

One Saturday afternoon, I found myself sitting with my friend Ee Von on miniature plastic seats in the basement of Borders, reading a copy of *Twilight* each. 'I reckon you can write something better than this,' says Ee Von. "I reckon you could edit it," I suggest. This was the beginning of *Fury*. Then the manager of Borders told us to move along cos the parents complained we were blocking the books and scaring the children.

I wanted to write something similar to a Greek tragedy, something with heaps of drama, that was going to head towards a predetermined messy end (with hopefully a murder or two); where the reader can't do much more than enjoy the carnage. All in a modern setting. And I couldn't think of anywhere else where so much angst and emotion was best surmised than inside the world of a highschool.

This naturally leant itself to the subject of bullying. I didn't want to write a moral lesson or a teaching aid, I wanted to play with the idea of a story where every single character, from a certain angle, was a bully including the narrator themselves. I thought there was plenty of tweenie-chick lit, bit lit, fantasy, sci-fi and adventure out there already – I wanted to write something that was drama-orientated with a twist of murder. Like the bastard child of *Desperate Housewives* and Faulkner's *Absalom! Absalom!* That was the inspiration behind *Fury*.

Over the next three months I would write the manuscript and Ee Von would spend the following three months beta-ing it. She drove me nuts. I did some research and decided on a publisher. I decided to include a box of chocolates as a bribe. We sat back and I waited patiently for the first rejection slip to arrive...

But I didn't get a rejection slip. I got a book deal. W.T.F.