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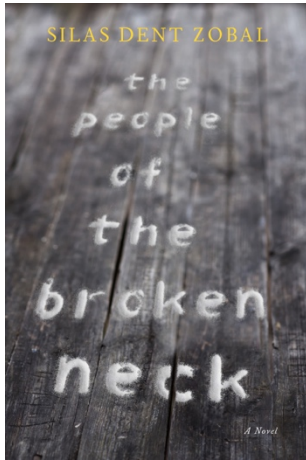
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Rights representation on  
last page

## New from Unbridled

Silas Dent ZOBAL, *The People of the Broken Neck*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS



**“... a tour de force of a debut novel, which blends elements of mainstream thriller, noir fiction, preternatural mystery, and travelogue. ... [a novel] with profoundly moving conclusions.”**

**☆ Starred review from *Publishers Weekly***

**“Zobal reveals himself to be a writer of distinctive power”**

**— *Kirkus Reviews***

This harrowing debut novel opens when Dominick Sawyer camps out with his son and daughter in the woods surrounding their Pennsylvania home. Late in that cold night, he watches from the trees as dark-suited men search his house room by room. In the morning, when the men have gone, the three Sawyers find the words “Wasp,” “Neck” and “Broken” written in salt on their dining room table.

Haunted and damaged by his combat experiences in the Middle East, Dominick believes he is on the verge of losing his home, his children and everything else. And so he loads ample supplies, his guns, his difficult son and his trusting daughter into their jeep. And together they run.

*The People of the Broken Neck* is about a father’s heroism and stunning failures—and about his need for atonement. It is about a son and daughter’s awe for a man whose hands commute back and forth between their shoulders, impatient with the bounds between his life and another’s. And *The People of the Broken Neck* is about two children’s need to hold someone to account for the violence of their lives.

**Here is a debut to leave readers breathless.**

Excerpt from *The People of the Broken Neck*, by Silas Zobal

King walked into the stand of trees to pee. The willow branches whispered against one another. Light filtered through pine needles. The lemony scent tickled her nose. She walked fast and farther than need be. She rubbed at her eyes to free herself from the whip of her dreams. The unseen creek made a noise that sounded like it came from the back of a throat. She followed the crumbling rock wall to the stacks of reddish stones that rose upward in broken

flues. She picked up an arm-length branch of oak and stopped to snap off the leaves and twigs. She swung her staff at low hanging branches and a few yellowed leaves tumbled. She began to hum under her breath. She skipped. A gyrfalcon flashed downward, the light making its white feathers burn. Its talons swept against the grass.

When she got back, Dominick pointed toward the A-frame. "I need you to pack up whatever food you can," he said. They walked toward the cabin, their shadows stretched out in long, thin lines before them. They passed through the tilled field into the long grass that roughed against their pant legs. They walked in a line. Dominick passed the thermos of water, and he and Clarke took two conservative mouthfuls. King drank the rest with rivulets at the sides of her mouth.

Bark peeled like burned skin from the logs of the cabin. King ran and the porch cracked under her feet. Clarke hurried after her. Dominick dragged his feet. He stopped five full steps behind his children. He looked up. No smoke rose from the chimney. Under his breath, he said, "The fire is out."

Dominick stood like a stranger at the door to his own house. His head crooked on his neck, his white face and brown hair looking just like his children's. The morning air was as colorless as wet ash.

Clarke reached out for doorknob, and the front door wheezed open. Near the deadbolt, splintered bark exposed a pale sapwood.

Clarke fingered the broken wood. He turned to look back at his father and said, "What the hell have you done?"

Dominick took a slow step forward. Only the left side of his lips moved when he spoke. "Watch your mouth." With a sweeping gesture he motioned toward the front door, and his kids crept forward as though time had slowed.

The cabin that Dominick had built had four rooms. The great room with a cathedral ceiling, the open kitchen with a bathroom tucked into a small space at the front, and, at the back of the house, the master bedroom and the kids' shared room. A bear skin rug sat by the wood-stove. Dominick's boots knocked against the hand-planed walnut floors. Inside, the kids began to live again, their faces to flush, their legs to scamper beneath them. Quick to their bedroom and then still as two pillars of stone. Quick to the pie safe. Quick to the photograph of their father in the desert wearing his combat uniform and tactical vest and carrying an M4 carbine. Quick to the kitchen. There King said, "Hurry, Dad, come here!" She gestured with her hands. She pointed at the floor.

Dominick's boots tracked mud. Their mother never would have let him past the low shoe rack to the west of the door. He said, "What is it?" but his children did not speak. They pointed. On the linoleum by the sink, two bright red drops of blood.

Clarke said, "Are you responsible for that?"

"What's it from, Dad?" King said.

"Don't know," Dominick said. "Nosebleed?" He walked backward through the great room, looking. Past the deer antlers, the collection of ten-points. Past

the coat rack hung with a woman's red scarf. He stopped by the rough-hewn table. He spent a long time studying the surface.

Clarke called, "What'd you find?"

Dominick pointed. "Come here," he said.

The three of them stood together looking down. Their faces edged with light from the window. King reached out and touched the side of the table with a single finger. The shaker was overturned. Thin trails of salt scrolled in alphabetic shapes. Whorls and straight lines.

*Wasp*, read the words in salt, *Neck, Broken*.

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Janyce STEFAN-COLE, *The Detective's Garden*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD ENGLISH



From the author of the acclaimed novel *Hollywood Boulevard*, comes a gripping, international, existentialist novel.

*The Detective's Garden: A Love Story and Meditation on Murder* is set in Brooklyn in 1995. Originally from Slovenia, ex-NYPD Homicide Detective Emil Milosec, a man with a past poised to reclaim him is perennially on the outside. Elena, his beauty of a wife, has died, but she has filled pages of letters to him—which he has so far refused to read. Elena always remained elusive to him, and she still is.

An ugly discovery among the leafy haven of their backyard garden unsettles the uneasy truce Emil has managed since Elena's death. A lively cast of local characters, a dark history and an international mystery all inform the story. Underpinning events are a heat wave, the Brooklyn housing bubble underway, a gun that goes off, and a smattering of science. A little bit Sophocles, a dash of Shakespeare, and tablespoons of Old Testament go into a brew that is both contemplative and neo noirish.

Stefan-Cole's first novel, *Hollywood Boulevard*, was published by Unbridled Books. *Booklist* called it "A little bit quirky, a little bit noir, a pitch-perfect crime novel that sucks you right in." *V magazine* recommended it this way: "Tinsel town trickery animates an emotional journey that springs into a delectable suspense."

Unbridled controls World English rights for *The Detective's Garden*.

For all other languages contact

Agent: **Malaga Baldi Agency, New York**

## Excerpt from *The Detective's Garden*, by Janyce Stefan-Cole

The street outside pulsed with heat. Unwashed sidewalks sent up a menu of smells for reluctant pedestrians to breathe. Emil knew too well the sizzle of summer cement, hot vinyl squad car seats, hotter tempers on sweaty citizens; heat waves and guns: an explosive mix. He was cool enough in the dining room with the shades drawn and only muffled street sounds filtering in, the clock behind him ticking off its own idea of time, and the letters nagging at him from the table. He sat in a temporary vacuum, his mind weaving past and present.

His mother hadn't liked the clock either. She too wound it begrudgingly. It wasn't such a bad old clock. Not beautiful or unique with its boxy housing and routine numerals, but it had presence. He'd gone into the clock shop on a whim. His mother had left everything behind, her father's grand clock too. A nice gesture, to give her a clock, but there were those men in the shop. He shook his head. "No," he said.

He ran a finger along the table. He could write his name in the thick dust. There was a time when delicious meals were served in style at that table. From time to time Elena arranged dinner parties for friends from the Italian or Austrian Embassy. There was always a stir when a new guest learned he was a cop. A bit of a titter; a cop among Elena's polite dinner guests, well, well. They were never quite sure how far to go. The blunt approach: "Have you seen many dead bodies?" Or the conspiratorial: "How about that police corruption?" And the inevitable, unnerving: "Ever killed anyone?" They meant in the line of duty. They meant for him to put on a show. Holding in their excitement, the women anyway, at the prospect of seeing his piece; might as well be asking to see his member, he'd told Elena. Okay, he exaggerated, but no matter how sophisticated the guest, Emil was regarded as a side show, a man with a gun.

Merely crossing the East River into Brooklyn in those days was an adventure; the dicey neighborhood, the untamed culture of an outer borough and then the shock of seeing how genteelly Elena lived. Their garden set an idyllic tone when all around was the bland repetition of a semi-industrial working class ghetto. "All it takes is cash and a little imagination," he'd say. "And a lot of hard work, I should think," one of the wide-eyed female guests might exclaim. "And Elena," he would add, "she could make Versailles out of a hunk of cheese." For which Elena would treat him to a tiny smile.

"Yes, such a thoroughly charming, setting," a smooth Italian guest would coolly add with a European high-horse air, grating on Emil with his gelato voice.

There were no guests likely to ever break bread at this table again. Not without Elena, and now body parts turning up outside. Emil chuckled lightly to himself. Better than the sidearm: an actual crime scene with dessert. Ha, ha, coffee anyone, oh, and a Lady's Finger with that? A side dish of mystery to

stimulate the appetite. Emil found himself laughing soundlessly in the solitude of the dining room, imagining Elena's dinner guests reacting to the news. But in a darker corner of his mind he heard a whispered idea that the severed finger belonged to Elena. It was a sick idea and impossible. He wanted to—if only for her whose finger was missing, for everything, for the Elena he was not finished with, gone...couldn't he at least make amends, right some wrongs—he was a cop, isn't that what a cop did?

Once elegant dinners were served, now only papers referencing the dead filled the dining room, and the sound of the clock trying, as Elena said, to go backward. He picked up the packet of letters, held them loosely. He did not want to read them, and put the packet back down on the table. Then, angrily, he yanked an envelope out at random, opened the letter and quickly scanned the page:

*Emil,*

*I have been thinking. There is something cruel in a man that does not ask. I will give you an example. Do you remember Lotte from the Austrian embassy? She came to dinner many times with Ambrose. Once we went to Carnegie Hall with them and you complained the whole way, but then enjoyed every single note of the concert. When Lotte gave birth to her only child Ambrose phoned to tell us the news and you took the call. Do you remember? You told me, but you never asked him the sex of the child.*

*You questioned your suspects but not those close to you. Do you know this about yourself? You find ordinary life beneath you? Come si puo' domandare niente? (How can a man ask nothing?)*

*That is how I kept the secret for so long. I tried to tell you about the things that happened in Trieste. But how could I when you did not want to know? At first I thought this was very original on your part; we could skip the ordinary questions in life, we had more important concerns, we were building our world. The past need not exist with us. You had your secrets too. But after enough years went by and you said nothing, I thought that you might not care. That certain questions did not occur to you because you are not capable of caring—not for the answers, no, but for the questions, for knowing others. The word solipsism came to mind—*

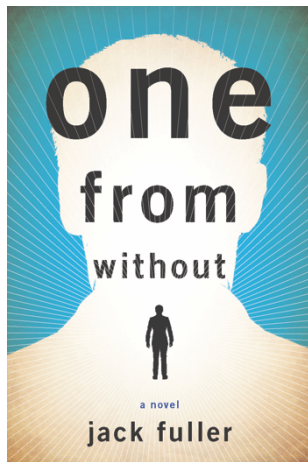
He stopped reading, angrily re-folded and shoved the letter back into its envelope and under the ribbon with the others. She was criticizing him from the grave! He hated letters and she knew it. Maybe her mind was going at the end. No, that wasn't so and knew it. But solipsism? "I'll bury the damn letters in the garden!" He threw the packet down on the table.

Two months after his father died, Emil received a letter from him and became convinced there had been a terrible mistake, that his father was alive and that some other family would have to be notified of the death of their father because his was not dead. He showed his mother the envelope. She shook her head and turned away. Lisle stroked his hair and said, no. Furious, Emil slapped the postmark; couldn't she see the letter was sent after the War Office

named their father dead? It had miscarried, Lisle explained; the war made the mail slow and unreliable, their Papa had written before he was sent to Greece, Emil must not think that he was alive. But he'd hidden the letter, unopened, and promised not to read it until his father came home. It had been a bad bargain.

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Jack FULLER, *One from Without*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD



A mysterious hacker is selectively sabotaging the core data integrity of a major credit reporting firm. In the process, the hacker maliciously reveals the Chief Financial Officer's ties to the CIA, which causes real personal consequences. And all of this happens in the middle of a hostile corporate takeover attempt.

The author of this corporate Board Room thriller is the late **Jack Fuller**, the former President of Tribune Publishing. Fuller has published several critically acclaimed novels, including *Abbeville* (Unbridled 2008), as well as acclaimed non-fiction books about journalism, most recently *What is Happening to News* (University of Chicago, 2010). He has been a legal affairs writer, a war correspondent in Vietnam, a Washington correspondent, and a Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial writer. He lives in Chicago.

“Fuller is one of the grandmasters of the seamy side of patriotism with its disenchantments and fraying loyalties.”  
— **The [London] Observer**

Excerpt from *One from Without*, by Jack Fuller

He closed the door behind him and went to the round table and blue upholstered chairs that came with the offices of all executives of Lawton's rank. Lawton waited for him to choose a place, then eased himself down across from him.

“We have a problem,” Joyce said, putting his hands flat on the table. His fingernails were trimmed to the quick. “I believe our database has been compromised.”

“I would have been notified,” said Lawton.

“Well I am notifying you now,” said Joyce.

“Who told you?”

“Citibank.”

“Good God, is it out on the Street?” said Lawton. He had completely lost his square and caliper. It was as if everything, even the walls, were suddenly askew.

“Fortunately, I don’t think Citibank realizes what it knows,” said Joyce. “They sent a boilerplate email.”

“What were they thinking, for God’s sake?”

“It notified me that I had been turned down for an elite Visa card.”

“That’s absurd,” said Lawton. Then he breathed out. “A mix-up in names. I’ll have someone talk to our contacts there and straighten it out.”

“That could be disastrous,” said Joyce.

“It has to be their error.”

“It’s ours,” said Joyce. “When I checked the database, it put my credit score south of destitute. And it isn’t just the score. There are mortgage payments I supposedly missed, credit cards revoked for non-payment.”

“You’re sure you were looking at the right file?”

“It was like seeing my head on a street beggar’s body,” said Joyce.

Lawton stood, listing. He put a hand on the table edge. He hoped Joyce didn’t notice.

“Let’s check the competition,” he said.

“I already did,” said Joyce. “They were all 100 per cent accurate, down to the address of the first home Donna and I bought, and every payment on time.”

“May I look?” Lawton said, moving toward his computer.

“Be my guest.”

Lawton signed on as the System Administrator. He glanced over at Joyce, who was staring out the windows at the park or something beyond the park. He was not clipping his nails, not glaring at Lawton to get a move on. He was just standing there. This did not fit the man Lawton knew, any more than the credit score did.

“Your Social Security number would expedite things,” Lawton said.

Joyce gave it.

“Could someone have gotten my password?” Joyce said.

“What do you use?”

“Shannon3. My grandmother’s maiden name.”

“We’ll need to strengthen that,” said Lawton. “Hackers start with common names. But having your password wouldn’t let someone alter the database. Even you don’t have the authority.”

Joyce turned and looked at him.

“No offense,” said Lawton. “Specific need is the protocol.”

The file came up and Lawton saw that it had been thoroughly trashed.

“I don’t have any idea how they did it,” he said. “It’s one thing to sneak a piece of bad data through. But even if a hacker was able to pose as one of our customers, he would only be able to put in data going back three months. The mess in your file goes back decades. Somebody got all the way in. Did anything unusual happen before you received the Citibank email?”

“Who would do a thing like this?”

“We’ll need to figure out when the intrusion occurred.”



“The email came on Monday,” Joyce said. “Until then I didn’t have the slightest inkling.”

“The first thing we have to do is to determine how much of the database has been corrupted,” said Lawton. “I should know by close of business. We’ll blitz this thing.”

“A blitz might be just what they want,” said Joyce.

“He’d have to be able to monitor in real time,” said Lawton. “I really can’t believe he could do that.”

“Just how certain are you, Dell?” said Joyce. “As certain as you were that an intrusion was impossible because you would have been notified?”

“If someone is in that deep,” said Lawton, “he could destroy us.”

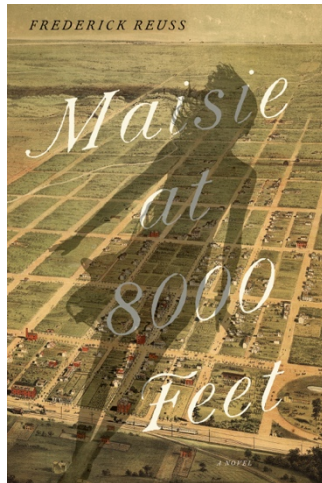
“In which case running off in a panic will accomplish nothing,” said Joyce, looking out the window again. “Is there any way for you to see when this thing with my file began?”

Joyce seemed impossibly calm, as though danger were Xanax. For Lawton it was a stimulant. He was alive again. If he did not know better, he would have thought that what he felt was desire.

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## Frederick REUSS, *Maisie at 8000 Feet*

Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS excluding Germany & France



*Maisie at 8000 Feet* is the next novel in Frederick Reuss’s deeply personal investigation of cultural memory and the perpetual trick of knowing who we are as individuals. A standalone story, it is even richer when seen alongside *Mohr* (2006) and *A Geography of Secrets* (2010). As *The New York Times* has asserted, Reuss writes “with brilliant understanding and a painter’s rich detail.”

*Maisie at 8000 Feet* is the story of an eight-year old girl who can fly and her idyllic summer in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey that ends in a moment of catastrophic loss. Seen from the heights of Maisie’s imagination and the rootless perspective of the woman she becomes, that loss links with others in her life to reveal the slippery connection between remembering and forgetting. As Maisie reaches back into her own lost childhood, the novel explores the changing landscapes and perennial migrations of identity and the universal struggle to uncover what has been lost.

**Frederick Reuss** is the acclaimed author of five previous novels, including *Mohr* (a fictional biography of German playwright Max Mohr) and *A Geography of Secrets*.

Unbridled controls World rights for *Maisie at 8000 Feet* with the exception of French and German language rights.

For French and German rights contact

Agent: **Katharina Altas**, [literatur@agenturaltas.ch](mailto:literatur@agenturaltas.ch)

### Excerpt from *Maisie at 8000 Feet*, by Frederick Reuss

Maisie was over the Hackensack River when a Pan Am Boeing 707 passed less than a thousand feet above her. She dipped her shoulder and banked to the left, away from the flight path of the big jet coming out of Newark, then turned south, keeping the orange ribbon that was the New Jersey Turnpike to her right and the vast blackness of the Atlantic on the left horizon. It was cold. She passed through gauzy wisps of cloud and tucked her head into her collar as she passed over the port of Elizabeth, stinkier than usual—confetti of sparkling points sprawling below.

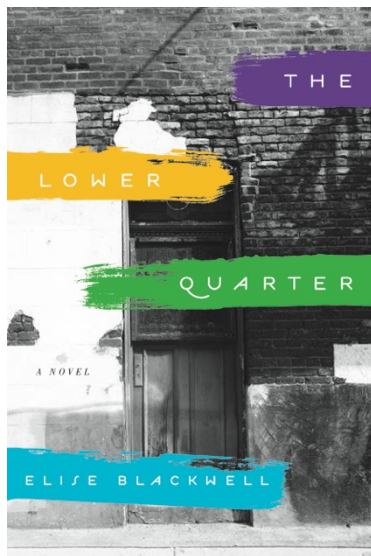
She followed the line of trucks and cars streaming beneath her in a narrow jet of red taillights flowing south then branching westward toward Philly and eastward toward the Jersey Shore. It reminded her of the diagram of the human circulatory system that hung in her classroom at school—the place where the two external iliac veins in the legs come together and enter the common vein in the trunk of the body—except that the nighttime roadway was just a formless arcade of light, which made her wonder about each individual car and truck, where they were coming from, where they were going, and exploded the whole picture into a dimension she had trouble imagining.

Maisie slowed and came down quickly, swooping over power lines and landing with a hop and a skip at the far end of the parking lot. The rapid descent made her feel a little queasy and light-headed. She pinched her nostrils and blew to equalize the pressure in her ears. Service areas were the safest landing places along the turnpike. Flat, open to the sky. Alden's green and white Volkswagen Westphalia was parked in a patch of darkness by the fence. Duchamp the camper, he called it. Duchamp had a pop top and louvered windows and a sink and an ice box and curtains you could close for privacy. She climbed in and shut the door behind her. Where's Boris? she asked herself. The raccoon's cage was empty. Maybe Alden let him go. Maisie checked the water and food in his bowl and climbed into the front seat. They'd found Boris at the side of the turnpike a few days earlier. His rear leg had been injured, probably hit by a car. They made a cage for him out of a food crate, fed and took care of him and now he was nearly recovered. He seemed grateful to them but, even so, was always a little nervous and trembly. All it took was a screech of tires or the hiss of air brakes or a slamming door to turn the inside of the camper into a tangle of claws and fur. Getting the frightened raccoon back into his box was no picnic.

Duchamp smelled strongly of food scraps and damp fur. Maisie sank into the passenger seat and looked up into the pop top at the fluorescent star decals Alden had stuck there. Raccoons are nocturnal animals and Alden said seeing the stars up there probably calmed them. Alden was a Piney. He was used to living outdoors and being around wild animals and could as easily have skinned and worn Boris on his head as set his broken paw and taken him for walks on a leash. There was a little grassy area along the back fence with picnic tables. An eight-year-old girl could do just about anything she felt like in all the coming and going there, including care for an injured raccoon, and not be noticed. Maisie watched in the side mirror as a big truck backed into one of the parking spaces with loud squeaks and squeals, then finally shuddered and came to a stop. The driver hopped from the cab, lit a cigarette and stood smoking in front of the enormous grill of his rig. Maisie put her feet up on Duchamp's dashboard and slid down into the seat. She liked feeling tucked in behind panels and glass and hinges, with dials to look at and mirrors to watch from. She imagined it was what the cockpit of an airplane felt like. She'd never sat in the cockpit of an airplane, but she felt a kinship with pilots and wondered how well, given her natural flying ability, she would manage at the controls of a big machine; if she would take to it at all or only feel unnatural, like a fish captaining a submarine or a tortoise driving a tank.

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Elise BLACKWELL, *The Lower Quarter*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD ENGLISH



From the author of *Hunger* and *The Unnatural History of Cypress Parish* comes a novel about a place that's haunted by the noir genre—New Orleans.

The description: A man murdered in a hotel room two blocks from her art-restoration studio was closely tied to a part of Johanna's past that she would like kept secret. But missing from the crime scene is a valuable artwork painted in 1926 by a renowned Belgian artist that might bring it all roaring back.

★ “The novel's greatest strength is how it imbues both the loftiest and the seediest moments with grandeur and pathos without being overwrought or overwritten.

An artful, gritty love story, eulogy, and survivor narrative for the city of New Orleans....” —**Kirkus, starred review**

“*The Lower Quarter* is noir at its noirest best: dark, fast-paced, sexily exciting, and beautifully written.” — **Benjamin Black**

“A mesmerizing story of art, resilience, and life after catastrophe.”  
— **Emily St. John Mandel**

“Every time I put the book down for a few minutes, I had to look around and get my bearings, because I’d been in another world.” — **Steve Yarbrough**

“Powerfully conveys the endlessly destructive legacy of violence and the redemptive beauty of art.” — **Jenny McPhee**

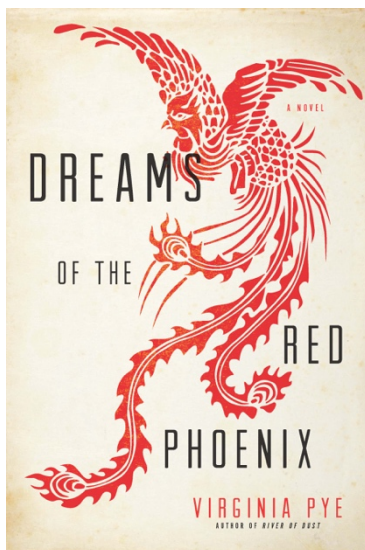
“This book is about what happens if you pay attention to the real story instead of just reading the tabloid headlines.” — **Brian Evenson**

**Elise Blackwell** is the author of four previous novels. Her work has been translated into several languages, and adapted for the stage as well as for a song by The Decemberists. She teaches at the University of South Carolina, where she is also organizer and host of The Open Book.

Unbridled controls World English rights for *The Lower Quarter*.  
For all other languages:  
Agent: **Terra Chalberg of Chalberg & Sussman, New York**

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Virginia PYE, *Dreams of the Red Phoenix*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD ENGLISH



From the acclaimed author of *River of Dust*:

In the dangerous summer of 1937, American missionary Shirley Carson prepares to return to the United States with her teenage son. But the Japanese Imperial Army launches an attack in the nearby countryside and Chinese peasants swarm into the mission compound for protection. Captain Xu entices her to set up a medical clinic in her house.

Soon the Japanese capture her.

With her life threatened, Shirley is forced to choose between betraying her newfound friends with their high ideals or abandoning her beloved son and the safety of everything she knows.

A three-term president of James River Writers, a literary non-profit in Richmond, **Virginia Pye** writes award-winning short stories that have appeared in numerous literary magazines, including *The North American Review*, *Tampa Review* and *The Baltimore Review*.

Unbridled controls World English rights for *Dreams of the Red Phoenix*.

For all other languages:

Agent: **Gail Hochman, Brandt & Hochman Literary Agents, New York**

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Raymond BARFIELD, *The Book of Colors*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS



*The Book of Colors* is the powerful story of an abandoned young woman named Yslea, who grows quickly from wishing she were dead to being a young matriarch—“the only grown-up left” within the strange little family she creates in three bare shacks by the railroad spine leading out of Memphis, Tennessee.

“Yslea is a keen-eyed young woman with a wandering mind who picks up on fine details of the little things of life.... A beautifully written debut.” — ***Booklist***

“In the traditions of Toni Morrison and Flannery O’Connor, Raymond Barfield presents a gorgeous and dismaying human tapestry from the edges of Southern society. ... An ethereal story of poverty and redemption that ends with a phoenix-like flourish and abounds with grace.” —

***ForeWord Reviews***

“Yslea’s world is small, but it embraces an immense universe of wonderments, bright emotions, slant thoughts and patterns that only she can discover. In *The Book of Colors* Raymond Barfield reveals a story like no other I have experienced, inexorably dark in circumstance but triumphantly luminous in spirit. ‘We are made up of pieces but somehow we feel whole.’ That *wholeness* is celebrated in these brave pages. They seized upon me like an angelic visitation. What a wonderful novel!”

— **Fred Chappell**

“Barfield's *The Book of Colors* is a remarkable debut, a story told by a young woman whose nearly-perfect voice evokes Flannery O'Connor's characters when they are simultaneously in a state of chaos and grace.”

— **Wayne Caldwell, author of *Chataloochee* and *Requiem by Fire***

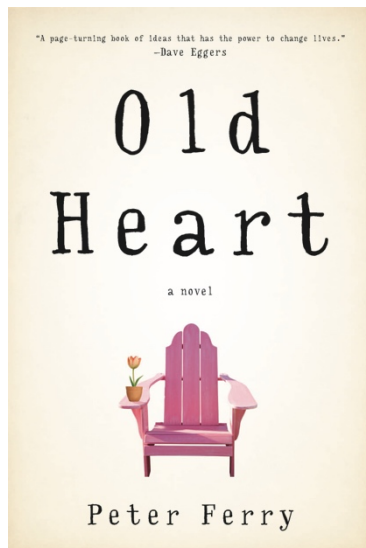
“I was lucky enough to see the first draft of *The Book of Colors*, and the beautiful strength of both the author and the main character has stayed with me a very long time. Kudos to Unbridled for bringing two powerful voices to light.” — **Carl Lennertz, World Book Night USA**

A pediatric oncologist, novelist/poet **Raymond Barfield's** work with low-income children at Duke University Hospital and his previous experience in the Emergency Rooms of inner-city hospitals gave birth to the voice of the protagonist in *The Book of Colors*. He is the author most recently of a book of poems titled *Life in the Blind Spot*.

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Peter FERRY, *Old Heart*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD ENGLISH

Agent: Wendy Strothman, The Strothman Agency



"*Old Heart* manages to weave together an astonishing array of themes and layers—the perils and freedoms of old age, the complexity of family ties, the liberation of travel, and finally, Ferry presents and proves the bold and needed idea that it's never too late to re-open the past to recast the present." — **Dave Eggers**

"This is a novel of love and of loss and of self-determination. *Old Heart* moves through time and grabs your interest on every page and will stay with you for keeps." — **Chicago Tribune**

"A life-affirming novel about love and second chances" — **Publishers Weekly**

"Peter Ferry's writing is wry and beautiful, and this exuberant novel shows how a man driven by love can add a surprising extra chapter to his life." — **Elizabeth McKenzie**

"An important meditation on mortality and an honest, unsentimental celebration of the power of love, *Old Heart* has the feel of an instant literary classic." — **Don De Grazia**

Tom Johnson has turned 85 and has suffered a few “events”, though he knows his mind is sharp. His oldest son, who had Down Syndrome, has died, and his remaining two children want to move him out of the homestead lake house and into a retirement home in town. What Tom wants to do is to find the only woman he ever loved, a woman he met in the Netherlands where he was stationed during World War II.

And so he slips away, deftly covers his tracks, and begins his search for her in Eindhoven. While his children try to track him down and then have him extradited back home, Tom delves into love and loss and the value of memory. Soon he catches sight of a woman he believes to be Sarah, the love he lost almost a lifetime ago.

He will have to fight for her affections and forgiveness, even as he fights for the legal right to stay in the Netherlands in the name of love and family and all the remaining rights of an old man.

**Peter Ferry** is a Chicago area teacher, editor and writer; he is the author of the 2008 novel *Travel Writing*. His short stories have appeared in *McSweeney's*, *Fiction*, *StoryQuarterly*, *OR* and *Chicago Quarterly Review*. He is the recipient of an Illinois Arts Council Award for Short Fiction and is a frequent contributor to the travel pages of *The Chicago Tribune* and the website WorldHum.

Unbridled controls World English rights for *Old Heart*.

For all other languages:

Agent: **Wendy Strothman, The Strothman Agency, New York**

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David BAJO, *Mercy 6*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS



"Not only is MERCY 6 a compelling read but it also is a story whose plot fits right in with today's headlines...." — **The State**

In *Mercy 6*, David Bajo's courageous new medical thriller, four people collapse dead in the same instant within a newly renovated Los Angeles hospital. Dr. Mendenhall, the woman who is head of the Emergency Room, isn't convinced the cause of death is a contagion. But it's in the interests of the hospital administrators — and of the world at large — for people to think that it is. If the world knew the truth there could only be widespread panic.

The hospital is immediately locked down. Information is suddenly being strictly controlled. Government troops encircle the hospital to enforce the quarantine, and other bodies arrive in ER. Working with an ally in Pathology and a colleague who is outside the hospital, Mendenhall develops her understanding that what has taken these lives has global implications ... and whatever it is, it's not a virus.

*THE BROOKLYN RAIL* called Bajo's previous novel, *Panopticon*, "An ethereal, well-crafted, and quietly disturbing novel, a book that slices creepily through its characters' pasts to uncover aspects of a technologically warped present that are equally riveting and unnerving because of their pervasiveness.

Like his earlier novels, Bajo's *Mercy 6* is only slightly, and therefore frighteningly, speculative.

**David Bajo** is the author of two prior novels: *Panopticon* (Unbridled, 2010) and *The 351 Books of Irma Arcuri* (Viking 2008).

**"Bajo rarely resorts to pyrotechnic prose, but he never writes a sentence that disappoints the reader." — *THE GLOBE AND MAIL***

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Solveig EGGERZ, *Seal Woman*  
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS\*



Solveig Eggerz's powerful debut novel is now available from Unbridled.

Having answered a Berlin newspaper advertisement for "strong women who can cook and do farm work," Sophie Charlotte finds herself married with two sons on an Icelandic sheep farm, trying to sever cords of memory that lead back to the powerful love she knew in Germany and all that she lost there. When World War II began, Charlotte was attached to a supremely talented but politically furious painter in Berlin. But she would lose him twice: first to the resistance and then to the camps. More wounding for Charlotte, however, is the unforgiving trace of their daughter, Lena, who at 5 years old tragically disappeared into the chaos of the War.

This is an extraordinarily beautiful saga that links sure-footed portraits of wartime Berlin and the severity of life in the Icelandic countryside. Moving and genuinely



affirming, *Seal Woman* is a many-colored portrayal of a strong woman's life broken in two stark and unforgiving worlds separated by the North Atlantic.

“I found this book almost impossible to put down. It moves seamlessly with a quiet kind of beauty; Charlotte's secrets will haunt you for a long time.” — **Robert Bausch**

“In this fierce and poignant novel, Solveig Eggerz deftly transports her readers between Germany and Iceland as her heroine struggles to come to terms with her past and her present. ... A beautiful and suspenseful debut.” — **Margot Livesey**

The native daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter of Icelandic authors, **Solveig Eggerz** has also lived in Germany, England and the United States. She has worked as a journalist and as a professor of writing and research. *Seal Woman* is her first novel.

\* Icelandic rights sold to Margmiðlun Jóhannesar og Sigurjóns

\* Israeli rights sold to Schocken

Backlist information available on request or at [unbridledbooks.com](http://unbridledbooks.com)

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