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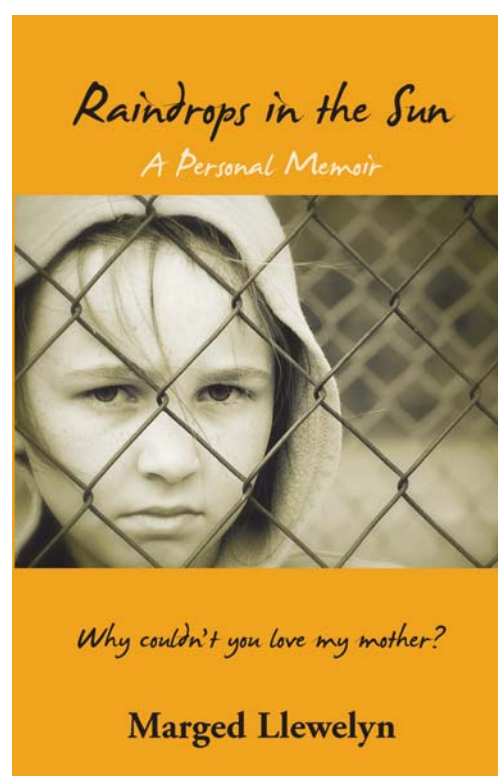
ADVANCE INFORMATION SHEET No 1

TITLE	Raindrops in the Sun A Personal Memoir
PRICE	£8.99 PB ISBN 978-0-9555986-0-9
AUTHOR	Marged Llewelyn
PUBLISHER	Herongate Press
PUBLICATION DATE	September 4th 2008
CATEGORY	Autobiography; effects of divorce on children
SPECIFICATIONS	216x 138mm, 272 pages, sewn paperback
WHO WILL BUY THIS BOOK?	Those interested in the themes of divorce, single parenting

This story of personal survival tells how a girl from a Welsh mining village in the '50s/'60s was affected by her parents' divorce and the stigma attached to divorce at that time. Not having a father in her life caused her much anguish; awkward questions she had to face; the sense of worthlessness she felt. This journey into the past tells of an unsettled upbringing, unsettled schooling, and the coping strategies Marged adopted to deal with everyday life. Salvation came through learning, through education, and certain teachers, who, by their example, showed her that anything is achievable, if it's wanted enough.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

In order to move on with her life, Marged Llewelyn felt the need to relive her childhood years, sharing her story with others, and thereby halving the destructive impact of her early life. She has often wondered how her upbringing may have affected her life, her health, and the way she viewed the wider world. She wanted answers and so started to jot down memories from her childhood, deeply held baggage that, once unburdened, proved cathartic. Those first few jottings soon grew to thousands of words, and, before she knew it, this book had been written.



For so many, many years he was part of my life on a daily basis; remembered, but not with nostalgia. There was nothing tangible about his presence, nothing to be seen but once upon a time he had been there, a part of me, or, more precisely, I was part of him. Even an unseen being could make an impact but this wasn't in a pleasant way. He was like a dark shadow: no matter how hard you try, you can't shake it off because it's part of you and, really, you're not sure that you do want to shake it off. For me, that would be have been denying part of my existence and anyway, I couldn't deny myself a father as that would have made me a bastard. And I wasn't a bastard. I was a little girl, confused and frightened.

I wondered if he was embarrassed by awkward, insensitive questions as I so often was. Maybe I was part of a past he preferred to keep secret, discarded as if I had never been, because I wasn't worth remembering. He hadn't been around during those vital formative years of my development and for me the repercussions had been catastrophic, the cause of much hidden anguish. He had so much to answer for, that man whose name I carried because I couldn't let go. I was tied to him by an invisible thread, a thread as strong as my umbilical cord.

This Herongate Press production is managed by Amolibros - Jane Tatam tel/fax 01823 401527
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