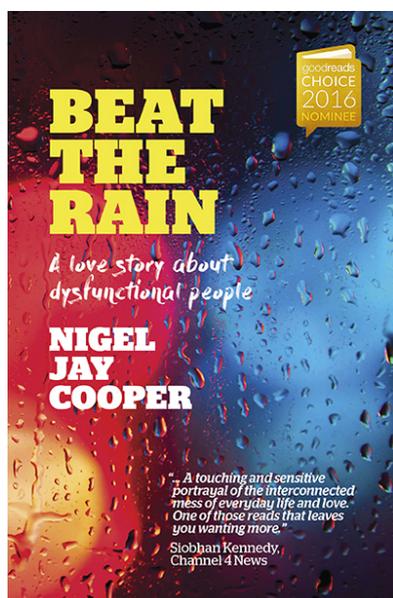


BEAT THE RAIN by Nigel Jay Cooper

‘A unique fall out of love story for the 21st Century’

Bestselling JHP Fiction title 2016. Goodreads Choice Awards semi-finalist, Best Debut Author.

Can Louise move on from the loss of her lover Tom? Can she and Tom’s twin brother Adam really find a way to love one another? Or are they trapped on a path of self-destruction, moving towards a tragedy neither can avoid?



Author	Nigel Jay Cooper
Categories	Contemporary Fiction Literary Fiction Psychological Thriller
ISBN-10	1785353640
ISBN-13	978-1785353642
Publisher	Roundfire Books

“An unforgettable story of love and loss propelled by blockbuster twists.” **Love Reading.**

“Gripping storytelling from the start... one of those reads that leaves you wanting more.” **Siobhan Kennedy, Channel 4 News.**

“A triumph in narrative style... a gripping and twisting tale set in the cracks of the grimy everyday.” **Female First.**

About the author

Nigel Jay Cooper

Writer and author, born in London, England. He now lives in Brighton (via Nottingham) with his partner, their two children and greying, ginger and increasingly expensive to keep dog, Luka.

Nigel's debut novel *Beat The Rain* was his publisher's Bestselling title for 2016 and was a semi-finalist in the Goodreads Choice Awards for Best Debut Author.



He co-founded Qube Media, which created the UK's leading influencer and advocate marketing platform, Qubist. He previously worked as a writer and editor for Channel 4 Television and as a newspaper sub editor.

He was also a stay at home father, is a sometime marathon runner and occasional actor and singer. Sometimes his brain switches off and lets him sleep, but not that often.

Where did you get the idea for *Beat The Rain*?

I wrote a really short piece years ago about a bereaved woman falling for her dead boyfriend's brother. But the characters wouldn't go away, I couldn't help feeling ghosts like that don't just disappear and their relationship wouldn't be easy. It kept niggling at me – could a relationship really survive a start like that? More recently, my brother pointed out that my father was married to my mother's sister before we were born – and they married after she died. I didn't consciously think of this at all when writing the novel – and I'd like to point out my parents are lovely and nothing like Adam and Louise.

What do you hope the reader will get from reading *Beat The Rain*?

Apart from a good read, my intention was always to show that people are in charge of their own destinies – the grass isn't always greener and you have choices. In a way, I made Adam and Louise make bad choices over and over to make a point to the reader – things could have been different, it wasn't fate, it was choice... and we all have choices, even if it seems like we don't.

About the author continued...

What do you like most about being a writer?

I love the process and those rare moments when you are in the 'zone' and your writing gets to the point that it feels like it's happening outside of you – or rather it's channelling through you without you being consciously aware of it. That's magical.

The less prosaic answer is that I don't really have a choice – I feel compelled to write and feel jittery if I don't.

What is your advice for aspiring writers?

Write. Don't talk about writing. Don't talk about not having the time to write. Just write. Don't moan that life 'gets in the way' or writing. Write. Often.

What are you working on at the moment?

I've just finished my second novel, *The Pursuit of Ordinary*, which is also to be published by Roundfire Books. I've started my third novel and know the basic plot outline. My children have made me promise to write a children's book as well...

What inspired you to become a writer?

Margaret Atwood, I think she uses language beautifully.

As a child, what did you think you might do with your life?

I thought I'd be an author – genuinely. It took me until I reached 40 to actualise it, but it's what I always wanted to be.

What do you hope to be remembered for most?

As long as my children remember me as a loving and supportive father, everything else is secondary.

What key piece of advice would you give your 16-year-old self?

Chill out and cheer up, you miserable sod – life is pretty good, even if you can't see that right now.

Excerpt from Beat The Rain

All relationships start out as love stories. But they don't all end as one.

In the past, in the beige neutrality of our flat with lawn mowers and televisions and scaffold poles and chirping seagulls outside, I swallow and open my eyes. Blink. My back aches because I've been sitting cross-legged on the living-room floor for what seems like an eternity.

'Are you meditating?' a voice says, but I'm not sure if it's taking the piss or not. That's the thing about marriage, after a while, you stop knowing when your spouse is serious or not, when they're joking or jibing. Next – and you don't remember when – you stop even caring. At least, that's how my marriage became. But not yet, not in this moment.

In this moment, I'm trying to remain centred and in the present, removing myself from all past and future concerns. I'm holding my palms face outwards, resting them on my knees.

'Shhh,' I'm saying gently. 'I'm concentrating.'

'I've got something to tell you,' the voice continues. I struggle to open my eyes and stand up but my legs are still crossed and twisted. The blood rushes past my eyes and I see a blur, like white rock and sky, spinning out of control. I can hear the sound of children wailing, but they're trapped inside white, feathered, seagull bodies. I see the sea, crashing waves, needle-sharp rocks.

'You okay?' The sunlight is filtering through our living-room windows and I am desperately trying to focus, to remain here, in the past, when we were happy and alive and our world was filled with possibility. Our lives were wonderful sometimes. Ordinary and humdrum and wonderful. I forgot that towards the end, but now I'm seeing it through dying eyes, I remember. It wasn't all bad – we both messed up. But people do that all the time don't they. And there's always a way back if you want it hard enough.

'What?' I struggle to say, clinging to my memories desperately, like a child clutching a balloon in the wind.

'Doesn't matter,' the voice says simply, disconnecting from me. Disconnecting permanently, maybe. My heart stops beating, just for a moment. I think it did matter, but I didn't notice until now. Too late, always too late.

But it mattered. Listening to one another mattered.

Image downloads

Download cover and author images

[Beat The Rain book cover \(high res\)](#)

[Beat The Rain book cover \(low res\)](#)

[Author headshot – black and white \(high res\)](#)

[Author headshot – black and white \(low res\)](#)

[Author headshot – colour \(low res\)](#)

