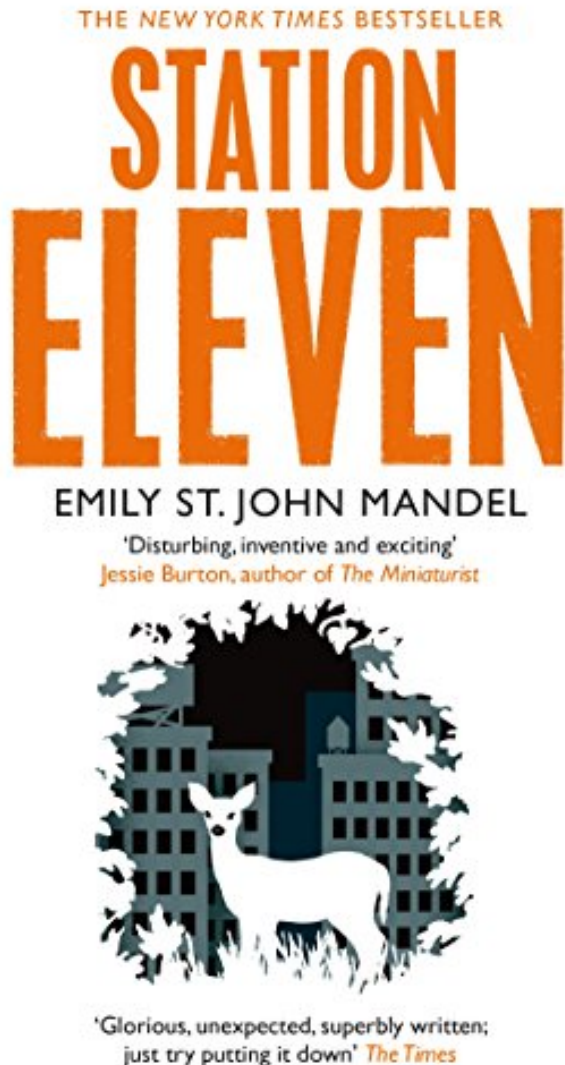


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Station Eleven (English Edition)



Par Emily St. John Mandel
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur'BEST NOVEL. The big one . . . stands above all the others . . . beautifully written, and wonderfully elegiac, a book that I will long remember, and return to.' George R.R. Martin, author of Game of Thrones.The New York Times BestsellerWinner of the Arthur C. Clarke AwardLonglisted for the Baileys Women's Prize for Fiction National Book Awards FinalistPEN/Faulkner Award FinalistStation Eleven by Emily St. John Mandel is a bold vision of a dystopian future, frighteningly real, perfect for fans of Margaret Atwood's The Handmaid's Tale.What was lost in the collapse: almost everything, almost everyone, but there is still such beauty.One snowy night in Toronto famous actor Arthur Leander dies on stage whilst performing the role of a lifetime. That same evening a deadly virus touches down in North America. The world will never be the same again. Twenty years later Kirsten, an actress in the Travelling Symphony,

performs Shakespeare in the settlements that have grown up since the collapse. But then her newly hopeful world is threatened. If civilization was lost, what would you preserve? And how far would you go to protect it? Extrajeevans understanding of disaster preparedness was based entirely on action movies, but on the other hand, hed seen a lot of action movies. He started with water, filled one of the oversized shopping carts with as many cases and bottles as he could fit. There was a moment of doubt on the way to the cash registers, straining against the weight of the cart was he overreacting? but there was a certain momentum now, too late to turn back. The clerk raised an eyebrow but said nothing. Im parked just outside, he said. Ill bring the cart back. The clerk nodded, tired. She was young, early twenties probably, with dark bangs that she kept pushing out of her eyes. He forced the impossibly heavy cart outside and half-pushed, half-skidded through the snow at the exit. There was a long ramp down into a small park-like arrangement of benches and planters. The cart gained speed on the incline, bogged down in deep snow at the bottom of the ramp and slid sideways into a planter. It was eleven twenty. The supermarket closed in forty minutes. He was imagining how long it would take to bring the cart up to Franks apartment, to unload it, the time required for tedious explanations and reassurances of sanity before he could return to the grocery store for more supplies. Could there be any harm in leaving the cart here for the moment? There was no one on the street. He called Hua on his way back into the store. Whats happening now? He moved quickly through the store while Hua spoke. Another case of water Jeevan was under the impression that one can never have too much and then cans and cans of food, all the tuna and beans and soup on the shelf, pasta, anything that looked like it might last a while. The hospital was full of flu patients and the situation was identical at the other hospitals in the city. The ambulance service was overwhelmed. Thirty-seven patients had died now, including every patient whod been on the Moscow flight and two E.R. nurses whod been on duty when the first patients came in. The shopping cart was almost unmanageably heavy. Hua said hed called his wife and told her to take the kids and leave the city tonight, but not by airplane. Jeevan was standing by the cash register again, the clerk scanning his cans and packages. The part of the evening that had transpired in the Elgin Theatre seemed like possibly a different lifetime. The clerk was moving very slowly. Jeevan passed her a credit card and she scrutinized it as though she hadnt just seen it five or ten minutes ago. Take Laura and your brother, Hua said, and leave the city tonight. I cant leave the city tonight, not with my brother. I cant rent a wheelchair van at this hour. In response there was only a muffled sound. Hua was coughing. Are you sick? Jeevan was pushing the cart toward the door. Goodnight, Jeevan. Hua disconnected and Jeevan was alone in the snow. He felt possessed. The next cart was all toilet paper. The cart after that was more canned goods, also frozen meat and aspirin, garbage bags, bleach, duct tape. I work for a charity, he said to the girl behind the cash register, his third or fourth time through, but she wasnt paying much attention to him. She kept glancing up at the small television above the film development counter, ringing his items through on autopilot. Jeevan called Laura on his sixth trip through the store, but his call went to voicemail. Laura, he began. Laura. He thought it better to speak to her directly and it was already almost eleven fifty, there wasnt time for this. Filling the cart with more food, moving quickly through this bread-and-flower-scented world, this almost-gone place, thinking of Frank in his 22nd floor apartment, high up in the snowstorm with his insomnia and his book project, his day-old New York Times and his Beethoven. Jeevan wanted desperately to reach him. He decided to call Laura later, changed his mind and called the home line while he was standing by the checkout counter, mostly because he didnt want to make eye contact with the clerk. Jeevan, where are you? She sounded slightly accusatory. He handed over his credit card. Are you watching the news? Should I be? Theres a flu epidemic, Laura. Its serious. That thing in Russia or wherever? I knew about that. Its here now. Its worse than wed thought. Ive just been talking to Hua. You have to leave the city. He glanced up in time to see the look the checkout girl gave him. Have to? What? Where are you, Jeevan? He was signing his name on the slip, struggling with the cart toward the exit, where the order of the store ended and the frenzy of the storm began. It was difficult to steer the cart with one hand. There were already five carts parked haphazardly between benches and planters, dusted now with snow. Just turn on the news, Laura. You know I dont like to watch the news before bed. Are you having an anxiety attack? What? No. Im going to my brothers place to make sure hes okay. Why wouldnt he be? Youre not even listening. You never listen to me. Jeevan knew this was probably a petty thing to say in the face of a probable flu pandemic, but couldnt resist. He plowed the cart into the others and dashed back into the store. I cant believe you left me at the theatre, he said. You just left me at the theatre performing CPR on a dead actor. Jeevan, tell me where you are. Im in a grocery store. It was eleven fifty-five. This last cart was all grace items: vegetables, fruit, bags of oranges and lemons, tea, coffee, crackers, salt, preserved cakes. Look, Laura, I dont want to argue. This flus serious,

and its fast. Whats fast? This flu, Laura. Its really fast. Hua told me. Its spreading so quickly. I think you should get out of the city. At the last moment, he added a bouquet of daffodils. *Revue de presse* One of the Best Books of the Year: *The Washington Post*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Buzzfeed*, and *Entertainment Weekly*, *Time*, *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, *Minnesota Public Radio*, *The Huffington Post*, *BookPage*, *Time Out*, *BookRiot* Station Eleven is so compelling, so fearlessly imagined, that I wouldnt have put it down for anything. Ann Patchett A superb novel . . . [that] leaves us not fearful for the end of the world but appreciative of the grace of everyday existence. *San Francisco Chronicle* Deeply melancholy, but beautifully written, and wonderfully elegiac . . . A book that I will long remember, and return to. George R. R. Martin Absolutely extraordinary. Erin Morgenstern, author of *The Night Circus* Darkly lyrical. . . . A truly haunting book, one that is hard to put down." *The Seattle Times* Tender and lovely. . . . Equal parts page-turner and poem. *Entertainment Weekly* Mesmerizing. People Mandel delivers a beautifully observed walk through her books 21st century world. I kept putting the book down, looking around me, and thinking, Everything is a miracle. Matt Thompson, NPR Magnificent. *Booklist* My book of the year. Karen Joy Fowler, author of *We Are All Completely Beside Ourselves* Unmissable. . . . A literary page-turner, impeccably paced, which celebrates the world lost. *Vulture* Haunting and riveting. *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel* Station Eleven is the kind of book that speaks to dozens of the readers in me the Hollywood devotee, the comic book fan, the cult junkie, the love lover, the disaster tourist. It is a brilliant novel, and Emily St. John Mandel is astonishing. Emma Straub, author of *The Vacationers* Think of Cormac McCarthy seesawing with Joan Didion. . . . Magnetic. *Kirkus* (starred) Even if you think dystopian fiction is not your thing, I urge you to give this marvelous novel a try. . . . [An] emotional and thoughtful story. Deborah Harkness, author of *The Book of Life* Its hard to imagine a novel more perfectly suited, in both form and content, to this literary moment. Station Eleven, if we were to talk about it in our usual way, would seem like a book that combines high culture and low culture literary fiction and genre fiction. But those categories arent really adequate to describe the book *The New Yorker* Audacious. . . . A book about gratitude, about life right now, if we can live to look back on it." *Minneapolis Star-Tribune* A surprisingly beautiful story of human relationships amid devastation. *The Washington Post* Soul-quaking. . . . Mandel displays the impressive skill of evoking both terror and empathy. *Los Angeles of Books* A genuinely unsettling dystopian novel that also allows for moments of great tenderness. Emily St. John Mandel conjures indelible visuals, and her writing is pure elegance. Patrick deWitt, author of *The Sisters Brothers* Possibly the most captivating and thought-provoking post-apocalyptic novel you will ever read. *The Independent (London)* A firework of a novel . . . full of life and humanity and the aftershock of memory. Lauren Beukes, author of *The Shining Girls* One of the best things Ive read on the ability of art to endure in a good long while. Tobias Carroll, *Electric Literature* Will change the post-apocalyptic genre. . . . This isnt a story about survival, its a story about living. *Boston Herald* A big, brilliant, ambitious, genre-bending novel. . . . Hands-down one of my favorite books of the year. Sarah McCarry, *Tor.com* Strange, poetic, thrilling, and grim all at once, Station Eleven is a prismatic tale about survival, unexpected coincidences, and the significance of art. *Bustle*, Best Book of the Month Disturbing, inventive and exciting, Station Eleven left me wistful for a world where I still live. Jessie Burton, author of *The Miniaturist*