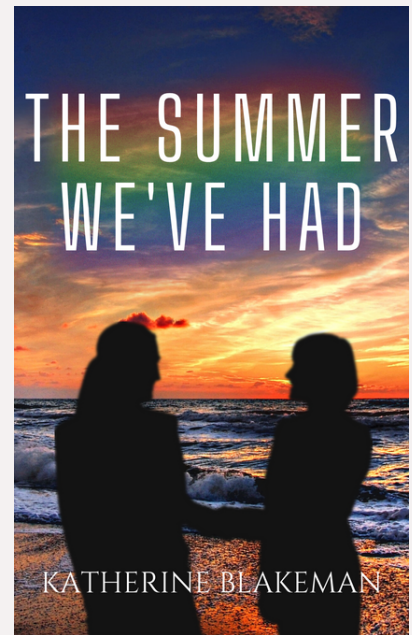


# A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Hello everyone!

Welcome to 2023, and to the thirteenth instalment of my newsletter! Can you believe I've had it going for a whole year? To those who have been with me right from the start, from those frankly abhorrent weird-looking Word documents that were a pain in the backside to make. I hope you saw an improvement as the year went on.

Those who think thirteen is an unlucky number will be proved wrong today. Today is the luckiest of lucky days, because you guys get more exclusive content, from me and from [Sabrina Kane](#)! Remember I interviewed her in the last newsletter, and revealed that we're releasing our next books together on January 14th (less than two weeks away, can you believe it)? Well, just to



## THE SILENT CHAPTER

*It was strange how  
a few pieces of paper  
and some ink could have  
the ability to change lives....*

KATHERINE BLAKEMAN

be extraordinarily kind (and because we love you guys), we are releasing our first chapters, just for you. Right here, right now. Scroll down to find them: the first chapters of [The Summer We've Had](#), and [What To Do Outside Of Tremont](#).

As well as this exciting exclusive stuff, we've got the standard Katherine-Blakeman-newsletter fare. A recap of my December (including an excerpt of The Summer We've Had's first advance review from Briony Molly Media), a recipe for banana bread (it's got fruit in so it's healthy, right?) and a review of [Recovering Alice](#), the fabulous and hard-hitting novel by Catherine Morrison. Plus a hilarious picture of my sweet Poppy cat - it's been nearly nine months since we lost her now, which is just crazy - and a little something to make you laugh.

Thank you all once again for subscribing, and for all your support. I'm beyond excited for the release of The Summer We've Had of January 14th, and I can't wait for you all to read it.

Pre-order [The Summer We've Had](#) today!

Love, Kathy <3

## WHAT I'VE BEEN UP TO IN DECEMBER

December, for me, was marked by a notable absence of festive spirit this time around. I think it was the same for a lot of people. First the UK had an 'Arctic blast' - involving very much sub-zero temperatures and for me, a week of snow - that plunged my spirits into the doldrums, and then I think the reality set in for what we're in for this winter.

The best antidote to melancholy, for me, is distraction. So I threw myself into promotion for *The Summer We've Had*.

I gave everyone on Twitter a glimpse into the process of designing the cover. From the initial messy mood board to what I thought was the final, to the actual final that you see today. I also made a pretty graphic for the dual release of Sabrina and I - thank the Lord for Canva!

I also released a teaser of *The Summer We've Had*! I had three loaded up ready to go, and I have to say, I really struggled to choose! I eventually went for a snippet from the scene in which our protagonist, Cass, inadvertently reveals to friend and neighbour Felicia that she has depression. Little does she know, Felicia has Dissociative Identity Disorder, and they're about to fall in love with each other...

"It's... part and parcel of having depression, I guess."

Before she could comprehend the fact that she'd revealed her diagnosis, Felicia had flung her arms around her and was hugging her hard. "Oh, Christ, I'm sorry," she whispered, stroking Cass's hair. "It's a sod of a thing to have. All mental health problems are. You're doing great, okay?"

Cass nodded and made an affirmative noise in her throat. She couldn't have spoken, because she'd probably have cried. Felicia held onto her for another second before letting her go.

- *The Summer We've Had*, Katherine Blakeman

I got my first ARC review in, from the fabulous Molly of Briony Molly Media! She read *The Summer We've Had* and, by all accounts, loved it! She said, and I quote, *'The Summer We've Had is the first book I've read that tackles mental health and romance in a constructive realistic way without making things toxic. It is refreshing, well-written and a joy to read.'* That means the world to me because it's EXACTLY what I was trying to achieve. I was so determined to do good things for the mental health community with this book, and Molly's review gives me hope that I've actually achieved it. The only downside is that it's clearly so rare. Why is it so rare? Why are mental health problems so overly romanticised or demonised?

You can read Molly's full review [here](#). Thank you, Molly!

I had the pleasure of beta reading for three incredible lesfic authors this December. [Marianne Ratcliffe](#)'s new novel looks like it's going to be fantastic - I won't say any more though for fear of spoiling it, but if you like reading about the Regency period, you have a treat in store! Sabrina Kane sent out the third instalment in her Cornish Lesbian series, *What To Do Outside Of Tremont* - yes, the same book she's releasing on January 14th, the same day as *The Summer We've Had*! And Chloe Keto wrote a holiday romance, a companion to the amazing [Ransom To Love!](#) [Even Fairy Godmothers Need Help](#) is what I'm reading right now, and it's great!



I played a fun little game with my Twitter followers: two truths, one lie. You know the drill: I posted three statements (two were truths, one a lie). My three were: a teacher once locked me in a classroom; I am allergic to peas, and petrol is my favourite smell. The lie was the latter - I actually hate the smell of petrol! Most people were surprised to learn I'm allergic to peas and other legumes, although I have written about it on my blog before!

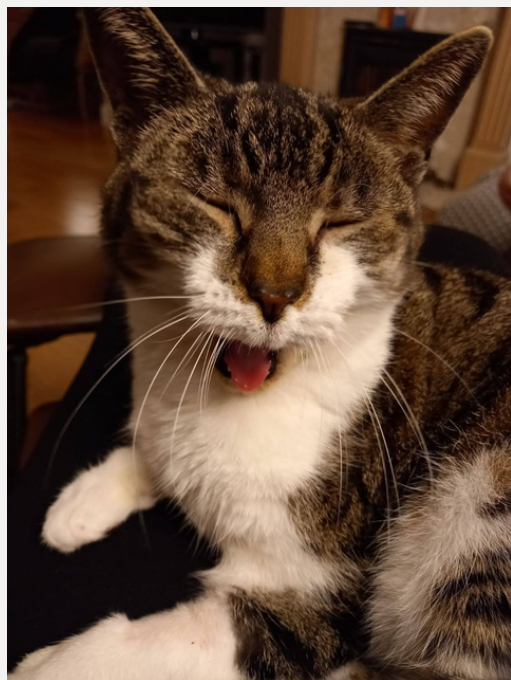
Speaking of my blog, I published a new post this month! It wasn't about chronic illness, or writing, or anything I normally post about. No - I posted about music! Specifically, the brilliant father-daughter duet Mat and Savanna Shaw. Their career started during the Spring 2020 global lockdown with a viral Facebook and YouTube video, and since then they've gone on to warm the hearts of the world with their wonderful music. Read more about how they helped me [here](#).

And while we're STILL talking about my blog... I want to share with you a special new venture that's coming in a month. #SapphicFictionFebruary is a collection of interviews - one for each day of February - with Sapphic fiction authors, all posted on my blog. Keep an eye on my blog and my social media accounts to read interviews with the likes of [Jae](#), [Clare Lydon](#), [TJ Dallas](#) and [Lily Seabrooke](#), and more!

And my final piece of news - well, it's kind of old news now. Last week, I ran a UK-only giveaway of a Katherine Blakeman bundle, including signed copies of [The Silent Chapter](#) and The Summer We've Had, a drawing (by yours truly) of the main characters of TSWH, and a copy of my self-reflection journal, [This Is Who I Am: A Time Capsule Of Myself](#). It ended at 6pm GMT on New Year's Eve, and it was won by Chloe (@chaptersofchloe on Twitter) . I can't wait for them to receive it!

## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

I found this picture of Poppy in my gallery and immediately thought of The Scream by Edvard Munch. Do you see it too?



*Sneak peek...*



# The Summer We've Had: Chapter One



She'd never been a fan of long distances, and London to Cornwall was nothing if not one of those.

As Cassandra stopped at what she estimated was the fiftieth traffic jam of the day, she rested her flushed face on the steering wheel for a second and sighed. Having long since abandoned the various local radio stations for their lack of consistent signal, she looped her Metallica album back to the start yet again. Her right foot twitched along to the beat as she crawled forward. The car jolted, and she forced herself to stop, knowing that she'd make herself nauseous before too long. She'd purposely chosen that album to accompany her on the 'doable in a day' drive down to Miltree – it couldn't have been further from the music alongside which she had been raised. She had been tempted to put on her favourite CD, one of her mum's that she knew down to each individual chord, before she remembered that she was meant to be leaving everything connected to home behind. Except one very important thing.

That was the point of the move, after all. To reconnect with the very foundations of life itself, after nearly thirty years of living the high life in built-up, commercialised London. Doc Martin had been a particular favourite of hers over the last few years, comforting her through her darkest days, and it was this that had convinced her that Cornwall was the place to be. The sunny



tranquillity couldn't have been further from her life as it was now, and since any thoughts of the past now caused a pain that felt like a knife in the ribs, it was the right thing to do.

In the handbag beside her was a wodge of folded-up printouts of emails, dating back about three months. The exchange had started with what appeared to be a colloquial email between a therapist, Ryan, and his aunt, with all the associated small talk. The email then smoothly segued into talking about his work – only vaguely, of course, due to client confidentiality – which was where he had introduced Cassandra into the dialogue, asking if there was anyone offering rental accommodation in his village. His aunt had immediately replied with “Well there is an empty house next door to me...” – and here she was, a few months later, driving down to Miltree.

Mabel was the name of her new next-door neighbour. Mabel Gladstone. And her daughter was Felicia Wilson. Cass had spoken both names aloud several times, to get a feel for them. In the email Mabel had offered scant details about the two of them, so Cass assumed she was a quiet, private person with a quiet, private daughter. She had, however, described the village with such enthusiasm that Cass had half-jokingly asked Ryan if his aunt was a travel agent. *Miltree shines with community spirit... rough population of two or three hundred... a quiet, secluded beach... all the shops and amenities you will ever need... all you could ever want, really.* And then she had written the line that sealed the deal. *Cassandra would be most welcome. Here is the landlord's number...*

Other sheets in the packet included everything from TripAdvisor reviews of the surrounding area, tourist guides about local attractions and, most excitingly, the details of her new job as a teaching assistant at the village primary school. The headteacher had apparently delegated Cass's interview to her deputy, who had met her across Skype and offered her the job, subject to a seven-week paid trial period. For the kids' sakes, Cass had almost hoped that she wouldn't get the job. After all, she'd always worked in secondary schools and colleges in the past, and young children had always kind of scared her. She'd survived without a job for the last

two years – a sizeable inheritance from her mum (a former celebrity singer) would keep her going for the rest of her life if she was careful – but Ryan had insisted she get one, for the social aspect if nothing else. “It won’t do you any good to isolate yourself, like you have been for the last two years,” he’d told her.

“But it’s such a big change,” she’d replied mournfully at the time, but she knew he was right, and so she’d applied for the post of teaching assistant. Petra, the deputy head, had seemed impressed at her CV despite the two-year gap. And when Cass had looked at the school’s website and Facebook page, the first flutters of excitement had started to stir inside her. An unfamiliar feeling, but it was definitely there. Her memories of primary school were charmed ones, and maybe if she could relive her childhood, this move wouldn’t be so bad after all.

No. No, no, no. That was not the point of the move, she reminded herself now. The point was to stop the past sneaking up on her. No more nightmares, no more flashbacks. The past was the past, she reminded herself. This was it. A clean cut. She had to leave it all behind, even if it did mean this excruciating journey behind the world and his wife on the motorway. What had happened to her, anyway? She used to love the idea of travelling.

*Maybe it’s because you haven’t opened Mum’s letter yet...!* Her inner voice taunted her in a sing-song tone. *And, like Ryan says, you won’t be able to properly move forwards until you do...!*

Cass growled and turned Metallica up a few notches. That was a problem for another day.

Later, having finally escaped the motorways, she mused that she’d never realised that anywhere could be so green. As the motorway gave way into winding country roads with more adrenaline than a rollercoaster, Cass felt as though she was driving through a child’s drawing, a haphazard effort with the colours sprawling out of the lines, but overwhelmingly innocent and pure. The only grey in the scene was the roads, framed by hedges that varied in their thickness, sometimes even



disappearing entirely to let the pale gold fields leak through. The sun bounced off the odd passing car. Primarily Land Rovers, she noted, towering over her little red and black Vauxhall Adam.

She flicked the air conditioning off and wound down the window, a thing that she rarely did in London for fear of inhaling any more pollution than was necessary. Here, the air was clear, tinged with a sweet scent that she could only describe as nature. As she crested one particular hill, she gasped out loud as the village presented itself to her in the distance. It was beautiful. Finally, she had a definitive target to reach.

# THE SUMMER WE'VE HAD

by Katherine Blakeman



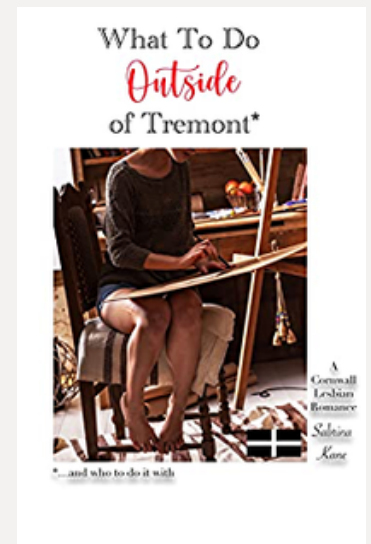
After a nightmare couple of years following the death of her celebrity singer mother, Cass Mulligan is moving down to the sun, sea and shingle of Cornwall for a fresh start. But she soon realises that she's not the only one in need of some TLC...

Felicia Wilson's life is one long series of spinning plates. She has Dissociative Identity Disorder, a system of five alternate personalities living in her body, and they all have different hopes, fears and desires.

When Cass is thrown together with Felicia, some beautiful friendships grow, and soon there is substantial mutual attraction between Cass and dominant alter Heather. But if things go wrong, they could go very wrong. Can they build a relationship AND keep everybody happy?

***Pre-order The Summer We've Had now!***

# What To Do Outside Of Tremont: Chapter One



Tina couldn't help but feel as if she was in a movie scene.

She was outdoors, in lovely Killacourt Park, on a section of green grass which was close to the coastline, offering a spectacular view of Newquay Bay.

The weather was spectacular as well. A sunny Saturday afternoon, but not too warm, with a sea-scented breeze that felt more like a caress on her body. The sky was a gorgeous shade of blue and enhanced—rather than marred—by two small clouds that looked like perfect little cotton balls.

She was done with work for the day, the gallery having closed an hour earlier, at 2 p.m. Not only that, but today was her Friday, because she had tomorrow and Monday off.

And she was being serenaded.

Roger, sitting cross-legged on the grass in front of her and strumming his acoustic guitar, was singing “Thinking Out Loud,” by Ed Sheeran.

Around them a small crowd had formed, encircling them but also giving them a respectable amount of space, evidently knowing that they were witnessing a special moment between two lovers, and not wanting to intrude.

Knowing that they had an audience made Tina feel a little self-conscious, but on the whole she was feeling quite special, like the lead in a romcom. And knowing young women like she did—because she was one—she knew that any of the several women her age that were in the group watching them would gladly switch places with her.

Why not?

Not only was the scene Hollywood-perfect, but Roger was a good-looking bloke.



He was quite fit and had a mop of curly hair that was always stylishly messy, like something you'd see in a cologne advert. In fact, if Roger was only taller, he might very well be able to find work as a model.

*Wouldn't that be cool?*

She could do with dating a model.

She imagined meeting one of the girls she had gone to school with, one of the lot who were always horrid to her.

*"Oh, you're seeing someone, are you?" she'd ask. "And what does he do?...Oh, sits around all day scratching his arse, does he?...Me?...Yes, I'm seeing someone also...What does he do? Oh, he's a model. You've probably seen him. The bloke in the adverts for that new cologne...Raging Hard-On, yes, that's the one."*

Eventually, the song came to an end.

Roger acknowledged the applause from his small audience, and then the crowd started to disperse. When they were once more alone, he beamed at her.

"Not bad for a fourth date, huh?" he asked.

He was right, this was their fourth.

They hadn't had sex yet, though. Tina had considered it—briefly—last night, on their third date, but decided again to make him wait.

Oh, they'd had a lovely time! He had taken her out to a nice-on-his-salary restaurant, which she appreciated, and he hadn't acted obnoxious or boorish, the way men are so capable of doing. So, there really had been a good chance that he could have gotten laid.

The problem, however, was that she had been able to tell that he was expecting it. A little too much.

Throughout the date, he had practically been obsequious in his behaviour, which was out of character for him. He had even *pulled out her chair for her* at the restaurant! A first for her.

Not just with Roger.

With any bloke she had ever gone out with.

Women were different, not prone to using the old hacks like the *pulling-out-the-chair* gambit, which Tina appreciated.

In any case, that kind of...over-the-top attentiveness from Roger had put her off wanting to take him home and screw his brains out.

When it came to men—and women, naturally—of course she preferred politeness and respect from them, but when it crossed the line into being an act just to get in her knickers, it turned her off.

And so Roger *hadn't* gotten lucky last night.

Today was looking fairly promising, however. A serenade in the park was a great start, and so far Roger had been acting like his normal self; that is to say, he wasn't trying too hard. Roger only had his guitar with him now because he had just picked it up from his mate Tony's flat before coming to meet her. Him then using it to sing to her had actually been her idea, not his.

Earlier, as they started walking through the park, she had mentioned that she had yet to hear him play or sing, at which point he had stopped, sat down on the grass, and in a short while had started "Thinking Out Loud."

So...things were looking well for Roger right about now, she considered as they both stood up and resumed their walk to the chippie they had been on their way to. Provided he didn't screw it up.

Which, being a bloke, he predictably did.

They had just exited the park and were walking along Trebarwith Crescent, the street the chip shop was on, when Roger chuckled.

"You're daft, you know," he said.

Tina glanced over at him, a small smile on her lips.

"You'll have to be more specific," she said. "I get called daft a lot."

"Well, what I was referring to was you saying you had yet to hear me play and sing," Roger replied. "I played for you just last week, Lucy. That exact same song! Don't you remember?"

Tina stopped walking. After taking a couple of more steps, Roger stopped also, turning to face her, confusion in his eyes.

"Last week, was it?" Tina asked. "Erm...remind me again which day that was?"

"Tuesday," Roger told her. "The night we met up with the lads at the pub."

*The night you told me you had to spend with your mum.*



Tina closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“Okay, so, two things,” she began, speaking calmly. “One, you’ve *never* played or sang for me before, of that I’m sure. Women tend to remember these things. Two...” She pointed at herself. “...it’s Tina, not Lucy.”

She gave herself a moment to enjoy watching the colour drain from his face before she turned on her heel and walked away.

“Luce...I mean, Tina!” Roger called out. “*Shit!*”

To his credit, he didn’t try chasing after her, spouting nonsensical excuses in an attempt to salvage any chance he still had with her.

Tina didn’t bother looking back. She just kept walking at a brisk pace, thankful that she was only a few blocks from her flat and a cup of tea.

\*\*\*

Once she stepped into her flat, she toed off her ballet flats at the door and then headed straight for the kitchen, where she switched on her kettle. She decided to wait in that room for the water to be ready, leaning with her bum against the countertop above her washing machine, looking at the brand-new Breville.

Whoever said a watched pot never boils, never had an electric kettle, and the Breville was a beaut! She had treated herself to it shortly after moving into this flat, replacing her old kettle which she had bought at a car boot sale several years ago, and which had always made sinister-sounding noises each time she switched it on, as though it was plotting to blow itself up.

The Breville had been just one of the new items she had treated herself to upon signing the lease to this place.

This flat represented a huge milestone for her. At twenty-five-years-old, it was the first flat she’d ever had without needing roommates. In short, it was all hers!

Granted, it wasn’t much, just a one-bedroom and one bath, but the fact that she didn’t have anyone else’s messes to look at, anyone else’s noises to listen to, and could walk around starkers was an incredible feeling that she still hadn’t gotten over, even though she’d been living here for five months now.

She’d been able to finally afford a flat of her own once she had started working for the Linden Gallery Cornwall, here in Newquay. It had been last summer when she had started, but at the time, she was still tied into the lease at her old, two-other-roommates flat on the other side of town and had to wait until that was up before searching for a place of her own.

Her salary at the gallery wasn't a fortune, but even when she had started the job it had been more money than she had ever earned. And now, it was even more. Robyn, her boss, had recently promoted her to assistant gallery manager, and the promotion had come with a pay rise. Not only that, every now and then, Robyn allowed her to sell some of her own paintings in the gallery, and—lo and behold—sometimes, people bought them.

So, she was still far from wealthy, but she was now able to live on her own, have a kick-ass electric kettle, and some new pieces of furniture.

When her tea was made, she took it into the living room and sat cross-legged on one of those new pieces of furniture...her sofa.

Directly across from her was a large 10'x10' stretched canvas, leaning against the wall, which it almost covered entirely.

On the floor was a paint-splattered drop cloth, and beside the canvas, an equally paint-splattered stepladder.

On the canvas was her latest work, which she had been creating for the past three weeks. It was another one of her dystopian, steampunk-inspired pieces, and would eventually include a lovely young lady as the focal point. As with all of her other works, the young lady would seem as if she was in a rather treacherous setting, one in which she didn't belong.

At first.

However, careful examination of the composition would force each viewer to wonder...

Was the young lady really in any danger? Or was she Danger herself?

Was she a captive in this strange, surreal world? Or was she the captor, inviting the viewer in so she could ensnare them?

Was she helpless? Or were you the one who needed help?

Tina hadn't gotten around to painting the young lady yet. She was still working on the background and the details of the setting, wanting to get those on canvas first.

If she hadn't wasted time today with Roger, she could have been home earlier, already continuing her work on it. As it was...

"I'll have to get back to you tomorrow, girl," she told the canvas. She thought of all of her paintings as female. After all, they came from her, and were a manifestation



of her own spirit.

She checked her watch.

If she finished her tea quickly, she would have plenty of time to take a nap before needing to leave for Tremont for Robyn's birthday party.

She smiled.

Robyn was a lesbian and lived with her girlfriend Tamsin in Tremont. Based on conversations she'd had with her boss at the gallery, most of their friends were lesbians too. This meant there was a better than average chance the birthday party would be lacking men!

*Excellent!*

A night out with only girls, away from Newquay, sounded perfect!

As she started sipping her tea, she thought about what had happened with Roger.

She wasn't heartbroken, nor was she feeling sorry for herself. The *thing* with Roger (it could hardly be called a relationship in her mind) hadn't taken root in her heart yet. Therefore, in situations like this, she was very pragmatic about things.

Thus, the way she saw it, she had dodged a bullet with Roger. He had shown himself to be a two-timing, lying twat, and she had discovered this before she had developed any feelings for him. Other women, right this very minute, were with other men like Roger, but didn't know it yet.

So, she was better off for having found out about Lucy, whoever the hell she was.

*Eh, sex is better with women anyway.*

Her mobile rang.

"Ugh!" she groaned, looking at the display.

It was Roger. She had to give him credit for having the balls to try ringing her. She figured that was what he was counting on...her being impressed enough that he would call, that she would answer and allow him to talk his way back into her good graces.

Well, she had a solution for that.

She rejected the call and then took it to the next level. With a few additional taps

on the screen, she blocked his number, and put the phone back down on the cushion next to her.

She continued sipping her tea, ruminating...

Today's little episode with Roger the Lying Twat—his official new name—had decided something for her.

It was something she had been thinking about for quite a while now.

What Roger the Lying Twat didn't know was that he had been the male sex's last hope, so to speak.

For years now, Tina had *tried* her hardest to be a good bisexual. If she met a man she fancied, and he fancied her back, then she dated him. If it was a woman, then she dated the woman. It was very simple, and very Tina.

But to be frank...

Men were fuckwits!

And, okay, plenty of women could be fuckwits also, she knew, but men took fuckwittery to a whole other level! Not to mention arseholery, and jackassery.

Romantically, she had always had much better luck with women.

And, okay, fine...she wasn't with anyone—even a woman—right now, but historically she had always enjoyed her relationships with women more than the ones she'd had with men.

Sexually, she had always had much better luck with women as well.

The exception, of course, was Benny. Benny had been the *one* bloke who had managed to satisfy her in bed, making her wish she could bottle whatever skills he had so she could give them to other men.

Benny had been so good in bed, that Tina had to actually stop herself from falling in love with him because it wasn't her *heart* doing the falling in love, it was her pussy.

So, why wasn't she with Benny right now?

Because Benny was also a fuckwit, an arsehole, and a jackass, and she had valued her emotional and mental health more than a good lay.

So...now she was deciding that she was done with men. Roger the Lying Twat had

been their last hope. And she had known that when she started dating him.

When she had started up with him, she had told herself, *If he's a master at fuckwittery, arseholery, and/or jackassery, I am off men!*

Turns out he was, so...adios to men.

No big loss, really. She had always considered herself to be bi-with-a-female-lean.

Which meant that, for the foreseeable future, she would stick with the ladies, and see if she could find her happily-ever-after person among that lot.

And that's all she ever wanted: a *somebody*, of either sex, that she could settle down with.

"Okay, ladies," she murmured aloud, after taking another sip of tea, "it's up to you now..."

# What To Do Outside Of Tremont

by Sabrina Kane



25-year-old Tina Samaras is a young artist who has a dream job at one of the region's premier fine art destinations, the Linden Gallery Cornwall. She is also a young woman who has made a very big decision about how she will focus her energies going forward with regards to her love life...

32-year-old freelance journalist Katelynn Jefferson came to Cornwall, England from America to get married. The marriage lasted about five minutes, but two years later, she's still in Cornwall, renting a cottage in the Lesbian Central of the region, the village of Tremont...

When Katelynn arrives at her friend Robyn's birthday party, she immediately spies a young woman who absolutely takes her breath

away. But there is no way such a youngster would consider dating a woman in her thirties! Right?

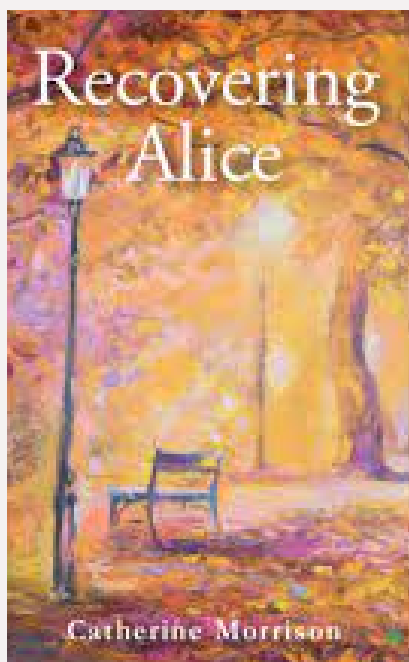
Meanwhile, Tina finds herself completely smitten with the American whom she now doesn't want to let anyone else near during the entire party. But there is no way a woman in her thirties would be interested in someone as young as herself! Right?

Thank goodness Robyn is around to play the role of the meddling friend...and soon Katelynn will discover that outside of Tremont, there is plenty for a gay woman to do...

**[Pre-order WTDOOT now!](#)**



## Quick Review: *Recovering Alice* by Catherine Morrison



I'd had *Recovering Alice* on my TBR for some time before I actually bought it. I knew I was guaranteed to love it - and guess what? I did!

Alice, a recovering alcoholic, drew me in right from the start. She was written to be a very three-dimensional character, not like some books about addiction I have read. *Recovering Alice* was full of emotions and tension, and it kept me turning the pages right the way up until the end. I honestly couldn't bear to finish it - I wanted to keep Alice as a friend, which I know is irrational because she's a fictional character!

In short, I highly recommend this book. Five stars from me.

Buy [Recovering Alice](#) on Amazon today!

## Jokes From My Twitter Followers!

I have some fabulous funny people following me! Here's their contributions to my newsletter!

"Two guys walk into a bar. The third guy ducks."  
~ Rob (@Robinovi4)

"The hand that rocks the dreidel rules the world."  
~ Richard Van Holst (@punnymannrich)

"My husband told me to stop impersonating flamingos, so I had to put my foot down."  
~ Nicki (@nickisbookblog)

## Connect with me!

Instagram: [@katherineblakemanwriter](#)

Twitter: [@kblakemanwriter](#)

Mastodon: [@kathblakemanwriter@mastodon.lol](#)

Website: [www.katherineblakeman.com](#)



# Banana and Chocolate Loaf

I'm reluctant to call it banana bread, because that just reminds me of Lockdown 2020. Remember that? When everyone went nuts for banana bread? Anyway, I caught onto the trend a bit late, so I'm sharing my recipe now. And if you're worried about a New Year diet - it's got fruit in, so it's healthy, right...?



## INGREDIENTS:

100g softened butter  
175g caster sugar  
2 eggs  
2 mashed ripe bananas  
225g self raising flour  
1tsp baking powder  
2tbsp milk  
100g chopped chocolate

## METHOD:

Put all the ingredients but the chocolate into a bowl and beat together until smooth.  
Fold in the chopped chocolate.  
Pour into a greased and lined loaf tin.  
Put in the oven at 180C/350F/Gas Mark 4 for about an hour or until a skewer inserted into the middle comes out clean.  
If you're feeling fancy, top with more chocolate.



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