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If someone had told Alice Bell that her whole life would change course between one heartbeat and another, she would have laughed. But that's all it took. One heartbeat. Wink, breath, second, and everything she knew and loved is gone. Her father was right. Monsters are real. In order to avenge her family, Ali must learn to fight the undead. In order to survive, she has to learn to trust the most adest bad boys, Cole Holland. But Cole has his own secrets, and if Ali isn't careful, those secrets may prove more dangerous than zombies. The White Rabbit Chronicles is a series of novels by bestselling author Gen Showalter. The novels take elements of Alice's Story in Wonderland and steer them toward interesting and unexpected directions. + The Story The White Rabbit Chronicles are more paranormal/romance than fairy tale, mostly deviating from the original story to explore a world that is largely rooted in the young adult genre. At the heart of the White Rabbt Chronicles story is Alice Bell. When she loses everything she has ever loved, her world took a strange turn when she hit Cole Holland, a boy as bad as they come and the leader of a crew of zombie killers. Handsome and attracting admirers in spade, Cole has eyes only for Alice, and not just because of the strange fate that unites, or glimpses of doom, darkness and even love that still catch on about the future. White Rabbit Chronicles is full of action, adventure and dangerous secrets. War boils over, a conflict that will test the relationships and friendships that surround Alice Bell. Author Gena Showalter is an American author born in Oklahoma in 1975. Primarily known for working within romance, paranormal and young adult genres, Gena sold his first book at the age of 27. Since then, she has published a number of novels, attracting interest from a wide range of readers. Known for series such as Otherworld Assassins, Intertwined, Lords of the Underworld and Alien Huntress, Gena's novels have been translated into various foreign languages, with many critics praising her work for being so addictive and charming. She is the kind of star whose light has only continued to shine brighter with the passage of time. + Alice in Zombieland Alice never thought that her life could change so drastically, not during a single heartbeat. But that's exactly what happened, as her bliss turned to tragedy, her innocence disappearing forever. In one moment, she lost everything she cares about, everyone she loved, and she learned all too late that her father was right: monsters are real. Determined to avenge her family, Alice decided she had to learn to fight. In order for Alice to succeed in her quest to send every walking corpse back to her grave, she'll have to trust Cole Holland, the unluckiest of the bad boys. But Cole isn't everything. it seems that; And if you're not careful, his secrets may prove to be a far more dangerous threat than the undead. Whether you like Alice in Zombieland or not will depend largely on your expectations. Many readers expressed disappointment over the first novel in Gena Showalter's White Rabbit Chronicle, mainly because they expected a dark retelling of Alice's Story in Wonderland (with zombies), but instead read a high school melodrama that has little connection to Alice's original story. When Alice experiences tragedy, her family dies in a car accident and her father is one zombie, she is enrolled in a new school. Already suspicious of the strange behavior of the students around her, Alice's attention is immediately drawn to Cole, a badass yet secretive boy, leading to a fairly predictable series of events, from the love triangle to Alice's discovery of her special gifts and a litany of other obvious young adult elements. While there are elements of Alice in Wonderland, they are largely forced into the story and too late a stage really does matter. Ignoring inconsequential details such as the white rabbit, Alice in Zombieland is not the book she promises readers it will be. And while Gena can't be blamed for falsely advertising her work (she can't help that so many readers jumped to certain conclusions after seeing the title of her book), Alice in Zombieland is bound to disappoint a lot of people. Cole is a typical young adult alpha male. Alice is a decent heroine, though she brings little to the table, often too quickly to put up Cole's demands. It is true that for those people with a special interest in the young adult genre, this novel undoubtedly brings a lot of charm to the table. The story is well paced and zombies make for very interested reading, more ghosts determined to consume the souls of their victims than rotting corpses starving for the human body. Along with Gena's creative approach to the supernatural, there is a lot of humor in this novel, funny characters and funny chapter titles only add to the hilarity of the story as a whole. You could argue that Gena could have gone with a better title than Alice in Zombieland. + Through Zombie Glass There are zombies roaming the world, and these zombies hungry for souls over everything else. Alice lost everything that ever sounded to her; her home, her friends, her family. And now she's going to be expected to give even more. After the zombie attack, strange things start to happen to Alice. Mirrors about coming to life and whispering about dangerous things to come. Worse still, there's darkness in it that makes her do the worst things. At a time when she needs them most, her friend Cole and his crew of zombie killers will withdraw from her. Now, only with Kat, her best friend, by her side, will face zombies and reveal Secrets. He cannot afford to fail in a single role, not with doom looming over the horizon. In a second novel in Genoa's White Rabbit Chronicles, she raises the stakes, writing a book that manages to improve on the mistakes of the first. Through Zombie Glass has a bit of everything from action to intrigue, drama and romance. The novel is also very intense. Admittedly, readers who weren't particularly impressed by Alice in Zombieland won't find the sequel particularly appealing. Through the title, through zombie glass is trying to establish a connection between his zombie story and the original Story of Alice in Wonderland. And anyone looking for a twisted take on 'Through the Looking Glass' will be disappointed. Fans of the young adult genre, on the other hand, will have this book that takes everything with the first book of work and doubles. Book series in order »Characters » White Rabbit Chronicles She will not rest until she has sent every walking corp... Page 11 Down zombie hole six months ago Please Alice. Please. I lay sprawling on a blanket in my backyard, weaving daisy chains for my little sister. The sun shone brightly as puffy white clouds haunted through the endless expanse of baby blue. As I breathed in thick honeysuckle and lavender perfume from the Alabama summer, I could make out a few shapes. Long, leggy caterpillar. A butterfly with one of its wing quarrels. A fat white rabbit, flowing towards a tree. Eight-year-old Emma danced around me. She wore a shimmering pink ballerina costume, her braids bouncing with her every move. She was a miniature version of our mother and the complete opposite of me. Both had slippery fall dark hair and beautifully slicked golden eyes. Mum was short, barely over five to three, and I wasn't sure Em would even make it to five-one. Me? I had wavy white-blond hair, big blue eyes and legs that stretched for miles. At five to ten, I was taller than most boys in my school and always stood out-I couldn't go anywhere without getting a few what-are-you-a-giraffe? Stares. The boys never showed any interest in me, but I couldn't count the number of times I caught one drooping over my mom as she walked, or-gag-heard one whistle when she bent down to pick something up. Al-less. By my side now, Em stomped her slippery leg in pursuit of my attention. Are you even listening to me? Honey, we've been through this a thousand times. Your recital can start when it's sunny, but it ends up in the dark. You know dad's never going to let us leave the house, and mom agreed to sign you to the program, as long as you swear you're never going to put out a tantrum when you couldn't do training or something? Recital. She stepped on me and planted those bleak pink slippers on my shoulders, hers body throwing a large enough shadow to protect my face from glare over my head. It became everything I saw, shimmering gold begging for me. It's your birthday today and I know, I know, I forgot this morning... and this afternoon ... but last week I remembered that it would come-remember how I told my mom, right?-and now I remembered again, so doesn't that count for something? Of course I did, she added, before I could say anything. Daddy has to do what you ask. So, if you ask him to let us go, and ... A... so much eager in its tone ... and ask if he will come and look at me too, then he will. My birthday. Yes. My parents forgot, too. Again. Unlike Em, they didn't remember-and won't. Last year, my dad was a little too busy throwing back shots of single malt and mumbling about monsters only he could see and my mom was a little too busy cleaning up his mess. As always. This year, mom had hidden notes in drawers to remind he (I found them), and as Em claimed, my baby sis even hinted before the apartment out saying, Hey, Alice's birthday is coming up and I think she deserves a party! but I woke up this morning to the same old same old. Nothing has changed. What. I was a year older, finally sweet sixteen, but my life was still the same. Honestly, it's nothing. I stopped taking care of it a long time ago. Em, though, she cared. She wanted what I never had: their undivided attention. Since my birthday today, shouldn't you be doing something for me? I asked, hoping to tease her into oblivion about her first ballet performance and the princess role she liked to say she was born to play. She fists her hands on her hips, all the innocence and outrage and, well, my favorite thing in the whole world. Hello! Letting you do this for me is my gift to you. I tried not to laugh. Isn't that right? yes, because I know you want to watch me so much that you're practically foaming at the mouth. Brother. But how could I really argue with her logic. I wanted to look at her. I remember the night Emma was born. A wild mixture of fear and euphoria brought memory into my mind. Just as my parents did with me, they decided to use a midwife who made home calls so that when the big moment came, mom didn't have to leave home. But even that plan failed. The sun had already set by the time her contractions began and my father refused to open the door to the midwife, too afraid the monster would follow her in So, dad delivered Emma while my mom almost screamed us all to death. I had hidden under covers, crying and shaking because I was so scared. When everything finally calmed down, I sneaked into their bedroom to make sure everyone survived. Father arrested while mom was living on the bed. The tentative steps took me to the edge, and to be honest, I breathed a sigh of horror. Little Emma wasn't attractive. She was red and wrinkled, with the saddest dark hair on her ears. (I'm glad the hair has been shed ever since.) My mom was smiling when she waved to me to hold on to my new best friend. I settled next to her, pillows smoud behind me, and she would place a wigly bundle in her arms. Eyes so beautiful that they could only be created by God who looked at me, pink lips wrinkled and small fists waving. How should we name her? Mom asked. When short, chubby fingers had wrapped around one of mine, skiny and warm. I decided that the hair on my ears wasn't such a terrible thing, after all. Lily, I answered. We should name her Lily. I had a book about flowers, and lye were my favorite. My mom's soft laughter was oversayed on me. I like it. What about Emmaline Lily Bell, since Nana's name is Emmaline, and it would be nice to honor my mother the way we honored your father when you were born. We can call our little prodigy Emma short, and the three of us will share a wonderful secret. You're my Alice Rose, and she's my Emma Lily, and you two are my perfect bouquet. I didn't need time to think about it, all right. Make a deal! Emma laughed, and I took it as approval. Alice Rose, emma said now. You got lost in your head again when I never needed you again. All right, fine, I said sigh. I couldn't deny it. He never did, never should. But I don't talk to my father. I'm talking to my mom, and I'm doing her to talk to him. The first spark of hope was ignited. Really? Yes, really. A beaming smile blossomed and her jumping began again. Please, Alice. You need to talk to her. I don't want to be late, and if dad agrees, we're going to have to leave soon so I can warm up on stage with the other girls. Please. Nooov. I sat down and placed a seater around my neck. You know the probability of success is pretty low, right? Cardinal rule in the Bell household: you didn't leave the house if you couldn't go back before dark. Here, dad worked up reinforcements against the monsters, ensuring none of them could get in after dark he stayed put. Everyone in a big bad world was without any kind of protection and for an open season. My father's paranoia and delusions caused me to miss a lot of school activities and countless sporting events. I've never even been on a date. Yes, I could have gone to a weekend lunch and other stupid lying things like that, but honestly? I had no desire for a friend. I never wanted to explain that my father is certified, or sometimes locked us in a special basement, which he built as an added protection from a boogeyman that did not exist, yes, just peach. Em threw her arms around me. You can do it, I know you can. You can do anything! Her faith in me ... so humbling. I'll do my best. : Best of all- Oh, ick! Face scrunched with horror, she jumped as far away from me as she could get. You're all thick and wet, and you've made me rough and wet. I laughed, I threw myself at her. Squeak and dare. I'd have tossed the hose about half an hour ago, hoping to cool down. Not that I told her. Fun sibling torture, and all that. Stay here, okay? Mom would say something that would hurt her feelings, and I'd say something to make her feel bad when she asked me to, and she'd cry. I hated crying. Sure, she said, palms he in a gesture of innocence. It's like buying that same certainty. She planned to follow me and listen, without a doubt. The girl was so erratic. Promise me. I can't believe you doubted me. A light hand was pushed over her heart. That hurts, Alice. It really hurts. First, big congratulations. Your acting has improved significantly, I said to applause. Secondly, say the words, or I will return to work on a tan that I will never achieve. Grinning, she rose to her feet, reached out her arms and slowly spun on one leg. The sun chose that moment to throw away the amber beam, creating the perfect spotlight for her perfect pirouette. Okay, good. Promise. Am I happy now? Sublimely. She may be erratic, but she never broke a promise. Give me a pretend I know what that means. It means - oh, never mind. I stopped and I knew. I am going. With all the enthusiasm of firing a squad candidate, I stood and turned to our house, a two-story my father built in the prime of his building days, with brown brick at the bottom and brown-and-white-striped wood on top. Kind of boxes, amazingly mediocre and absolute, 100 percent forgetful. But then, that's what he went for, he said. My flip-flops clapped to the ground and formed a mantra in my head. no-. Fail. no-. Fail. Eventually I stood at the glass door that led into our kitchen and saw my mum, busting from sink to stove and back. I followed her, i was a little sick to my stomach. by Gena Showalter / Romance / Paranormal / Young Adult have a rating of 4 out of 5 / Based on32 votes

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