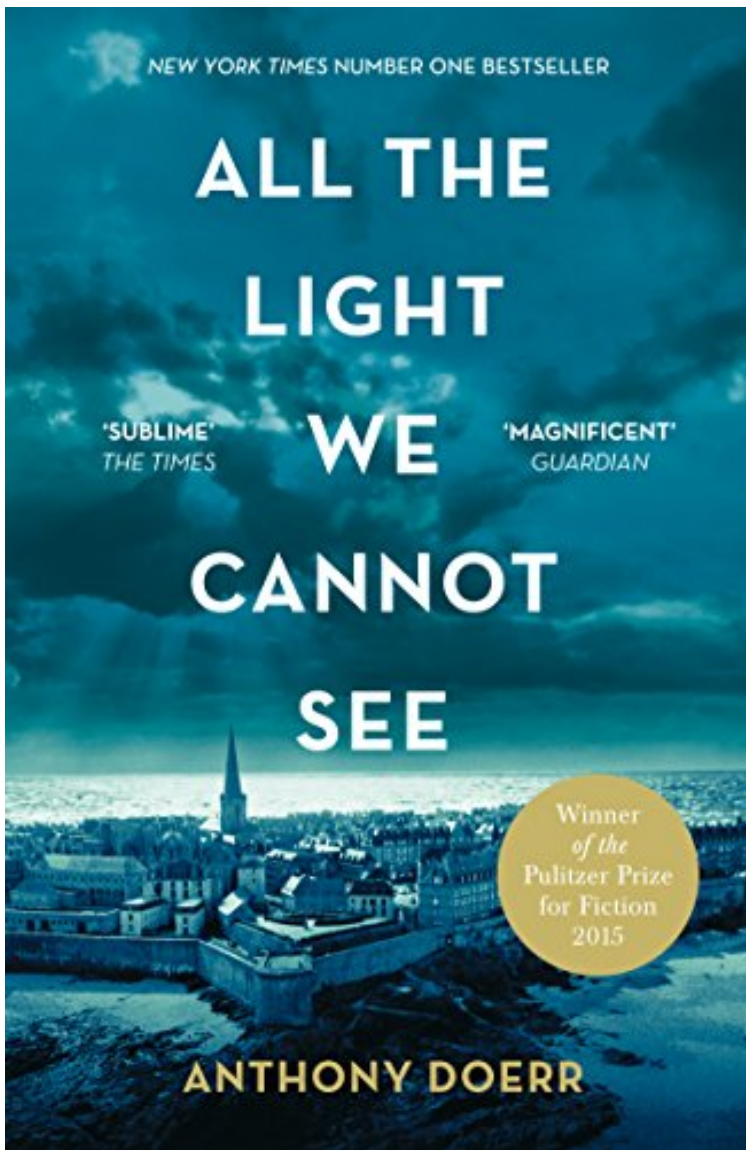


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All the Light We Cannot See



Par Anthony Doerr
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurWINNER OF THE 2015 PULITZER PRIZE FOR FICTIONNATIONAL BOOK AWARD FINALISTNEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLERWINNER OF THE CARNEGIE MEDAL FOR FICTIONA beautiful, stunningly ambitious novel about a blind French girl and a German boy whose paths collide in occupied France as both try to survive the devastation of World War IIMarie-Laure has been blind since the age of six. Her father builds a perfect miniature of their Paris neighbourhood so she can memorize it by touch and navigate her way home. But when the Nazis invade, father and daughter flee with a dangerous secret.Werner is a German orphan, destined to labour in the same mine that claimed his fathers life, until he discovers a knack for engineering. His talent wins him a place at a brutal military academy, but

his way out of obscurity is built on suffering. At the same time, far away in a walled city by the sea, an old man discovers new worlds without ever setting foot outside his home. But all around him, impending danger closes in. Doerr's combination of soaring imagination and meticulous observation is electric. As Europe is engulfed by war and lives collide unpredictably, *All The Light We Cannot See* is a captivating and devastating elegy for innocence.

Extrait *All the Light We Cannot See* Musum National d'Histoire Naturelle Marie-Laure LeBlanc is a tall and freckled six-year-old in Paris with rapidly deteriorating eyesight when her father sends her on a children's tour of the museum where he works. The guide is a hunchbacked old warder hardly taller than a child himself. He raps the tip of his cane against the floor for attention, then leads his dozen charges across the gardens to the galleries. The children watch engineers use pulleys to lift a fossilized dinosaur femur. They see a stuffed giraffe in a closet, patches of hide wearing off its back. They peer into taxidermists' drawers full of feathers and talons and glass eyeballs; they flip through two-hundred-year-old herbarium sheets bedecked with orchids and daisies and herbs. Eventually they climb sixteen steps into the Gallery of Mineralogy. The guide shows them agate from Brazil and violet amethysts and a meteorite on a pedestal that he claims is as ancient as the solar system itself. Then he leads them single file down two twisting staircases and along several corridors and stops outside an iron door with a single keyhole. End of tour, he says. A girl says, But what's through there? Behind this door is another locked door, slightly smaller. And what's behind that? A third locked door, smaller yet. What's behind that? A fourth door, and a fifth, on and on until you reach a thirteenth, a little locked door no bigger than a shoe. The children lean forward. And then? Behind the thirteenth door the guide flourishes one of his impossibly wrinkled hands: the Sea of Flames. Puzzlement. Fidgeting. Come now. You've never heard of the Sea of Flames? The children shake their heads. Marie-Laure squints up at the naked bulbs strung in three-yard intervals along the ceiling; each sets a rainbow-colored halo rotating in her vision. The guide hangs his cane on his wrist and rubs his hands together. It's a long story. Do you want to hear a long story? They nod. He clears his throat. Centuries ago, in the place we now call Borneo, a prince plucked a blue stone from a dry riverbed because he thought it was pretty. But on the way back to his palace, the prince was attacked by men on horseback and stabbed in the heart. Stabbed in the heart? Is this true? A boy says, Hush. The thieves stole his rings, his horse, everything. But because the little blue stone was clenched in his fist, they did not discover it. And the dying prince managed to crawl home. Then he fell unconscious for ten days. On the tenth day, to the amazement of his nurses, he sat up, opened his hand, and there was the stone. The sultan's doctors said it was a miracle, that the prince never should have survived such a violent wound. The nurses said the stone must have healing powers. The sultan's jewelers said something else: they said the stone was the largest raw diamond anyone had ever seen. Their most gifted stonecutter spent eighty days faceting it, and when he was done, it was a brilliant blue, the blue of tropical seas, but it had a touch of red at its center, like flames inside a drop of water. The sultan had the diamond fitted into a crown for the prince, and it was said that when the young prince sat on his throne and the sun hit him just so, he became so dazzling that visitors could not distinguish his figure from light itself. Are you sure this is true? asks a girl. Hush, says the boy. The stone came to be known as the Sea of Flames. Some believed the prince was a deity, that as long as he kept the stone, he could not be killed. But something strange began to happen: the longer the prince wore his crown, the worse his luck became. In a month, he lost a brother to drowning and a second brother to snakebite. Within six months, his father died of disease. To make matters even worse, the sultan's scouts announced that a great army was gathering in the east. The prince called together his father's advisers. All said he should prepare for war, all but one, a priest, who said he had a dream. In the dream the Goddess of the Earth told him she had made the Sea of Flames as a gift for her lover, the God of the Sea, and was sending the jewel to him through the river. But when the river dried up, and the prince plucked it out, the goddess became enraged. She cursed the stone and whoever kept it. Every child leans forward, Marie-Laure along with them. The curse was this: the keeper of the stone would live forever, but so long as he kept it, misfortunes would fall on all those he loved one after another in unending rain. Live forever? But if the keeper threw the diamond into the sea, thereby delivering it to its rightful recipient, the goddess would lift the curse. So the prince, now sultan, thought for three days and three nights and finally decided to keep the stone. It had saved his life; he believed it made him indestructible. He had the tongue cut out of the priest's mouth. Ouch, says the youngest boy. Big mistake, says the tallest girl. The invaders came, says the warder, and destroyed the palace, and killed everyone they found, and the prince was never seen again, and for two hundred years no one heard any more about the Sea of Flames. Some said the stone was recut into many smaller stones; others said the prince still carried the stone, that he was in Japan or Persia, that he was a humble farmer, that he never

seemed to grow old. And so the stone fell out of history. Until one day, when a French diamond trader, during a trip to the Golconda Mines in India, was shown a massive pear-cut diamond. One hundred and thirty-three carats. Near-perfect clarity. As big as a pigeons egg, he wrote, and as blue as the sea, but with a flare of red at its core. He made a casting of the stone and sent it to a gem-crazy duke in Lorraine, warning him of the rumors of a curse. But the duke wanted the diamond very badly. So the trader brought it to Europe, and the duke fitted it into the end of a walking stick and carried it everywhere. Uh-oh. Within a month, the duchess contracted a throat disease. Two of their favorite servants fell off the roof and broke their necks. Then the dukes only son died in a riding accident. Though everyone said the duke himself had never looked better, he became afraid to go out, afraid to accept visitors. Eventually he was so convinced that his stone was the accursed Sea of Flames that he asked the king to shut it up in his museum on the conditions that it be locked deep inside a specially built vault and the vault not be opened for two hundred years. And? And one hundred and ninety-six years have passed. All the children remain quiet a moment. Several do math on their fingers. Then they raise their hands as one. Can we see it? No. Not even open the first door? No. Have you seen it? I have not. So how do you know its really there? You have to believe the story. How much is it worth, Monsieur? Could it buy the Eiffel Tower? A diamond that large and rare could in all likelihood buy five Eiffel Towers. Gasps. Are all those doors to keep thieves from getting in? Maybe, the guide says, and winks, theyre there to keep the curse from getting out. The children fall quiet. Two or three take a step back. Marie-Laure takes off her eyeglasses, and the world goes shapeless. Why not, she asks, just take the diamond and throw it into the sea? The warder looks at her. The other children look at her. When is the last time, one of the older boys says, you saw someone throw five Eiffel Towers into the sea? There is laughter. Marie-Laure frowns. It is just an iron door with a brass keyhole. The tour ends and the children disperse and Marie-Laure is reinstalled in the Grand Gallery with her father. He straightens her glasses on her nose and plucks a leaf from her hair. Did you have fun, ma chrie? A little brown house sparrow swoops out of the rafters and lands on the tiles in front of her. Marie-Laure holds out an open palm. The sparrow tilts his head, considering. Then it flaps away. One month later she is blind.

Revue de presse
Exquisite
Mesmerizing
Nothing short of brilliant. (Alice Evans Portland Oregonian)
Hauntingly beautiful. (Janet Maslin The New York Times)
History intertwines with irresistible fiction
secret radio broadcasts, a cursed diamond, a soldiers deepest doubts
into a richly compelling, bittersweet package. (Mary Pols People (3 1/2 stars))
Anthony Doerr again takes language beyond mortal limits. (Elissa Schappell Vanity Fair)
The whole enralls. (Good Housekeeping)
Enthrallingly told, beautifully written
Every piece of back story reveals information that charges the emerging narrative with significance, until at last the puzzle-box of the plot slides open to reveal the treasure hidden inside. (Amanda Vaill Washington Post)
Stupendous
A beautiful, daring, heartbreaking, oddly joyous novel. (David Laskin The Seattle Times)
Stunning and ultimately uplifting
Doerrs not-to-be-missed tale is a testament to the buoyancy of our dreams, carrying us into the light through the darkest nights. (Entertainment Weekly)
Doerr has packed each of his scenes with such refractory material that
All the Light We Cannot See reflects a dazzling array of themes.
Startlingly fresh. (John Freeman The Boston Globe)
Gorgeous moves with the pace of a thriller
Doerr imagines the unseen grace, the unseen light that, occasionally, surprisingly, breaks to the surface even in the worst of times. (Dan Cryer San Francisco Chronicle)
Incandescent
a luminous work of strife and transcendence with characters as noble as they are entralling (Hamilton Cain O, the Oprah magazine)
Perfectly captured
Doerr writes sentences that are clear-eyed, taut, sweetly lyrical. (Josh Cook Minneapolis Star Tribune)
A beautiful, expansive tale
Ambitious and majestic. (Steph Cha Los Angeles Times)
This tough-to-put-down book proves its worth page after lyrical page
Each and every person in this finely spun assemblage is distinct and true. (Sharon Peters USA Today)
Doerr is an exquisite stylist; his talents are on full display. (Alan Cheuse NPR)
Vivid
[All the Light We Cannot See] brims with scrupulous reverence for all forms of life. The invisible light of the title shines long after the last page. (Tricia Springstubb Cleveland Plain Dealer)
Intricate
A meditation on fate, free will, and the way that, in wartime, small choices can have vast consequences. (New Yorker)
Doerr deftly guides
All the Light We Cannot See toward the day
Werners and Marie-Laure lives intersect during the bombing of Saint-Malo in what may be his best work to date. (Yvonne Zipp Christian Science Monitor)
To open a book by Anthony Doerr is to open a door on humanity
His sentences shimmer
His paragraphs are luminous with bright, sparkling beauty. (Martha Anne Toll Washington Independent of Books)
Endlessly bold and equally delicate
An intricate miracle of invention, narrative verve, and deep research lightly held, but above all a miracle of humanity.
Anthony Doerrs novel celebrates
and also accomplishes
what only the finest art can: the power to

create, reveal, and augment experience in all its horror and wonder, heartbreak and rapture. (Shelf Awareness)Magnificent. (Carmen Callil The Guardian (UK))Intricately structuredAll the Light We Cannot See is a work of art and of preservation. (Jane Ciabattari BBC)A revelation. (Michael Magras BookReporter.com)Anthony Doerr writes beautifully A tour de force. (Elizabeth Reed Deseret Morning News)A novel to live in, learn from, and feel bereft over when the last page is turned, Doerrs magnificently drawn story seems at once spacious and tightly composed. . . . Doerr masterfully and knowledgeably recreates the deprived civilian conditions of war-torn France and the strictly controlled lives of the military occupiers. (Booklist (starred review))Doerr captures the sights and sounds of wartime and focuses, refreshingly, on the innate goodness of his major characters. (Kirkus s (starred review))If a books success can be measured by its ability to move readers and the number of memorable characters it has, Story Prize-winner Doerrs novel triumphs on both counts. He convinces readers...that wardespite its desperation, cruelty, and harrowing moral choicescannot negate the pleasures of the world. (Publishers Weekly (starred review))This novel has the physical and emotional heft of a masterpiece[All the Light We Cannot See] presents two characters so interesting and sympathetic that readers will keep turning the pages hoping for an impossibly happy endingHighly recommended for fans of Michael Ondaatjes The English Patient. (Evelyn Beck Library Journal (starred review))"What a delight! This novel has exquisite writing and a wonderfully suspenseful story. A book you'll tell your friends about..." (Frances Itani, author of Deafening)This jewel of a story is put together like a vintage timepiece, its many threads coming together so perfectly. Doerrs writing and imagery are stunning. Its been a while since a novel had me under its spell in this fashion. The story still lives on in my head. (Abraham Verghese, author of Cutting for Stone)All the Light We Cannot See is a dazzling, epic work of fiction. Anthony Doerr writes beautifully about the mythic and the intimate, about snails on beaches and armies on the move, about fate and love and history and those breathless, unbearable moments when they all come crashing together. (Jess Walter, author of Beautiful Ruins)Doerr sees the world as a scientist, but feels it as a poet. He knows about everythingradios, diamonds, mollusks, birds, flowers, locks, gunsbut he also writes a line so beautiful, creates an image or scene so haunting, it makes you think forever differently about the big thingslove, fear, cruelty, kindness, the countless facets of the human heart. Wildly suspenseful, structurally daring, rich in detail and soul, Doerrs new novel is that novel, the one you savor, and ponder, and happily lose sleep over, then go around urging all your friends to readnow. (J.R. Moehringer, author of Sutton and The Tender Bar)A tender exploration of this world's paradoxes; the beauty of the laws of nature and the terrible ends to which war subverts them; the frailty and the resilience of the human heart; the immutability of a moment and the healing power of time. The language is as expertly crafted as the master locksmith's models in the story, and the settings as intricately evoked. A compelling and uplifting novel. (M.L. Stedman, author of The Light Between Oceans)The craftsmanship of Doerrs book is rooted in his ability to inhabit the lives of Marie-Laure and Werner[A] fine novel. (Steve Novak Pittsburgh Post-Gazette)Beautifully written Soulful and addictive. (Chris Stuckenschneider The Missourian)Doerr conjures up a vibrating, crackling worldIntricately, beautifully crafted. (Rebecca Kelley Bustle.com)There is so much in this book. It is difficult to convey the complexity, the detail, the beauty and the brutality of this simple story. (Carole O'Brien Aspen Daily News)Sometimes a novel doesnt merely transport. It immerses, engulfs, keeps you caught within its words until the very end, when you blink and remember theres a world beyond the pages. All the Light We Cannot See is such a book Vibrant, poignant, delicately exquisite. Despite the careful building of time and place (so vivid you fall between the pages), its not a story of history; its a story of people living history. (Historical Novel Society)