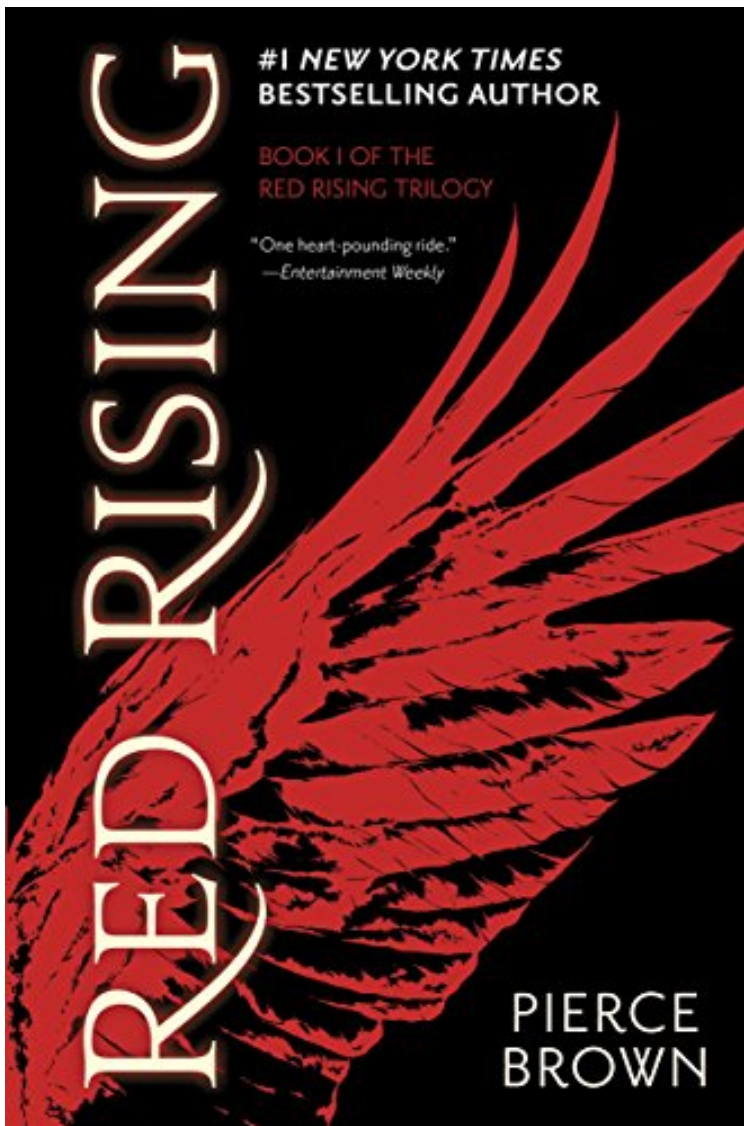


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# Red Rising (The Red Rising Series, Book 1)



*Par Pierce Brown*  
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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurNEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLERNAMED ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS OF THE YEAR BYENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, BUZZFEED,ANDSHELF AWARENESSEnder, Katniss, and now Darrow.Scott SiglerPierce Browns relentlessly entertaining debut channels the excitement of The Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins and Enders Game by Orson Scott Card.I live for the dream that my children will be born free, she says. That they will be what they like. That they will own the land their father gave them. I live for you, I say sadly. Eo kisses my cheek. Then you must live for more. Darrow is a Red, a member of the lowest caste in the color-coded society of the future. Like his fellow Reds, he works all day, believing that he and his people are making the surface of Mars livable for future generations. Yet he spends his life willingly, knowing that his blood and sweat will one day result in a better world for his children. But

Darrow and his kind have been betrayed. Soon he discovers that humanity reached the surface generations ago. Vast cities and lush wilds spread across the planet. Darrow and Reds like him are nothing more than slaves to a decadent ruling class. Inspired by a longing for justice, and driven by the memory of lost love, Darrow sacrifices everything to infiltrate the legendary Institute, a proving ground for the dominant Gold caste, where the next generation of humanity's overlords struggle for power. He will be forced to compete for his life and the very future of civilization against the best and most brutal of Society's ruling class. There, he will stop at nothing to bring down his enemies . . . even if it means he has to become one of them to do so.

**BONUS:** This edition includes an excerpt from Pierce Brown's *Golden Son*. Praise for *Red Rising* [A] spectacular adventure . . . one heart-pounding ride . . . Pierce Brown's dizzyingly good debut novel evokes *The Hunger Games*, *Lord of the Flies*, and *Enders Game*. . . . [Red Rising] has everything it needs to become meteoric. *Entertainment Weekly* [A] top-notch debut novel . . . *Red Rising* ascends above a crowded dystopian field. *USA Today* *Red Rising* is a sophisticated vision. . . . Brown will find a devoted audience. *Richmond Times-Dispatch* A story of vengeance, warfare and the quest for power . . . reminiscent of *The Hunger Games* and *Game of Thrones*. *Kirkus* s Fast-paced, gripping, well-written the sort of book you cannot put down. I am already on the lookout for the next one. *Terry Brooks*, *New York Times* bestselling author of *The Sword of Shannara* Pierce Brown has done an astounding job at delivering a powerful piece of literature that will definitely make a mark in the minds of readers. *The Huffington Post* Compulsively readable and exceedingly entertaining . . . a must for both fans of classic sci-fi and fervent followers of new school dystopian epics. *Examiner.com* [A] great debut . . . The author gathers a spread of elements together in much the same way George R. R. Martin does. *Tor.com* Extrait 1 *Helldiver* The first thing you should know about me is I am my father's son. And when they came for him, I did as he asked. I did not cry. Not when the Society televised the arrest. Not when the Golds tried him. Not when the Grays hanged him. Mother hit me for that. My brother Kieran was supposed to be the stoic one. He was the elder, I the younger. I was supposed to cry. Instead, Kieran bawled like a girl when Little Eo tucked a haemanthus into Father's left workboot and ran back to her own father's side. My sister Leanna murmured a lament beside me. I just watched and thought it a shame that he died dancing but without his dancing shoes. On Mars there is not much gravity. So you have to pull the feet to break the neck. They let the loved ones do it. I smell my own stink inside my frysuit. The suit is some kind of nanoplastic and is hot as its name suggests. It insulates me toe to head. Nothing gets in. Nothing gets out. Especially not the heat. Worst part is you can't wipe the sweat from your eyes. Bloody damn stings as it goes through the headband to puddle at the heels. Not to mention the stink when you piss. Which you always do. Gotta take in a load of water through the drink tube. I guess you could be fit with a catheter. We choose the stink. The drillers of my clan chatter some gossip over the comm in my ear as I ride atop the claw Drill. I'm alone in this deep tunnel on a machine built like a titanic metal hand, one that grasps and gnaws at the ground. I control its rock-melting digits from the holster seat atop the drill, just where the elbow joint would be. There, my fingers fit into control gloves that manipulate the many tentacle-like drills some ninety meters below my perch. To be a Helldiver, they say your fingers must flicker fast as tongues of fire. Mine flicker faster. Despite the voices in my ear, I am alone in the deep tunnel. My existence is vibration, the echo of my own breath, and heat so thick and noxious it feels like I'm swaddled in a heavy quilt of hot piss. A new river of sweat breaks through the scarlet sweatband tied around my forehead and slips into my eyes, burning them till they're as red as my rusty hair. I used to reach and try to wipe the sweat away, only to scratch futilely at the faceplate of my frysuit. I still want to. Even after three years, the tickle and sting of the sweat is a raw misery. The tunnel walls around my holster seat are bathed a sulfurous yellow by a corona of lights. The reach of the light fades as I look up the thin vertical shaft I've carved today. Above, precious helium-3 glimmers like liquid silver, but I'm looking at the shadows, looking for the pitvipers that curl through the darkness seeking the warmth of my drill. They'll eat into your suit too, bite through the shell and then try to burrow into the warmest place they find, usually your belly, so they can lay their eggs. I've been bitten before. Still dream of the beastblack, like a thick tendril of oil. They can get as wide as a thigh and long as three men, but it's the babies we fear. They don't know how to ration their poison. Like me, their ancestors came from Earth, then Mars and the deep tunnels changed them. It is eerie in the deep tunnels. Lonely. Beyond the roar of the drill, I hear the voices of my friends, all older. But I cannot see them a half klick above me in the darkness. They drill high above, near the mouth of the tunnel that I've carved, descending with hooks and lines to dangle along the sides of the tunnel to get at the small veins of helium-3. They mine with meter-long drills, gobbling up the chaff. The work still requires mad dexterity of foot and hand, but I'm the earner in this crew. I am the Helldiver. It takes a certain kind and I'm the youngest

anyone can remember. I've been in the mines for three years. You start at thirteen. Old enough to screw, old enough to crew. At least that's what Uncle Narol said. Except I didn't get married till six months back, so I don't know why he said it. Eo dances through my thoughts as I peer into my control display and slip the claw drills fingers around a fresh vein. Eo. Sometimes it's difficult to think of her as anything but what we used to call her as children. Little Eoa tiny girl hidden beneath a mane of red. Red like the rock around me, not true red, rust-red. Red like our home, like Mars. Eo is sixteen too. And she may be like me from a clan of Red earth diggers, a clan of song and dance and soil but she could be made from air, from the ether that binds the stars in a patchwork. Not that I've ever seen stars. No Red from the mining colonies sees the stars. Little Eo. They wanted to marry her off when she turned fourteen, like all girls of the clans. But she took the short rations and waited for me to reach sixteen, we'd age for men, before slipping that cord around her finger. She said she knew we'd marry since we were children. I didn't. Hold. Hold. Hold! Uncle Narol snaps over the comm channel. Darrow, hold, boy! My fingers freeze. He's high above with the rest of them, watching my progress on his head unit. What's the burn? I ask, annoyed. I don't like being interrupted. What's the burn, the little Helldiver asks. Old Barlow chuckles. Gas pocket, that's what, Narol snaps. He's the head talk for our two-hundred-plus crew. Hold. Calling a scan crew to check the particulars before you blow us all to hell. That gas pocket? It's a tiny one, I say. More like a gas pimple. I can manage it. A year on the drill and he thinks he knows his head from his hole! Poor little pissant, old Barlow adds dryly. Remember the words of our golden leader. Patience and obedience, young one. Patience is the better part of valor. And obedience the better part of humanity. Listen to your elders. I roll my eyes at the epigram. If the elders could do what I can, maybe listening would have its merits. But they are slow in hand and mind. Sometimes I feel like they want me to be just the same, especially my uncle. I'm on a tear, I say. If you think there's a gas pocket, I can just hop down and hand scan it. Easy. No dilldally. They'll preach caution. As if caution has ever helped them. We haven't won a Laurel in ages. Want to make Eo a widow? Barlow laughs, voice crackling with static. Okay by me. She is a pretty little thing. Drill into that pocket and leave her to me. Old and fat I be, but my drill still digs a dent. A chorus of laughter comes from the two hundred drillers above. My knuckles turn white as I grip the controls. Listen to Uncle Narol, Darrow. Better to back off till we can get a reading, my brother Kieran adds. He's three years older. Makes him think he's a sage, that he knows more. He just knows caution. There'll be time. Time? Hell, it'll take hours, I snap. They're all against me in this. They're all wrong and slow and don't understand that the Laurel is only a bold move away. More, they doubt me. You are being a coward, Narol. Silence on the other end of the line. Calling a man a coward not a good way to get his cooperation. Shouldn't have said it. I say make the scan yourself, Loran, my cousin and Narol's son, squawks. Don't and Gamma is good as Gold they'll get the Laurel for, oh, the hundredth time. The Laurel. Twenty-four clans in the underground mining colony of Lykos, one Laurel per quarter. It means more food than you can eat. It means more burners to smoke. Imported quilts from Earth. Amber swill with the Society's quality markings. It means winning. Gamma clan has had it since anyone can remember. So it's always been about the Quota for us lesser clans, just enough to scrape by. Eo says the Laurel is the carrot the Society dangles, always just far enough beyond our grasp. Just enough so we know how short we really are and how little we can do about it. We're supposed to be pioneers. Eo calls us slaves. I just think we never try hard enough. Never take the big risks because of the old men. Loran, shut up about the Laurel. Hit the gas and we'll miss all the bloody damn Laurels to kingdom come, boy, Uncle Narol growls. He's slurring. I can practically smell the drink through the comm. He wants to call a sensor team to cover his own ass. Or he's scared. The drunk was born pissing himself out of fear. Fear of what? Our overlords, the Golds? Their minions, the Grays? Who knows? Few people. Who cares? Even fewer. Actually, just one man cared for my uncle, and he died when my uncle pulled his feet. My uncle is weak. He is cautious and immoderate in his drink, a pale shadow of my father. His blinks are long and hard, as though it pains him to open his eyes each time and see the world again. I don't trust him down here in the mines, or anywhere for that matter. But my mother would tell me to listen to him; she would remind me to respect my elders. Even though I am wed, even though I am the Helldiver of my clan, she would say that my blisters have not yet become calluses. I will obey, even though it is as maddening as the tickle of the sweat on my face. Fine, I murmur. I clench the drill fist and wait as my uncle calls it in from the safety of the chamber above the deep tunnel. This will take hours. I do the math. Eight hours till whistle call. To beat Gamma, I've got to keep a rate of 156.5 kilos an hour. It'll take two and a half hours for the scan crew to get here and do their deal, at best. So I've got to pump out 227.6 kilos per hour after that. Impossible. But if I keep going and squab the tedious scan, it's ours. I wonder if Uncle Narol and Barlow know how close we are. Probably. Probably just don't think anything is ever worth the risk. Probably

think divine intervention will squab our chances. Gamma has the Laurel. Thats the way things are and will ever be. We of Lambda just try to scrape by on our foodstuffs and meager comforts. No rising. No falling. Nothing is worth the risk of changing the hierarchy. My father found that out at the end of a rope.Nothing is worth risking death. Against my chest, I feel the wedding band of hair and silk dangling from the cord around my neck and think of Eos ribs.Ill see a few more of the slender things through her skin this month.

Shell go asking the Gamma families for scraps behind my back. Ill act like I dont know. But well still be hungry. I eat too much because Im sixteen and still growing tall; Eo lies and says shes never got much of an appetite. Some women sell themselves for food or luxuries to the Tinpots (Grays, to be technic about it), the Societys garrison troops of our little mining colony. She wouldnt sell her body to feed me. Would she? But then I think about it. Id do anything to feed her . . . I look down over the edge of my drill. Its a long fall to the bottom of the hole Ive dug. Nothing but molten rock and hissing drills. But before I know whats what, Im out of my straps, scanner in hand and jumping down the hundred-meter drop toward the drill fingers. I kick back and forth between the vertical mineshafts walls and the drills long, vibrating body to slow my fall. I make sure Im not near a pitviper nest when I throw out an arm to catch myself on a gear just above the drill fingers. The ten drills glow with heat. The air shimmers and distorts. I feel the heat on my face, feel it stabbing my eyes, feel it ache in my belly and balls. Those drills will melt your bones if youre not careful. And Im not careful. Just nimble.I lower myself hand over hand, going feetfirst between the drill fingers so that I can lower the scanner close enough to the gas pocket to get a reading. This was a mistake. Voices shout at me through the comm. I almost brush one of the drills as I finally lower myself close enough to the gas pocket. The scanner flickers in my hand as it takes its reading. My suit is bubbling and I smell something sweet and sharp, like burned syrup. To a Helldiver, it is the smell of death.Revue de presse[A] spectacular adventure . . . one heart-pounding ride . . . Pierce Browns dizzyingly good debut novel evokes The Hunger Games, Lord of the Flies, and Enders Game. . . [Red Rising] has everything it needs to become meteoric.Entertainment Weekly[A] top-notch debut novel . . . Red Rising ascends above a crowded dystopian field.USA Today Red Rising is a sophisticated vision. . . Brown will find a devoted audience.Richmond Times-DispatchA story of vengeance, warfare and the quest for power . . . reminiscent of The Hunger Games and Game of Thrones.Kirkus s Fast-paced, gripping, well-writtenthe sort of book you cannot put down. I am already on the lookout for the next one.Terry Brooks, New York Times bestselling author of The Sword of ShannaraPierce Brown has done an astounding job at delivering a powerful piece of literature that will definitely make a mark in the minds of readers.The Huffington Post Compulsively readable and exceedingly entertaining . . . a must for both fans of classic sci-fi and fervent followers of new school dystopian epics.Examiner.com [A] great debut . . . The author gathers a spread of elements together in much the same way George R. R. Martin does.Tor.com Very ambitious . . . a natural for Hunger Games fans of all ages.Booklist Ender, Katniss, and now Darrow: Pierce Browns empire-crushing debut is a sprawling vision.Scott Sigler, New York Times bestselling author of Pandemic A Hollywood-ready story with plenty of action and thrills.Publishers Weekly Reminiscent of . . . Suzanne Collinss The Hunger Games . . . [Red Rising] will captivate readers and leave them wanting more.Library Journal (starred review)