

Matt/synopsis

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Mathew, Broderick, Fred, Roger is based on stories of my youth and of growing up, something all of us have to do whether we like to or not. Mathew is a character hailing from my imagination, he is a spark and a thread that weaves throughout the book making appearances throughout to connect the past to the present. I am confident that readers will be reminded of their own youth. Memories of family and friendships, of dreams and wondering about all the fantastic tales and truths as professed by parents and teachers, many questionable and some outright 'pork-ies'. The title hails from the habit of some exasperated mothers to call out to their unruly children by all their given names. Mathew is a three year old little rascal when you first meet him and he drives his mother crazy with his antics, one of which is running away as fast as his little legs allow him. He is my alter ego and I suspect yours as well. Looking at life, at the world, wide-eyed and with a great sense of wonder and expectation. Eager to brace all its adventures and challenges. It is also a reflection of the times I grew up in, a world rebuilding after World War II, coming fresh from one nightmare and busy constructing other ones. It is also a reflection on life itself, the ups and downs, the successes and the disappointments, the hopes and dreams we all cherish and at times turning to disbelief and out of reach. It is not just my journey. I have a sneaky suspicion that it is yours as well. What makes life interesting is not the beginning or the end, but the journey in between. Some of the people who read this novel told me that they had to read it twice. The first time around they were constantly reminded of their own youth and upbringing, so they needed a second read to concentrate on my story.

W.B