

HARMLESS

The mysterious, late-night look is flawlessly executed in this intriguing book. The typography is very well done, especially the simplicity of the chapter titles, which, in a brilliant touch, get increasingly dark throughout the book.

I AM WHAT I AM BECAUSE YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE

A lovely and elegant design. The strong diagonal lines add vibrancy, and the colour of the excellent title page connects well with the cover.

THE SOCIETY OF EXPERIENCE

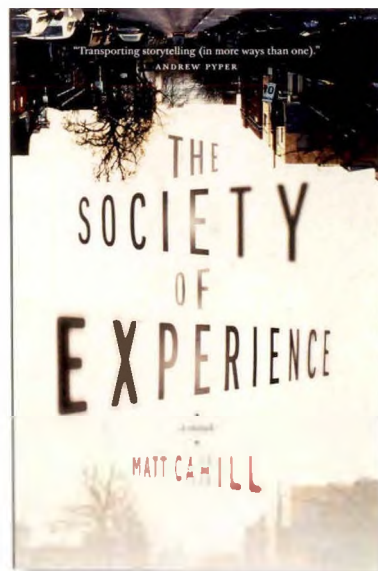
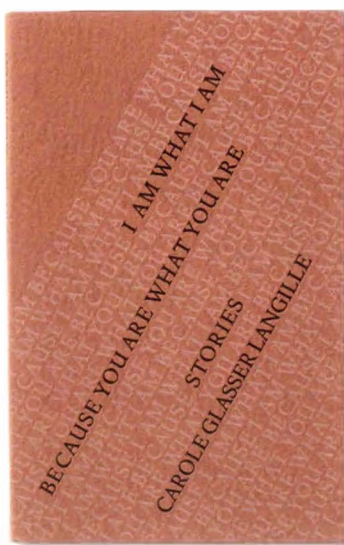
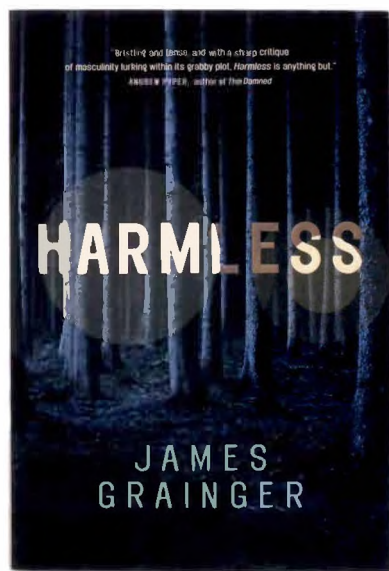
The designer clearly put a great deal of careful consideration into every element of the interior. The result is engaging, with many cute choices and small touches that make you look twice, such as custom folios on each page.

THE SWALLOWS UNCAGED: A NARRATIVE IN EIGHT PANELS

The cover is striking and the type is expertly handled. The book as a whole strikes a fine balance between visual interest and solid craftsmanship.

GERMAN MILLS

Period pieces can sometimes seem mere imitations, but that is not the case here—this book captures the spirit of the time it portrays in an authentic way. A solid, skillful design, especially the wonderful title page.



#### HARMLESS

L'allure mystérieuse de fin de soirée de ce livre intrigant est réalisée avec brio. La typographie est très bien faite, surtout la simplicité des titres de chapitres qui, grâce à une touche exceptionnelle, s'assombrit tout au long du livre.

#### I AM WHAT I AM BECAUSE YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE

Une conception graphique jolie et raffinée. Les lignes diagonales prononcées apportent de l'enthousiasme et la couleur de l'excellente page de titre s'harmonise bien avec la couverture.

#### THE SOCIETY OF EXPERIENCE

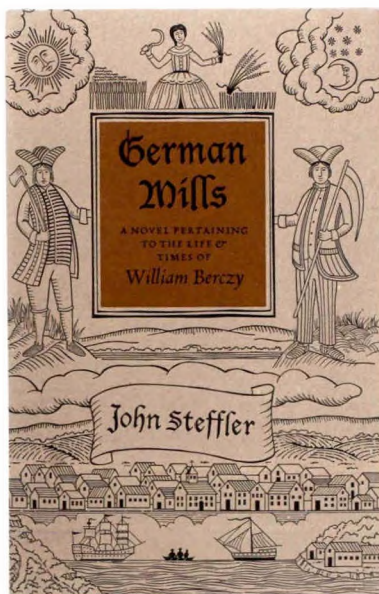
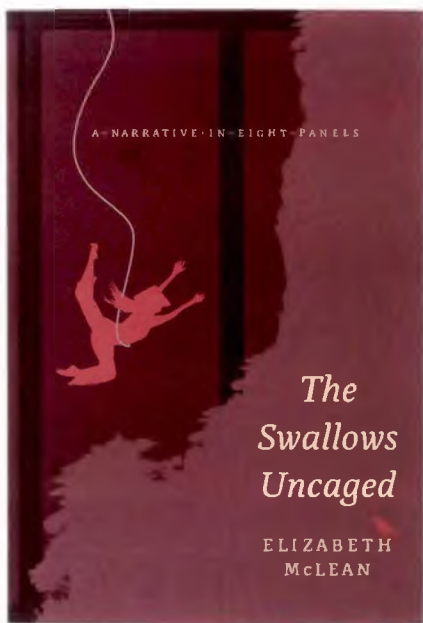
De façon évidente, la conceptrice a étudié avec énormément de soin chaque élément de l'intérieur du livre. Le résultat est invitant, comportant de nombreux choix mignons avec une petite touche qui nous amène à nous arrêter deux fois plutôt qu'une aux folios individualisés à chaque page, par exemple.

#### THE SWALLOWS UNCAGED: A NARRATIVE IN EIGHT PANELS

La couverture est saisissante et les caractères sont habilement traités. Dans l'ensemble, le livre offre un bel équilibre entre l'intérêt qu'apporte le visuel et le travail artistique continu.

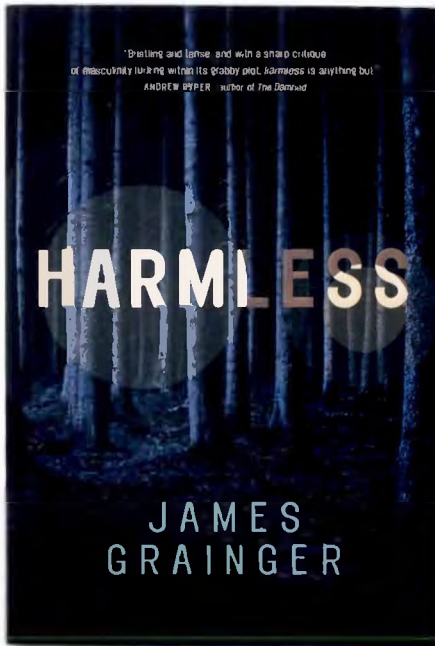
#### GERMAN MILLS

Les scènes d'époque semblent parfois n'être qu'une pâle imitation, ce qui n'en est rien dans ce cas-ci; ce livre saisit l'esprit du temps qu'il dépeint de façon authentique. La conception graphique est puissante et habile, notamment celle de la page de titre.



FIRST PRIZE

PREMIER PRIX



TITLE | TITRE  
Harmless

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
Terri Nimmo

AUTHOR | AUTEUR  
James Grainger

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION  
McClelland & Stewart

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR  
Berryville Graphics

TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES  
Sabon  
Elephant

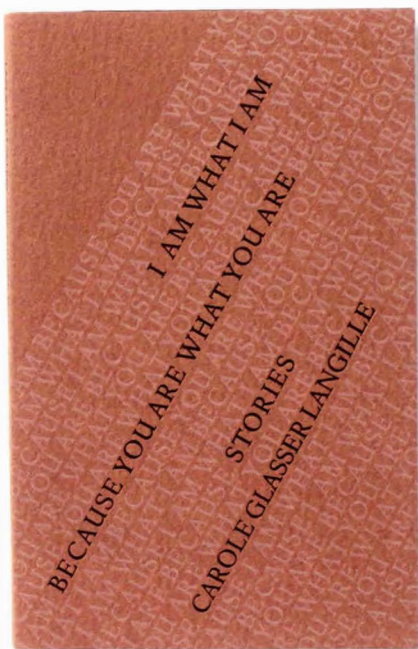
TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ  
140 x 210 mm.

ISBN 9780771036699



SECOND PRIZE

DEUXIÈME PRIX



TITLE | TITRE

I Am What I Am Because You Are  
What You Are

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Andrew Steeves

AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Carole Glasser Langille

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

Gaspereau Press

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Gaspereau Press

TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES

Emerson

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

130 x 200 mm.

ISBN 9781554471492



COUSINS

the light cool. Dilli came up to Lydia at the gravesite and hugged her, tears in her eyes.

Doug would have loved to talk with you about the film he was hoping to make,' Dilli said. 'He said you were one of the few people who really listened.' Dilli was sobbing now. 'He said you understood him. You meant so much to him. I'm sure you know.'

Lydia stared at her cousin. 'No, I didn't know,' she said, chilled in the damp wind. 'I didn't know.' Or maybe she just thought she said this. The wind had stopped blowing but the air was still cold.

A SICKLY SCRAWNY THING

She stops first by the overlook outside of town, sits for a few minutes looking at the ocean. It's dusk and she can just see a bald eagle rising at the edge of the water. Isn't an eagle supposed to carry prayers to heaven? What are her prayers? For some reason a memory comes into her mind from years ago. She was at a bus station when a woman walked in wearing a long cloak. When the woman went to the cashier to purchase a ticket, she stuck her foot in her bag and brought out her wallet with her toes. The woman had no arms. Jenneke was horrified. The woman was in her early twenties, with blonde hair to her waist, a long neck and jutting chin, a beautiful woman. With no arms, Jenneke had felt a tremor of fear and turned away. How did someone live without arms? Just the sight of this deformity had made Jenneke queasy.

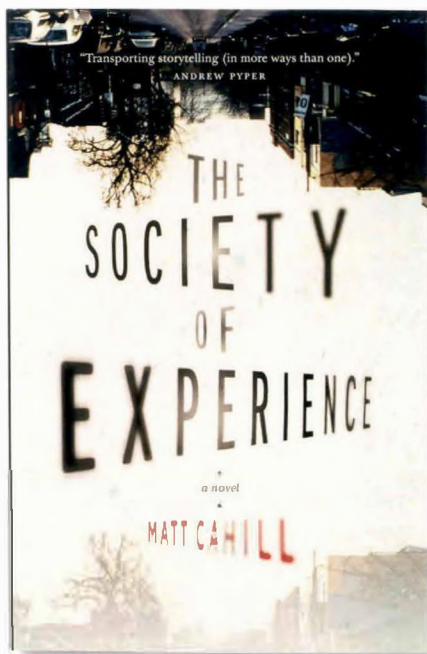
'Why am I thinking about this woman now?' she admonishes herself.

It is dark when Jenneke pulls her car into a spot across the street and three doors down from her house. She turns off the motor and waits. It's cold and she's brought a thermos of green tea sweetened with honey. From time to time she turns on the motor to get warm.

She clicks the car radio on and a country song croons, 'You'll think of me, you'll think of me...' She's brought carrots and celery but she thinks if she eats now she'll throw up.

## THIRD PRIZE (TIE)

## TROISIÈME PRIX (EX AEUQO)



## TITLE | TITRE

The Society of Experience

## DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Ingrid Paulson

## AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Matt Cahill

## PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

Wolsak and Wynn

## PHOTOGRAPHER | PHOTOGRAPHIE

Matt Cahill

## PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Ball Media

## TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES

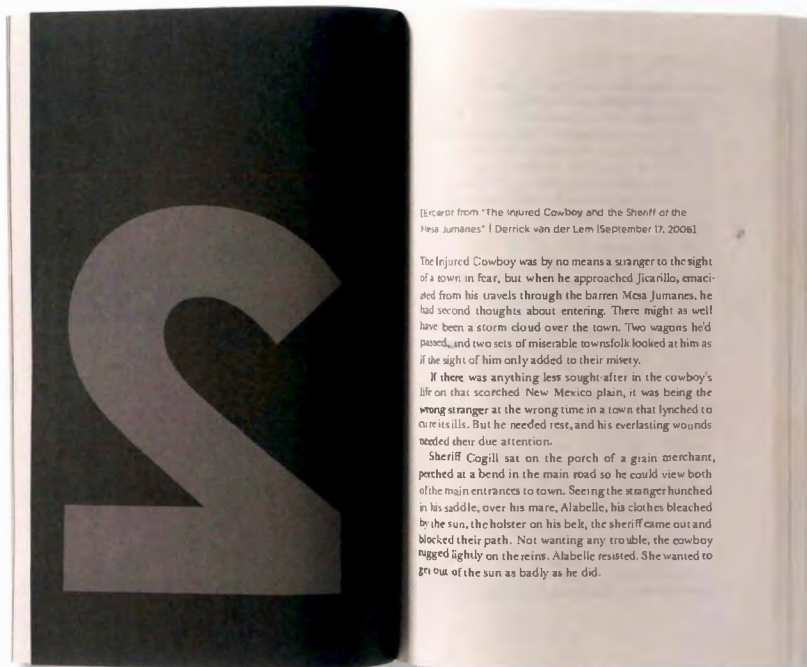
Baskerville 10

Gotham

## TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

140 x 210 mm.

ISBN 9781928088042



[Excerpt from "The Injured Cowboy and the Sheriff of the Mesa Junanes" | Derrick van der Lem | September 17, 2006]

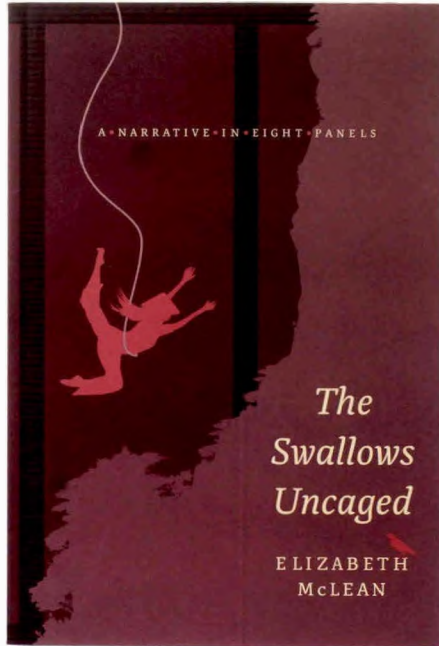
The Injured Cowboy was by no means a stranger to the sight of a town in fear, but when he approached Jicarillo, emaciated from his travels through the barren Mesa Junanes, he had second thoughts about entering. There might as well have been a storm cloud over the town. Two wagons he'd passed, and two sets of miserable townsfolk looked at him as if the sight of him only added to their misery.

If there was anything less sought-after in the cowboy's life on that scorched New Mexico plain, it was being the wrong stranger at the wrong time in a town that lynched to cure ills. But he needed rest, and his everlasting wounds needed their due attention.

Sheriff Cogill sat on the porch of a grain merchant, perched at a bend in the main road so he could view both of the main entrances to town. Seeing the stranger hunched in his saddle, over his mare, Alabelle, his clothes bleached by the sun, the holster on his belt, the sheriff came out and blocked their path. Not wanting any trouble, the cowboy nudged lightly on the reins. Alabelle resisted. She wanted to get out of the sun as badly as he did.

THIRD PRIZE (TIE)

TROISIÈME PRIX (EX AEQUO)



TITLE | TITRE

The Swallows Uncaged: a Narrative  
in Eight Panels

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Natalie Olsen (Kisscut Design)

AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Elizabeth McLean

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

Freehand Books

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Friesens

TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES

Alda

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

150 x 230 mm.

ISBN 9781554812646



de cette époque, les Nguyen ont été une famille qui gouvernait le pays, la Nguyen clan saw one of their members die, one of Dai Viet. They had no money and no help from the French, so they had to explore the way to come back to establish trading posts. The first Nguyen emperor united the south and the north under the name of Viet Nam and moved the capital to the central region. His sons and grandsons lived in the Forbidden City of the Imperial Citadel in whose heart he had his own palace compound for the royal families.

BEAUTIFUL NGUYỄN THỊ CHÁU SQUATTED on the grass with her back out and her hands folded in her lap, exactly like the backs and hands of the five other newcomers to the Forbidden City who squatted near her. But her head rose well above theirs. On the other side of the mat, Concubine Quynh of Grade Four waited for her charges to be perfectly still before beginning the story she wanted them to hear.

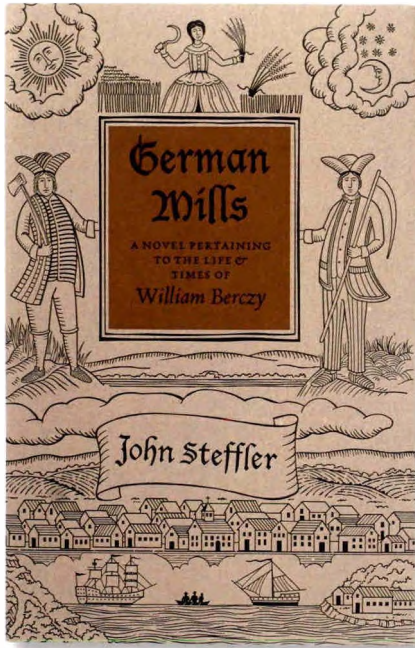
"In the early years of the reign of Emperor Minh Mạng, a prolonged drought blighted our land. The fields and meadows shriveled into dust and the riverbeds narrowed into muddied groves. The Emperor ordered his senior Mandarins, imperial astronomers, and local wise men to determine the cause of the calamity. Three lunar years later, when no one was any wiser and the land still lay withered, the Emperor took matters into his own hands. He issued a decree unheard of in the chronicles of Chinese or Vietnamese dynasties."

Concubine Quynh's voice rose to a lofty pitch as she quoted the Emperor's chilling words: "There are too many women inside the walls of the Forbidden City. The foul smel of wailing from their quarters hinders the flow of the wind and poisons the air. The Gods are manifestly displeased. They must be multiplied before our Kingdom is raised. Since the women are the cause of the calamity, let one hundred women be expelled!"

Concubine Quynh always told this story when the novices were still daunted by the thick walls of their Compound, still desolate with longing for home. They needed to hear about the banished women of long ago to begin to accept that they would live in the Forbidden City for life. That such ill-fated expulsion

HONOURABLE MENTION

MENTION HONORABLE



TITLE | TITRE

German Mills: a Novel Pertaining to the Life and Times of William Berczy

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
Andrew Steeves

AUTHOR | AUTEUR  
John Steffler

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION  
Gaspereau Press

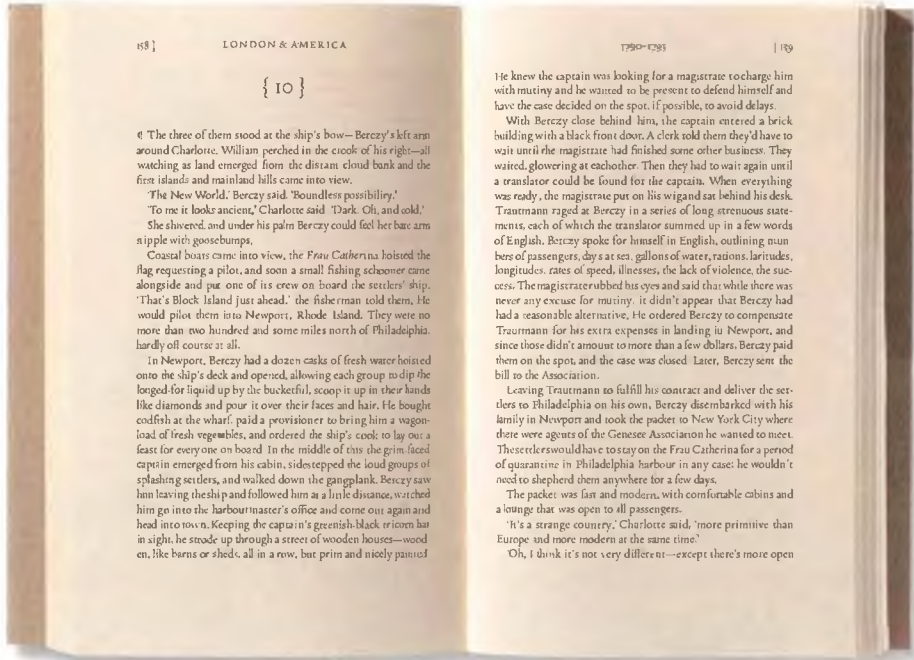
ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION  
Jack McMaster (Drawing & Lettering) |  
Dessins & Lettrage)

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR  
Gaspereau Press

TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES  
Neacademia

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ  
140 x 220 mm.

ISBN 9781554471485



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LONDON & AMERICA

{ 10 }

¶ The three of them stood at the ship's bow—Berczy's left arm around Charlotte, William perched in the cockpit of his right—all watching as land emerged from the distant cloud bank and the first islands and mainland hills came into view.

'The New World,' Berczy said. 'Boundless possibility.'  
'To me it looks ancient,' Charlotte said. 'Dark. Oh, and cold.'  
She shivered, and under his palm Berczy could feel her bare arm stipple with goosebumps.

Coastal boats came into view, the *Frau Catharina* hoisted the flag, requesting a pilot, and soon a small fishing schooner came alongside and put one of its crew on board the settlers' ship. 'That's Block Island just ahead,' the fisherman told them. He would pilot them into Newport, Rhode Island. They were no more than two hundred and some miles north of Philadelphia, hardly off course at all.

In Newport, Berczy had a dozen casks of fresh water hoisted onto the ship's deck and opened, allowing each group to dip the longed-for liquid up by the bucketful, scoop it up in their hands like diamonds and pour it over their faces and hair. He bought codfish at the wharf, paid a provisioner to bring him a wagon-load of fresh vegetables, and ordered the ship's cook to lay out a feast for everyone on board. In the middle of this the grim-faced captain emerged from his cabin, sideswiped the loud groups of splashing settlers, and walked down the gangplank. Berczy saw him leaving the ship and followed him as a little distance, watched him go into the harbour master's office and come out again and head into town. Keeping the captain's greenish-black tricorn hat in sight, he staked up through a street of wooden houses—wooden, like barns or sheds, all in a row, but prim and nicely painted

1790-1791

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He knew the captain was looking for a magistrate to charge him with mutiny and he wanted to be present to defend himself and have the case decided on the spot, if possible, to avoid delays.

With Berczy close behind him, the captain entered a brick building with a black front door. A clerk told them they'd have to wait until the magistrate had finished some other business. They waited, glowering at each other. Then they had to wait again until a translator could be found for the captain. When everything was ready, the magistrate put on his wig and sat behind his desk. Trautmann raged at Berczy in a series of long, strenuous statements, each of which the translator summed up in a few words of English. Berczy spoke for himself in English, outlining numbers of passengers, days at sea, gallons of water, rations, latitudes, longitudes, rates of speed, ill-eyes, the lack of violence, the success. The magistrate rubbed his eyes and said that while there was never any excuse for mutiny, it didn't appear that Berczy had had a reasonable alternative. He ordered Berczy to compensate Trautmann for his extra expenses in landing in Newport, and since those didn't amount to more than a few dollars, Berczy paid them on the spot, and the case was closed. Later, Berczy sent the bill to the Association.

Leaving Trautmann to fulfill his contract and deliver the settlers to Philadelphia on his own, Berczy disembarked with his family in Newport and took the packet to New York City where there were agents of the Genesee Association he wanted to meet. These settlers would have to stay on the *Frau Catharina* for a period of quarantine in Philadelphia harbour in any case; he wouldn't need to shepherd them anywhere for a few days.

The packet was fast and modern, with comfortable cabins and a lounge that was open to all passengers.

'It's a strange country,' Charlotte said. 'More primitive than Europe and more modern at the same time.'

'Oh, I think it's not very different—except there's more open

