

(Pdf free) File size: 61.Mb

# Unravelling Oliver



*Par Liz Nugent*  
*DOC | \*audiobook | ebooks |*  
*Download PDF | ePub*

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #33671 dans eBooksPubli le: 2014-03-06Sorti le: 2014-03-06Format: Ebook Kindle

(Pdf free) Unravelling Oliver

**Par Liz Nugent : Unravelling Oliver** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Unravelling Oliver:

 [Download](#)

 [Read Online](#)

## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurWINNER - IBA Crime Fiction Book of the Year 2014By the author of the Sunday Times Top 10 bestseller and Richard and Judy Book Club pick, Lying in Wait'Truly excellent, beautifully written ... strongly recommended' Sophie Hannah'Compelling, clever and dark, unlike any other psychological thriller you will have read before ... you'll gobble it up in one go.' Heat Magazine'Incredibly brilliant' Marian Keyes'Gone Girl meets The Spinning Heart ... a great cracking read ... I couldn't put it down' Ryan Tubridy, RT'The compulsion to continue reading never wanes and most impressively the ending doesn't buckle under the weight of expectation ... a persistently satisfying read' Sunday Times 'A page-turning, one-sitting read from a brand new master of psychological suspense' Sunday Independent'An

ambitiously structured and compelling "whydunnit" Daily Mail 'Formidable' Irish Times'Reminiscent of The Book of Evidence' RTE Guide'We read this in one sitting ... satisfyingly unnerving.' Woman's Way'All I know is I stayed awake until 3am to finish it, which I haven't done with a new novel for longer than I can remember.' Irish Independent'The best opening line you'll read all year ... and you'll keep reading' Sinead Crowley, RTE Arts Correspondent'Her writing is stylish, the characters are vivid and the line of the story is all too real and plausible. Can't recommend it highly enough.' Rick O'Shea, 2FM'A superb and compelling terrifying book' Sinead Desmond, TV3'Just read a book in one sitting. Last time I managed that was about twenty years ago. The book was Liz Nugent's Unravelling Oliver' Declan Burke, CrimeAlwaysPays.ie'A kind of Irish Mr Ripley ... Gripping, thought-provoking' Darragh McManus, arts journalist'I read this book over a 24 hour period. I seriously could not put it down.' Writing.ie'Magnificent ... compulsively readable ... stunning, shock and superb' Frank McGuinness'I expected more of a reaction the first time I hit her.'Liz Nugent's gripping novel of psychological suspense, Unravelling Oliver, is a complex and elegant study of the making of a sociopath in the tradition of Barbara Vine and Patricia Highsmith.Oliver Ryan is a handsome and charismatic success story. He lives in the suburbs with his wife, Alice, who illustrates his award-winning children's books and gives him her unstinting devotion. Their life together is one of enviable privilege and ease - enviable until, one evening after supper, Oliver attacks Alice and beats her into a coma.In the aftermath, as everyone tries to make sense of his astonishing act of savagery, Oliver tells his story. So do those whose paths he has crossed over five decades. What unfolds is a story of shame, envy, breath-taking deception and masterful manipulation.Only Oliver knows the lengths to which he has had to go to get the life to which he felt entitled. But even he is in for a shock when the past catches up with him.Liz Nugent has worked in Irish film, theatre and television for most of her adult life. She is an award-winning writer of radio and television drama and has written short stories for children and adults. Unravelling Oliver is her first novel. Her second novel, Lying in Wait, won her a second IBA and was both a Sunday Times Top 10 bestseller and a Richard and Judy Book Club pick.ExtraitUnraveling Oliver 1 OLIVER I expected more of a reaction the first time I hit her. She just lay on the floor, holding her jaw. Staring at me. Silent. She didnt even seem to be surprised. I was surprised. I hadnt planned to do it. Usually when you hear about this kind of thing, it is the 1950s, and the husband comes home drunk to his slovenly wife from the pub and finds that his dinner is cold. On the contrary, it was November 12, 2011, a wintry Saturday evening on a south Dublin avenue, and Alice had prepared a delicious meal: lamb tagine, served on a bed of couscous, with pita bread and a side dish of mint yogurt. Though the lamb was a tad lukewarm by the time she presented it, I really couldnt fault it. I had washed the meal down with two glasses of Sancerre while Alice prepared the raspberry roulade for serving. I certainly wasnt drunk. But now, here she lay, the lower half of her body nearly hidden behind the legs of our mahogany dining table, her arms, head, and torso curled inward like a question mark. How had she fallen into that shape? There must have been considerable force behind my closed fist. If the glass had been in my hand, would I have stopped and put it down before I hit her? Or would I have smashed it into her face? Would it have shattered on contact and torn her pale skin? Could I have scarred her for life? Its very hard to know. The words that come to mind are circumstances beyond our control. I emphasize the word our because, although I should not have done it, she really should not have provoked me. The phone rang. Maybe I should have ignored it, but it might have been important. Hello? Oliver. Its Moya. How are things? These rhetorical questions irritate me. How are things, indeed. Sorry, Moya, Ive just punched Alice in the face, and shes lying on the floor. And weve had a marvelous dinner. Of course, I didnt say that. I made some ham-fisted attempt at an excuse and bade her farewell. I waited for the reciprocal adieu. There was a moments silence and then: Dont you want to know how I am? Where I am? I was short and to the point. No. Another silence. And then, whispered, Oh, right, okay, is Alice there? Go away, you stupid, irritating woman. I didnt say that either. I told her that now was not a good time. She tried to inveigle me into a conversation, prattling about her new life in France. Even amid the turmoil, I could tell that she wanted me to be jealous. Bloody Moya. I ended the conversation politely but firmly. I thought that the decent thing for me to do was to leave the house immediately. Not permanently, you understand. I thought there was more chance of Alice getting up off the floor if I wasnt looming over her. I went to get my coat from its peg in the hall. It was a little difficult to fasten the buttons. My hands suddenly seemed to be too large for my gloves. Two hours later, I was on my third brandy in Nashs. Nervously I buttoned and unbuttoned my shirt cuffs. It is a habit from childhood, a thing I do when I am distressed. Even John-Joe commented on my rattled demeanor when he served me. Brandy would not have been my normal tipple. But I had had a shock, you see. Now I was drunk. I wanted to phone Alice to see if

she was all right, but I had left my cell phone in the house in my hurried exit, and I thought that perhaps borrowing somebody's phone would make a bigger deal of the situation than it warranted. Don't get me wrong, I knew it was serious. A significant error of judgment had been made. She should not have ended up on the floor. I am aware that I am not the easiest of people. Alice has told me so. I have no friends, for example. I used to, many years ago, but that really didn't work out. We drifted apart and I let them go voluntarily, I suppose. Friends are just people who remind you of your failings. I have several acquaintances. I have no family either to speak of. Not in the sense that matters. Over the years, Alice has never pried, has never been too curious. In fact, I would describe her as habitually obedient with just an occasional rebellion. I am not, have never been, violent. I went to the bar and bought a packet of cigarettes. Strong ones. I was worried that my hands were still unsteady. Isn't brandy supposed to help at a time like this? Or is that an old wives tale? Old wives. Outside in the beer garden (a yard with half a roof beside the front door), I lit my first cigarette in years. Barney Dwyer, a neighbor from the Villas, approached from the public bar. Barney spent more time in the beer garden than inside the pub. Thought you quit? he said. I did. Jaysus, he said, a swagger in his voice, sucking on a Rothmans, they couldn't break me. Here we go. Barney prided himself on his forty-a-day habit. When the smoking ban was introduced, most of us did our best to quit. I am proud to say that I was the first to succeed. I became known as the man with a will of iron.

Barney, on the other hand, made no such attempt. If Barney had never smoked, he would have started the day the ban was introduced. A contrary bugger if ever there was one. Thin head, big ears. Welcome back, he said. I'm not back. I'm just having the one. It's been a bad day. Jaysus, Oliver, it's never just the one. You're back on the smokes. Face it. I threw my almost-smoked cigarette on the ground. Stamped on it. Tossed the packet containing nineteen cigarettes at Barney. Keep them, I said. Go on, kill yourself. My wife had finally brought out the worst in me. It was most unexpected. I had always been fond of her, in my way. She was a marvelous cook, for example, after all the gourmet cuisine courses I made sure she attended. Also, she could be very athletic in bed, which was nice. It is terribly sad to think of such things now, considering her current state. We met at the launch of a book she had illustrated back in 1982. My agent wanted me to meet her. He had suggested that she could do the illustrations for a children's book I'd written that he was pushing around to publishers. I resisted the idea of illustrations initially. They would just distract from my text, I thought, but my agent, I admit it, was right. The drawings made my books far more marketable. We were introduced and I like to think there was an immediate... something. Spark is not the right word, but an acknowledgment of sorts. Some people call that love at first sight. I am not so naive. Neither of us was in the first flush of youth. Both in our late twenties, I think. But she was lovely in a soft way. I liked her quietness and she made little or no demands on me. She just accepted whatever attention I gave her and then withdrew into the background without complaint when I didn't require her presence. The wedding happened very quickly. There was nothing to be gained by waiting around. Her frail mother and half-witted brother stood behind us at the altar. No family on my side, of course. We didn't bother with the palaver of a hotel reception. We had a rowdy meal in a city-center bistro owned by a former college friend, Michael. Barney was there. Back then I quite liked him. He was very emotional at the wedding, more than anybody else. One couldn't blame him, I suppose. We rented a spacious flat in Merrion Square for a few years. I insisted on a big place because I needed privacy to write. I can only write behind a locked door. Those were good times. We made a bit of money when nobody else did. It made financial sense that we would collaborate on what was becoming quite a successful series. During the day we would retreat to our separate corners to work. Me, producing my books. She, cleverly matching pictures to my words. She was good at it too. Her work flattered mine appropriately. I became quite well-known as a critic and occasional scribe for the weekend newspapers and for an infrequent guest spot on televised talk shows. In those days, everyone was more discreet and low-key about their achievements, their successes. Not like current times. I can't tell you how often in the last decade I was approached about partaking in a reality show. Heaven forbid. Alice avoided all of that, which suited me really. She didn't like the limelight, and she underestimated her own contribution to the success of my books, insisting that my work was more important, that she was just a doodler. She was timid and didn't even want it known that we were a husband-and-wife team in case she would be forced onto television. Rather sweet, and it meant that for a lot of the time I could continue my life as a seemingly single man. It had its rewards. Truthfully, she couldn't have been a better partner. Alice's mother died suddenly in 1986, at the end of our fourth year of marriage. Thanks be to God. I can't stand old people. Can't stand it even more now that I am getting to be one. I used to make excuses to avoid visiting her and her doily-draped furniture. Used to pretend to be too busy to eat with them when she came to visit us. It was never pleasant to witness her

struggling with her dentures, the half-wit dribbling by her side. Her death was a mixed blessing. We got the house. But we also got Alices imbecilic brother. The house is quite a pile on Pembroke Avenue. The brother goes by the name of Eugene. Alice begged me to let her keep him. Until now, that was the biggest upset in our marriage. Bad enough to have a child, but this was a twenty-seven-year-old, two-hundred-pound dolt we were talking about. Eventually I had him accommodated in a home for the mentally handicapped, or special needs, or whatever they are calling them this year, at considerable personal expense. When we got engaged, I made it very clear that children were not on the agenda. Well, I said I didnt want children, and she agreed. I should have got that in writing. She must have been extraordinarily besotted with me to sacrifice something so fundamental to her in order to marry me. Maybe she thought I would change my mind, because it seems that lots of men do. Or maybe she knew that if I didnt marry her, Id marry the next quiet one that came along. Of course, five years into our marriage, Alice began to whine and grew more shrill with each passing month. I reminded her of our agreement. She claimed that at the time, that was what she had wanted too, but now she desperately wanted a child. I am nothing if not a man of my word. I couldnt depend on her to protect herself, so I took control. I made a ritual of bedtime cocoa with a little crushed pill as an added extra. Alice thought that was so romantic. I havent exactly been a saint within our marriage. Women, by and large, are attracted to me, and I do not like to disappoint them. Women you would never expect. Even Moya, for Gods sake. I eventually resent the ones who try to cling. In later years, I had begun to satisfy myself with some tarts that operated near the canal. I never objected to them, even before I became a client. They were objects of curiosity. They were cheaper and more desperate, mostly addicts with raddled bodies and ropey veins but perfectly adequate for my needs. I would order them into a shower before any congress was allowed and I always provided a new toothbrush. Some of them took it for a gift. Pathetic. They are usually too emaciated to be good-looking. One would think that they might make an effort to make themselves attractive. Alas, they were only selling their various orifices; the packaging was immaterial. But still, they held a fascination for me. After all, my mother was one, or so my father said. Returning to the house on the night Alice pushed me too far, I fumbled with the key in the door. I stepped into the dining room. She wasnt on the floor, thank God. She was sitting in the kitchen, nursing a mug of tea. Her hand rubbed at her face. She looked at me without affection. I noticed that her jaw was quite red on the right-hand side. No bruise. Yet. I looked at her. Smiled. The wooden box in which I had locked away my darkest secrets lay open on the table in the hall, its lid agape, lock smashed, contents violated. Liar! she said, her voice breaking. It was clear that she intended to ruin me. The second time I hit Alice, I just couldnt stop. I am very sorry about that indeed. I have been in control of my life since I was eighteen years old, and to lose control is a failing. Needless to say, I am not allowed to visit her in the hospital. It is silly really. It is February 2012, so its been three months now. In her condition, she wouldnt know if I was there or not. It turns out that I am a violent man after all. It comes as a shock to me. I have been psychologically assessed. I decided to tell them almost everything. Apparently, I have been harboring bitterness, resentment, and frustration since my childhood.

Now, theres a surprise. What will the neighbors think? What will anybody think? I really couldnt care less. *Revue de presse* Outstanding The tension subtly rises as Olivers past unravels, revealing a loveless childhood rooted in religious hypocrisy. Nugent presents a fresh look at a man hiding his violent personality in this intense character study. (-- Publishers Weekly (starred review)) Pitch-black and superbly written. (Ruth Ware, New York Times bestselling author of *IN A DARK, DARK WOOD*) Searing, searching, finally scorching. Think *Making a Murderer* via Patricia Highsmith: an elegant kaleidoscope novel that refines and combines multiple perspectives until its subject is brought into indelible, tragic focus. (A. J. Finn, author of *The Woman in the Window*) I expected more of a reaction the first time I hit her. From that searing opening line, the 'who' and the 'what' of this unnerving psychological thriller are never in doubt.. its the 'why' that fascinates as Nugent expertly peels back the layers to reveal the truth. (PEOPLE) "A dark secret life is at the center of Nugent's debut novel... Nugent may be used to spending her life behind the scenes. But she'll be in the foreground for the foreseeable future." (Publishers Weekly) "A gripping and powerful read." (Literary Hub (lithub.com)) Already an award-winning debut in the authors native Ireland, this will attract fans of domestic suspense readers will eagerly turn the pages all the way to the shocking conclusion. (Library Journal) "Each year, a small handful of books are selected as Buzz Books at the BookExpo of America conference a sign that a book.. has the makings of a hit. This year, Liz Nugents *Unraveling Oliver* is one of those books." (Entertainment Weekly) "Top-notch 'grip lit.'" (Marian Keyes, New York Times bestselling author) "The compulsion to continue reading never wanes and most impressively the ending doesn't buckle under the weight of expectation ... a persistently satisfying read." (Sunday Times) "A page-turning, one-

sitting read from a brand new master of psychological suspense." (Sunday Independent)"Compelling, clever and dark, unlike any other psychological thriller you will have read before ... you'll gobble it up in one go."

(Heat Magazine)A clammy and compelling psychological thriller The eerily detached Ryan is a spectacularly unreliable narrator. (Seattle Times)"A psychopath's true face is reflected in a vast hall of mirrors--friends, family, and lovers--in this gripping, original tale." (Erica Ferencik, author of *The River at Night*)"Truly excellent, beautifully written ... strongly recommended." (Sophie Hannah, New York Times bestselling author)"A great psychological suspense masterpiece that shows a criminal sociopath behind an innocent face... This novel of psychological suspense will enchant and haunt." (Washington Book )