The Insider’s Guide to Saving the World
Stories, Tips, and Tricks from Spirit Animals™, Infinity Ring™, and The 39 Clues™

Are you brave enough, strong enough, and determined enough to save the world? The enclosed survival guide has everything you need to get briefed and start the adventure, including chapter excerpts from three different adventure series, a guide to each online game, and BONUS codes that unlock exclusive items on each game website.

No matter which path you choose, the stakes will be high, and the travel will be global…and may even take you back in time or to another world. Don’t forget…keep your allies close and your enemies even closer.

Select an Adventure!
Do you love animals? What if you had a spirit animal—a mystical animal bonded to you that bestows great powers?

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scholastic.com/worldscollide
Isilla began in a penetrating voice, “Hear ye, hear ye, good people of Trunswick! Before the eyes of man and beast, we are gathered here today to participate in the most sacred rite in all of Erdas. When human and animal unite, their greatness is multiplied. We have come to witness whether the Nectar will reveal such greatness in any of these three candidates — Lord Devin Trunswick; Abby, daughter of Grall; and Conor, son of Fenray.”

The cheering after the mention of Devin all but drowned out the other two names. Conor tried to remain impassive. If he sat still and kept calm, soon it would be over. Devin would drink the Nectar first, in the place of honor. Common belief held that the first to drink the Nectar in a ceremony was the most likely to call a spirit animal.

Isilla bent over to raise a plugged flask, the leather tooled with intricate designs. After raising the flask above her head to display it to the assemblage, she unstoppered it. “Devin Trunswick, come forward.”

The crowd whistled and clapped as Devin approached Isilla, then quieted down as she put her finger to her lips. Devin knelt before her, a sight
anything he had ever tried.

Isilla withdrew the flask before he could steal another sip. One swallow was all he would ever sample. Conor stood in order to return to the bench and a burning, tingling sensation spread through his chest. Animals began to cry out. The birds shrilled. The wildcats yowled. The bear roared. The moose trumpeted. The camel snorted and stomped. The ground began to tremble. The sky darkened, as if a swift cloud had overtaken the sun. A brilliant flash pierced the gloom like lightning, but much nearer than any lightning Conor had experienced, nearer even than the time he saw a tree struck at the crest of a hill he was climbing.

Onlookers gasped and murmured. Dazzled by the flash, Conor blinked repeatedly to restore his vision. Hot tingles spread from his chest along his limbs. Despite the oddness of the moment, he felt irrationally joyful. And then he saw the wolf.

Conor had seldom seen.

“Receive the Nectar of Ninani.”

Conor could not help but feel excited as the flask tipped toward Devin’s lips. This might be the first time he witnessed a spirit animal summoned from the unknown! With all of these animals present, how could the Nectar fail? Conor wondered what the beast would look like.

Devin swallowed. Isilla stepped back. A deep hush fell over the square. Eyes closed, Devin tilted his face skyward. An empty moment passed. Somebody coughed. Nothing out of the ordinary was happening. Perplexed, Devin looked around.

Conor had heard that a spirit animal either came right after the Nectar was tasted, or never. Devin arose and turned in a full circle, eyes roving. There was no sign of anything appearing nearby. The crowd began to murmur.

Isilla hesitated, considering the grandstand. “Thank you, Devin,” she intoned. “Abby, daughter of Grall, come forward.”

Devin looked queasy. His eyes were blank, but his posture betrayed his humiliation. He glanced furtively toward his father, then looked down. When he lifted his eyes again, his gaze had hardened, the shame turning to fury. Conor looked away. It would be best to avoid Devin’s attention for a while.

Abby drank and, as Conor expected, nothing happened. She returned to the bench.

“Conor, son of Fenray, come forward.”

Hearing his name called gave Conor a nervous thrill. If Devin had failed to call an animal, Conor doubted he had any chance. Still, anything could happen. Never had so many eyes been trained just on him. Rising to his feet, Conor tried to ignore the crowd by focusing on Isilla. The tactic didn’t really work.

Conor knelt before Isilla. She looked down at him with a strange smile, curiosity lurking behind her eyes. Had she stared at the others this way?

“Receive the Nectar of Ninani.”

Conor put his lips to the offered flask. The Nectar was thick, like syrup, and richly sweet, like fruit in honey. The consistency became more liquid once it was in his mouth. He swallowed. It tasted amazing! Better than
**Spirit Animals Game Guide**

You have been chosen to summon a spirit animal of your very own. Innocent creatures across the world are being enslaved by a mysterious substance and need your help. Develop your spirit animal bond and help the Greencloaks save Erdas!

**Essential Greencloak Skills**

Saving Erdas is an epic quest that will test your skills and resolve. These tips will help you and your spirit animal protect the world from the Conquerors.

**Your Hero:** Create your own hero avatar—choose the hairstyle, skin color, and gear for your character and get ready to call your spirit animal and go on quests.

**Your Spirit Animal:** Your spirit animal bond is the key to unlocking amazing powers and completing quests. You can increase your bond strength by caring for your spirit animal every day. Things like feeding, petting, and playing and training with your spirit animal will help keep your bond strong.

**The Conquerors:** Beware of the evil Conquerors, like Drina, who will be out to stop you. The Conquerors are seeking the talismans—legendary items that grant you enhanced abilities such as quicker movement and increased protection. You’ll need to train hard to beat these ruthless foes.

**Arm Yourself Wisely:** As a Greencloak, you’ll be trained to use a variety of weapons, which can be categorized into three classes: common, rare, and unique. All weapons are effective against your enemies, but rare and unique weapons can help you against stronger foes.

**Good as Gold**

Gold can be used to purchase some of the best weapons, armor, and equipment the Greencloaks have to offer! You can earn gold by completing quests, defeating bosses, digitizing your Spirit Animals books—and also by selling unwanted items to the merchant in Greenhaven Castle.

**GAME BONUS**

As a reward for using this survival guide, enter the code to get exclusive gold coins for your quest!

**SAINSIDER1**

Think you have what it takes to save Erdas? Go to scholastic.com/spiritanimals to summon your spirit animal and get started!
“Where are we?” Sera asked. “And . . . when are we?”

Dak jumped all over that. “We’re smack-dab in the middle of the Revolutionary War. Those are British soldiers and they’re obviously expecting a battle with some American militiamen. Keep watching and you’ll see how organized and rigid the British are, and how wild and crazy the Americans are. I can’t believe I’m seeing this!”

His mom shushed him. “Quiet down!”

Dak felt an almost unbearable thrill of excitement as it finally hit him what was going on. They’d just traveled through time! He’d just leapt back hundreds of years using the Infinity Ring, a device dreamed up by his own parents and perfected by his best friend. Judging by the half-glazed look on Sera’s face, she was coming to the same world-altering realization.

Movement out in the ranks grabbed his attention. Three red-coated soldiers were running toward them, guns raised.

“You there!” one of them shouted. “American spies! Come out or we’ll shoot!” He and his partners kept coming at full speed.
An object was in Dak's other hand. He knew it by touch: the Infinity Ring. When had his father given it to him? He didn't have time to think, just gripped it in his fingers. The lights grew brighter, the sound impossibly louder. Dak screamed but the sound of it was lost in the madness.

Then it all ended. Dak and Sera appeared on the floor of the lab. There was no sign of his parents. Anywhere.

“That's not good,” Dak said. “Do you know what they did to American spies? Because I do, and —”

Sera silenced him with a glance.

“What do we do?” Dak's mom asked.

“Don't worry,” her husband answered with forced calm. He was pressing buttons on the Infinity Ring. “Keep your heads down. I'm almost there.”

One of the soldiers fired a shot, smoke and fire flashing from the muzzle of his weapon. The ball smashed into a tree right next to Dak's head.

“Almost there!” his dad repeated.

But it was too late. The soldiers crashed into the trees, throwing their weapons down and grabbing at the visitors from the future. The biggest redcoat pulled Sera by the shirt, ripping her off her feet. Dak moved in to help her but the man swung a fist, slamming it into Dak's cheek. He fell to the ground, dazed. The other two soldiers tussled with his parents, pushing at them roughly. Dak caught a glimpse of his dad, struggling to hide the Infinity Ring and work on it at the same time as he was being roughed up.

Dak's mom tore loose and fell on Dak, pulling him into her arms. Sera ripped herself free at the same time and jumped toward them. They huddled as a group and backed into his dad, who still fidgeted with the device.

There was a humming sound. The trees around them started to shake. Dak saw one of the soldiers pick up a gun he'd dropped. The bayonet on the end glinted in the sunlight, breaking through the branches above them. He lifted the gun like a spear and charged at their small group. Sera's arms came up as if she could actually deflect the vicious blade.

Everything around them turned into chaos and color and sound.

Dak, his parents, Sera — all of them were ripped from the copse of trees, sucked into a wormhole. In that blur of movement and noise, Dak felt as if his body were frozen, but the others seemed to be moving. Dak's mom had let go and turned to hug her husband, and the two of them looked as if they were dancing, the edges of their skin tendriling out like streams of their soul being torn away.

Someone squeezed Dak's hand — he forced his head to move as if through a thick liquid or a tremendous wind, and he saw Sera looking at him. Still they flew through the wormhole, the rush of noise almost deafening.
Infinity Ring Game Guide

In the Infinity Ring game, you must travel back in time as Dak, Sera, or Riq, stop the evil SQ, and set history back on course. First stop: Paris, 1792, in the middle of the French Revolution.

Essential Hystorian Skills
Traveling back to various time periods and fixing history can be tough. The information below will help you fix the Great Breaks!

Explore the World: Once you exit the time stream, you’ll be in another time period! Make sure you know how to get around and where important items are located. In your Menu, you can access a Hystorian’s map and a journal. These documents are full of secret information straight from Hystorian Headquarters, and will provide you with step-by-step instructions for fixing the Break!

Easter Eggs and Hidden Messages:
In each episode, different choices can lead to different outcomes. For example, if you want to hear Dak sing the song of the Revolution in Episode One, you have to follow these specific steps:
1) Exit the warehouse at the beginning of Episode One and don’t collect any money.
2) Go to the Revolutionary Den. Talk to the guard, who will tell you to go away.
3) Find Jerome. When you talk to him, he offers to sell you some hats. If you don’t have any money, then Dak will attempt to pay for the hats with a song!

Can You Unlock the Timebox?:
Timeboxes, chests left by Hystorians to help time travelers, contain items critical to your mission. Only a real Hystorian will be able to unlock a Timebox. Can you do it?

Photos for Arin: Arin Cole is one of the Hystorians in Headquarters who has been gathering data on the Great Breaks for years. Now that you’re traveling into the past, she needs YOUR help documenting history. Take photos of key objects and places and share them with Arin.

Watch Out for the Time Warden:
In every era, there are Time Wardens determined to stop you from fixing history. Check out the picture of this evil dude—and now keep your distance!

Medal Gallery
Every time traveler on the Hystorian web has an online medal gallery—a place to display episodes you’ve mastered, tasks completed, and books read!

GAME BONUS
As a reward for using this survival guide, enter the code to get an exclusive medal for your online gallery!

IRINSIDER1

Think you have what it takes to stop the SQ and set history back on course? Go to scholastic.com/infinityring to get started!
The Great Hall was as big as a basketball court, with tons of armor and swords lining the walls and huge windows that looked like Batman could crash through them any minute.

William McIntyre stood at a table in front with a projector screen behind him, while everybody else filed into rows of seats. There were about forty people in all, including the Holts and the Kabras and Aunt Beatrice, who looked completely disgusted to be there — or maybe she was just disgusted that everybody else had been invited to her sister’s will reading.

Mr. McIntyre raised his hand for quiet. He slipped a document from a brown leather folder, adjusted his bifocals, and began to read: “I, Grace Cahill, being of sound mind and body, do hereby divide my entire estate among those who accept the challenge and those who do not.”


“I am getting to that, sir.” Mr. McIntyre cleared his throat and continued: “You have been chosen as the most likely to succeed in the greatest,
most perilous undertaking of all time — a quest of vital importance to
the Cahill family and the world at large.’ ”

Forty people started talking at once, asking questions and demanding
answers.

“‘Perilous undertaking?’ Cousin Ingrid shouted.
“‘What is she talking about?’”

“I thought this was about money!” Uncle José yelled.

“A quest? Who does she think we are? We’re Cahills, not adventurers!”

Dan noticed Ian and Natalie Kabra exchange a meaningful look. Irina
Spasky whispered something in Alistair Oh’s ear, but most of the other spec-
tators looked as confused as Dan felt.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please,” Mr. McIntyre said. “If you will direct
your attention to the screen, perhaps Madame Cahill can explain things
better than I.”

Dan’s heart did a flip-flop. What was Mr. McIntyre talking about? Then
a projector on the ceiling hummed to life. The shouting in the room died
down as Grace’s image flickered on the screen.

She was sitting up in bed with Saladin on her lap. She wore a black dress-
ing gown, like she was a mourner at her own funeral, but she looked health-
lier than the last time Dan had seen her. Her complexion was pink. Her face
and hands didn’t look as thin. The video must’ve been made months ago,
before her cancer got bad.

Dan got a lump in his throat. He had a crazy urge to call to her: Grace, it’s
me! It’s Dan! But of course it was just an image. He looked at Amy and saw a
tear trickling down the base of her nose.

“Fellow Cahills,” Grace said. “If you are watching this, it means I am
dead, and I have decided to use my alternate will. No doubt you are arguing
amongst yourselves and giving poor Mr. McIntyre a hard time about this
contest I have instituted.” Grace gave the camera a dry smile. “You always
were a stubborn bunch. For once, close your mouths and listen.”

“Hey, wait a minute!” Eisenhower Holt protested, but his wife shushed
him.

“I assure you,” Grace continued, “this contest is no trick. It is deadly seri-
ous business. Most of you know you belong to the Cahill family, but many of
you may not realize just how important our family is. I tell you the Cahills
have had a greater impact on human civilization than any other family
in history.”

More confused shouting broke out. Irina Spasky stood up and yelled,
“Silence! I wish to hear!”

“My relatives,” Grace’s image said, “you stand on the brink of our great-
est challenge. Each of you has the potential to succeed. Some of you may
decide to form a team with other people in this room to pursue the chal-
lenge. Some of you may prefer to take up the challenge alone. Most of you,
I’m afraid, will decline the challenge and run away with your tails between
your legs. Only one team will succeed, and each of you must sacrifice your
share of the inheritance to participate.”

She held up a manila envelope sealed with red wax. Her eyes were as
bright and hard as steel. “If you accept, you shall be given the first of thir-
ty-nine clues. These clues will lead you to a secret, which, should you find it,
will make you the most powerful, influential human beings on the planet.
You will realize the destiny of the Cahill family. I now beg you all to listen
to Mr. McIntyre. Allow him to explain the rules. Think long and hard before
you make your choice.”

She stared straight into the camera, and Dan wanted her to say some-
thing special to them: Dan and Amy, I’ll miss you most of all. Nobody else in this
room really matters to me. Something like that.

Instead, Grace said, “I’m counting on you all. Good luck, and good-bye.”
The 39 Clues Game Guide

If you are reading this, it means that you are a Cahill, a member of the most powerful family in history. The source of the Cahills’ power has been lost—scattered across the earth in the form of 39 Clues. Your mission is to find the Clues . . . and then keep them out of enemy hands. The information below will help you on your hunt.

Essential Agent Skills
Traveling the world as a Cahill agent isn’t easy. The Clues are hidden in some of the most dangerous locations on earth, and the Cahills’ enemies can be ruthless.

**Code Cracking:** The Cahill branches often communicate in code, and it’s YOUR job to crack them. Two common codes you’ll need are the Caesar Cipher and Morse Code.

**Puzzles:** Many of the missions require puzzle smarts. You’ll need to put the pieces together, solve the riddle, and think quickly in order to find the next Clue or stop the next enemy.

**Breaking and Entering:** The Clues are very well-protected, so you’ll need to learn how to break into buildings undetected, hack into secure networks, and do whatever it takes to find Clues and stay one step ahead of your enemies.

**Spy Gadgets:** Your missions will require some specialized gear. But don’t worry—your branch leadership will give you whatever you need, whether it’s x-ray goggles, customized phones, or even spy braces!

Stunt Driving: With so many people on your tail, you’ll need to be able to operate all sorts of getaway vehicles. Let’s hope you have a need for speed, because you don’t want to know what’ll happen if your enemy catches up to you . . . .

Card Gallery
Every agent on the Cahill web has an online card gallery—a place to digitize your game, book, and rewards cards. Use this as a place to keep track of all your Cahill card swag, like the Clues you’ve found and the books you’ve read.

GAME BONUS
As a reward for using this survival guide, enter the code below to get an exclusive card for your online gallery!

39CINSIDER

Think you have what it takes to find the Clues and save the world? Go to scholastic.com/the39clues to get started!
pain and then blackness.

Two men in coveralls lifted him out of the tub and administered a tiny injection of antivenom to his abdomen. Then they wrapped him up in a vinyl pool cover, carried him to a panel truck, and loaded him inside.

As an afterthought, one of the men fished the snake out of the water and tossed it into some tall grass. If it survived and happened to bite another resort guest, it was no concern of theirs.

\textit{Ponce, Puerto Rico, 9:42 a.m., Atlantic Time Zone}

Long, powerful strokes propelled Reagan Holt through the sparkling Caribbean. At thirteen, she had already completed seven Ironman triathlons, but now she was training for the world championships. Puerto Rico’s lesser-known southern coast was the ideal place for it — great weather, uncrowded roads for running and cycling, and warm, crystal-clear water for swimming. There was even entertainment for these grueling ocean marathons. Through her goggles, she enjoyed the floor show: hundreds of fish species, colorful coral, and . . .

A jolt of surprise threw off her rhythm, and she struggled to maintain her textbook form. At first she thought it was an undersea mirage, but no. Twenty yards away, a few feet below the surface, floated a scuba diver in an antishark cage!

What’s going on?

That was when she saw the hammerhead. It was big—an eighteen footer at least. It moved in a serpentine pattern, its oddly placed eyes sweeping the reef. When its attention locked on Reagan, she knew instantly. The long body became a guided missile hurtling toward her. Panic was immediate and total. Not even the fastest human could outswim a shark.

The cage. It was her only option. She made for it, expecting at any moment to feel the devastating bite of jagged teeth. The diver read her mind and opened the cage door. She flung herself inside, slamming the gate shut behind her just as the hammer-shaped snout smashed into the titanium bars. The very sea itself seemed to shake. Reagan was thrown back against the frame, but the structure held.

The diver pulled on a signal rope, and a mechanical winch began to
lift the cage out of the water. As they broke the surface, she spied the boat. Relief flooded over her. The cost of this training session would not be her life.

Crew members swung them in over the gunwale and set them down on the deck.

It was all Reagan could do to maintain her footing as she stepped onto the wood planking. “Thanks, you guys! That was so close —”

And then she noticed that one of the sailors was pointing a gun at her.

London, UK, 1:42 p.m., Greenwich Mean Time Zone

When anyone advised Natalie Kabra to “find a happy place,” that place was always Harrods.

That was the reason for this mental health day away from her boarding school. When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping. And where better than the most famous department store in the world, located in the heart of London’s Knightsbridge?

A glance at a bus-stand billboard took the wind out of her sails. It was an advertisement for AidWorksWonders, a nonprofit organization dedicated to global disaster relief. Peering compassionately out was the organization’s founder, radiating charity, goodwill, and kindness.

Natalie didn’t believe it for a second, and she was in a position to know. That woman, Isabel Kabra, was Natalie’s mother — a hard-hearted, cold-blooded conspirator, arsonist, murderer, and terrorist. The only reason she had formed an organization that did good in the world was that it had been her ticket out of jail, to parole and community service. Natalie pitied the poor community Isabel was assigned to serve.

Just the sight of her mother almost made her turn around and go back to school. It had been Mum who had first introduced her to Harrods. But one couldn’t blame Harrods for that, Natalie concluded, stepping in through the brass-plated revolving door.

Muscle memory took her directly to the Girls’ department — designer only, of course. Without once consulting a price tag, she collected an armload of outfits and headed for the fitting room. She stepped inside, wondering at the second click that came a moment after she shut the door. She tried the handle. Locked.

And then her world tilted, dropping her against the mirror. The entire cubicle lifted suddenly and began to move forward.

In the Girls’ department, the shoppers paid little attention to the large box being carried out of the department by two employees in Harrods uniforms. No one heard the screams that could not penetrate the soundproof enclosure.

Although they took place in different time zones throughout the world, the kidnappings were executed at exactly the same moment. The victims had only one thing in common: All were members of the Cahill clan, the most powerful family in human history.
wouldn’t look twice at on the street. Someone in line for coffee, or waiting for a bus, or taking his dog for a walk. What kind of a person, she thought, would throw two children off a bridge like it was all in a day’s work?

They dragged them to the railing. The river was a dark oily channel. The streak of car lights on the road, the lights of the low buildings, the faint sound of a car horn — Amy heard it all with the same strange clarity. Her teeth were chattering. She looked straight up at the luminous sky.

“River,” she said.

The men released their wrists. Amy grabbed Dan’s hand at last. She felt the texture of his skin, his slight fingers. The feel of them made tears sting her eyes. Her baby brother. She couldn’t save him, couldn’t protect him . . . She had spent months and months running, training, lifting weights, and studying martial arts.

And here they were, on this high bridge, with nowhere to turn. They wouldn’t jump without a fight, but she knew they’d lose. They’d be thrown off if they didn’t jump. She’d rather be thrown. She’d rather go down fighting.

The railing was only waist-high. She felt Dan’s hand, tight in hers. She knew he was waiting for her signal.

“C’mon, kiddies, we don’t have all day. Climb over the fence.”

The metal railing was wet and cold. Amy curved her fingers around it. She put her hand over Dan’s. Ears straining, she thought she heard the noise of a car. But it was coming from the direction of the pedestrian walkway.

“Get going!” the man behind her barked. He put his hands on her waist and pushed her roughly up. Amy felt her balance wobble as she hung on to the railing. Panic roared through her as she started to tip over into space.

“Amy!” Dan screamed.

The man tried to tear her hands away from the rail. She didn’t have time to turn and fight, and her balance was off. She couldn’t breathe as he squeezed her around the waist as she kicked, trying to push off the metal railing and send him off balance. It was like trying to unbalance a mountain.

The car engine noise turned from distant to near, and suddenly headlights raked across the bridge. A truck was barreling toward them. A tow truck with a yellow Jeep wheeling crazily behind it.
She had barely registered her shock when she was suddenly flipped over the railing. Amy screamed as the dark river rose up below her. She heard Dan screaming, the squeal of brakes. . .
And someone had her by the ankle.
Dan's face, looking down at her, his mouth open, his eyes wild with terror. He had both hands wrapped around her ankle while the goon behind him had his arm wrapped around Dan's neck. Dan's face was purple.
Screaming, Amy swung in midair.
The black river so far below. Glints of reflected red on its surface. Her own heartbeat in her ears, roaring. . .
Dan's grip loosened. He was losing air, losing her, she was losing, they were losing. . .
Meet the Masterminds Behind the Books!

BRANDON MULL
Brandon Mull is the #1 New York Times bestselling author of the Fablehaven, Beyonders, and Five Kingdoms series. He kicked off the Spirit Animals series with Book One: Wild Born, and will write a short story in the forthcoming collection, Tales of the Great Beasts. As a kid, he had a dog, a cat, a horse, some goldfish (won at a school carnival), and briefly a tarantula (captured in his neighborhood). He now lives in Utah with his wife, four kids, and the family dog. He thinks his spirit animal would be a dolphin.

JAMES DASHNER
James Dashner is the bestselling author of Infinity Ring Book One: A Mutiny in Time, Infinity Ring Book Seven: The Iron Empire and The Maze Runner, which is soon to be a major motion picture. Growing up in Georgia, he lived by a forest, where he’d spend his summer days climbing trees, creating fantasy worlds, and pretending to travel through time. Ironically, this always made him late for dinner and chores. (But he did once save Abe Lincoln from a vicious squirrel.) James now lives and writes in the Rocky Mountains with his wife, four children, and a fridge full of cheese.

RICK RIORDAN
Rick Riordan is best known for his mega-bestselling middle grade series, Percy Jackson and the Olympians. “I think kids want the same thing from a book that adults want—a fast-paced story, characters worth caring about, humor, surprises, and mystery,” says Riordan. Riordan wrote the story arc and kicked off The 39 Clues series with Book One: The Maze of Bones. He also contributed to Book Eleven: Vespers Rising.

GORDON KORMAN
Gordon Korman wrote his first book when he was twelve years old. He sent his manuscript for This Can’t Be Happening at Macdonald Hall to Scholastic, and it was published in 1978 when he was just fourteen. Now Korman is a #1 New York Times bestselling author and has numerous novels to his credit, including Swindle, which was made into a TV movie by Nickelodeon, and The Hypnotists. His The 39 Clues books include Book Two: One False Note, Book Eight: The Emperor’s Code, Book Eleven: Vespers Rising, Cahills vs. Vespers Book One: The Medusa Plot, and the forthcoming Unstoppable Book Four.

JUDE WATSON
Jude Watson is the bestselling author of prequel-era Star Wars books and the winner of a National Book Award for What I Saw and How I Lied (written under Judy Blundell). As Jude Watson, she is also one of the authors of the bestselling The 39 Clues series, writing Book Four: Beyond the Grave, Book Six: In Too Deep, Book Eleven: Vespers Rising, Cahills vs. Vespers Book Two: A King’s Ransom, and Unstoppable Book One: Nowhere to Run, as well as developing the story arc for The 39 Clues: Unstoppable. Her latest middle grade novel, Loot, the story of four kid criminal masterminds, is due out in summer 2014.
See What the Superfans Have to Say!

JoyfulDolphin12
I’ve put this book on my list of books to read! This series seems AWESOME!!!

BasketballLavender7
I’ve been on Infinity Ring since the series started. It is a really awesome website, just like 39 Clues!

CatAmethyst266
I reread the series and now I am sooooo hooked...all I talk about is the 39 clues!

See what all the buzz is about and start the adventure at scholastic.com/worldscollide