

DEAR READER,

My last two novels were horror novels—written during a period of time that *felt* like a horror novel. And although the process was cathartic, the world didn't change. It's still scary out there.

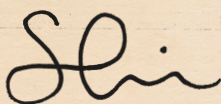
I, however, did change.

As I put my protagonists through the wringer, the things in life that mattered the most to them—their friends and family, their homes and communities—suddenly became clear. The rest of the chaos and noise faded away. These things also became clear to me. It felt like waking up from a nightmare. I realized I didn't have to focus all of my attention on what frightened me anymore. The world was too big, and although I was too small to make much of an impact on it, I could still choose to redirect my attention to the people and places directly surrounding me.

Overdue is a happy novel. A kind novel. It's a love story, and while it's most certainly a swoony romance, it's also about loving our friends and families, our homes and communities. It's about finding our place and purpose among them. It's about learning how to ask for help and offering help in return. When the world overwhelms us, often the most useful thing we can do is turn to the person right beside us and ask, "Are you okay? How can I help?"

I'd like to think *Overdue* is the sort of book that, were it a person, would hold the door open for you when it sees you holding too many packages. Would make chicken noodle soup for you when you're sick in bed. Would drive you to the mechanic when your car breaks down.

It won't solve any of the world's problems, but . . . it might make *your* world a little better. It was such a comfort for me to spend time inside this story. I hope it will bring comfort to you, too.



STEPHANIE PERKINS



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SATURDAY
BOOKS