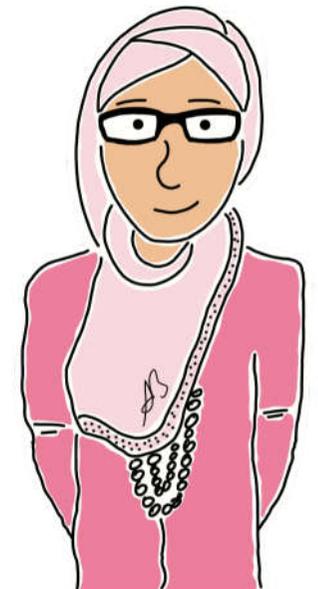


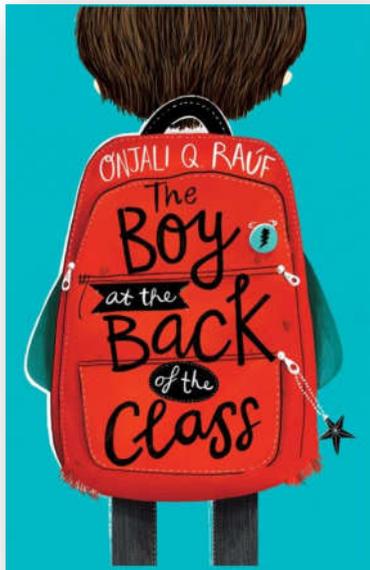
**Illustrated by
Pippa Curnick**

The Star Outside My Window

Onjali Q. Raúf

This book, by award-winning author Onjali Raúf, is a profound story told beautifully from the perspective of a young girl called Aniyah. Onjali's writing ensures that we feel every single moment, from the hilarious to the incredibly moving. This book acts as a beacon of light and sensitively tackles the issue of domestic abuse. The loveable and relatable characters help to remind us of the power of love and that no one should suffer. An unmissable book with the power to change.



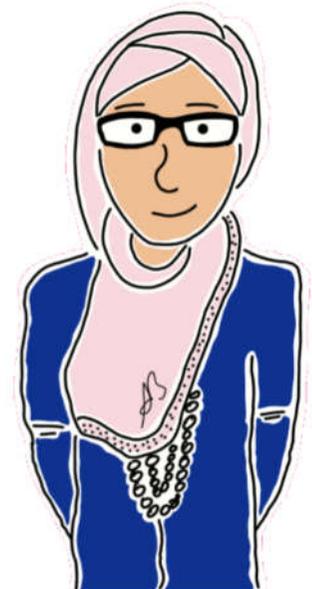


Illustrated by
Pippa Curnick

The Boy at the Back of the Class

Onjali Q. Raúf

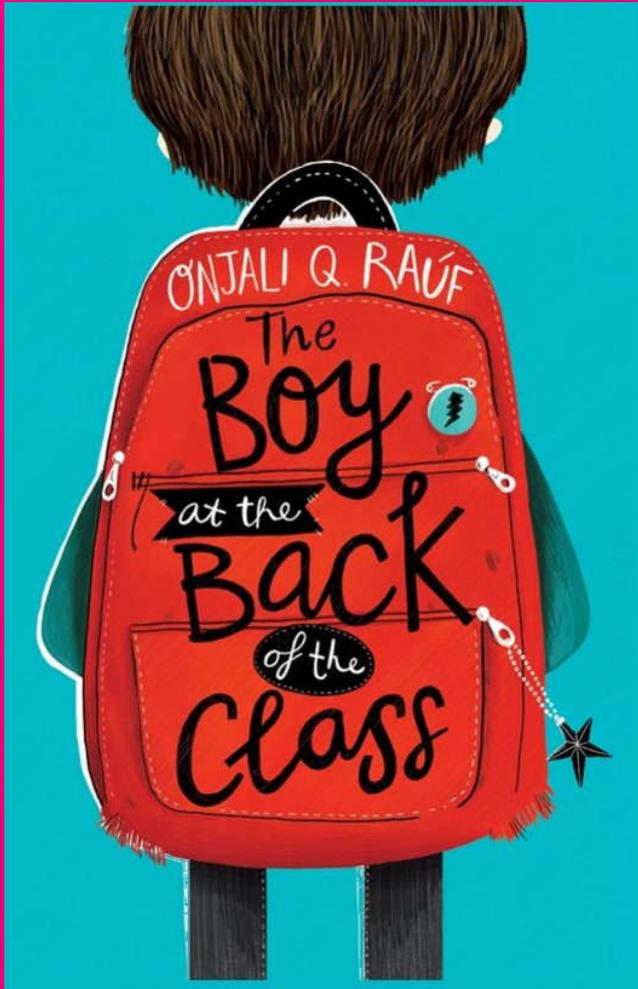
Onjali Q. Raúf's heart-warming and emotive story of friendship, compassion and overcoming adversity, is a must-read. This book teaches children the importance of empathy and how to stand up for those who are oppressed.



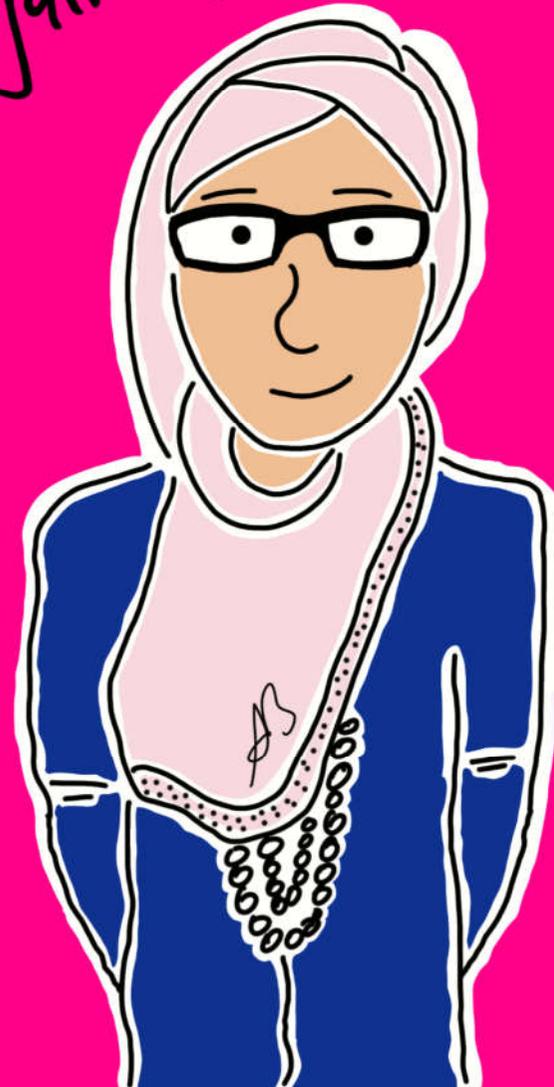
Platinum VIP
book

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Hachette Children's Group
July 2018

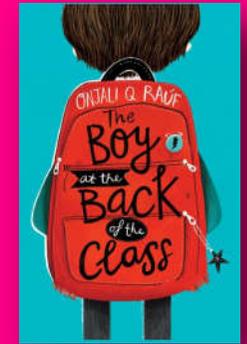
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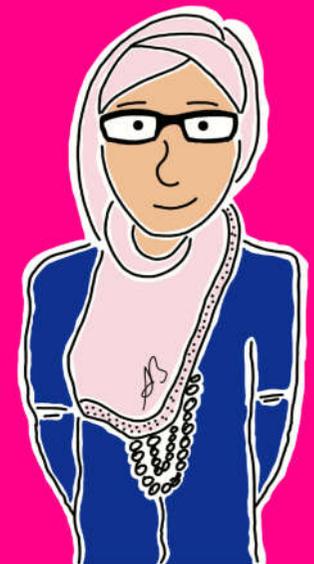
Onjali Q. Rauf



“Through something so simple as the pages of a book, you can travel to new places, meet the most extraordinary people, and go on adventures that you'll never want to forget!”



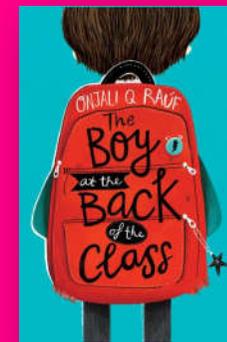
Onjali Q. Rauf



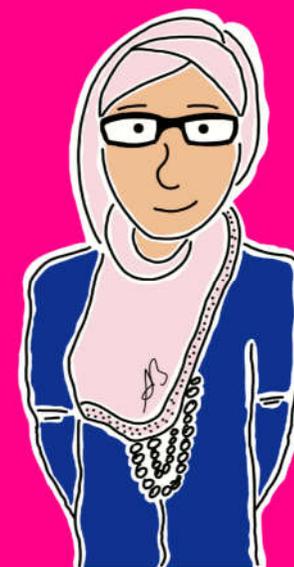
Onjali Rauf

Onjali Q. Rauf is the founder of Making Herstory, an organisation working to help end the abuse and trafficking of women and girls in the UK and beyond. In her spare time, she delivers emergency aid convoys for refugee families surviving in Calais and Dunkirk.

When she was little, she was always being told off in class for daydreaming - when really, she was trying to spot a unicorn and thinking up stories! She eats at least one piece of chocolate every day and would one day like to fly a plane all on her own!



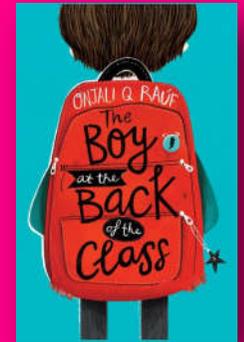
Onjali Q. Rauf



The Boy at the Back of the Class - *extract*

I think it must be one of the worst things in the world to be new to a place and have to sit with people you don't know. Especially people that stare and scowl at you like Clarissa was doing. I made a secret promise to myself right there and then that I would be friends with the new boy. I happened to have some lemon sherbets in my bag that morning and I thought I would try and give him one at break-time. And I would ask Josie and Tom and Michael if they would be his friends too.

After all, having four new friends would be much better than having none. Especially for a boy who looked as scared and as sad as the one now sitting at the back of our class.



Onjali Q. Rauf

