

*Who knew a boy without a voice
could cause so much trouble*



JORDON GREENE

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www.JordonGreene.com





Press Release

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

www.FranklinKerr.com

Every Word You Never Said, Jordon Greene’s Next YA Novel, to Release April 26, 2022

KANNAPOLIS, N.C. (September 19, 2021) – Franklin/Kerr Press is pleased to announce the coming release of award-winning and Amazon bestselling author Jordon Greene’s junior young adult novel, “Every Word You Never Said” under our imprint F/K Teen.

“Every Word You Never Said” releases April 26, 2022 in paperback, hardback and eBook formats, and is available for pre-order on Amazon. The paperback version will be available at \$14.99 and the hardback will be available for \$21.99, both from most major online retailers. The eBook will be available on Amazon Kindle for \$4.99.

ABOUT JORDON GREENE

Jordon Greene grew up in a small southern town in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains just south of Boone, North Carolina. He is an alumni of the University of North Carolina at Charlotte with a B.S. in Political Science he’ll never use, and works at the nation’s largest privately owned shoe retailer as a full-stack web developer to pay off all that student debt. While not writing, Jordon spends most his time entertaining his cats, Genji and Mercy, watching Schitt’s Creek and Parks and Recreation re-runs, and acting like he’s any good at Overwatch. He currently lives in Kannapolis, NC.

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For more information about “Every Word You Never Said,” or to schedule an interview please call Caleb at 704-659-3915 or e-mail Caleb at caleb@franklinkerr.com.

Jordon Greene



Author Bio

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Facts

- Born December 4, 1987
- Grew up in the NC foothills.
- Lives in Kannapolis, North Carolina.
- BA in Political Science from the University of North Carolina at Charlotte (2011).
- Senior Full-Stack Web Developer at SHOE SHOW, INC headquarters.
- Amazon bestselling author of *A Mark on My Soul* and *Watching for Comets*.
- Came out as gay in 2018 at the age of 30.
- **Favorite Movies:** *Star Trek*, *John Wick*, *The Dark Knight*, *The Strangers: Prey at Night*, *Love, Simon*, and *Handsome Devil*.
- **Favorite TV:** *Schitt's Creek*, *Parks and Recreation*, *Wanda Vision*, *Jupiter Rising*, *Love, Victor*, *The Office*, and *The Magicians*.
- **Favorite Music:** nothing,nowhere., Anson Seabra, Bad Omens, Troye Sivan, Sara Keys, NF, K.Flax, Tate McRae, Salem Ilese, Julia Michaels, and MISSIO.

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Favorite Books

The Song of Achilles by Madeline Miller
History is All You Left Me by Adam Silvera
They Both Die in the End by Adam Silvera
Jurassic Park by Michael Crichton
Looking for Alaska by John Green
Sigma Force series by James Rollins
The Young Elites trilogy by Marie Lu
The Maze Runner books by James Dashner



Synopsis

Jacob Walters's dad has worked to make his son's life a living hell. But when the cute new transfer student suffers his father's wrath, Jacob must make the hardest decisions of his life.

Skylar Gray is adopted, nonverbal, and he feels most comfortable wearing skirts. Life has never been easy, but with a fresh start at a brand-new school, with new parents and in a new state, he just might finally make some friends. Maybe. Honestly it's hard to focus on anything when gorgeous rocker boy Jacob is around. But it's hard for Skylar to trust anyone when people have always been quick to ditch him at the first inconvenience; they always seem more than ready to judge him as defective. And the bullies love to confirm it. Skylar has only ever had himself, so why would anything be different this time? Especially for an anxious boy with literally no voice.

Jacob doesn't give a damn, especially not since he came out over the summer. He expected the hate he got from his father, who mostly acts as if it never happened, but he refuses to let it hold him back. It doesn't matter, Jacob's over it. He's going to paint his nails, dye his hair, and strike a heavy rift on his guitar if he wants to, even if it means being grounded most of senior year. But when the cute nonverbal transfer student, Skylar, wears a skirt to school, prompting a sexist new dress code proposal, Jacob decides it's time to take a stand, no matter the risk to himself.

TW: Homophobia, Bullying, Sexism, Ableism, Sexual Assault

Book Info

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Book Excerpt

New beginnings. I'm so over them.

I swear they're overrated, and I promise you they never end up better than how the last one ended. With each change of scenery, each relocation and *chance at a new start*, comes the quick, inevitable fall back to my reality.

"I believe we have you all set, Skylar." My new guidance counselor, Mrs. Alderman, smiles warmly. It's the type of smile that's meant to be welcoming and calm but actually says *good luck on your own*. It's nothing new, changing schools has become something of a ritual, and they're all the same.

She turns her pale-green eyes and plump cheeks to Mr. and Mrs. Gray, I mean my, uh, new parents. "We'll be sure to notify his teachers of his disa—"

And there's fall number one.

She stops and coughs into a closed fist. Just say it, for God's sake. Come on! My *disability*.

"That Skylar is nonverbal," she corrects, eying me timidly before straightening.

I don't move, but I peek at Mrs. Gray out of the corner of my eye. She's smiling forgivingly, small hands clasped with my adoptive dad, who just let out a little huff. They were so nervous this morning, and from the looks of it, they still are.

It hasn't been a full week since I moved in and became Skylar *Gray* instead of Skylar *Rice*. That's another thing that's going to take some time to get used to. And now we're sitting in the office at the local high school, A.L. Brown, where Mr. Gray said he graduated forever ago, registering me for classes.

"I'm sorry, Skylar," Mrs. Alderman says as she nods.

I grin and start typing on my phone. When I hit play a male British version of Siri replies for me, "It's okay."

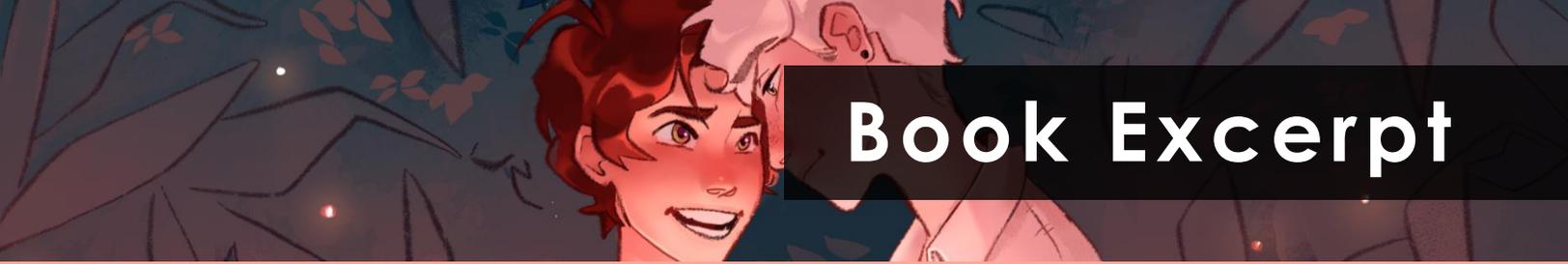
I literally can't talk. It's my "disability". Long story short, I got laryngitis when I was like five and it screwed up my vocal cords. So yeah, I can't. At all. Like nothing comes out of my mouth except incoherent noises and air. My phone *is* my voice.

Her shoulders relax and she types something out of view. The printer whirs to life and I end up with a piece of paper in my hands, my class schedule.

"Do you have any questions?" she asks.

I purse my lips and shake my head, which earns me an unruly strand of hair over my eye. I push it to the side. Even if I did have a question, I'd say no. It's annoying having to "talk" most of

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Book Excerpt

the time, so I avoid it when I can.

“What about your parents?” Mrs. Alderman turns to Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and I give them a small grin to let them know I’m good.

They’re pretty great—so far, at least. I’m still getting to know them. But they’re already *so* much better than any of my foster parents, or anyone I’ve dealt with in the children’s homes over the past like eight years or whatever. I think I like them. But I still can’t rid this nagging feeling that it’s going to click one day they’ve adopted a defective son and I’ll find myself back in Vermont’s foster care system instead of this suburban North Carolina town. Or would they just throw me in the system here?

Like this morning, I almost put on one of my skirts instead of these black shorts, but I didn’t. Mr. and Mrs. Gray say they don’t mind, but I don’t want to push it yet. Plus the only two I own I snuck and bought a few years ago, and they’re suddenly much too short, like halfway up my thigh short.

“I think you covered our concerns,” Mr. Gray—or Bob, he did tell me to call him Bob if I couldn’t call him Dad yet—says.

They had a whole-ass list, from how the school would work with me in the classroom to how bullies are dealt with, and on and on. And Mrs. Alderman answered each with practiced ease.

“I think we’re all done here then. We’ll be sure to make Skylar at home here at Brown, I promise.” Mrs. Alderman stands and extends her hand toward her office door. “I’ll walk you out and have a student show Skylar around before he goes to class. Skylar, you can wait here.”

“Have a good one, champ.” Bob squeezes my arm just as Mrs. Gray—Kimberly—hugs me. It’s still sort of weird, the whole hugging thing, but I let her. I think she’s about to cry.

“If you need anything, text us,” she says.

And I’m glad she stops there. I’m fifteen, going on sixteen. And sure, I might be short, but I’m not a kindergartener starting my first-ever day of school. I’m a sophomore, and I know I’ve dealt with more bullies and shiteheads than either of them.

I nod anyway, just for her, and apparently it’s enough. She lets Mrs. Alderman lead her into the main office and the door closes on its own as a bell rings. A few minutes later the door nudges open again.

“Skylar,” the counselor says, waving me out. There’s no point in wasting time, they’re going to make me go to class eventually, so I throw my pack over my shoulder and follow. “Skylar, this is

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Book Excerpt

Jacob. Jacob, Skylar.”

“Hey.” He dips his head and his hair bounces above bright green eyes. That hair! It’s pure white. Angelic, except he fell from heaven and started a punk rock band.

I nod back, fighting against every instinct to bite at my lip. He’s *so* beautiful.

“Skylar just transferred. I need you to show him around the school and help him find his classes. Make him feel at home,” Mrs. Alderman explains, which gets his eyes off me finally. I cough out a breath and catch his fingers fidgeting with the hem of his unbuttoned green flannel layered over a black tee. His nails are black. When Mrs. Alderman looks up from her watch and hands Jacob a slip of paper, I look away, landing on a much less interesting beige printer. “Here’s your hall pass. You should have plenty of time before the end of the period. Oh, and Skylar can’t speak.”

“I’d be at a loss for words if I transferred here too.” Jacob grins at his own joke.

“Uh...” Mrs. Alderman seems speechless. She looks between us, then grins at him in a way that says *please shut up*. “He’s nonverbal, he *can’t* speak. Skylar talks through his phone.”

“Oh. Like dumb?” Jacob flinches, I swear it, but rebounds quickly. “I mean... Uh... Cool, um...okay.”

“No, as in he cannot *verbally* speak.” Mrs. Alderman is visibly disappointed. I think she’s about to say something else but looks at me instead with apology written all over her face.

“That’s what I meant, like...never mind.” Jacob stops talking. Instead, he nods, his cute—sort of stupid—pale lips pressed tightly together.

It’s nothing I haven’t heard before. And I’m sure it won’t be the worst.

“All right.” Mrs. Alderman forces a grin. “We’re glad to have you here, Skylar. I’ll let Jacob show you around now.”

With that she nods to Jacob, eyes flaring, and disappears into her office. I drag my gaze up to meet his unfortunately beautiful eyes and paint an expectant grin across my face. He’s just standing there looking at me. Then I guess it clicks.

“Right! Tour!” Jacob shakes it off. His voice raises multiple levels and he waves for me to follow. “Come with me.”

I sigh and type furiously on my phone. “Not deaf. I can hear you.”

“Oh, right.” He pooches his lips, eyes darting away. “So, uh, let’s go?”
This is going to be a long day.

Q: Where are you from, and where do you live now?

A: I was born in Beaufort, SC while my dad served in the US Marine Corps, but our family moved back to their original hometown of Lenoir, NC, located in the foothills when I was around three, so I grew up there. After graduating high school, I attended the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, and then ended up moving permanently to Kannapolis, NC shortly after taking my current job at the SHOE SHOW, INC. headquarters as a full-stack web developer.

Q: How long have you been writing? How did you start writing?

A: I've been writing since middle school, but I didn't publish anything until I started my first thriller in 2012. I've always enjoyed writing, but it was a writing competition my fifth-grade year with a friend that got the ball rolling. I didn't even write the story, I illustrated it (which I suck at now by the way), but something about it got me wanting to write. I just never stopped.

Q: What is your writing process?

A: Plan, plan, and perhaps a little more planning. I outline everything. The thought of sitting down with an idea and writing from page one without a complete outline, or even skipping around without a solid plan scares the hell out of me. Basically I get an idea, write a blurb, detail my characters and create a step-by-step timeline of events. Then, after all of that's done and I'm happy with it, I begin writing.

Q: What do you find to be the most difficult part of the writing process?

A: I feel like the answer to this changes depending on what part of the writing process I'm currently in. Editing is always hard because I feel like I could make changes every time I read my work. But, I'd probably have to go with writing a synopsis or blurb for the book. It's so hard for me to step back and summarize what I've wrote in 90,000 to 120,000 words into 100 to 200 instead.

Q: Who is your favorite author?

A: I'm not sure it's possible to have just one, and it also depends on the genre. My favorites are Adam Silvera and Marie Lu in young adult literature, James Rollins and Michael Crichton for technothrillers and Dean Koontz for a good thriller or horror story.

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Q: Where are your books set? Why?

A: Most of my books are set close to home. So you'll find a lot of North Carolina involved. I like the idea of writing about places I know, and I have to admit it's cool to me being able to walk into a building or drive down a street and think "Hey, Tyler and Kallie came to this same place after she got off work that one time in my story." Plus, I don't think North Carolina gets enough recognition in literature or movies, so that's my little contribution. *Every Word You Never Said* is based in Kannapolis, NC where I live now.

Q: Are your characters based on real people?

A: Some are pieces of many different people. Of course, you'll also find bits of me in some of my characters. Oftentimes it's trivial little things, maybe memories or qualities, even issues I need to work on and the negative I see in myself, that show up.

Q: Where do the ideas for your books come from?

A: There's not really one source, but I do get a lot of inspiration from the music I listen to. For instance, *Every Word You Never Said* is a line from my all-time favorite song *nevermore* by *nothing,nowhere.*, and the song itself inspired the entire book.

Q: Do you do school visits?

A: I do! However, I work a full-time job so my availability is limited and depending on the location I may require some compensation. However, I try my best to do school visits without charge to support reading programs in our schools.

Downloadable Media



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