

THE KATIE FLYNN

ISSUE 6

NEWSLETTER

G'day, everyone!

That is just to prove that I really did go to Australia for six weeks! We had a wonderful time, attending my son's marriage which took place on a boat in Sydney harbour, followed by his baby daughter's naming ceremony. Then we went to Melbourne to see my cousins and their family, then to Fiji where we stayed on Treasure Island and ate delicious food and swam in the calm and beautiful South Pacific... it was truly a trip to remember.

But best of all we spent six weeks with my son, Sandy his wife and our grand-daughter, Amelie who is six months old and... well, perfect just about describes her. I hated leaving at the end of our stay but at least we were warmly welcomed home by Zak the dog, Flash the cat, and the family who had not been able to make the journey.

After that, the jet-lag which, if you've never experienced it, is GHASTLY... the less said about that the better... and then I plunged into my next summer's book which you won't be surprised to learn has a distinctly Australian flavour, with a cattle stockman coming over to join the RAF in 1939 and meeting up with young Debbie from Liverpool...

But that is for the future. Now THE CUCKOO CHILD is out and this time there is more than an element of mystery in the story, with a violent burglary, a missing necklace, a runaway orphan and... but I mustn't give too much away, I'll only add that I enjoyed writing it immensely and hope you will enjoy reading it!

All best wishes,

Katie Flynn



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Here's a short extract from Katie's new book, *THE CUCKOO CHILD*, out in all good bookshops from June 23rd:

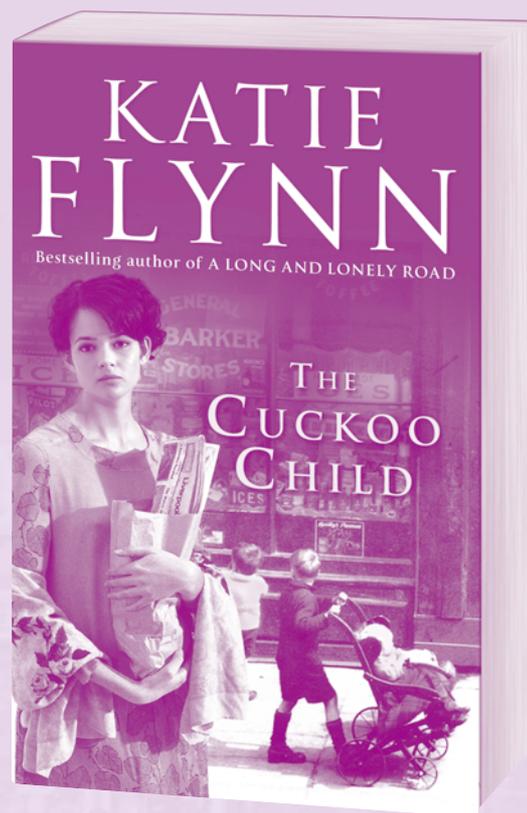
'Dot! Aw, c'mon, Dot, I knows you're there!'

The shout came clearly to Dot's ears, echoing slightly through the tin lid of the dustbin in which she was hiding. She could tell that Fizz was in the jigger which ran along behind these yards, but she could also tell that he hadn't got a clue as to where she was. How could he? Everyone was scared of old Rathbone, the butcher, in whose bin she thought she crouched, so the last place Fizz would think of looking would be in Rathbone's yard. She had only gone in there herself because she knew Fizz was hot on her heels.

She cocked her head, listening intently, and heard the patter of Fizz's plimsolls as he trotted across the jigger. She grinned delightedly, hugging herself at the success of her ploy. She had climbed over the wall which separated the yard from the jigger and had dropped down on to the weedy paving stones, meaning to find somewhere to hide, expecting to see a shed or a handcart, or even a pile of old boxes. Instead, she had seen three large galvanised dustbins. She had raised the lid of the foremost of these and had realised at once that it would make an excellent hiding place – if one was not too fussy that was. But now that she was in the yard, she did not have much choice. Both the other bins were full to bursting, their lids not fitting properly over the mess of refuse within, but the third bin was almost empty. Then whilst she hesitated, she heard a voice, sounding as though it came from the vicinity of Mr Rathbone's back door. It was unbelievably bad luck in one way, because she had thought that the butcher, if this was his bin, would be safely ensconced in his flat above the shop, but it appeared she was wrong.

So she had hopped into the bin, pulled the lid into position as silently as she could, and waited in the noisome dark for silence to come once more. Then, and only then, would she get out of the bin, scramble over the wall and make for 'home', which, in this particular game of relievio was the yard of the Old Campbell public house.

Unfortunately, as the sound of Fizz's flapping plimsolls faded, Dot heard the back door of the shop squeak open and footsteps entering the yard. She felt the hair rise up on the back of her neck; oh, Gawd, if old Rathbone caught her here there would be hell to pay.



Competition:

Win a gorgeous bouquet of flowers and a signed copy of *THE CUCKOO CHILD*!

With 9 runners-up prizes of a signed copy. To win simply answer this question:

What game is Dot playing as she hides in the butcher's bin?

And send your answers on a postcard to: *THE CUCKOO CHILD* competition, Arrow Marketing Department, Random House, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1V 2SA.

We'll be drawing the winners on 30th September 2005.

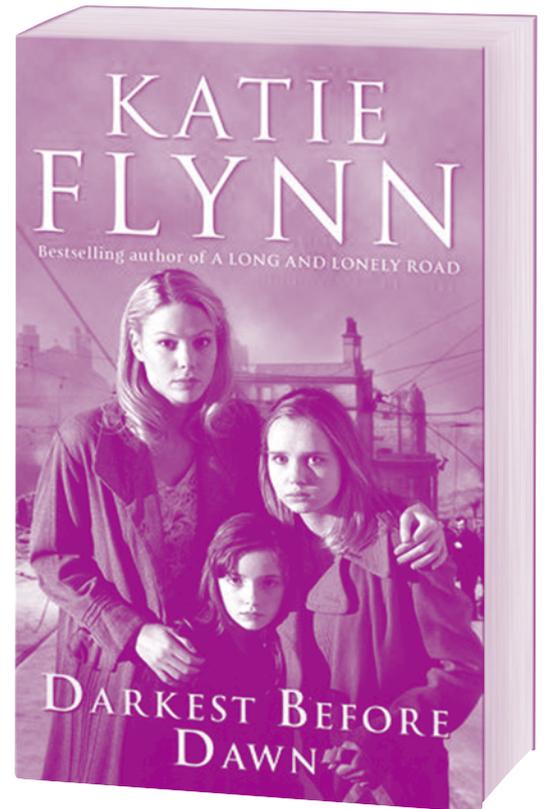
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Here's a sneak preview of Katie's next book, *DARKEST BEFORE DAWN*, which will be out on November 10th this year.

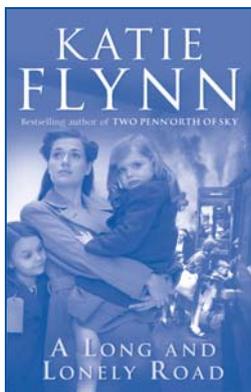
The Todd family are strangers to city life when they move into a flat on the Scotland Road; their previous home was a canal barge. Harry gets a job as warehouse manager and his wife, Martha, works in a grocer's shop, whilst Seraphina trains as a teacher, Angela works in Bunney's Department Store and young Evie starts at regular school.

Then circumstances change and Seraphina takes a job as a nippy in Lyon's Corner House. Customers vie for her favours, including an old friend, Toby.

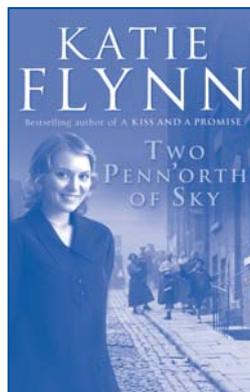
When war is declared the older girls join up, leaving Evie and Martha to cope with rationing, shortages, and the terrible raids on Liverpool which devastate the city. Meanwhile, Toby is a Japanese POW, working on the infamous Burma railway and dreaming of Seraphina ...



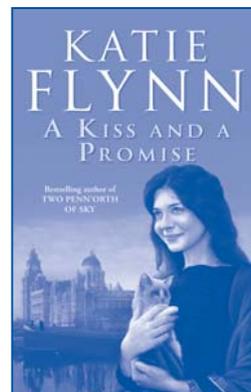
Make sure you haven't missed any of Katie Flynn's latest books:



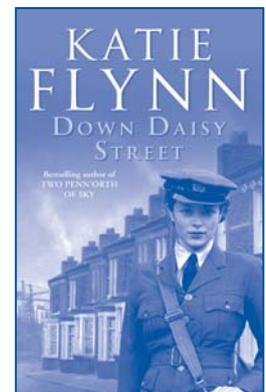
A Long and Lonely Road
0099468158



Two Penn'orth of Sky
009946814X



A Kiss and a Promise
0099453428



Down Daisy Street
0099453398

You can order all Katie's books online from www.Amazon.co.uk
or www.whsmith.co.uk or from all good bookshops

Issue 5 competition:

Congratulations to Patricia Hulse, Mrs Suggitt, Mrs I Marlow, Mrs Carol Hall, Mrs F Boyles, Mrs J Jackson, Mrs P Bates, Mrs Denise Davis, Mrs L Doe and Mrs J Burke. They each won a signed copy of *A LONG AND LONELY ROAD*. The correct answer was George V.

Katie Flynn's first book was *A LIVERPOOL LASS*. Here's a short extract for those that haven't read it:

1912

Nellie was twenty and Lilac six when Nellie first took the younger girl back to Coronation Court where she herself had spent the first half-dozen years of her life. She was fiercely proud of Lilac, knowing she was prettier, cleverer and more loving than other children her age, but when she took her home and watched her mixing with other children who were not orphans, she discovered that Lilac had a will of her own and a great deal of determination, too.

It all started when Nellie decided to take Lilac to her brother Charlie's wedding. Nellie was earning a little money now, for she was properly employed by the orphan asylum, though her wages were tiny compared with what she might have earned working at one of the factories or even in domestic service, had she risen to the lordly position of parlourmaid. But working at the Culler meant she was still with Lilac, and that suited Nellie just fine. What was more, having money of her own meant not only that she could see Lilac was treated right, but could afford a wedding present for Charlie and Bess, so that Lilac could join in the pleasure of giving. And she was on good terms with the present cook – cooks at Culler's seldom stayed long owing to Mrs Ransom's meanness – who had promised her what she described as 'some bits of ham and mebbe a little cake or two' so her own popularity and that of Lilac, was assured. Aunt Ada never reproached her for not bringing her wages home – she could scarcely do so when she had turned Nellie over to the asylum all those years ago – but she did appreciate a small gift, especially of food. Her husband, Uncle Billy, had been ill with consumption for as long as Nellie could remember, and had been unable to work in a real job for years, though he was a clever wood-carver and made beautiful little stools, chairs and small toys; anything, in fact, which could be carved on his lap.

So now the two of them set off, both equally full of anticipation.

If *A LIVERPOOL LASS* is your favourite book by Katie Flynn why not write in and tell us? Or tell us which of Katie's books is your favourite?

There's £25 of Marks and Spencer vouchers to be won for each letter printed in the next newsletter.

Simply write to: The Katie Flynn Newsletter, Arrow Marketing Department,
Random House, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1V 2SA.

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Please state whether or not you would like to receive information about other Arrow authors.

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please write to us at the above address and we will remove your name from our mailing list.



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