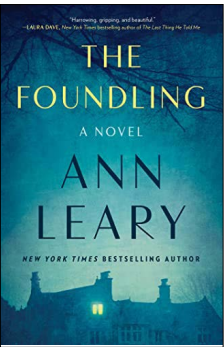


SEPTEMBER 2022 BOOKLIST



THE FOUNDLING

by Ann Leary

A young woman escapes her dreary, confined life to take a secretarial position in the employment of the impressive and accomplished Dr Agnes Vogel, director of Nettleton State Village for Feebleminded Women of Childbearing Age....the plot thickens from that point, with dollops of

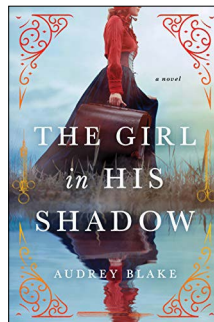
mystery, horror, corruption as the shocking truth of the Institution reveals itself...a tad uneven, but intriguing due to its basis in truth. — *Lesley Bird*

THE GIRL IN HIS SHADOW

by Audrey Blake

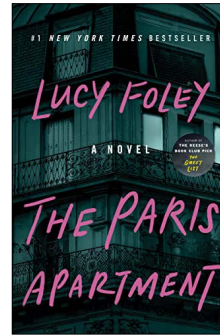
London 1985: The story of an orphan raised by an eccentric surgeon. An unforgettable historical fiction about a woman who believed in scientific medicine before the world believed in her. There is a follow up book which I haven't read as yet called 'The Surgeon's Daughter'.

(Available from the library) — *Lois Clyde*



THE PARIS APARTMENT

by Lucy Foley



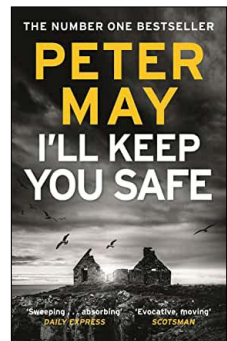
Our intrepid heroine finds herself thrown amongst the odd, menacing occupants of a Paris apartment house as she searches for her brother. Shady and mysterious, the apartment holds many secrets and threats and a full cast of seriously odd and troubled characters.

— *Lesley Bird*

I'LL KEEP YOU SAFE

by Peter May

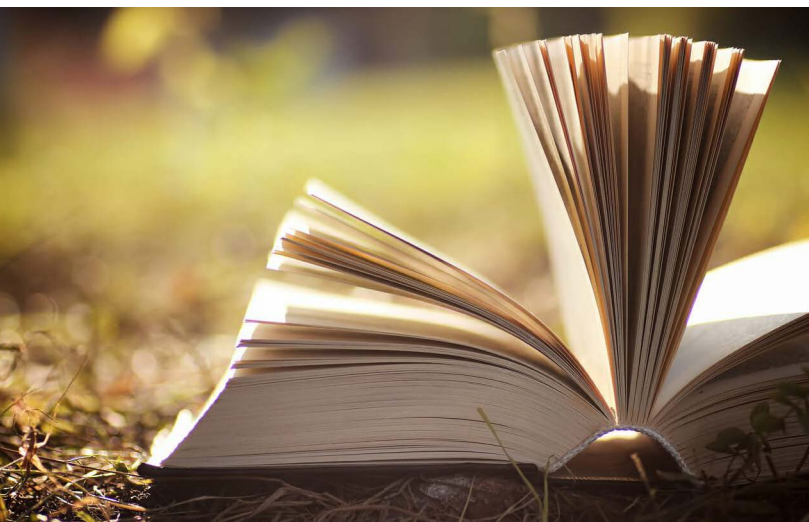
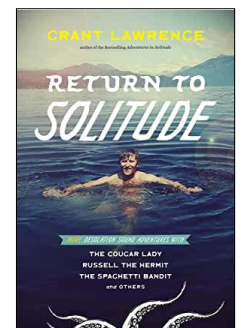
This mystery by the Scottish writer Peter May takes place in the Hebrides. The main characters are a young couple struggling to establish their own version of the world famous Harris Tweed when tragedy strikes. (Available from the library) — *Janice Lee*



RETURN TO SOLITUDE

by Grant Lawrence

CBC's Grant Lawrence tells of his family's adventures motoring in 'Big Bucks' (the family boat) to his family cabin in Malaspina Inlet. This is a follow up to Grant's first book, 'Adventures in Solitude'. It is filled with interesting, humorous and detailed tales of the real-life characters, who lived year round in Desolation Sound. (Available from the library) — *Barb Staton*

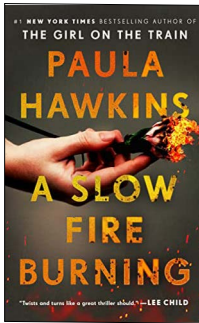


A SLOW FIRE BURNING

by Paula Hawkins

A tale of trauma and loss, grief, and anger, and ultimately, resentment and revenge...a twisty-turns mystery thriller by the author of 'Girl On A Train'.

— Lesley Bird

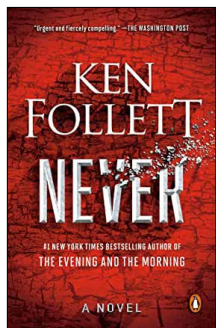
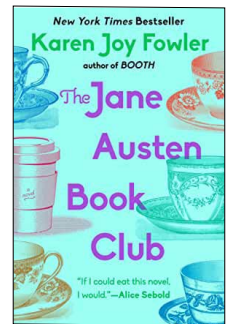


THE JANE AUSTEN BOOK CLUB

by Karen Joy Fowler

A pleasant read about the characters in a book club which cleverly reveals the vagaries of their relationships using (surprise, surprise) Jane Austen's novels. You do not have to have read Austen to enjoy this book. Also, the author provides a synopsis of Austen's novels at the back of the book.

— Doranne De Montigny



NEVER

by Ken Follett

Readers of Mr. Follett's books, known primarily as historical fiction, will find the same attention to detail and writing style he is known for in this globe-spanning thriller, a prediction of events in the near future. (Available in the Rotary Club Seaview Road library)

— John Hyde

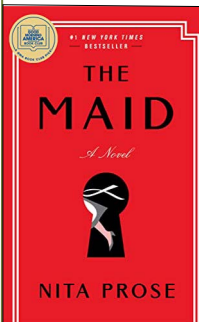
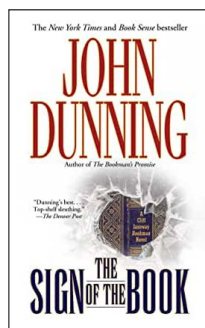
THE SIGN OF THE BOOK

by John Dunning

Denver bookman Cliff Janeway decides to do a favour for a friend and so travels to the small town of Paradise where he investigates a woman, who is in jail, accused of killing her husband. Rich with the intricacies of book collecting, this novel is a beautifully crafted, enthralling story of suspense.

P. S. This one has led me into reading more of the author's other related Bookman novels.

— Sharon Muzzin



THE MAID

by Nita Prose

In this utterly original debut, a charmingly eccentric hotel maid discovers a guest murdered in his bed, turning her once orderly world upside down and inspiring a motley crew of unexpected allies to solve the mystery.

— Linda Ashbaugh, also recommended by

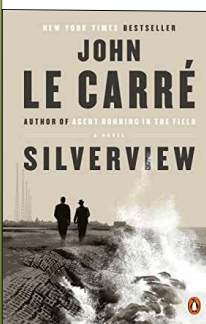
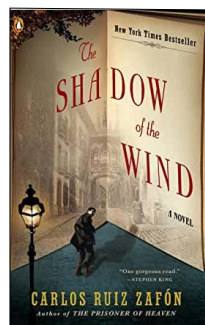
Doranne De Montigny

THE SHADOW OF THE WIND

by Carlos Ruiz Zafón, translated by Lucia Graves

A haunting, beautiful story about a young bookseller who is chasing down the author of a book of which he may have the last copy. A tale of mystery, murder, and doomed love.

— Elaine Prodor



SILVERVIEW

by John Le Carré

Classic Le Carré, suspenseful and a bit morose.

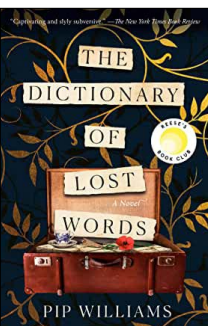
— Doranne De Montigny

THE DICTIONARY OF LOST WORDS

by Pip Williams

This is based on the story of the creation of the first Oxford English dictionary. What a laborious process and what a love of words! I really enjoyed this novel.

— Julia Rogers





XXXIX

from 'Last Poems' by AE Housman

When summer's end is nighing
 And skies at evening cloud,
 I muse on change and fortune
 And all the feats I vowed
 When I was young and proud.

The weathercock at sunset
 Would lose the slanted ray,
 And I would climb the beacon
 That looked to Wales away
 And saw the last of day.

From hill and cloud and heaven
 The hues of evening died;
 Night welled through lane and hollow
 And hushed the countryside,
 But I had youth and pride.

And I with earth and nightfall
 In converse high would stand,
 Late, till the west was ashen
 And darkness hard at hand,
 And the eye lost the land.

The year might age, and cloudy
 The lessening day might close,
 But air of other summers
 Breathed from beyond the snows,
 And I had hope of those.

They came and were and are not
 And come no more anew;
 And all the years and seasons
 That ever can ensue
 Must now be worse and few.

So here's an end of roaming
 On eves when autumn nighs:
 The ear too fondly listens
 For summer's parting sighs,
 And then the heart replies.

SUMMER HAIBUN

by Aimee Nezhukumatathil

To everything, there is a season of parrots. Instead of feathers, we searched the sky for meteors on our last night. Salamanders use the stars to find their way home. Who knew they could see that far, fix the tiny beads of their eyes on distant arrangements of lights so as to return to wet and wild nests? Our heads tilt up and up and we are careful to never look at each other. You were born on a day of peaches splitting from so much rain and the slick smell of fresh tar and asphalt pushed over a cracked parking lot. You were strong enough—even as a baby—to clutch a fistful of thistle and the sun himself was proud to light up your teeth when they first swelled and pushed up from your gums. And this is how I will always remember you when we are covered up again: by the pale mica flecks on your shoulders. Some thrown there from your own smile. Some from my own teeth. There are not enough jam jars to can this summer sky at night. I want to spread those little meteors on a hunk of still-warm bread this winter. Any trace left on the knife will make a kitchen sink like that evening air

the cool night before
 star showers: so sticky so
 warm so full of light

.....

Thanks to everyone who submitted to The Booklist. The Seaview Thanks to everyone who submitted to The Booklist. The Seaview Road Bookline comes out once a month; the next submission deadline is October 21st — will send out a reminder a week beforehand. I'm also interested in articles that feature works of a particular author or that focus on a book series — one per issue — first submitted, first printed. Fiction only, please. Poetry is welcome. seaviewbreezenews@gmail.com