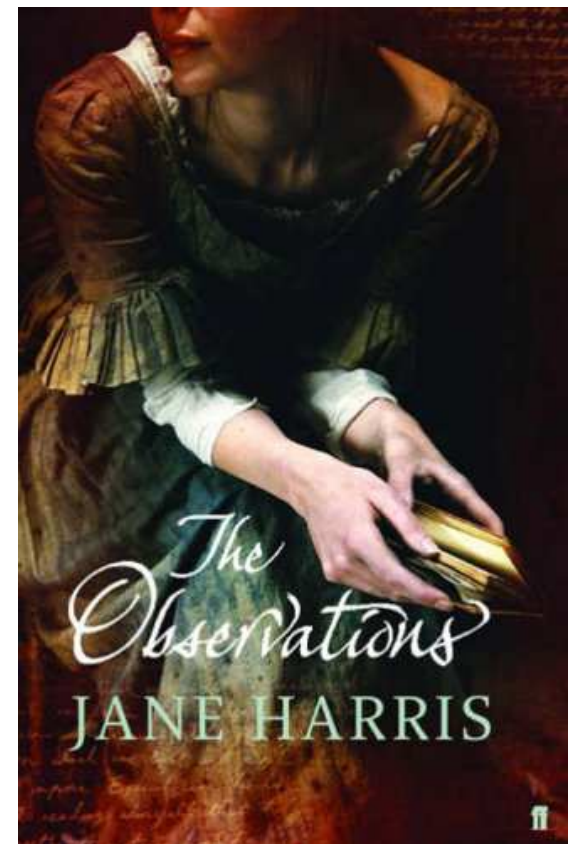


Voice



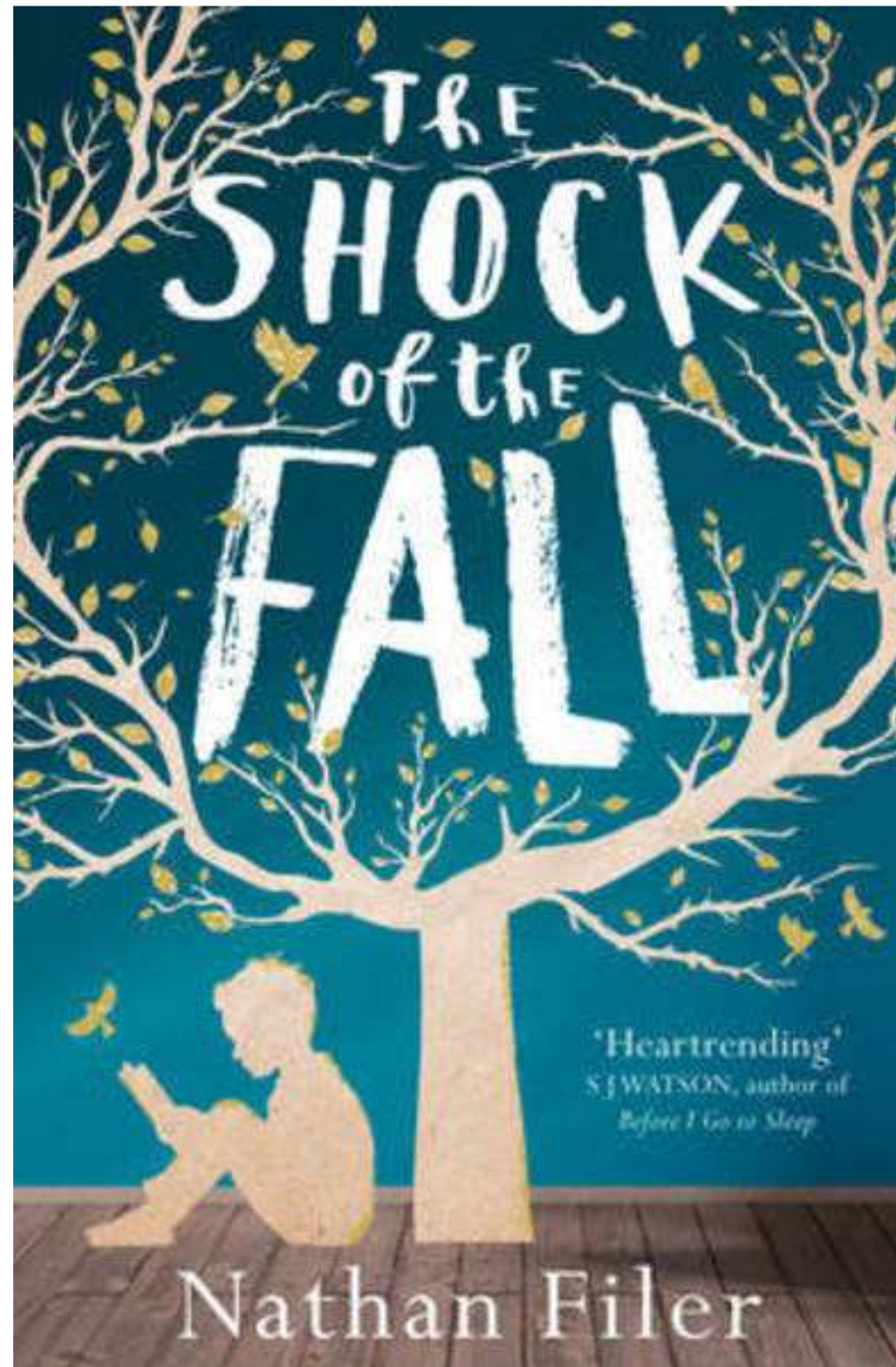
My missus she often said to me 'Now then Bessy, don't be calling me missus.' She said this especially when the minister was coming for his tea. My missus wanted me to call her 'marm' but I always forgot. At first I forgot by accident and then I forgot on purpose just to see the look on her face.

The Observations
Jane Harris (2006)



'Fiction is my first language ...
it's how I discover what I think'

Jill Dawson



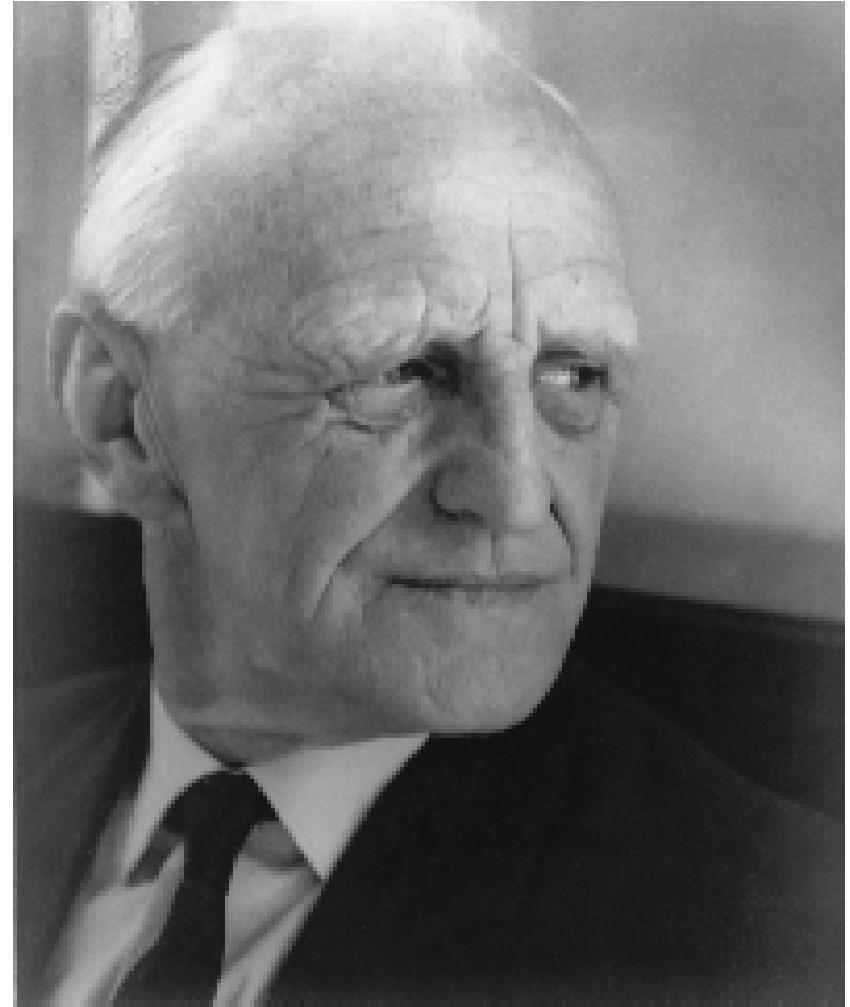
Nathan Filer

The Child Psychologist's Voice

'String: A Technique of
Communication'

By D.W. Winnicott

*Journal of Child Psychology
and Psychiatry*, I, Pp.49-51
(1960)



The Child's Voice

The sky is huge and high, up from the sand and up from the sea. Wind and sky rush in my ears. I can breathe in whole sky. I run, stop, fill myself up with sky to the very top until I am full and fat like a balloon. Then I shout it out. Susie copies. We can shout at the tops of our voices and still the sand and sky go on being big and flat and happy.

J. Rusbridge *The Devil's Music*
(Bloomsbury, 2009) p. 19.





‘Mummy is lying on her side on the counterpane. I can only see her back. She has all her clothes on except her shoes. She does not move. The black shiny phone by the bed begins to ring. It rings and rings. I look at Mummy’s back. The round bottoms of her toes are squashed in the stockings.’

Psychic Distance from *The Art of Fiction* by John Gardner

- It was winter of the year 1853. A large man stepped out of a doorway.
- Henry J. Warburton had never much cared for snowstorms.
- Henry hated snowstorms.
- God how he hated these damn snowstorms.
- Snow. Under your collar, down inside your shoes, freezing and plugging up your miserable soul.

**Mothers Who Leave:
Behind the Myth of
Women without Their
Children
by Rosie Jackson**

leaving the children behind, I feel guilty about it, but I don't regret leaving that situation. It was finished. No, I don't ever regret leaving that.

4 July 29, 95

Stacey,

If you ever get to
revel this I hope it
helps to resolve some of
your unanswered questions,
if it should die before
we can talk about
what has happened.
I just remember
I love you!

‘You step into the cool of the larder with the butter dish in your hand and stand for a moment in the half light, listening to the distant rattle and pause, rattle and pause of a lawnmower: yet another summer afternoon (...) There’s a weight of slowness.

Sometimes you just sit’

TDM, 59.



The Mother’s Voice

‘Wet sand: gleaming and ridged for miles and miles. The smear and squelch of it, thick as wet paint.

Adrenaline flares. My body wants to be far away. Fast.’

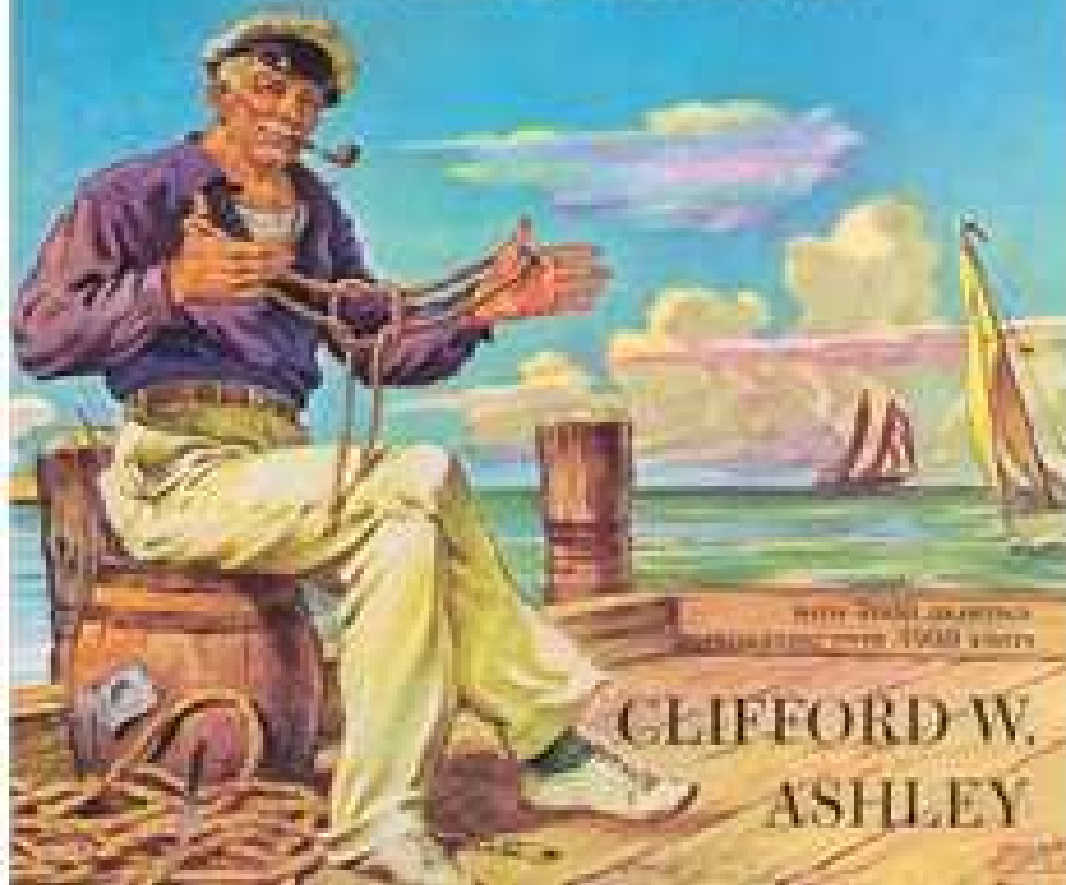
TDM, p 25



Andrew's Voice

THE ASHLEY BOOK OF *KNOTS*

EVERY PRACTICAL KNOT, WITH IT'S UNDER LINK, WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS TO COME UP, AND HOW TO TIE IT



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY

CLIFFORD W.
ASHLEY



'Heartrending and heartwarming'

Kathy Page

'Powerful and deeply affecting'

Alison Macleod

JANE RUSBRIDGE

The
Devil's
Music

BLOOMSBURY



JANE
RUSBRIDGE

ROOK

'Intense, atmospheric
and beautifully written'

JOANNA BRISCOE

BLOOMSBURY