Dear Literary Agent,

Sorrel has spent a winter working out how six witches could restore the academy's old boundary garden. Her examiner gives her four-tenths for magic. She gets him to record exactly what his needle measures. It can tell him how much magic she holds inside. Perhaps he'd like to see what she can do with the roots under his floor.

One evening the witches are passing around a mirror that shows who's on their mind when Alban, the prince's brother, comes to return a lamp. He gets as far as the circle before his legs give way. Sorrel catches him as the mirror breaks. By morning she has his storm magic, and he can feel every root she's lost touch with. They have until the full moon to give their gifts back, which means teaching each other to use them without anyone finding out. When a classmate asks about the private lessons, Sorrel tells her they're courting. He plays along so well that she starts noticing when he takes her hand in private, too.

Then a greenhouse freezes from the inside, and the trail of stolen warmth leads Sorrel back to the garden. Something was already drawing power there before Alban fell. A copyist died in a private experiment that same night, hours after she wrote to withdraw from it. Someone filed her death as a collapse at home. Now Sorrel has to find out who wanted Alban in that garden before she and the man she's come to love open the circle again.

THE ACCIDENTAL THEORY OF US is an adult academic fantasy romance, complete at 61,000 words. It will appeal to readers of Heather Fawcett's *Emily Wilde's Encyclopaedia of Faeries* who enjoy seeing scholarly disagreement turn into courtship.

I live in Melbourne, Australia, where I work in IT. I write fantasy under the name Naria Khan. Thank you for considering my work.

Kind regards,
Naria Khan