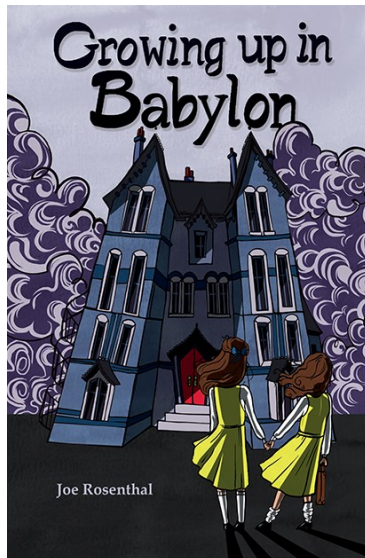


# Hawkwood Books Newsletter

September 2016



Ten years after the end of the Second World War, many families are still affected by the conflict. Kitty and Kay are twins from one such family, their parents hospitalised and their loving, Jewish home, for a while, a distant memory.

They find themselves in an unfamiliar world, making new friends, fending off enemies and learning about both the gentler and crueller sides of life.

Growing up in Babylon is a thoughtful, provocative story, a tale of kinship, friendship and love. For readers aged 12 and over.

March 2017

After 10 years, I still haven't come up with a Mission Statement. It seems to me that whatever we find ourselves doing in life, we ought to do it to the best of our ability, with style and originality, all the while being as true to ourselves as the world allows.

To all those who support the unusual books we publish, thank you. I sometimes think that there are sufficient words floating around the ether without adding to them, but they are good words and, wherever possible, in the right order.

"Growing up in Babylon" is our 2017 March title, the story of twins Kitty and Kay in a post-war Jewish orphanage. As ever, no vampires or lovelorn teenagers.

David Greygoose's Brunt Boggart continues to sell and to astound. Some of the responses from children he has spoken to are wonderfully revealing.

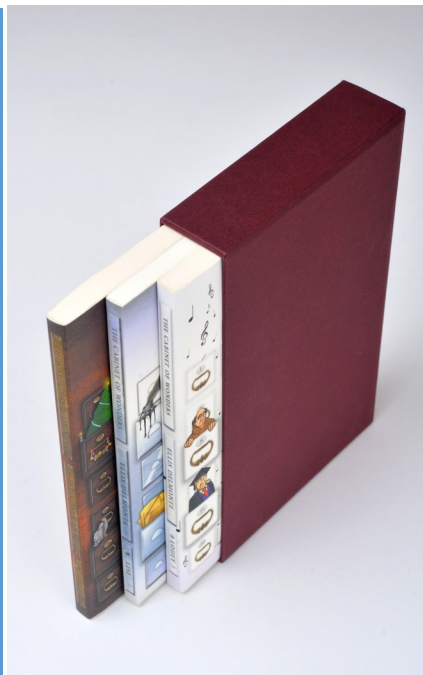
And my own "Cabinet" books still worth a look. But then, I would say that.

## 3 BOOKS, 1 CABINET

We all need help at times but for some children it comes in the most unexpected way.

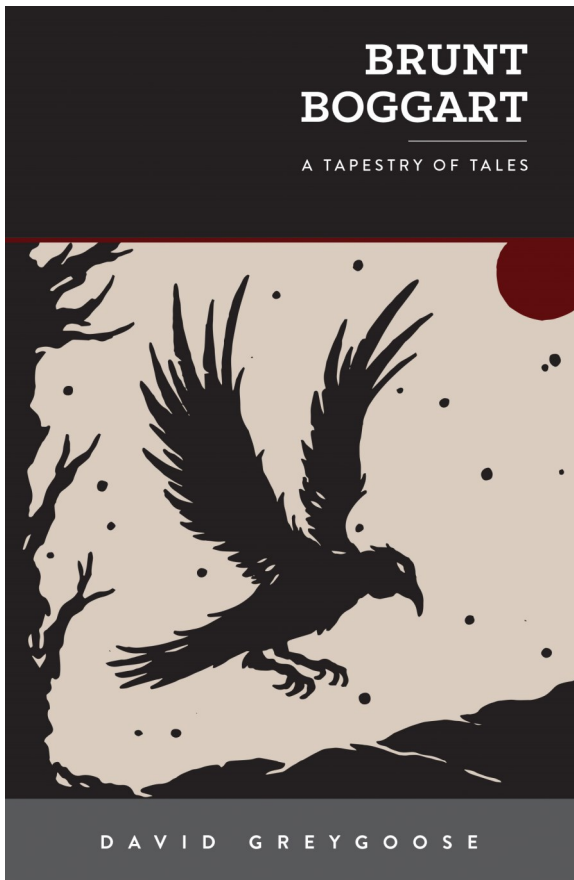
*He was admiring what had to be the final layer, it was so beautiful, swimming with colours that seemed to shift and shimmer and run into each other like liquid light. You just knew there was nothing beneath it but the mysterious present.*

Book 1: Philip  
Book 2: Lisi  
Book 3: Louey



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September 2016



That night Firedancer went to the cottage again, knocked once, knocked twice on Turnfeather's door. Turnfeather opened it, same as before.

"Firedancer, Firedancer," he quickly exclaimed. "Where is the scarf that I gave you this morning? You lost the first scarf I sold you. Now you do not wear the next scarf I gave you, embroidered all over with rainbows and clouds."

Firedancer cast her eyes to the ground.

"I have lost the scarf," she replied.

Turnfeather had been saddened once. Now he was saddened again.

"I wove that scarf with my mother's skill. I am sorry to hear it is

gone."

Firedancer clung to him once more.

"The scarf kept me warm, but I longed for your arms."

The moon rose high and the stars came and went, same as they had before. In the cold of the morning, Firedancer stood once more at the cottage door, her shoulders bare, pale and shivering.

"Wait," Turnfeather called to her. "Careless as you were, and careless as you have been again, I cannot let you go into the chill of the day without another scarf to keep you warm."

Firedancer took the scarf gladly and hurried off through the village. Before the cock crew she happened on her friend Starwhisper on her way to the field to gather stems of straw.

"Starwhisper, Starwhisper, I know that you wait on your seeds from the market, to see how tall they will grow. I cannot ease the waiting, but I have a scarf to make you look fine."



David Greygoose's astonishing book continues to sell, but if life were truly just, it would be read the world over. I feel privileged to have had the chance to work with him on this poetic epic and to shape it into a modern classic.

David has had an intriguing film made to accompany readings which he gives to schools, libraries and basically anyone willing to lis-



ten. If you are interested, he can be contacted by email [HERE](#).

The book has received wonderful reviews from both professionals and general readers. Click [HERE](#) to read some of them. And no, we didn't pay them.

