Ockhams Sampler

Extracts from
the finalist books in the
Jann Medlicott Acorn Prize for Fiction
at the 2025 Ockham
New Zealand Book Awards

Jann Medlicott Acorn Prize for Fiction

Jann Medlicott Acorn **Prize for Fiction** Finalist
OCKHAM NEW ZEALAND BOOK AWARDS

The Jann Medlicott Acorn Prize for Fiction at the Ockham New Zealand Book Awards is the country's richest literary prize, with $65,000 going to the winner in 2025. It recognises both novels and short story collections by a single author.

This year's fiction judging panel says the 2025 fiction shortlist features dazzling works that address our moment's most urgent concerns: climate change, race relations, mobility, sexism, immigration and ageing. "Whether set in the Scottish Highlands, at the Fox Glacier, or on the Kāpiti Coast," they say, "each of these finalists evoked a visceral and often lyrical sense of place."

The 2025 fiction judges are novelist, short story writer and lecturer in creative writing Thom Conroy (convenor); bookshop owner and reviewer Carole Beu; and author, educator and writing mentor Tania Roxborogh (Ngāti Porou). They are joined in deciding the ultimate winner from their shortlist of four by an international judge, the esteemed literary festival chair, books editor, broadcaster and Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, Georgina Godwin.

This Ockhams Sampler gives you a taste of the craft at play in this year's shortlisted novels. You can read the judges' comments about each finalist at the start of that title's extract.

Look out for samplers of the finalists in the other three categories in the Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. As they are rolled out in the coming weeks, you will find them here:

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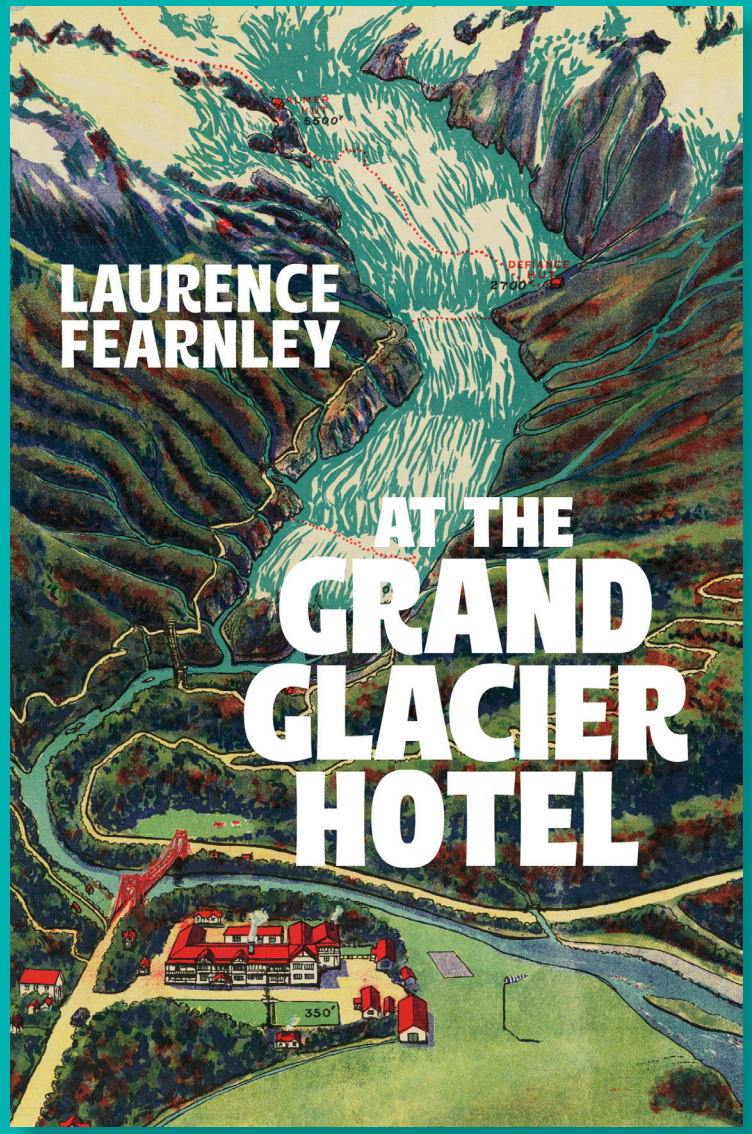
Contents



Published by **Penguin, Penguin Random House**

At the Grand Glacier Hotel

JUDGES' COMMENTS

While recovering from a leg sarcoma, Libby is temporarily stranded in the Grand Glacier Hotel. At the base of the swiftly retreating Fox Glacier, she gradually rediscovers her self-confidence and mobility. This novel introduces an ordinary but spectacular world in which it's possible to imagine that the extinct South Island kōkako yet lives. The sense of place, the fascinating cast of characters, and the investigation of human relationships linger long after the book is closed.

Extract from Chapter 23

They were walking ahead of us. The two people we'd spotted from the water had turned out to be detectorists, moving slowly, fully immersed in their search for metal. I was happy to trail behind, watching as the men made sweeping motions with their detectors across the ridge of the bank. Every few steps, one would stop and focus his search on a small section. Whenever this happened, James and I stood back, waiting as the man knelt on the ground, digging with a sharp trowel, running the detector over the mound of shingle and sand he had dislodged.

I could hear the beeping from where we stood. At times the sound was loud and persistent, at other times quieter, as if picking up a signal from deep underground. Still keeping out of the way, we positioned ourselves so we could watch the trickle of fine debris through a bucket sieve, and the final uncovering of 'treasure'. I saw what might have been bottle tops and nails, items that were thrown into a plastic bag like so much rubbish. The pair did not share the discovery of these items, but when we saw them both huddle over an object, our curiosity got the better of us, and we drew closer.

In my heart, I hoped the find would be a gold nugget. I'd never seen one before but carried a romantic notion of how it might feel to unearth a gleaming specimen. I should have lowered my expectations: as I joined the men I saw that they were puzzling over a worn clip and fastener from a woman's suspender belt.

'I don't know. I have no idea,' said the younger of the two. He fingered the frayed elastic attached to the upper part of the buckle, then turned it in his hand. 'Maybe it's from a hat, or something.'

'A bonnet, maybe?'

They noticed me looking but didn't ask my opinion. If only they'd known that as a child I'd seen my grandmother's suspenders and stockings drying on a line above her bath whenever I visited. I could even remember when they eventually vanished, replaced by thick woollen tights and nylon pantyhose.

'It's a strap,' said the younger man, sounding decisive. He put it in his bag and they began to move away.

'What was it?' asked James, once they'd gone.

'What do you mean?'

'Well, it was obvious from your expression that you knew.'

'You don't?'

He shook his head. 'No idea.'

I described the button and clip fastening as best I could, but I was already trying to fathom how a suspender belt had wound up on the beach in the first place. My first thought was that sometime, perhaps in the 1960s, a passionate bout of lovemaking had taken place where we were standing. But that thought was quickly followed by another: an image of a family picnic. Now I could see the mother, or even the grandmother, removing her stockings and permitting herself the pleasure of feeling the warm summer air against bare legs. Though I liked the picture, it didn't quite hold up to scrutiny. She would unfasten her stockings and remove them without taking off her suspender belt. Only if she undressed – to put on a swimsuit – would the suspender belt need to go. Maybe the suspender belt simply blew off a washing line? Or it could have been thrown out during a spring clean, or perhaps we were on an old rubbish tip. The speed with which my imagination had taken me from wild sex on the beach to housework and landfill was depressing, but not unexpected. Silk stockings, or stockings of any kind, had never played a part in my own sex life. I didn't say anything, but for the next few minutes I tried to picture myself in the famous close-up from *The Graduate*, the scene where Mrs Robinson fastens her fine black stockings as the young Benjamin watches from the doorway. In my life, it would never happen. What a relief.

We had overtaken the detectorists and were heading back in the direction of the settlement. The firmer gravel beneath our feet had given way to a softer mix of river stones and sand, and, even though we hadn't covered much distance, I was beginning to struggle. Though James kept adjusting his pace to match mine, I was having trouble keeping up. A short way ahead was a large driftwood trunk and as soon as I

reached it, I sat down to catch my breath and stretch my legs. The relief was immediate. I was so glad not to have to move.

'I'm sorry,' I apologised. 'I just need a minute.'

The last of the mist had burnt off and the sky was a clear baby-blue, and far paler than the sea that sparkled all the way to the horizon. There was no wind, and the waves curling into surf formed a clean line, before crashing onto the gravel shore. Though it was still early, I could feel the heat from the sun and stones pass through my clothes and enter me. It was good simply to sit and soak in the warmth and be lulled by the waves.

We'd only been on the beach for around an hour but it was easy to see the change in tide. A broken fish bin that had been beyond the surf when we first set off was now bobbing and scraping in the shallows. With every wave, it rolled and turned, sometimes floating a few metres down the beach, at other times settling on the shingle bank. A gull hovered above it, landing when the bin came to rest, launching skyward when the waves came too close. Further up the shore, a sun-dried fish skeleton had caught the attention of other gulls. They took turns snatching at the carcass, tugging it and then flapping into the air, wings beating, almost touching as they positioned themselves for a new attack. The largest bird made a clacking sound that carried in the still air. Its incessant call, combined with the heat and the glare, gave the scene a summer atmosphere. Reliving childhood beach trips, I absentmindedly picked up a stone and lazily threw it towards the sea, watching as it landed far short of the water and skittered to a stop.

Beside me, James was poking a hole into the fine scree with the tapered end of a driftwood branch. He appeared to be taking as much pleasure in what he was doing as I was in tossing stones. We were both immersed in our own thoughts, glancing

up every now and again to take in the broader view, before refocusing our attention on the small patch near our feet. A feeling of lazy contentment came over me. I was happy not to be doing anything in particular, but just *being*.

Published by **Te Herenga Waka University Press**

Delirious

JUDGES' COMMENTS

A novel of humanity, humour and understated prose, *Delirious* is a luminously written and poignant exploration of aging, memory and the fraught ties of family. Retired policewoman Mary and recently retired librarian Pete decide to shift into a retirement home, but an unexpected development in the 40-year-old case of their son's death immerses them in a journey that recasts what might have been the end as an uplifting new beginning.

Extract from Chapter 3

After breakfast, Pete went across the road to collect Gus for his walk. It was good to get out of the house. Mary had another list of jobs to get through. He'd help when he came back.

Gus, an ancient black lab, belonged to Jan, who had a spinal condition and was now limited in her mobility. 'I'm sort of matching my dog,' she'd told Pete. 'Both of us limping into the sunset.'

'Describes us all,' said Pete.

He enjoyed the trundle of their beach walks, the dog's doleful body, the kindness Gus showed to whatever creature, animal or human, came into his slow orbit. Yep, he seemed to say, have a smell, have a stroke, this is me, I am here. For now. Hello. Greetings. And Pete liked Jan, even liking that their front-door conversations were mostly limited to the subject of the dog. It put them on the same wavelength as Gus. *Hello. I am here. Greetings, fellow sufferer*. Slowly Jan's scoliosis was taking over.

Today she called out to Pete from further inside the house. Her carer was there and she told him to just take Gus, he was ready. Pete could tie him up by his kennel and give him some water when they got back. She was so grateful to Pete for doing it.

The dog raised his head slowly and lifted his tail twice. Walks were not ecstatic moments for old Gus these days. He had miles on the clock, one careful and damaged lady owner.

Never having owned a dog, Pete was unsure about the etiquette. Did others talk as much to their dogs as he did with Gus? Did it worry the animal to have to listen to this strange old human? Was Gus always on alert for the sounds which really were important to him as a dog and which he might have to act on? And was all the other stuff kind of a drag? Anyway, they mooched along in the direction of the beach and Pete was updating Gus on events.

They had to stop and wait for a neighbour's car to back out of the driveway. It was Trent, the youngish man who'd inherited the house when both his parents died within a year of each other. Terrible. The house sat in an alarming hollow with a stream running behind it. Periodically the back yard would flood and the council would turn up to pump the water out.

Trent lived alone and kept to himself, avoiding eye contact. Once, he'd come over to ask if they'd seen his cat. They were unaware he had a cat. He spoke to them from about five yards

away. Nah, he wouldn't come inside. The grass of his driveway grew up to the top of the tyres of his parents' old car, which maybe he was keeping as some sort of memorial. The whole place seemed like it was sinking, and him with it.

Gus knew all this.

Occasionally Trent did exercises in his back yard, moving his arms in small circles, twisting from side to side. Was it a kind of tai chi? He wore the same heavy black clothes no matter the temperature. Nothing was ever hung on his clothesline.

Trent appeared never to generate noise that wasn't contained in his headphones, which he wore everywhere. Very quiet, though always with the sense that there was some huge sound barrelling into his brain. At dusk, before he pulled the curtains, they could see him sitting at his computer.

Pete had the idea that one day they might be drawn into some saving act, some intervention. Trent hovered in their consciousness. He seemed to have no one else. No one visited him, as far as they knew. Had he inherited enough money to let him sit all day at the computer, unless this was also his job?

Had grief overtaken his life?

Of course, it was most likely that in Trent's mind Pete and Mary were interchangeable with any other old people. They could move out and probably he wouldn't even notice. They'd never much tried over the years to establish a connection, only hearing about his parents from another neighbour further down the street with whom Mary sometimes shared gardening tips. She told Pete once that she felt they'd let this strange young man down and that he was suffering. Could she deliver a meal? But he wasn't starving. Drop off some lemons from their tree? But how many lemons did a single man of thirty need? Pete thought Mary was putting them in the centre of a situation to which they were utterly peripheral. He also wished

this neighbour would mow his lawns more often. And take off those headphones. Go for a run on the beach. His sporadic exercise regime looked half-hearted. Pete was flooded with strange reactions whenever Trent crossed his vision. Were these the kind of things a certain type of father might think? He felt a wave of tenderness for the young man who could live whatever kind of life he wanted to live without some old codgers wishing otherwise.

Trent in his reversing car was looking the other way over his shoulder and failed again to take in man and dog, waiting. They watched him drive off.

Gus's nostrils twitched.

'Car need an oil change?' said Pete. 'I agree, old man. I agree.'

The sea was greenish and choppy. Matted weeds swirled on the frothy tide. A wide strip of driftwood, shells, plastics, pumice, bones, sticks hemmed the beach from a week of southerlies. The stormwater outlets had carved new channels. Pete let Gus off his lead, not that it made any difference. The dog still walked by his side, nosing in the sand occasionally, checking ahead for anything of interest. Far off a woman was coming their way, tossing a ball to two small dogs. They barked and ran. Gus regarded them hardly at all. Seeing this frenetic activity, he was looking so far into his own past it must have made almost no sense to him. Are those . . . dogs?

Pete put the remains of a transistor radio in the rubbish bag he always brought on these walks. He also picked up bottle caps, two cans and a section of nylon rope. Gus watched, approving—or perhaps that considering look was just him working his bowel into a position of release. *Soon, old chap*. They always went to the same dune, the same overhang, to complete the business. Pete would step off and allow him his privacy, then move in for collection. Gus's turds were remarkably consistent,

dropping as neat little logs and never those less manageable shapes Pete had seen, the ones which looked as though they'd been squeezed from an icing funnel, tapering to a creamy moist twirl. You'd need a shovel. Gus's stuff was almost odourless too. He was just so decent and accommodating.

'You know we're moving,' Pete said to Gus. 'Picking up sticks, shipping out. It's time eh.'

Poor Gus glanced to check if Pete had said something relevant. Stick? Nope.

'We're going to see the manager of the rest home today. Head honcho of the village. Her name's Maureen.' He started singing, 'Maureen, Maureen, oh where have you been? Maureen, Maureen, what have you seen? Oh Maureen, why are you so mean, Maureen? Yeah, it needs work. Sure. That's the blues, Gus. You and me, on the beach, with the Kāpiti blues again.'

The two little chasing yapping dogs were getting closer. They'd left their owner and her ball behind, having spotted Gus.

'Prepare yourself, old chap. Incoming.'

Gus, long-suffering, moved his head from Pete to the dogs once more.

Published by **Otago University Press**

Pretty Ugly

JUDGES' COMMENTS

What is ugly in this collection are the conflicts and secrets that drive each plot: burning wind turbines, mutated salmon and mortal hatred. In stories set in the UK and New Zealand, Kirsty Gunn's characters confront forces that challenge their capacity to endure. Images of triumph are brought into sharp focus by a masterful wordsmith: memories of a pristine river, a herd of running deer and the shot not fired.

Extract from Blood Knowledge

There was something wrong with the garden. You couldn't see it, nothing was obvious. There were no strange plants organised in certain shapes or sinister-looking growths and weeds; the paths were orderly, and the lawns. Roses grew, and pinks, in the places that had been set out for them, and in autumn, berries came out on the crab apple trees along the west side of the wall beside the vegetable plot. It was lovely, actually.

Even so, something was not right. And never had been. Venetia—'the beautiful Venice' her husband Richard called

her—might have pointed, with a long white finger, to the stunted pines that clung together by the gate and boundary. Those stiff black branches that would wave wildly in a storm, she could have used them by way of example. But they were nothing out of the ordinary either. Douglas firs were good for a garden, Richard said; they massed and gave protection. Half the reason they could grow the things they did, he told her, was because of those strong trees that you could see from her study window. 'Like sentinels,' is how Richard described them. He loved it, the garden. 'It is everything to me,' he joked. 'More than the house, even.'

'Not more than me, though, surely?' Venetia, 'the beautiful Venice', his city of palazzos and canals, would say to him, in turn.

And, 'silly', would be his unchanging reply.

So forget about a place of odd or frightening plants with thorns or savage leaves and stalks, Richard had made it a haven, the three-quarters of an acre that surrounded their home, and a haven it had been when they'd first moved here, all those years ago before the children were born. He used the word 'haven' then. Because after the stresses of his City job, there it was. A safe place for the two of them with everything growing and flourishing as it should.

And they still talked about it that way, didn't they? That the garden, like everything, everything in their life, would be as they would want it? It was a conversation between the two of them that had factored a sort of faith in the decisions that they had made together. A belief. Only the reality was, Venetia knew, that the wife who each day applied fresh makeup to her face, drawing on, before the mirror, a fine dark pink or crimson lipstick mouth, also knew the very earth from which the garden was made held something secretive and so peculiar that it could

spoil everything. And that it was there, that knowledge, and that the garden had the capacity to keep it, no matter what she and Richard said, long after their deaths. Forever actually. It was bedded in.

She never spoke about any of this out loud, of course. Instead, she went out in the mornings with her cup of coffee, her favourite cup, the one with the golden rim, and looked across the lawns, admiring the hedge by the gate with its uniform shape, the fuchsia and honeysuckle that had been planted to look wild in the far corner. It had been such a long time now since they'd moved here and fashioned the garden to be the way it was, so why not—irrespective of her feelings—admire it? After all, nothing had changed. The family had all been well, there'd been no concerns or disappointments. She and Richard were in good health, and he'd made so much money in that job of his they couldn't help but feel contented; the four children grown up with families and careers of their own by now but coming home all the time for lovely holidays and visits. There was Emma, who they'd always called Baby, with a baby of her own now, living in the next village, and Tom and Susannah and Evan busy in London as ever … It's true, Venetia, the lovely Venetia thought, as she arranged one of her pale blue or rose or emerald-coloured shawls around her shoulders before sitting down to her desk every day to work, that she'd had nothing, nothing to trouble her through this long period of marriage and family, of domestic life. In fact, you might say—and she did, she reminded herself of this often, and more now she was older, putting on her lipstick in the morning, checking, before the mirror, that the colour was right—she'd had everything for herself that she might have expected. You could use this phrase if you like: A perfect life.

In fact, 'silly', Richard would say again, if she was to bring

up the subject of doing things differently, as she used to do sometimes in the early years, talking then about moving away, maybe, or going to live abroad for a time—as though they might take a break from what they were building up around them or even escape it altogether. For 'silly' it must have been to think that he would leave the position he'd attained in the firm, one of the most prestigious in London, or that she herself would give up the writing commissions that by then were already creating a lifestyle for her, of working to contract, one novel every couple of years like clockwork, like a machine. Even so, she would talk sometimes, back then when the children were young and later, too, about how they might live somewhere else. 'Be different,' as she used to describe it, as though she knew about it already as 'that other life'.

'But why would you have such a silly idea?' was always Richard's response. 'Be somewhere different? As though we were different people? When we have everything as we need it here? Everything.'

'Because …' she might begin, his 'beautiful Venice,' each of her lovely shawls a gift from him and a new colour chosen for every passing year. 'Because …?'

And 'shhh' he would reply, drawing her to him, taking in his hands her long white fingers, caressing her rings and gems. 'My city of palazzos and canals …' he would murmur. 'Shhh, now. Silly.'

For this reason, Richard's sweet 'shhhh', his love of quietness, and the daily routine of life, the various requirements of work and domesticity that increased over time, it had been many years since she'd talked about where they lived, suggesting that they might find another way of feeling at home. And it was hardly the time now, with Richard about to retire for good in a

year's time, to start bringing up those sorts of thoughts again, finding ways of introducing them into a conversation. So why was she doing that? Just recently? Interrupting herself, and him? Why imagine at this late point in their lives, change? For it was measured out, surely it was, their remaining future, fixed, with Richard already planning certain activities in advance of all the extra time he would soon have to spend. A greenhouse, that was the next idea, built in the Edwardian style and great for parties, he said. 'Lots and lots of parties.' And that they'd be able to sit out there as well, just the two of them, even in the winter months if they wanted to, among, oh, what? Orange trees and tropical flowers? Anything. He had already spoken to architects and was laying out a ground. 'Look darling …' Three weeks ago he'd started digging in the back lawn. They'd be able to see from the large imagined glassed-in room, he said, all the tiny geraniums he'd grown from seed, pale pink and lemon and soft, baby blue they were pictured on the packet and that he'd been tending on the windowsill of his potting shed through the winter and early spring, promising her, that phrase she hated, 'a show, a real show.'

Published by **Ultimo Press**

The Mires

JUDGES' COMMENTS

Keri and her daughter Wairere, whose psychic sensitivity allows her insight into the minds of the living and the dead, share a row of flats with a family of climate refugees and a Pākehā woman whose radicalised son returns home. Audaciously located at the leaky intersection of race, class and climate justice, *The Mires* navigates themes of racism and disinformation in ways that are mana enhancing and yet surprising.

What a Swamp Knows

A swamp knows more than most people about most things. It's our nature, for within the damp and nebulous borders of swamp, water carries messages, stories, and even, gossip. Swamp is connected to all waterways, of course. All of them, from pond to stream to river to sea out into the many oceans of the world, and back. Always out, and back, the collective breathing of all the waters flowing through all the channels of the earth. Hence, a swamp in Kāpiti, on the west coast of the lower half of the North Island of Aotearoa New Zealand,

knows more than she probably should of the fortunes that have been won and lost on Old Ford Lock near the junction between Regent's Canal and Hertford Union Canal in London, England; or the precious waters collected in gnamma holes in Goomalling, Western Australia, by the Ballardong People; or the Southern O'ahu aquifer, the principal source of drinking water for 400,000 people in Hawaii, contaminated by the jet fuel of the occupying American military. And a swamp knows more than this, for there is nowhere our waters do not connect: the drains and gutters that run along your concrete footpaths, the pipes and taps of your houses, the flush of your toilets. We know your secrets, hear your arguments, wash your bodies of their sweat and sex and blood. Swamp runs beneath everything, especially in places like these, even though you have drained and paved and dammed us. Even though you pretend we no longer exist. We are too old and deep and vast to trouble ourselves with the impermanence of your wood and concrete and steel. Just watch how we rise after an earthquake, reclaiming the land with our wet.

The earthy trickling channels of swamp are like the roots of trees that spread and connect and communicate. People have just discovered that this is what trees do, that in fact trees are more sentient than you have heretofore understood, and that they share information with each other underground, via their root systems, and the fungal mycelium networks they share. Or should we say that people have recently rediscovered this understanding of trees, since people have known this for aeons, and then forgotten it, then learnt it again, then misplaced the knowledge. People are forever in the act of coming to know something and then losing themselves in or from that knowledge, forever going through enlightenments and dark ages, then collectively forgetting their history. Swamp doesn't

forget, but looks on in amusement when humans do it again, when humans forget so wholeheartedly that they can't even see the ones who haven't lost their knowledge, or their connection, to all that is. These few are disregarded, sometimes ridiculed, until things come round again. And things always come around. Or at least they have until now.

Extract from Chapter 1 Wairere

Dharug Country, Sydney, not long ago

Keri had chosen to do things the hard way all her life, so it was no surprise that she gave birth to Wairere alone. Others were supposed to have been there: the midwife, the assistant midwife, and her mother, but it was 3.15 am when she called them, and everything was calm, and everyone thought she'd be okay for another couple of hours. First babies aren't born quickly, everyone knows that. But Keri's contractions moved from thirty minute intervals to ten-minute intervals in an hour, and before she knew it she was heaving on the toilet, thinking she might die before anyone reached her. They said they'd come at six, and it was only 4.30 am, and she couldn't make it to the phone to call, just to her knees by the bed, where she was overcome with the need to push. She tried to hold back, but she didn't know how, and the pushing alleviated the pain. The pushing was like all heaven's angels gathering around her uterus and squeezing with their heavenly fingers, and she wasn't even religious. She visualised a flower opening like the birthing video said, even though she didn't believe in that hippie shit. She didn't care

what she had to believe to make the pain subside. She was a sea anemone, she was a mud goddess in a slaughterhouse, she was a gunslinger racing a train on a half-wild horse.

Maybe she was delirious, or maybe it was the movie marathon she had just watched that evening, when she was still ignorant and pregnant, not really the woman she had imagined herself to be after all, but some innocent child. Now that Keri was half-woman, half-amphibious animal birthing itself onto land, she understood that she was entering the darkness from which it was necessary to draw life forward. She was going in to clasp her child from the embrace of the gods who inhabited the world on the other side of life. She was become something else, something powerful and mad: Kali, Medusa, Hine nui te Pō. Of course, it made sense as soon as she said the name to herself: the Great Lady of the Night, Mother of the Dark. Fierce and fearsome. With nobody else around, she could let all these ancient and imaginary selves flare into being, if only for that sweet moment when the pain drove her right out of her mind.

Then the contraction subsided, and she was back, realising she didn't want something to happen to the baby even if she lost herself, so she found the phone and made the calls. But no one arrived until after.

After the birthing of the head left her wide-legged and two-headed, an unfledged hydra.

After her daughter slipped full-bodied from between her legs, slick and seal-like.

After she lifted the babe into her arms, curled in a warm, wet ball, and found herself gazing into eyes that came not from darkness, but from before the dark existed.

The midwife and the assistant midwife and her mother arrived to find Keri wrapped in her quilt on the floor, the baby sucking on her fist, eyes firmly shut against the lights they switched on to assess the damage. Her mother set about cleaning up the room. The midwives set about managing the birthing of placenta and stitching the places Keri had torn. The baby didn't cry and Keri didn't speak, except to answer the midwives' questions. For some time after that, at least until the pito-umbilicus had fallen off and for two or three weeks more, Keri could still see the place beyond and behind the dark whenever she gazed into her daughter's eyes. But then the baby began to focus more on the world she now inhabited, and her eyes developed a regular, this-worldly brown colour. Though when she fixed people with her stare, they inevitably felt like she was staring into their soul, and what she found there was perplexing.

Laurence Fearnley
At the Grand Glacier Hotel

Damien Wilkins
Delirious

Kirsty Gunn
Pretty Ugly

Tina Makereti (Te Ātiawa, Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Ngāti Rangatahi-Matakore, Pākehā)
The Mires

He kupu whakamihi to all the authors whose inspired work has been recognised and honoured in this year's Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. We urge readers to seek out their titles in bookstores and libraries around the motu. And we invite you to join us for the awards ceremony on Wednesday 14 May – in person or via the livestream – to hear the finalists read from their books and to celebrate the ultimate winners. To find out more follow NewZealandBookAwards or #theockhams on Facebook and Instagram. For tickets visit www.writersfestival.co.nz.

The Ockhams Samplers were compiled with the assistance of the Academy of New Zealand Literature.

Look out for the other category samplers at:

OCKHAM NEW ZEALAND BOOK AWARDS

ANZL Academy of New Zealand Literature
Te Whare Mātātuhi o Aotearoa