

Red is an oak tree who is many rings old. Red is the neighborhood “wishtree”—people write their wishes on pieces of cloth and tie them to Red’s branches. Along with a crow named Bongo and other animals who seek refuge in Red’s hollows, this wishtree watches over the neighborhood.

When a new family moves in, not everyone is welcoming, and Red’s experience as a wishtree is more important than ever. With a message of inclusion for dreamers and welcomers, this is a book for our lives and times.

Praise for **WISHTREE**

A New York Times Bestseller

A New York Times Notable Book

A National Public Radio Best Book of the Year

A Publishers Weekly Bestseller

A Washington Post Best Book of the Year

A Chicago Public Library Best Book of the Year

A Publishers Weekly Best Book of the Year

San Francisco Chronicle Gift Guide

Los Angeles Times Gift Guide

“A beautifully written, morally bracing story that will leave its imprint on a reader of any age.”

—The New York Times Book Review

★ *“The simplicity of Newbery Medalist Applegate’s graceful novel contrasts powerfully with the prejudice it confronts . . . It’s a distinctive call for kindness, delivered by an unforgettable narrator.” —Publishers Weekly, starred review*

“Applegate introduces another quiet, resilient protagonist who—like the caged gorilla in The One and Only Ivan . . . and the working-class boy in Crenshaw—speaks movingly to a noisy, fractious world.” —The Washington Post



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It's hard to talk to trees. We're not big on chitchat.

That's not to say we can't do amazing things, things
you'll probably never do.

Cradle downy owlets. Steady flimsy tree forts.
Photosynthesize.

But talk to people? Not so much.

And just try to get a tree to tell a good joke.

Trees do talk to some folks, the ones we know we



can trust. We talk to daredevil squirrels. We talk to hardworking worms. We talk to flashy butterflies and bashful moths.

Birds? They're delightful. Frogs? Grumpy, but good-hearted. Snakes? Terrible gossips.

Trees? Never met a tree I didn't like.

Well, okay. There's that sycamore down at the corner. Yakkity-yakkity-yak, that one.

So do we ever talk to people? Actually *talk*, that most people-y of people skills?

Good question.

Trees have a rather complicated relationship with people, after all. One minute you're hugging us. The next minute you're turning us into tables and tongue depressors.

Perhaps you're wondering why the fact that trees talk wasn't covered in science class, during those *Mother Nature Is Our Friend* lessons.

Don't blame your teachers. They probably don't know that trees can talk. Most people don't.

Nonetheless, if you find yourself standing near

a particularly friendly-looking tree on a particularly lucky-feeling day, it can't hurt to listen up.

Trees can't tell jokes.

But we can certainly tell stories.

And if all you hear is the whisper of leaves, don't worry. Most trees are introverts at heart.

