

For Immediate Release

Watermark: An Anthology of New Writing

Fresh off the block for March is this collection of unique stories from writers on last year's MA in Creative Writing at Bath Spa University College (BSUC). There's a great range, with stories about tongue transplants and wolf walks, fly fishing clones and designer-clad African torturers.

"These snapshots – some tender, some cutting – offer a rare chance to sample some of tomorrow's brightest new literary voices," says *Watermark* editor and MA graduate Robin Priddy. "Each one is a new and strange world, about love lost and found, comedy, horror or just life as we know it."

The BSUC MA is quickly making a name for itself. Tutors such as Booker short-listed Gerard Woodward, *New Yorker* regular Tessa Hadley and best-selling thriller writer Mo Hayder have been attracting the writing talent, while former students continue to grab impressive publishing deals, literary prizes and media interest. Last year's graduates are no exception, already boasting several prize-winning stories, Radio 4 plays, and top agent signings.

This anthology was funded by the university, but every aspect of self-publishing, from initial cover and interior design concepts to final proofing, distribution, printing, website creation and press, has been done by a thirteen-strong collective of volunteers from last year's course.

NOTES TO EDITORS:

- Watermark is available to buy now from Ottakars, and Amazon at <http://www.amazon.co.uk/exec/obidos/ASIN/0954052641/>.
- Author biographies and writing samples available at www.watermark.org.uk.
- Review copies available on request from info@watermark.org.uk
- Images and author interviews available upon request at info@watermark.org.uk, or phone Louise Gethin on 07835874518 for further information.

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*I thought I would writ
you a story and leave
it here.*

*The first word I said
clearly was Baywatch*

*I watched her gently
bob with the tide, like
a message in a bottle.*

*The wind sets the
sugar cane rattling in
the dark fields.*

*His mouth was small
and lipless, more
suited to a mollusc
than a person,
something you might
find sucking the glass
of a fish tank.*

*God doesn't exist. Fli
flap, Ginger's gone
out.*

*I dipped my toes in to
find it cool without
surprises. It was then
my feet let go.*

*Kate, in comparison,
looked like a flower
border, without the
flowers.*

*Water, sand, lava,
shell and pebble ping
beautifully like music,
like swimmers in the
fifty-meter pool:
bubbles, arms, shouts,
breaths.*