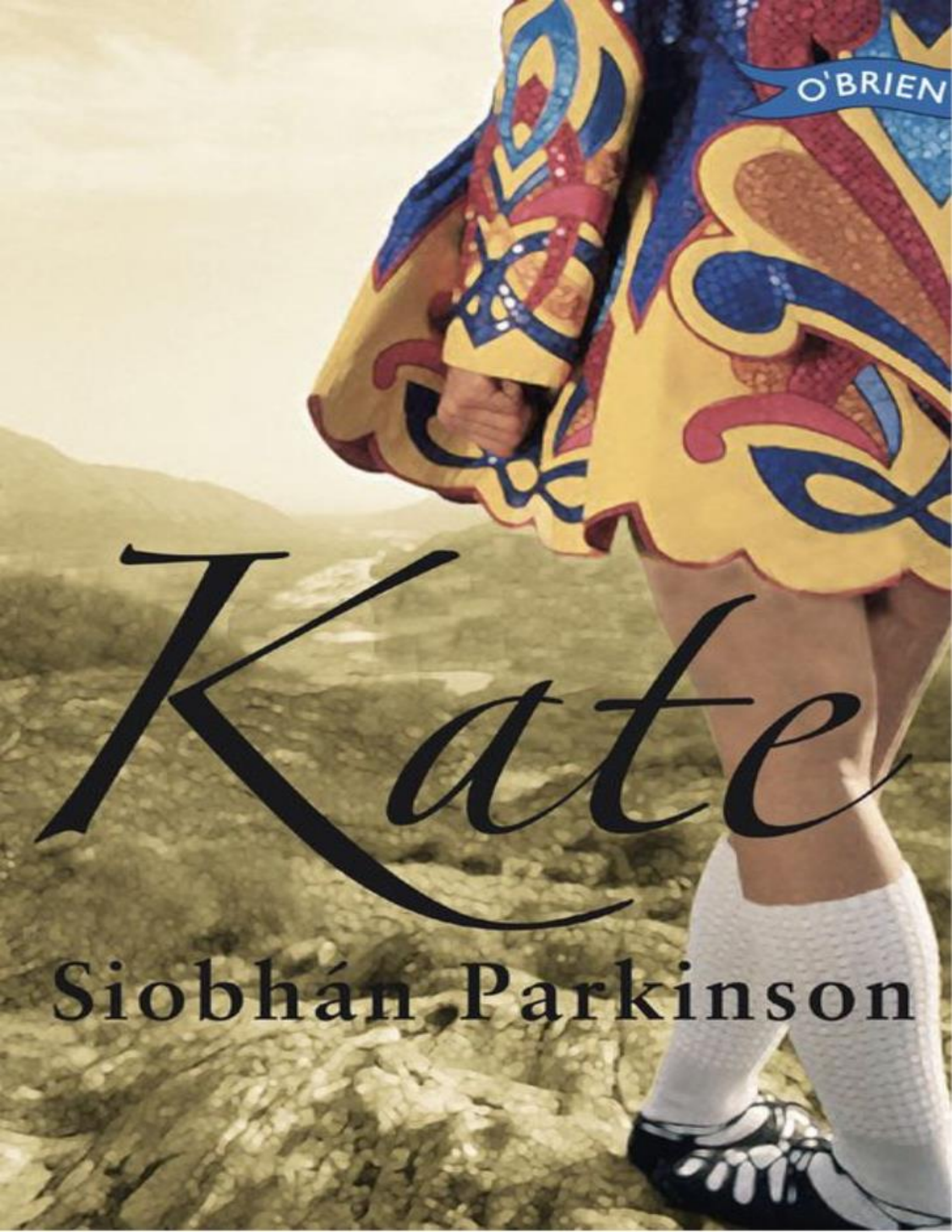
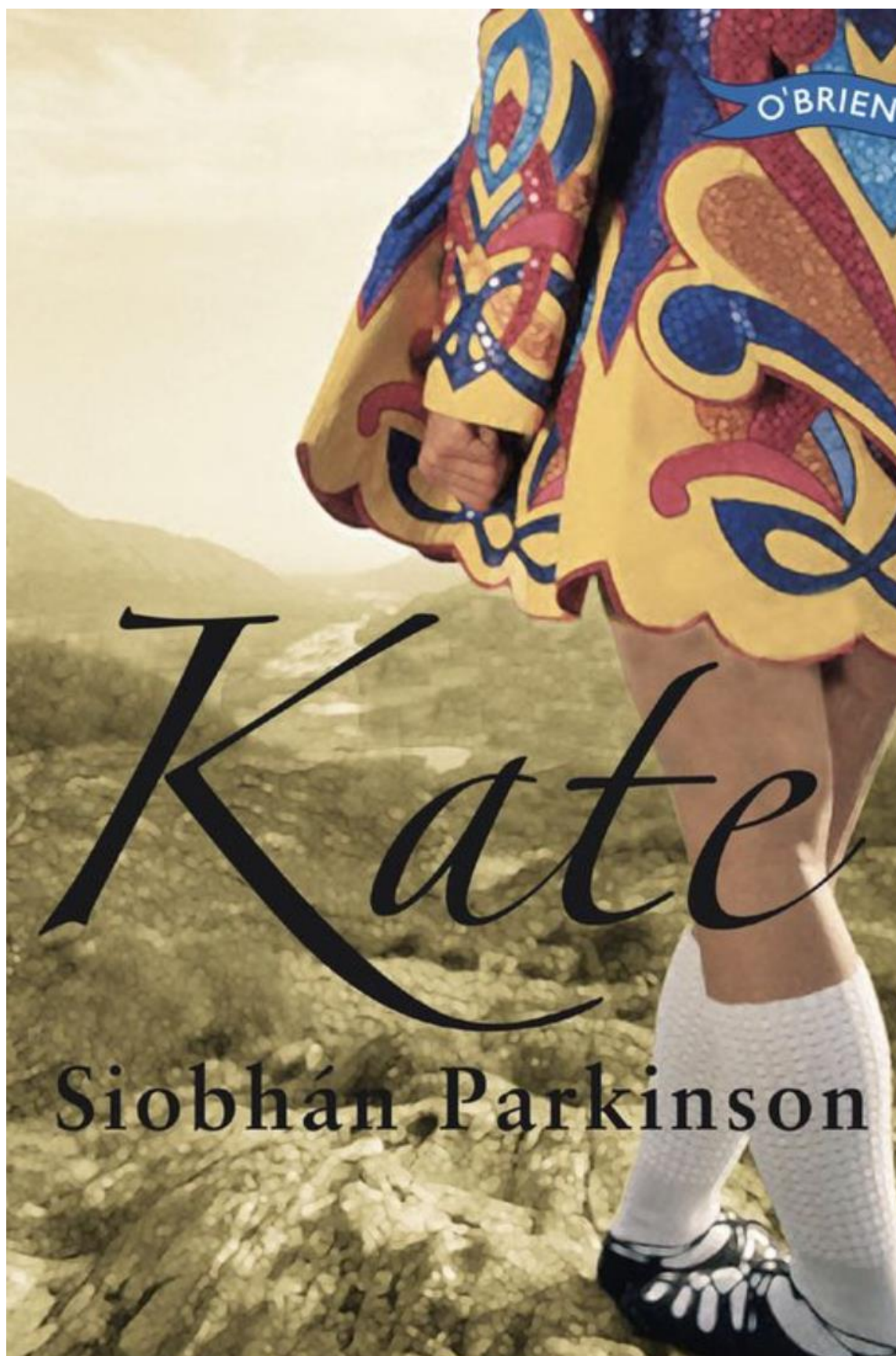




O'BRIEN

Kate

Siobhán Parkinson



KATE

'A warm and earthy tale of ambition in the face of poverty'
Irish Examiner

'I highly recommend *Kate* ... the charming and evocative
tale of a girl who loves Irish Dancing'
Sarah Webb, *Irish Independent*

'A lovely book to share with grandparents who will find
much to discuss about life in an era when choices for
women were extremely limited.'
Bookfest recommended reading guide 2006, CBI
(*Children's Books Ireland*)

Kate

Siobhán Parkinson



THE O'BRIEN PRESS
DUBLIN

Dedication:

To the 1930s generation.
To my father and in memory of my mother.
To all my uncles and aunts.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to my dad, Harry Parkinson, whose first-hand experience of life as a child in Ireland in the 1930s was invaluable.

CONTENTS

Reviews

Title Page

Dedication

Acknowledgements

1 Late!

2 Mother Rosario

3 Brown Bread

4 Polly

5 Flyíng

6 The Letter

7 A Plan

8 The Conversíon of Russía

9 Míracles

10 Bad News

11 Scarlett O'Hara

12 Cottage Industry

13 Celtíc Knot

14 Curtáíns

15 The Cake from Jacob's

About the Author

OTHER BOOKS BY SIOBHÁN PARKINSON

Copyright

CHAPTER 1

Late!



‘Wake up, Kate!’ It was the sea that spoke, or that’s what it seemed like anyway, as the words lapped at my ear and then receded with a soft hiss, away from the shores of my consciousness.

‘Kate!’ came the hiss again. ‘Kate, wake up, like a good girl.’

I turned my ear away, into the hard bolster. I didn’t want to wake up. I wanted to sail off again to sleep, away to a dream country.

‘Kate!’ hissed the sea again, this time in my other ear, and the boat began to rock, it seemed.

Was there no getting away from it? Irritated, I opened my eyes.

It wasn’t the sea, I wasn’t on a boat, I was in my own bed that I shared with Madge and Patsy and Lily, and Mam was shaking my shoulder and hissing at me to wake. As soon as my eyes fluttered open, Mam clapped her hand swiftly over my mouth, and hissed at me again: ‘Not a word, shush, don’t waken the others.’

‘Why?’ I asked sleepily, but my voice was muffled by my mother’s cool hand over my mouth. The smell of Sunlight soap filled my nostrils.

‘Shh.’

It was dark, too dark for getting up.