

[Mobile pdf] File size: 51.Mb

Runaway



Par Alice Munro
DOC | *audiobook | ebooks |
Download PDF | ePub

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les
ventes : #82527 dans eBooksPubli le:
2013-10-21Sorti le: 2013-10-
21Format: Ebook Kindle

[Mobile pdf] Runaway

Par Alice Munro : Runaway before
purchasing it in order to gage whether or
not it would be worth my time, and all
praised Runaway:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur**Winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature**The matchless Munro makes art out of everyday lives in this exquisite collection. Here are men and women of wildly different times and circumstances, their lives made vividly palpable by the nuance and empathy of Munro's writing. Runaway is about the power and betrayals of love, about lost children, lost chances. There is pain and desolation beneath the surface, like a needle in the heart, which makes these stories more powerful and compelling than anything she has written before.Winner of the Man Booker International Prize 2009.ExtraitCarla heard the car coming before it topped the little rise in the road that around here they called a hill. Its her, she thought. Mrs. JamiesonSylviahome from her holiday in Greece. From the barn doorbut far enough inside that she

could not readily be seen she watched the road Mrs. Jamieson would have to drive by on, her place being half a mile farther along the road than Clark and Carla. If it was somebody getting ready to turn in at their gate it would be slowing down by now. But still Carla hoped. Let it not be her. It was. Mrs. Jamieson turned her head once, quickly she had all she could do maneuvering her car through the ruts and puddles the rain had made in the gravel but she didn't lift a hand off the wheel to wave, she didn't spot Carla. Carla got a glimpse of a tanned arm bare to the shoulder, hair bleached a lighter color than it had been before, more white now than silver-blond, and an expression that was determined and exasperated and amused at her own exasperation just the way Mrs. Jamieson would look negotiating such a road. When she turned her head there was something like a bright flash of inquiry, of hopefulness that made Carla shrink back. So. Maybe Clark didn't know yet. If he was sitting at the computer he would have his back to the window and the road. But Mrs. Jamieson might have to make another trip. Driving home from the airport, she might not have stopped for groceries not until she'd been home and figured out what she needed. Clark might see her then. And after dark, the lights of her house would show. But this was July, and it didn't get dark till late. She might be so tired that she wouldn't bother with the lights, she might go to bed early. On the other hand, she might telephone. Any time now. This was the summer of rain and more rain. You heard it first thing in the morning, loud on the roof of the mobile home. The trails were deep in mud, the long grass soaking, leaves overhead sending down random showers even in those moments when there was no actual downpour from the sky and the clouds looked like clearing. Carla wore a high, wide-brimmed old Australian felt hat every time she went outside, and tucked her long thick braid down her shirt. Nobody showed up for trail rides, even though Clark and Carla had gone around posting signs in all the camping sites, in the cafes, and on the tourist office billboard and anywhere else they could think of. Only a few pupils were coming for lessons and those were regulars, not the batches of schoolchildren on vacation, the busloads from summer camps, that had kept them going through last summer. And even the regulars that they counted on were taking time off for holiday trips, or simply cancelling their lessons because of the weather being so discouraging. If they called too late, Clark charged them for the time anyway. A couple of them had complained, and quit for good. There was still some income from the three horses that were boarded. Those three, and the four of their own, were out in the field now, poking around in the grass under the trees. They looked as if they couldn't be bothered to notice that the rain was holding off for the moment, the way it often did for a while in the afternoon. Just enough to get your hopes up the clouds whitening and thinning and letting through a diffuse brightness that never got around to being real sunshine, and was usually gone before supper. Carla had finished mucking out in the barn. She had taken her time she liked the rhythm of her regular chores, the high space under the barn roof, the smells. Now she went over to the exercise ring to see how dry the ground was, in case the five o'clock pupil did show up. Most of the steady showers had not been particularly heavy, or borne on any wind, but last week there had come a sudden stirring and then a blast through the treetops and a nearly horizontal blinding rain. In a quarter of an hour the storm had passed over. But branches lay across the road, hydro lines were down, and a large chunk of the plastic roofing over the ring had been torn loose. There was a puddle like a lake at that end of the track, and Clark had worked until after dark, digging a channel to drain it away. The roof had not yet been repaired. Clark had strung fence wire across to keep the horses from getting into the mud, and Carla had marked out a shorter track. On the Web, right now, Clark was hunting for some place to buy roofing. Some salvage outlet, with prices that they could afford, or somebody trying to get rid of such material secondhand. He would not go to Hy and Robbert Buckleys Building Supply in town, which he called Highway Robbers Buggery Supply, because he owed them too much money and had had a fight with them. Clark had fights not just with the people he owed money to. His friendliness, compelling at first, could suddenly turn sour. There were places he would not go into, where he always made Carla go, because of some row. The drugstore was one such place. An old woman had pushed in front of him that is, she had gone to get something she'd forgotten and come back and pushed in front, rather than going to the end of the line, and he had complained, and the cashier had said to him, She has emphysema, and Clark had said, Is that so? I have piles, myself, and the manager had been summoned, to say that was uncalled-for. And in the coffee shop out on the highway the advertised breakfast discount had not been allowed, because it was past eleven o'clock in the morning, and Clark had argued and then dropped his takeout cup of coffee on the floor just missing, so they said, a child in its stroller. He said the child was half a mile away and he dropped the cup because no cuff had been provided. They said he had not asked for a cuff. He said he shouldn't have had to ask. You flare up, said Carla. That's what men do. She had not said anything to him about his row with Joy Tucker. Joy Tucker was the librarian from town who boarded her horse with them. The horse was a quick-

tempered little chestnut mare named LizzieJoy Tucker, when she was in a jokey mood, called her Lizzie Borden. Yesterday she had driven out, not in a jokey mood at all, and complained about the roofs not being fixed yet, and Lizzie looking miserable, as if she might have caught a chill. There was nothing the matter with Lizzie, actually. Clark had tried for him to be placating. But then it was Joy Tucker who flared up and said that their place was a dump, and Lizzie deserved better, and Clark said, Suit yourself. Joy had not yet removed Lizzie, as Carla had expected. But Clark, who had formerly made the little mare his pet, had refused to have anything more to do with her. Lizzie's feelings were hurt, in consequence she was balky when exercised and kicked up a fuss when her hoofs had to be picked out, as they did every day, lest they develop a fungus. Carla had to watch out for nips. But the worst thing as far as Carla was concerned was the absence of Flora, the little white goat who kept the horses company in the barn and in the fields. There had not been any sign of her for two days. Carla was afraid that wild dogs or coyotes had got her, or even a bear. She had dreamt of Flora last night and the night before. In the first dream Flora had walked right up to the bed with a red apple in her mouth, but in the second dream last night she had run away when she saw Carla coming. Her leg seemed to be hurt but she ran anyway. She led Carla to a barbed-wire barricade of the kind that might belong on some battlefield, and then she slipped through it, hurt leg and all, just slithered through like a white eel and disappeared. The horses had seen Carla go across to the ring and they had all moved up to the fence looking bedraggled in spite of their New Zealand blankets so that she would take notice of them on her way back. She talked quietly to them, apologizing for coming empty-handed. She stroked their necks and rubbed their noses and asked whether they knew anything about Flora. Grace and Juniper snorted and nuzzled up, as if they recognized the name and shared her concern, but then Lizzie butted in between them and knocked Grace's head away from Carla's petting hand. She gave the hand a nip for good measure, and Carla had to spend some time scolding her. Up until three years ago Carla never really looked at mobile homes. She didn't call them that, either. Like her parents, she would have thought mobile home pretentious. Some people lived in trailers, and that was all there was to it. One trailer was no different from another. When Carla moved in here, when she chose this life with Clark, she began to see things in a new way. After that she started saying mobile home and she looked to see how people had fixed them up. The kind of curtains they had hung, the way they had painted the trim, the ambitious decks or patios or extra rooms that had been built on. She could hardly wait to get at such improvements herself. Clark had gone along with her ideas, for a while. He had built new steps, and spent a lot of time looking for an old wrought-iron railing for them. He didn't make any complaint about the money spent on paint for the kitchen and bathroom or the material for curtains. Her paint job was hasty she didn't know, at that time, that you should take the hinges off the cupboard doors. Or that you should line the curtains, which had since faded. What Clark balked at was tearing up the carpet, which was the same in every room and the thing that she had most counted on replacing. It was divided into small brown squares, each with a pattern of darker brown and rust and tan... From AudioFile The subtle and exquisitely polished stories of Alice Munro are among the literary marvels of our time, and Kymberly Dakin conveys effectively the peculiar blend of Canadian "haut provincialism" that provides the tone, context, and so much of the humor of Munro's finest stories. Each of these eight stories features a runaway of some kind; dramatic events are most often filtered through the consciousness and recollection of the female protagonist. Dakin, who also narrated Munro's last story collection, *Hateship, Friendship, Courtship, Loveship, Marriage*, works successfully in a narrow band of vocals and tones, grasping that these are stories of voice and of distance, in which motive and outcome often remain mysterious, and in which evenness of delivery is part of the drama of the telling. D.A.W. AudioFile 2005, Portland, Maine-- Copyright AudioFile, Portland, Maine