



DIAMOND KAHN & WOODS
LITERARY AGENCY

Spring Rights Guide 2020

Diamond Kahn & Woods Literary Agency
Top Floor, 66 Onslow Gardens
London N10 3JX

Tel: +44 (0)203 514 6544

bryony@dkwlitagency.co.uk | ella@dkwlitagency.co.uk
rights@dkwlitagency.co.uk



Media rights represented by:
JAB Management
Tel: +44 (0)7929 951 704
info@jabmanagement.co.uk





DANIEL AUBREY

Daniel's writing career began after university, when he packed everything he owned into an old Nissan Sunny and moved to Catalonia. He started out working for a local newspaper, writing varied and often bizarre stories on everything from "baccy runs" on the Costa Brava to an interview with Barcelona's "official" exorcist.

After moving to Hong Kong to write for the Press Association, he returned to the UK and – in a bid to cleanse his soul – switched to a career in healthcare, but the desire to write remained. He completed the Riff Raff mentorship programme and helped to set up the Virtual Writing Group on Twitter (@virtwriting) to connect with and support other writers.

DO NO HARM by Daniel Aubrey

Status: On UK submission, Full MS available

Genre: Speculative Thriller

Rights Available: All

Take the drug, live forever. What's the catch?

Fourteen years ago, journalist Noah Huxley took Telo: a miracle cure for ageing that promises potential immortality and perpetual youth. But on the very same day he took it, the drug's creator and the love of Noah's life - Rachel - walked out on him for good. Noah never understood why, until now.

When he films a van crashing through the Christmas market in Heidelberg, he has no clue that the identity of the driver somehow links back to a dark and deadly conspiracy behind Telo, one Rachel may have been killed to protect. He posts an image of the attack on social media...

24 hours later he is running for his life, desperately trying to find Rachel, and being hunted by a man who will stop at nothing to hide the truth.

“Like plugging into the mains: an **addictive** speculative thriller in a **dark, detailed and unnervingly plausible** world. Conspiracies, love, and big secrets to unfurl – Daniel’s punchy writing and *Do No Harm*’s twists and turns will have you locked in, guessing to the end and **desperate for more to come.**”

– Nick Clark Windo, author of *THE FEED*

Extract:

Rachel always used to say she had a dream for us; she promised we'd never grow old, we'd never get sick, we'd never have to watch on as one or the other of us lost our minds or wasted away in one of the billion cruel and degrading ways old age destroys people. That would never be our fate, she said. She'd make sure of it.

I guess, in a way, she was right.

A year from now, most of the people standing around us will be the exact same biological age as they are in this moment. We'll never waste away, just like Rachel promised. The drug she helped to create - Telo - changed everything, and since its widespread release seven years ago most of the planet has been able to take a cure, free of charge, that has stopped them from growing old. That cure was supposed to be the culmination of her dream, the start of us being together forever - and I mean forever forever, not the way people used to mean it when there was no such thing. So when I said the university was the reason I lived here, that wasn't strictly true. The reason I came to Germany, the reason I was one of the first in the world to take Telo, the only reason I ever did anything back then, was her.

Then, fourteen years ago, on the exact same day human testing of Telo began and she and I were supposed to be among the first people ever to take it, Rachel decided that wasn't the dream she had for us anymore, and she walked out of my life for good.





AMBER CREWE

Amber has worked as a Toy Demonstrator at Hamleys, Visitor Guide at the London Eye, Audience Researcher on the X Factor, Phone Producer at Classic FM and a Travel Broadcaster on various London radio stations. None of these jobs quite fit, so in 2009 Amber quit her latest job in PR and went to do her MA in Creative Writing at Birkbeck College whilst also working as a children's bookseller for Waterstones. Under a different name, she has

published two YA novels with Andersen Press in 2015 and 2016.

Adult Virgins Anonymous is Amber's first novel for adult readers.

ADULT VIRGINS ANONYMOUS by Amber Crewe

UK Publisher: Hodder & Stoughton (UK & Comm, ex. Canada), August 2020

Genre: Romantic Comedy

Rights Available: US, Translation, Dramatisation

Are you still a virgin?

Want to talk about it in a safe space?

Meetings every other Tuesday.

You're not alone.

Kate Mundy's life is not going to plan. Nearing thirty, she's been made redundant from her job, her oldest friends have quietly left her behind, and she can barely even admit her biggest secret: she's never even been on a date.

Freddie Weir has spent most of his twenties struggling with severe OCD and anxiety, and now his only social interactions consist of comic book signings and fending off intrusive questions from his weird flatmate Damian. There's no way Freddie could ever ask a girl out. Is there?

A self-help group for self-confessed adult virgins is the last place either expect to find love...

ADULT VIRGINS ANONYMOUS is the heartwarming and uplifting fiction debut from Amber Crewe.

Extract:

Freddie's eyes fell on a nearby cork board, and seeing as Carmen didn't seem to be hurrying back to him, he wandered over to see what was going on. There was a poster for the Rocking Horse's monthly karaoke night, and a couple of those posters with tabs at the bottom, some already torn off, advertising English language tutoring and guitar lessons. Then a few boring business cards, a couple of less boring ones hinting at some adult services, and finally a pink notecard, the kind Freddie used to use when he was revising for exams, with a title that hit him like a punch to the gut.

ADULT VIRGINS ANONYMOUS

He looked around him. Was this a joke? Had his friends done this? Or Damien somehow? No, Baz and Wayne didn't have any idea, couldn't possibly, as they'd never talked about this kind of thing before. Their chat was strictly nerd-orientated, always. Damien then? They didn't talk about this kind of stuff either, but was it possible that somewhere down the line, in the process of living together, that Damien had figured it out? No, even if there was the chance he had, Damien didn't know about this pub, and had no idea that Freddie would be here at this exact time and place to see this.

Are you still a virgin?

Want to talk about it in a safe space?

Meetings every other Tuesday.

This was ludicrous. A practical joke. Maybe in the future time travel was a thing, and some stupid future Freddie had come back in time to plant this pink notecard, knowing that he'd be here, knowing that it would fuck him up to high heaven. That must be it. There was no other rational explanation.

You're not alone.

That was the bit that got him. The bit that made his stomach attempt to twist inside out, made the back of his neck sweat, made him look around nervously to check for the secret cameras. Because Freddie had always been alone. Presumed that he was always going to be alone. Couldn't possibly entertain the thought of anything being otherwise. He was the last virgin left in the entire world, and it was his deepest, most shameful secret.

Freddie heard some movement behind the door, and figured that Carmen must be making her way back. After checking over his shoulder one more time, Freddie pulled his phone out of his pocket and snapped a quick picture of the card.





SHARON GOSLING

Sharon started off as an entertainment journalist, writing magazine articles and books about science fiction television shows. Since then she has written, produced and directed audio dramas, written numerous children's books for MG and YA readers, and has produced many film and TV tie-in titles.

Sharon and her husband live in a very remote village in northern Cumbria, surrounded by fells, sheep, and a host of lovely neighbours who will one day make very good characters in their own book. *The Fishergirl's Luck* is her first novel for adult readers.

THE FISHERGIRL'S LUCK by Sharon Gosling

Status: Full MS due for submission May 2020

Genre: Commercial Women's Fiction

Rights Available: All

A heartbroken chef without a kitchen.

A village in the shadow of a cliff threatening to fall.

A tiny stone shed clinging to a wild and lonely shore.

When Anna arrives in Crovie, she immediately thinks she's made a terrible mistake. After twenty years of standing in the shadow of ex-boyfriend Geoff's ascending star she needs a fresh start, but why did she think she could find that here, in a home the size of a shoebox in a place she has no roots? Yet as Anna begins to learn the coast and its people, something in her she'd thought she'd lost reawakens. It's not just about re-discovering her love of cooking and the surprising popularity of her mini pop-up lunch club, either. There's the happy-go-lucky Kiwi who's going home at the end of the season. There's the tragic handsome widower (and his dolphin-obsessed son) whom Anna is definitely never going to think about in that way ever. There's the group of firm friends who welcome her with open arms.

Perhaps, after all, Anna's tiny home can be lucky for more than just the herring lassie who first lived there. As long as nothing happens to disturb Anna's fragile new beginning...

Extract:

Then, before her, there it was. The Fishergirl's Luck. If Anna were to be honest, it was the name that had caught her attention as much as the setting. It was painted on a small letterbox to the left of the door, below the single square window. The door itself was painted a cornflower blue that matched the sky above the small building's roof, a cheery colour despite the fact that it was beginning to peel slightly in the strong salt wind.

Anna's nausea returned as she stared at her new front door. The For Sale posting had featured photographs of the interior, but right now all she could remember of them was a tiny wooden staircase leading to an attic room just big enough for a single bed, and a sense of colour and cosiness that she should have realised would have been down to the previous owner, not the building itself. Looking at the dimensions of the place, it couldn't be more than one room downstairs. It really was a shed – it must have been converted from something originally built as storage.

Anna tried not to panic. It had water and electricity. It had a shower, for goodness's sake, it wasn't a hovel. Just because from the outside it looked like a shack didn't mean it would be one inside. The peeling paint of the door meant nothing. She'd just got used to living in showhomes: apartments with space and taste but no character.

Steeling herself, she rapped on the door, hard. The letter the estate agent had enclosed from the seller had told her he'd meet her here to hand over the key. It wasn't an arrangement that would have happened in London, but then this wasn't London and besides, Anna herself had no previous first-hand experience of house buying. That had always been Geoff's department, just as the places she'd followed him to over the past two decades had always been his choices, steadily growing more opulent as his star had ascended but never expanding enough to make more room for her than one side of the wardrobe, one side of the bathroom sink.





NATALIE HART

As a teenager Natalie worked in her local independent bookshop in East Sussex. She still can't believe that someone actually paid her to drink tea and talk about books.

Natalie has a BA in Arabic and Spanish from the University of Cambridge and recently completed a distance learning MA in Creative Writing at the University of Lancaster. Her debut novel, *Pieces of Me*, was shortlisted for the Costa First Novel Award.

MEDUSA FEVER by Natalie Hart

Status: Full MS due for submission summer 2020

Genre: Upmarket Psychological Fiction

Rights Available: All

In the haze of a heatwave, reality becomes blurred.

After her brother takes his own life, the normally unadventurous Arizona struggles to come to terms with his unexpected death. She travels to Barcelona, far from her London home and in the middle of a heatwave, to try and work out what went wrong.

In the sweltering city, Arizona painstakingly re-creates her brother's life there, searching for answers by immersing herself in his routines, his relationships, and even his apartment. She is captivated by Maria, his spontaneous and creative lover, and comforted by Zara, a graduate student she thought was her brother's friend.

But Thomas's death is not the only question pulling her in. As the lines between Arizona's own life and her brother's begin to blur and tangle, she becomes consumed by counting the growing number of strange blue jellyfish – medusa – washing up on Barcelona's beaches. A mysterious figure she meets by the sea warns her that the medusa are a sign of a more ominous problem, but, with only the heatwave on their minds, no-one else in the city seems to be heeding the warning.

As Arizona succumbs to the medusa fever of the Barcelona summer, will her obsessive quest for answers about her brother's death mean losing her own grip on reality, or can she navigate her way through the knotted tendrils of darkness to the truth?

Extract:

Did you see the jellyfish lying on the beach, Thomas? Did you count them too, the way we used to?

One. Two.

They look so fragile stranded on the sand. Their bright blue bodies turn slowly to goo and their paper-thin sails become brittle. They will be baked by the sun now, having been blow into land by the very mechanics that enable them to traverse the ocean.

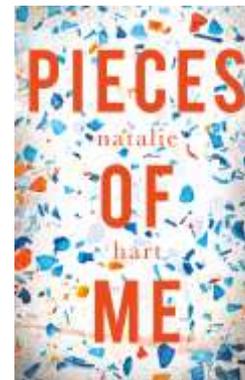
I think about scooping them up, Thomas, letting the sand slip through my fingers, and releasing them back into the ocean. The day is still, so perhaps the gentle rise and retreat of the waves will allow them to be drawn back out into the sea.

Perhaps if I did so it would save them the indignity of being buried with one end of a sun cream bottle or poked by a child, sticky with ice cream, before a parent called them away. Perhaps it would be merciful to at least offer them a watery grave rather than forcing them to disintegrate on this beach where the light is so bright and the day becomes so noisy and they could be trampled under a sandaled foot without a second thought.

Three.

I know it is pointless to do so, though. They are dead and would not know of the change in their fortunes anyway. It is too late to save them. To attempt to do so would be to act against rational logic. I do not act against logic, do I, Thomas? I thought you didn't either. That's why I don't understand.

Also by Natalie Hart:



“An astounding debut ... Its characters and story tugged at my heart with every turning page.”

- Nina Pottell, Books Editor Prima Magazine and Costa Book Awards Judge





Brenna Hassett

Dr Brenna Ryan Hassett is a bioarchaeologist whose career has taken her around the globe, researching the past using the clues left behind in human remains. She has a PhD from University College London, gained from looking very intently at the 500 year old teeth of London children; she has excavated at the Pyramids in Giza and the much smaller shell mounds of Malibu. As a scientist, she has years of research expertise in child health, and specialises in identifying the microscopic growth patterns that are

locked into the tooth enamel of growing children. She has worked at London's Natural History Museum and at University College London, unravelling the mystery of 5,000 year old death pits and how best to get two-inch thorns out of army boots.

She is 1/4 of the team behind TrowelBlazers, a wide ranging project that does everything in its power, from designing dolls to creating art exhibits shown in the Houses of Parliament, to bring the lost stories of women in the digging sciences back to light.

Her first book with Bloomsbury Sigma – *Built on Bones: 15,000 Years of Urban Life and Death* – was well received by critics at the LA Times, the Guardian, and the Times (UK), which named it one of the top 10 science books of 2018. The book has so far been translated into both German and Chinese with the vast majority of Monty Python jokes intact.

GROWING UP HUMAN by Brenna Hassett

UK Publisher: Bloomsbury (WEL), Spring 2021

Genre: Pop Science Non-Fiction

Rights Sold: Simple Chinese (Beijing United)

Rights Available: Translation

This book will be a unique offering bringing together the science of human evolution and evidence from archaeological discoveries to put forward a new paradigm for how we became the species that we are. GROWING UP HUMAN will follow in the lines of popular anthropology books such as *Guns, Germs, and Steel* and *Sapiens* by providing a scientific approach to one of life's enduring mysteries: why are humans the way we are? What is it about the human condition that has seen us go from tiny bands to dominating the planet – and perhaps, eventually, beyond?

(Cont.)

One of the things that makes our species unique among all others living on the planet is the vast investment it takes to grow a human being. Humans have the longest childhoods on the planet. We invest intensely in our children, from when they are born helpless and squidgy to well beyond the point at which they reach physical maturity. This book brings the science of physical anthropology to bear on understanding how our evolutionary history has shaped the phenomenon every reader will have experienced – growing up. Beginning with how the differences between humans and our primate cousins lead to our difficult births, it moves through the science of how our unlikely babies have spurred social and cultural adaptations, right up to things like the invention of 'teenagers' less than a century ago.

Our journey begins before any of us were even born – deep in our hominid lineage, where we begin to diverge from other primates; having fatter, more helpless infants. Palaeoanthropological science reveals the developmental clock locked in the remains of our ancestors, allowing us to peer into ancient lives with synchrotron beams and see evidence that one of our species' most striking adaptations is the evolution of childhood; a long period of dependence and social learning that makes us the animals we are today.

This fundamental question of the nature and purpose of childhood is explored through both anthropological and archaeological science. We learn how anthropologists can interpret the physical evidence of the experience of childhood, including the very real risks that children faced in the past. We also look at the archaeological remains that tell us about how our societies have treated children over the ages, from evidence of ancient toys to the grim evidence of human sacrifice.

This book looks at every aspect of human development, from the evolution of our large headed, helpless, and high fat babies right through to the social importance of childhood and adolescence, and how it has changed over the millennia. Tracing evidence from tiny lives in the archaeological record brings to light the changing nature of childhood, and the singular experience of growing up human.

This book will look at childhood as an evolutionary adaptation that has made us the most successful primates on the planet. It will go even further by looking at the rapid expansion of childhood in the modern day, and asking if our increasing period of dependency is a good thing – or a bad one. It asks if the mid-twenties offspring mooching about the family home, eating the biscuits and running up the heating, should be considered a 'failure to launch'... or potentially, the future of our species.





DAISY MAY JOHNSON

Writer, researcher, chartered librarian and current A14 Writer In Residence with the University of Cambridge, Daisy wears a lot of literary hats. She blogs about children's literature at *Did You Ever Stop To Think And Forget To Start Again*, about her research at *Big Boots and Adventures*, and sends the

occasional Tiny Letter. She is currently host of Book Riot's *Novel Gazing* podcast, and runs the Book Riot 'New Releases' children's fiction newsletter with 21,000 subscribers.

She thinks children's literature can, does and will change the world.

HOW TO BE BRAVE by Daisy May Johnson

Status: UK submission due in March 2020

Age Group: 8+

Rights Available: All

Calla North and her mum Elizabeth live a quiet but happy life together. Elizabeth, often scatty and forgetful, happens to be the world's leading expert on ducks. But unfortunately being an expert on ducks doesn't always pay the bills (no pun intended), and Calla and her mum regularly struggle to get by.

When Elizabeth is offered a well-paid trip to the Amazon to research a rare breed of duck, it's an opportunity too good to miss. But it means that Calla must be sent to boarding school: the very same convent school where Elizabeth found herself when she was orphaned many years ago.

Upon her arrival, Calla learns that much has changed since her mother's days as a student, and her mother's old nemesis, Sister Magda, is now in charge. And then Calla receives terrible news: her mother's expedition is missing.

Can Calla, her new friends and a motely crew of resourceful nuns track down the missing expedition, outwit the dastardly new headmistress and return the school to its former glory?

Extract:

Nothing about that little cream envelope seemed like it might be a problem. Calla picked it up from the doormat, left it on her mother's desk and went off to school as normal. She had lunch as normal. She had double maths and science and argued with Miranda Price and made up with her later as normal. But when she came home and found her mother sitting downstairs with the table set for dinner Calla realised that there was something happening in their house that was very not normal indeed.

Elizabeth was a quiet woman who was normally much happier with her research than with people. Calla was not people; she was family and so Elizabeth was also quite happy with her. The two of them were very content together and had been for the past twelve years. Lots of people had tried to help them over those twelve years but the sort of help that had helped Elizabeth and Calla best had been the sort of help that let them just get on with things. Their way of getting on with things had been to go to the church once a month to light a candle for Calla's father and then have a nice bun afterwards. It was not that either Calla or her mother were particularly religious, but the church was halfway between the library and a cafe that did a very nice Victoria Sponge and both Calla and her mother knew the importance of good cake for when you were feeling a bit lost.

And that was how it had worked in their house until that day when the envelope came.

"Calla," said Elizabeth. "I am very pleased that you're back on time. Did you know that the Muscovy Mallard has the ability to switch its body clock around to Summer and Winter time respectively?"

Calla was not back on time. She was in fact an hour later than normal because she had been eating chips at the bus stop with Miranda Price. They were best friends again after being not best friends for quite a while and chips had seemed a good way to celebrate.

"Hi," said Calla, rapidly deciding to not to tell her mother anything about chips and Miranda Price. She also decided, equally quickly, to not ask anything about the habits of the Muscovy Mallard. She placed her bag down on the floor and studied her mother's face carefully. "What's going on?"





S E LISTER

Sophie Lister grew up in Gloucestershire, and is a graduate of the prestigious Creative Writing programme at Warwick University. She has been reading stories since she was old enough to pick up a book, and writing them almost as long. Now 29, she has published two novels: *Hideous Creatures* (2014), which was shortlisted for the Edinburgh First Book

Award, and *The Immortals* (2015).

Alongside her creative writing, she has written for various magazines and websites about philosophy and film.

Sophie loves vintage clothes, art-house cinemas and growing her own courgettes.

AUGURY by S E Lister

UK Publisher: Old Street Books (UK & Comm, ex. Canada), June 2020

Rights Sold: Audio (W. F. Howes)

Rights Available: US, Translation, Dramatisation

Genre: Literary/Magic Realism

The people of an ancient city awaken one night to find the earth beneath them trembling. But only the Augur, a fearless prophetess who was once the power behind the throne, sees the fate that awaits them.

As the skies darken and portents threaten, a handful of people are drawn to do the Augur's bidding. Fierce Saba and pale-haired Aemilia, her young acolytes, stolen from their homes long ago. Myloxenes, gentle son of the savage High Priest; and crippled Antonus, the man who should have been Emperor. In the city's last days, each will be tested.

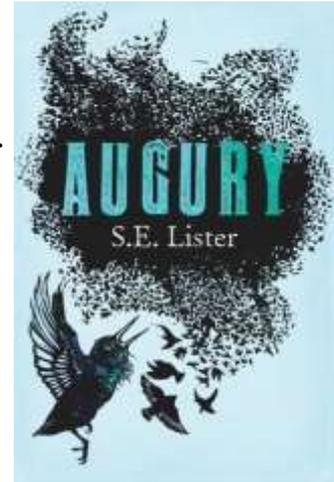
Their dearest hopes may not survive the fire that is to come.

Extract:

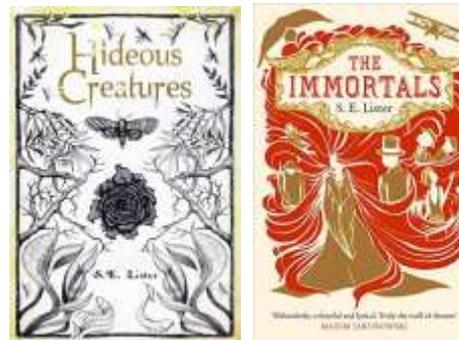
Saba wakes in darkness. She knows at once that the Augur has not yet returned from the mountain. She lies on her back, senses suddenly sharp. And then the earth begins to move.

It is over in a moment, a shift so low and deep that it might be mistaken for a noise imagined in sleep. The tremor is felt by hundreds in the city below who open their eyes in the dark and turn in their beds and forget by morning. Saba sits up, wide awake. Stones rattle into stillness in the courtyard below. The flames of the torches fixed to the temple gate waver and flare. By their light Saba spies three or four long shadows, men lurking on the steps outside the gate.

Aemilia mutters fretfully, but does not wake. Saba slips barefoot from bed, shrouds herself in her cloak, hood raised over her head. Palm of one hand against the wall to guide her, she climbs to the Augur's quarters, to be certain of her own intuition. When she pushes open the door at the top of the narrow stairwell, the moonlit chamber is empty. Loose leaves of parchment are strewn across the floor. Saba stands for a moment in the doorway, hearing her own heart beat harder. She feels a shadow pass over her, as though a flock of birds has winged overhead. Saba, who barely has it in her nature to worry or to fear.



Also by S E Lister:



"Grips and enchants and you never want it to end. A seductive new voice."

- Lovereadings.co.uk





NIKKI MARMERY

Nikki Marmery worked as a financial journalist for 15 years, specializing in credit derivatives and foreign exchange markets. The financial crisis, followed swiftly by the arrival of three small children, put an end to that, and she now lives in the countryside, where she writes

historical fiction and watches Gardeners World unironically. Nikki has a degree in history from the University of Nottingham and studied creative writing at the Faber Academy.

ON WILDER SEAS by Nikki Marmery

UK Publisher: Legend Press (WEL), March 2020

Genre: Historical Fiction

Rights Sold: UK Audio (W. F. Howes)

Rights Available: Translation, Dramatisation

Enslaved in the Spanish New World, Maria is no stranger to sacrifice.

When a chance meeting offers escape, Maria seizes it. But she has unwittingly put herself at the mercy of the notorious Francis Drake, mid-circumnavigation, and he's about to attempt the riskiest leg yet: a secret detour to find the fabled Anian Straits above America.

Sailing into the far north on the Golden Hind, Maria has a secret of her own. A lone woman among 80 men, she must defy all odds to keep her secret and survive. It will take all her courage and endurance to pursue her own journey – to shores unknown, to freedom, to herself.

On Wilder Seas is a historical novel inspired by the true story of Maria, the slave-woman who sailed to freedom on the Golden Hind during Drake's circumnavigation voyage.

Extract:

He looks at me like I am a great curiosity. I open my mouth but Don Francisco pinches my arm. "This is not your place."

The General brushes him away. "Let her speak."

"General –" What am I doing? I breathe out, slowly. I start again. "I think that after this defeat, no longer can we call this ship the Cacafuego."

I look at the floor, because I know the English, like the Spaniards, think meekness a virtue. In women.

He lifts my chin. "Why not?"

"Because we fired not a shot. With the power of your guns, your ship has rightly earned that name."

His smile is like a hat that does not quite fit. "Yes! We should take that honour. But then – what would you call this – the ship of Don Francisco de Zarate?" He slaps his shoulder. Don Francisco looks skyward to master his fury.

I stop. But I am ready with it; straight-faced, my eyes locked on his: "The Cacaplata." By which I mean: she shits silver. "For you have taken every bar of it."

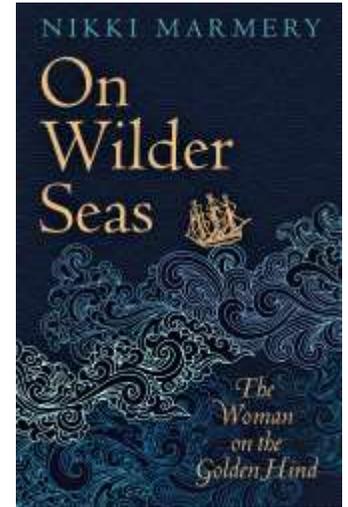
For a moment I think it has gone very badly. They look at me with horror. Don Francisco's face burns with anger. Captain Anton shakes, his arms rigid, all the way to his balled fists.

The sailors stare open-mouthed. Gaspar grunts like the pig that he is.

And then the General laughs. He tips back his head and he roars. The lace around his neck flutters as his chest heaves. Diego looks at him in surprise, the edges of his mouth curling upwards. Captain Anton looks as if he might burst.

When the General has righted himself, I hold him direct in the eye. I must have the right words.

"May I ask, General: where do you sail?"





CAROLINE O'DONOGHUE

Caroline O'Donoghue is a columnist for *The Times Ireland* and has written for *Grazia*, *Glamour*, *Buzzfeed* and *Vice* among others, and was previously a Contributing Editor at *The Pool*.

She hosts the popular podcasts *School for Dumb Women* and *Sentimental Garbage*.

Her debut, *Promising Young Women*, was published in 2018 to rave reviews. Her second novel, *Scenes of a Graphic Nature*, will be published in 2020. Her debut YA novel, *All Our Hidden Gifts*, will be published by Walker in 2021. So far her work has sold into 13 languages.

SCENES OF A GRAPHIC NATURE by Caroline O'Donoghue

UK Publisher: Virago (UK & Comm, ex. Canada), June 2020

Genre: Literary/Commercial Fiction

Rights Sold: UK Audio (W F Howes)

Rights Available: US / Translation / Dramatisation

Charlie Regan's life isn't going forward, so she's decided to go back.

After a tough few years floundering around the British film industry, experimenting with amateur pornography and watching her father's health rapidly decline, she and her best friend Laura journey to her ancestral home of Clipim, an island off the west coast of Ireland. Knowing this could be the last chance to connect with her dad's history before she loses him, Charlie clings to the idea of her Irish roots offering some kind of solace. But she'll find out her heritage is about more than clichés and clover-foamed Guinness.

When the girls arrive at Clipim, Charlie begins to question both her difficult relationship with Laura and her father's childhood stories. Before long, she's embroiled in a devastating conspiracy that's been sixty years in the making... and it's up to her to reveal the truth of it.

With a sharp eye and sour tongue, Caroline O'Donoghue delivers a delicious contemporary fable of prodigal return. Blisteringly honest, funny and moving, it grapples with love, friendship and the struggle of second-generation immigrants trying to belong.

Extract:

The year I turned 25, Laura went travelling and I moved home. I was supposed to have gone with her, but my dad's cancer – which, we were promised, would be zapped quickly by chemotherapy, and be in the rear view mirror of our lives before we knew it – came back.

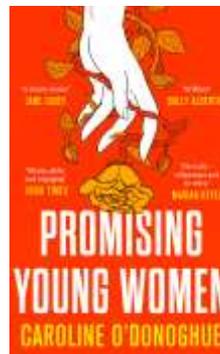
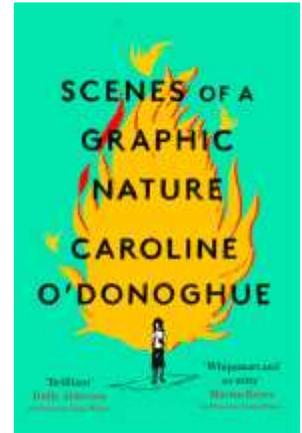
Me and the cancer have spent the last four years boomeranging to my father's bedside. I have been tailing this disease like an undercover cop, furiously taking notes on its progress and letting my twenties slip by in the process. I've tried to be productive. It's what you do. Life is what happens when you're making other plans. People love telling me this, particularly as they are making other plans.

I used the time at home to write scripts, and to interrogate my dad in daily interviews about his childhood in Clipim, a small island off the west coast of Ireland. Interviews that made him feel famous, and me feel like there was a point to me being home in the first place. I thought, as the creative one in the family, it was my job to be my father's biographer. To preserve the official record of his unusual and tragic life story.

By the time Laura was back from her year abroad, I had both the script and the grant funding to make the movie that would eventually become It Takes A Village.

It took two years. Two years of sharing everything, from the microwavable ready meals to cigarettes to the mildewed, queen-sized bed that we were half-certain had beg bugs.

If I had known it would end so quickly, I would have treasured it more.



Also by Caroline O'Donoghue: PROMISING YOUNG WOMEN

"I loved it... A fabulous and timely novel."—Marian Keyes

"So brilliant ... Compelling and illuminating ... I highly recommend it." - Dolly Alderton





JANE O'REILLY

Jane would like to say that she's the secret love child of Wonder Woman and grew up on a tropical island in the Pacific, but in reality she grew up in the north of England where it was quite cold and if anyone had any super powers, they kept them well hidden.

After university and a brief spell as a teacher, Jane wrote her first novel, and is now the author of numerous contemporary and erotic romances published by

Harlequin Escape and Carina UK, as well as science fiction, starting with the *Second Species* Trilogy, published by Piatkus.

CURFEW by Jane O'Reilly

Status: Full MS due for submission May 2020

Genre: Feminist Dystopia

Rights Available: All

Imagine a near future Britain in which women dominate workplaces, public spaces and government. Where women are no longer afraid to walk home alone, to cross a badly lit car park, to catch the last train. Where all men are electronically tagged and not allowed out after 7 p.m. But the curfew hasn't made life easy for everyone.

Sarah Johnson is a single mother who happily rebuilt her life after her husband Greg was sent to prison for breaking curfew. Now he's about to be released, and Sarah isn't expecting a happy reunion, given that she's the reason he was sent there. Her teenage daughter Cass hates living in a world which restricts boys like her best friend Billy. Billy would never hurt anyone, and she's determined to prove it. Somehow.

Helen Taylor is a teacher at the local school. Secretly desperate for a baby, she's applied for a cohab certificate with her boyfriend Tom and is terrified that they won't get it. The last thing she wants to have a baby on her own.

These women don't know it yet, but one of them is about to be violently murdered. Evidence will suggest that she died late at night and that she knew her attacker.

It couldn't have been a man because a CURFEW tag is a solid alibi.
Isn't it?

Extract:

The video was old and clunky and all the people on it had weird haircuts and horrible clothes. That much at least was worth a laugh. But Cass wasn't really interested in the history of Curfew. Everyone knew it anyway. Male violence had hit epidemic proportions, two women a week killed by intimate partners, women marched and went on strike, Curfew was brought in, things got better for women, etc etc.

Fifteen years in which men hadn't been allowed out of the house before 7 a.m. and after 7 p.m. unless it was a medical emergency, and even then they had to be practically dead before they could go out of their own front door. Twelve hours out, twelve hours in, the hours strictly regulated and fiercely unshifting, enshrined in law. She thought of her dad, locked up in Franville Prison for breaking Curfew, and wanted to kick something.

Somehow, all these thoughts had managed to get Cass to the end of the video. It flicked off and the lights flicked on and Miss Taylor stood there, looking at them all expectantly. Silver bangles hung loosely on her skinny wrists. There was a tattoo of a little pink cat face on the inside of her right arm, the symbol of the women's rights group that had campaigned for Curfew.

Cass contemplated silver bangles and looked down at her own wrist. Might work. They were pretty. But not the tattoo. She was more likely to get a blue circle with an arrow through it, the symbol for the Suffragents, a group that had been continuously campaigning for an end to Curfew. She felt far more on side with them than with a group that associated itself with pink cats.

Also by Jane O'Reilly:



"This is **one fabulous Sci-Fi story**"

- Reading Revelations





DAVID OWEN

David is a former freelance games journalist, contributing to review sites including *IGN*, *Rock Paper Shotgun* and *Polygon*. He has been published as a poet in journals such as *Agenda* and *Seam*. His debut novel, *Panther* (Atom, 2015), was longlisted for the Carnegie Medal.

GRIEF ANGELS by David Owen

UK Publisher: Atom (UK & Commonwealth ex. Canada)

March 2020

Age Group: YA/Crossover

Rights Available: US & Translation, Audio, Dramatisation

"Not many YA writers can combine authenticity with such tenderness, so raw at times it's painful. A unique premise told beautifully"

-Kiran Millwood Hargrave

15-year-old Owen Marlow is experiencing a great, disorienting loss after his father passed away and his mother moved them to a new town. None of his old friends knew how to confront his grief, so he's given up on trying to make new ones. There is one guy at school who might prove to be different if he gives him a chance but lately, Owen has been overwhelmed by his sadness. He's started to have strange, powerful hallucinations of skeletal birds circling above him. Owen tells himself that these visions are just his brain's way of trying to cope – until one night, the birds descend and take him to an otherworldly forest. There, he is asked to go on a journey that promises to bring him the understanding he so desperately seeks – if he can survive it.

Grief Angels is an urgent and heartfelt look at the power of nostalgia and the many different forms of grief. It's about young men learning how to share their stories, and teens discovering who they are, and who they might one day become.

Extract:

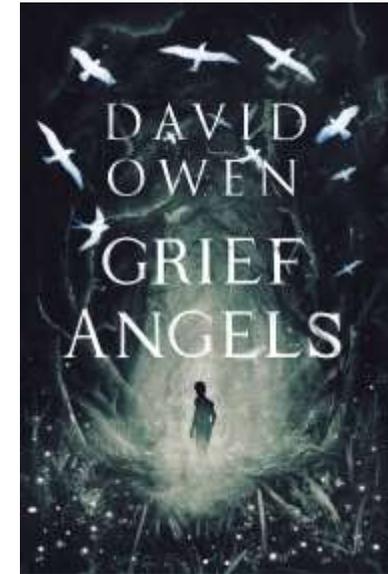
The dream is fractured by the crackle of frost in his throat. Goosebumps pucker pale skin as the boy lifts his head to cough glassy shards of ice into his palm. Propping himself on his elbows, he sees he has once again strayed from his bedroom. A wide, round window cups his body like a shallow basin, his lingering warmth melting his profile into the thin, chill layer of frost that rimes its surface.

'I'm still asleep,' the boy tells himself, every word a wintry puff of breath. 'This isn't real.'

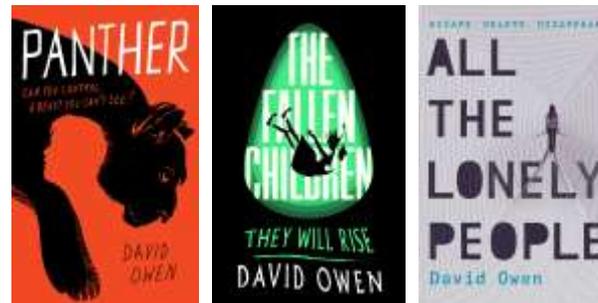
The view beyond is boundless vertigo, giddiness lurching through him. A legion of winking stars are blunted by the curve of the Earth. The planet – his planet – glows as if lit from within. He expects to shudder awake again, break the surface of the dream, sit up in bed with sweat on his forehead and panicked breath in his lungs.

The dream persists.

'Not here,' says the boy, trying to scrabble away from the window, the polished ice slipping under his hands to leave him stranded. 'Not again.'



Also by David Owen:



"YA is in great hands with Owen ... he will be an author to watch."

- We Love This Book





CATRIONA SILVEY

Catriona Silvey grew up in rural Scotland, and spent her schooldays inhaling science fiction and fantasy. Later, she completed a BA in English at Cambridge, and spent the next few years working in scientific publishing. After that she did a PhD in language evolution, in the hope of finding out where all these words came from in the first place.

Following stints in Edinburgh and Chicago, she returned to Cambridge, where she lives with her husband and a very peculiar cat. When she's not working as a researcher studying meaning in language, she writes fantasy and science fiction. Her short stories have been performed at the Edinburgh International Book

MEET ME IN ANOTHER LIFE by Catriona Silvey

UK Publisher: HarperCollins (UK & Comm, ex. Canada), April 2021

Genre: Literary/Speculative Fiction

Rights Sold: US (William Morrow), Russian (AST)

Rights Available: Translation / Dramatisation

"I once asked my father if it was possible to remember someone you'd never met..."

Thora meets Santi for the first time when they are eighteen. Strangers in a foreign city, they bond over their shared ambition to travel to the stars. Thora thinks she's finally found a kindred spirit, a friend for life. Until, days later, Santi is cruelly snatched away from her.

That's not the only way it happens.

Santi meets Thora for the first time when he is 45, and she walks into his science classroom, a seven year old student who dreams of the stars; when he walks into her medical practice as an elderly patient; when her parents adopt him, aged five, as her brother; when they face each other on opposing sides of a bloody civil war. Life after life, haunted by impossible memories, Thora and Santi manage to find each other. But how is it possible to remember lives never lived, to meet someone over and over for the very first time? And is there a deeper mystery to the patterns of their strange existence?

By turns joyful, devastating and quietly profound, MEET ME IN ANOTHER LIFE is the astonishing debut novel from Catriona Silvey.

Extract:

Dear Santi,

I once asked my father if it was possible to remember someone you'd never met. He, of course, turned it into a philosophical treatise about the nature of memory: how remembering is an act of reconstruction, increasingly distant from the experience that formed it. But that wasn't what I meant. I meant you. You, my brother, my friend, my partner in so many ways, all your selves scattered across my memory like the fragments of light cast by a prism.

The problem, you see, is that I'm the wrong person for this to have happened to. Someone else would wake up with memories of a person they'd never met, of a hundred lives they'd never lived, and go on a mission to find that person, understand those lives. But the idea of meeting you terrifies me. What I remember can't be true, and you are the only evidence that could persuade me otherwise. That's a truth I don't want, and that I never asked for.

But part of me still imagines it. Maybe one day you'll walk up to me, with that impossibly remembered smile, and say it's all part of the plan. I can't say I'll be pleased to see you. It would mean that too much of what I've known has been a lie. But it would be a relief to stop missing someone I've never met.

Day by day this world feels more shallow to me, more full of holes. Perhaps one day, I'll fall through one of them. Perhaps I'll see you there.

Thora

