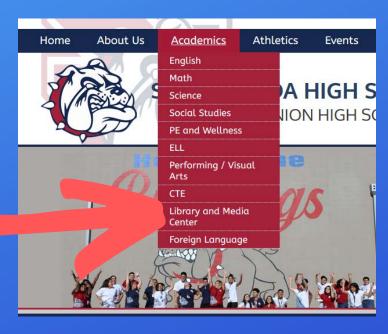
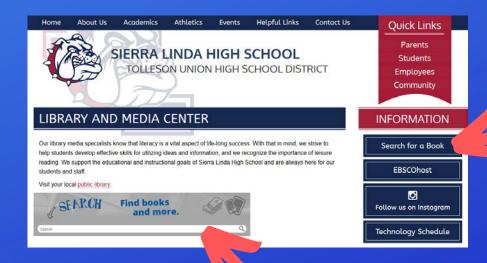


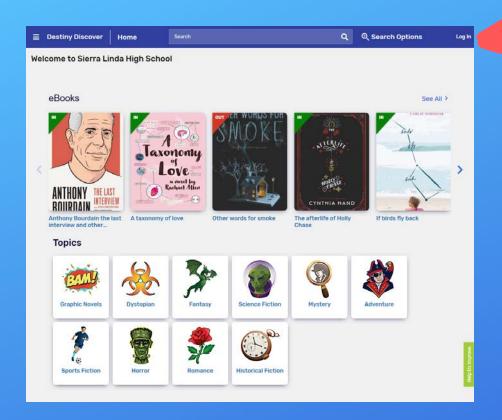
Start off by going to the school website, then the library page.



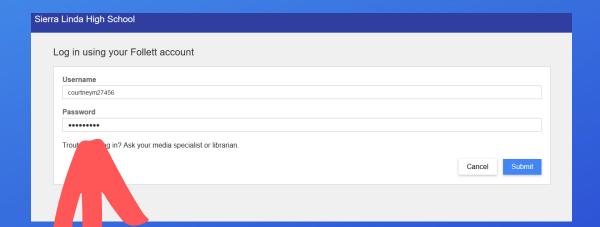


Click "Search for a Book" if you don't know what you want to read yet.

If you know the title of the book you're looking for, enter it here.

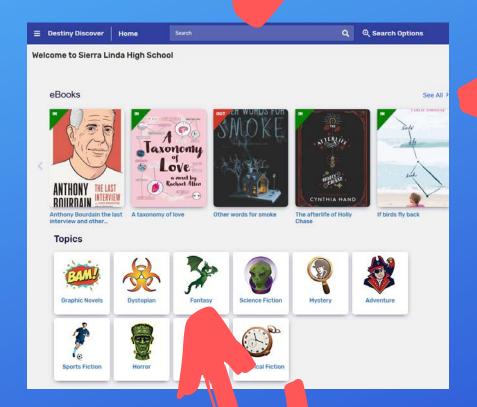


Log in to be able to checkout ebooks and to put physical books on hold



Use your school username and password to log in.





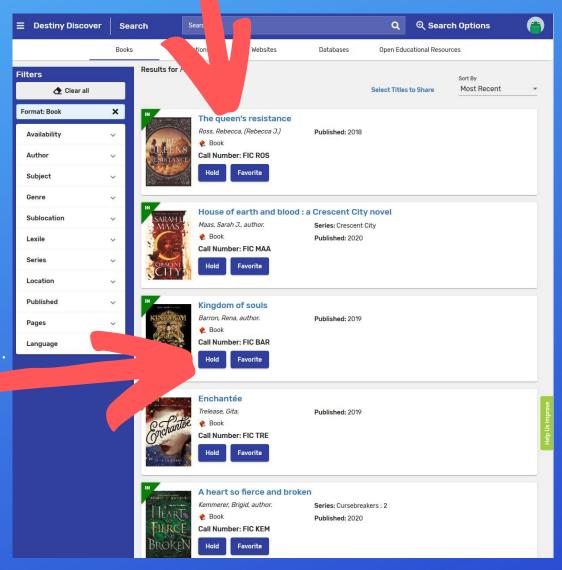
...or for ebooks

...or by topic

My recommendation is to search by topic if you don't know exactly what you're looking for. You'll get results in both ebook and physical book format, plus you might find something new!

## Click on the title for a summary of the book.

For physical books, click "Hold" when you're ready to place the book on hold.



In this example, I clicked on Topics: Fantasy, then I searched for Format: Books, and then sorted by "Most Recent", so I can see the new books that have come in.



Books placed on hold by Wednesday will be ready for pickup the Friday of the same week. Books placed on hold after Wednesday will be available the following week.

Book pickup is every Friday from 2:30-3:30 in front of the school.

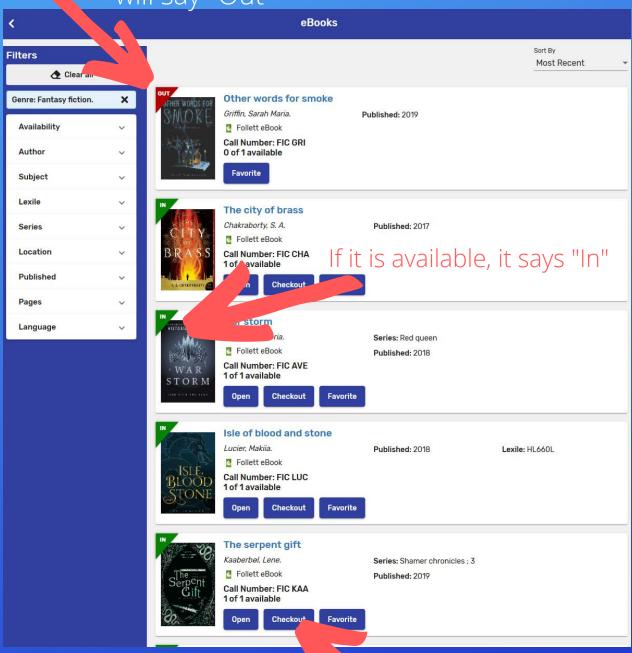
You MUST wear a mask.

Books will already be checked out to you and will be in bags for safety.

You may return books at this time as well.

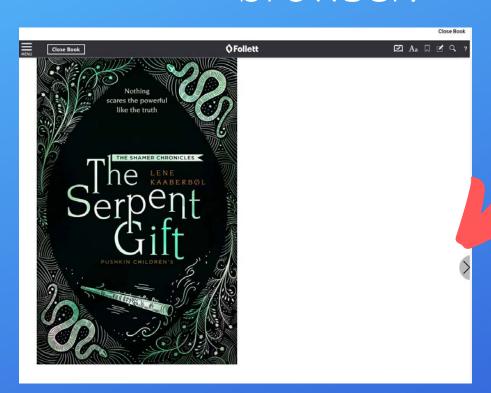


If a book is unavailable, it will say "Out"



To checkout an eBook, simply click "Checkout".

## The book will open in your web browser:



Click the arrow to move through the pages.

**♦** Follett Close Book

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A Stranger

When I first saw him, I had no idea he would change our lives. There was no tremor from the ground, no icy gust of wind, not even a real shiver down my back. Just a small twinge of unease. I didn't even tell Mama about him. Maybe I should have? I don't know. It wouldn't have changed anything, not really. From the moment he caught sight of me, it was too late in any case.

It was supposed to be a good day. I had been looking forward to it for a long time-the Midsummer Market, when all the clans meet to trade, and talk, and entertain each other with races and contests and music from dusk to dawn. Mama and I had worked our fingers to the bone, drying herbs and making ointments and remedies for all sorts of ailments, and Rose, my foster-sister and best friend, had carved bowls and spoons and shelf ends, and little dolls and animals for the children. She was clever with her knife, and in her hands a bit of kindling would suddenly turn into a cow or a dog, as if the animal had been there all the time, hiding in the grain of the wood. My older brother Davin had nothing to trade, but he thought he might win a prize in one of the races

with Falk, our skittish black gelding.
This would be my first Midsummer Market in the Highlands.

The summer before there had been strife and hostility among the clans, and no real Market had been held. Kensie, the clan we lived with, had clashed with Skaya, and it was only at the last moment that we had managed to stop the battle in Skara Vale before they ended up killing each other. It had all been Drakan's fault, of course; Drakan who called himself Dragon Lord and ruled almost all the coastlands now, after having murdered the old castellan of Dunark. He was a bad enemy to have, was Drakan, both devious and ruthless. Instead of doing battle with the clans himself, he tricked them into warring with each other. And back when he killed Ebnezer Ravens, his daughter-in-law Adela, and her young son Bian, he managed to have the castellan's own son, Nicodemus, accused of the murders. Nico would have ended up with his head on the block if it hadn't been for Mama. And me, a little bit. On that day, Drakan had become our enemy. And his reach was long.

We still couldn't go anywhere without protection. Callan Kensie had been Mama's bodyguard for two years now. He was big and steady and kind to us, and I liked him.

But I still wished we didn't need him.

"Such a crowd," said Mama. She had to keep a firm hold of the reins; Falk, who

was serving as our cart-horse that morning, was not used to all the push-and-shov hubbub. "Where do you think we should go?"

I surveyed the crowded scene. At first it looked completely chaotic, with people milling about like ants in an anthill. But there was actually a pattern to the Market, streets and squares and crossroads, just like a real town, even if the Market town was made up of carts and wagons and tents instead of houses.

"There's a free spot," I said, pointing. "There, at the end." "Right," said Mama, clicking her tongue at Falk. Our black horse snorted but walked on, stiff-gaited and suspicious of the crowd.

Happy Reading!