



DIAMOND KAHN & WOODS

LITERARY AGENCY

Frankfurt Rights Guide 2023

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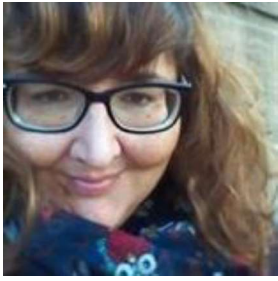
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DAISY MAY JOHNSON

Daisy is the author of the gorgeous *How To Be...* series of boarding school adventures. In her spare time 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 the former host of Book

Riot's *Novel Gazing* podcast.

HOW TO BE BRAVE

UK Publisher: Pushkin (UK & Comm, ex. Canada), July 2021

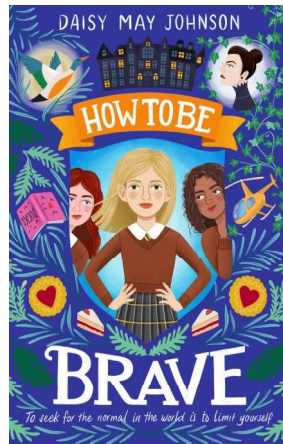
Age Group: 8+

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Some stories are about adventure.
Some are about heroes.
Some are about ducks.

This one is about all three.



Calla North and her mum Elizabeth live a life that's far from normal. There are days when the power is cut off and Calla has to do her homework by candlelight; there are others when curious strangers want to talk to Elizabeth about her research on ducks.

When Elizabeth says yes to a once-in-a-lifetime trip to save a small brown duck, she sends Calla to the best place she knows: The School of the Good Sisters. Staffed by nuns whose preferred subjects include light aircraft maintenance, camouflage skills, and cake - lots of cake - Calla is about to discover her bravery, and to learn that when trouble comes, there's no better back-up than a Blessing of Nuns...

"Finishing this **stunner of a book** has left me bereft...Accomplished, clever, witty and full of fun, it is a **quirky treat from start to finish.**"

– Carmen H, Bookseller

HOW TO BE TRUE

UK Publisher: Pushkin (UK & Comm, ex. Canada), July 2022

Age Group: 8+

Rights Sold: US (Henry Holt), Audio (W F Howes)

Rights Available: Translation, Dramatisation



Some stories are about love.
Some are about rebellion.
Some are about macarons.

This one is about all three.

Edie Berger was born to a family of troublemakers. When her activist parents leave Paris to protest around the globe, her grandmother decides it's time Edie became a proper young lady and so sends her to the School of the Good Sisters.

But to Edie's surprise, the nuns at the school teach genuinely useful things, like how to build a perfect library, cater for midnight feasts and make poison darts, and mischievous Edie feels right at home. When a school trip to Paris is planned, she worries about returning to the strict order of her grandmother's chateau – but things are not as she left them. Soon Edie and her rebellious friends are caught up in a mystery involving a precious painting, a very persistent burglar and secrets from her grandmother's past...



Coming soon...!

HOW TO BE FREE

UK Publisher: Pushkin (UK & Comm, ex. Canada), May 2024

Age Group: 8+

Rights Sold: US (Under Option), Audio (W F Howes)

Rights Available: Translation, Dramatisation



JOSEPHINE O'REILLY

Josie has loved books and writing for as long as she can remember. As a committed daydreamer, much of her time is spent in imaginary worlds, and this has led to some of her best story writing. She has had short stories published in The London Magazine and Writers' Forum and has been longlisted for the Bath Children's Novel Award 2021 and the Exeter Novel

Award 2020, shortlisted for the Wells Festival of Literature 2021 Book for Children Competition and selected as a Readers' Favourite in the WriteMentor Novel in Development Award 2021.

Josie now lives in Surrey with her English teacher husband, two children and naughty dog.

NEVERN COVE

Status: On UK Submission, ms available

Age Group: 12+

Rights Available: All

Lily Sheehan wants nothing more than to return to Bristol and go back to before – before the divorce; before her mum got sick. She definitely doesn't want to be stuck in a tiny cottage on the edge of a remote cove in Galway, with an aunt she barely knows and only the howling wind and the Connemara ponies for company.

But Lily can't help being drawn in by the raw beauty and the unforgiving nature of the landscape. And to the boy who seems to be born from the sea each day, only to return to it at night...

For centuries, stories of Nevern Cove have crept into the mouths and hearts of the Galway people and, in their retelling, claimed a place in the forevermore of myth. Over the course of the summer, Lily uncovers more than she could ever have imagined and realises that nothing will ever be the same again.

Extract:

Far beneath the salt-glazed window, the sea was flat and the colour of steel. At the front of the house was a rock-bordered garden with a clothesline strung along the length of it and beyond that the pale swathe of Nevern Cove. Half buried in its sand lay the remnants of a shipwreck, its frame strewn with seaweed and blunted by centuries of storms. Beneath the reefs of cloud pulling in, it hulked like a ghost ship, a relic of some doomed voyage.

Lily rubbed at the small hairs rising at the back of her neck and pulled her eyes away to where the shoreline narrowed at the cliffs. At their feet, a bank of rocks yawned into a series of caves, dark as open jaws.

Squinting, she could just make out the road they had taken to the house last night. It was two lean tire tracks through the grasses and the only vehicular access to the house. There were no other houses in sight. No cars, no people, not even any animals, aside from the wheeling birds.

But just as she stood to fetch some clothes from her bag, something moved on the horizon through the window. She approached, eyebrows drawn together, and stared out.

On the clifftop above the cove, a small herd of ponies had gathered to graze, drifting with their faces low, their white tails lifting in the breeze.

Holding so still that her neck began to pinch, silently she pleaded with the ponies to stay on the cliffs where she could watch, transfixed. They were so different from the horses near home, tethered in scrappy paddocks on the fringes of the city, backbones sagging and manes tangled with briars. These animals were almost silver in the morning light and their black, hypnotic eyes, sweeping across the plains and windblown grasses, saw everything. There was a strange magic to them. A soothing timelessness. They brought with them a sense of something greater than themselves.

After some time, they started to move away. They turned in synchronicity with the ease of animals that knew their territory and could wander wherever they pleased, taking the trail down the craggy incline before disappearing out of view.

Lily exhaled as the cove emptied out. Just a lonely beach again. Just mile upon mile of endless sea and ancient heath.





E J TAYLOR

Elizabeth spent a decade as a secondary-level English teacher where she encouraged many young people to follow their literary dreams, while eagerly awaiting the summer holidays so that she could do her own writing. Following the pandemic, she decided to pursue her writing full-time. She has been shortlisted and published in Free Flash Fiction's Competition

Seventeen, and she has been longlisted in the 2023 Frome Festival Short Story Competition. Elizabeth loves many genres of fiction and has a particular affection for Shakespeare. She makes an annual pilgrimage to the Globe in London, and hopes to have one day seen every play live.

Elizabeth has a degree in English Literature from the University of Cambridge. She returned from her studies to South Yorkshire, where she lives with her partner. Their home has a custom-built 'cinebrary', a fusion of their main interests.

SPIRITBOUND

Status: On UK Submission, ms available

Age Group: YA

Rights Available: All

Sixteen-year-old Queen Clara has spent her life watching from the sidelines as her father, the Lord Protector, has sought to harness electricity in order to eradicate the practice of spiritcasting which killed her mother, all while keeping her own spiritcasting abilities a secret. But when a band of rebels attack the capital, a spirit calling itself Makaris appears, claiming to have knowledge of what really happened to her mother and promising to lead her to the proof.

Nineteen-year-old Finn has spent the last three years imprisoned in the castle. When his mother's attempt to stage a prison break results in her capture, Finn vows to go to any means necessary to get her free, even if that means joining forces with the Lord Protector to hunt down his daughter. But when he catches up to Clara and realises that she is a spiritcaster, Finn faces an impossible decision: save his mother, or help the girl he's falling in love with?

Extract:

Her father gestured above his head. 'Through this wire runs a current at 180 volts. We hope to develop this wire into a full grid by the end of the decade, providing...'

180 volts. Clara dug her nails into her palms behind her back, willing her smile to remain in place. Her body could tolerate electricity – to a point. But where that point lay varied on a range of factors. There was a reason why all Royal Guards came equipped with electrical manacles as standard.

Raucous applause punctuated the end of her father's speech, and Clara's heart pounded as he untied the ceremonial rope. It was almost time. Inside the tram, filament bulbs suddenly came alive, making the windows gleam with hazy spots of orange light.

Her father didn't hesitate. He swung his body up over the threshold with the agility of a man half his age.

Clara knew she must follow. It was too late to invent some excuse, to feign some illness. No, she must feign 'wellness' – whatever the electricity might do to her.

Please let me endure it.

She took a step past the rope barrier. Another step brought her to the tramcar.

Heat from a thousand eyes radiated onto her back as she gathered her stiff lace skirt and underskirts in one hand and reached up to the metal support with her other. She watched her gloved fingers coil around the bar. Her heeled boot rose in the air and planted itself on the raised floor of the tramcar. And her body crossed the threshold.

The pressure was instantaneous. Expecting it made no difference, and an involuntary gasp escaped her throat. No!

She struggled against a thick, squeezing band that constricted her chest and throat, aware her gasp had drawn her father's gaze. Someone behind her – one of the waiting lords – gave a soft cough of impatience. They were all watching her. They would all know. She had to move. Now.

