the rumbling and I know what it is. A truck. Probably just lost, I tell myself, to stave off disappointment. Probably just made a wrong turn on their way to someplace else.

But then the engine cuts off. Doors open and close. A moment passes, and then another, and then a woman's voice sings out, "Welcome to our new home, everybody!"

Carla stares at me hard for a few seconds. I know what she's thinking.

It's happening again.



didn't really move away.
They got kidnapped by aliens. The aliens didn't take me because I'm sick and they only wanted heathy people. They took mommy and carla away and the family next door and I was all alone.



# a Q&A with NICOLA YOO





#### What was the inspiration behind EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING?

I started writing this book when I was a very nervous new mom. My daughter was just four months old, and I was a complete worrywart. I worried that she'd eat dirt, catch a cold, and somehow crawl out the front door. I felt very protective of her. That feeling led me to wonder what life would be like for a girl who always needed protecting in the same way that you protect an infant. What would a life spent indoors, under constant monitoring and protection, do to her psyche? What would happen if she ever fell in love?

### Maddy's situation is extreme. How did you go about making her relatable to readers?

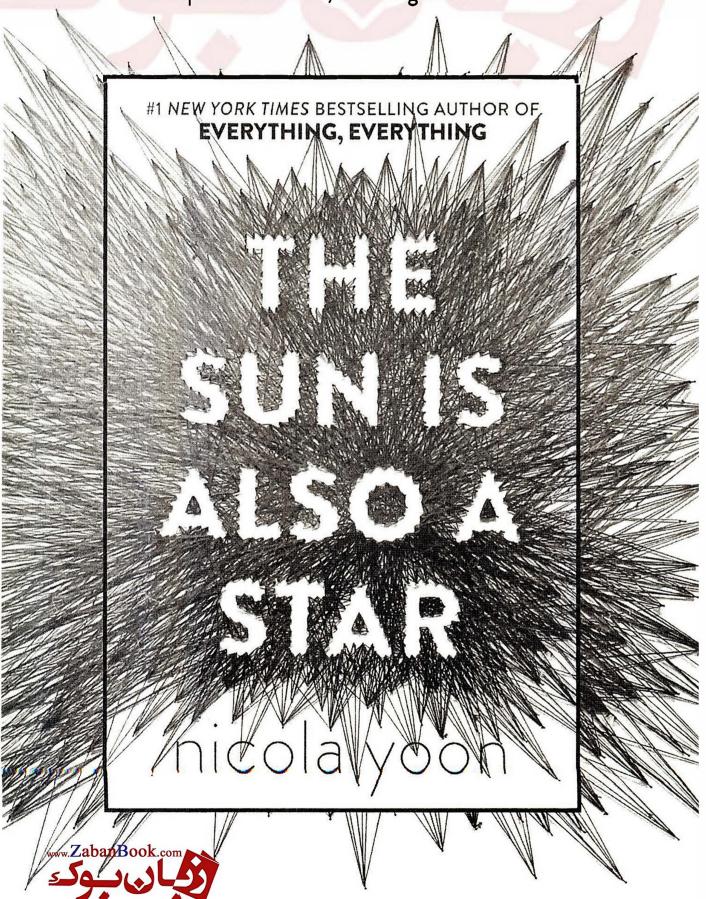
Maddy struggles with a lot of the same things we all struggle with. What kind of risks are we willing to take to achieve the thing we most want in the world? What are the costs of loving someone, and are the costs worth it? Most teenagers are also exploring outside the boundaries created by their parents. It's a constant push-pull of wanting to be safe with your family and wanting to venture out into the world and find yourself.

## Was it challenging to write about a character who has had so little direct experience of the world?

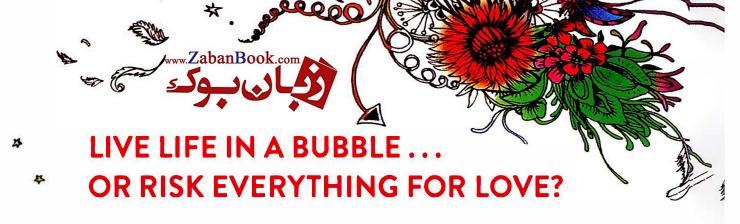
Yes, definitely challenging. Fortunately, though, I wrote the book over the course of three years as my daughter grew from an infant into a toddler. For her, so many things are still brandnew. I used some of her reactions to help capture Maddy's innocence and sense of wonder.



Please enjoy this special excerpt from THE SUN IS ALSO A STAR, a New York Times bestseller, National Book Award Finalist, and recipient of multiple rave reviews, including six starred reviews.







My disease is as rare as it is famous. Basically, I'm allergic to the world. I don't leave my house, have not left my house in seventeen years. The only people I ever see are my mom and my nurse, Carla.

But then one day, a moving truck arrives next door. I look out my window, and I see him. He's tall, lean, and wearing all black black T-shirt, black jeans, black sneakers, and a black knit cap that covers his hair completely. He catches me looking and stares at me. I stare right back. His name is Olly.

Maybe we can't predict the future, but we can predict some things. For example, I, Maddy, am certainly going to fall in love with Olly. It's almost certainly going to be a disaster.

"Gorgeous and lyrical." —The New York Times Book Review
"[A] fresh, moving debut." —Entertainment Weekly



A Q&A with Nicola Yoon • Author playlist A not-to-be-missed deleted scene • A new illustration

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