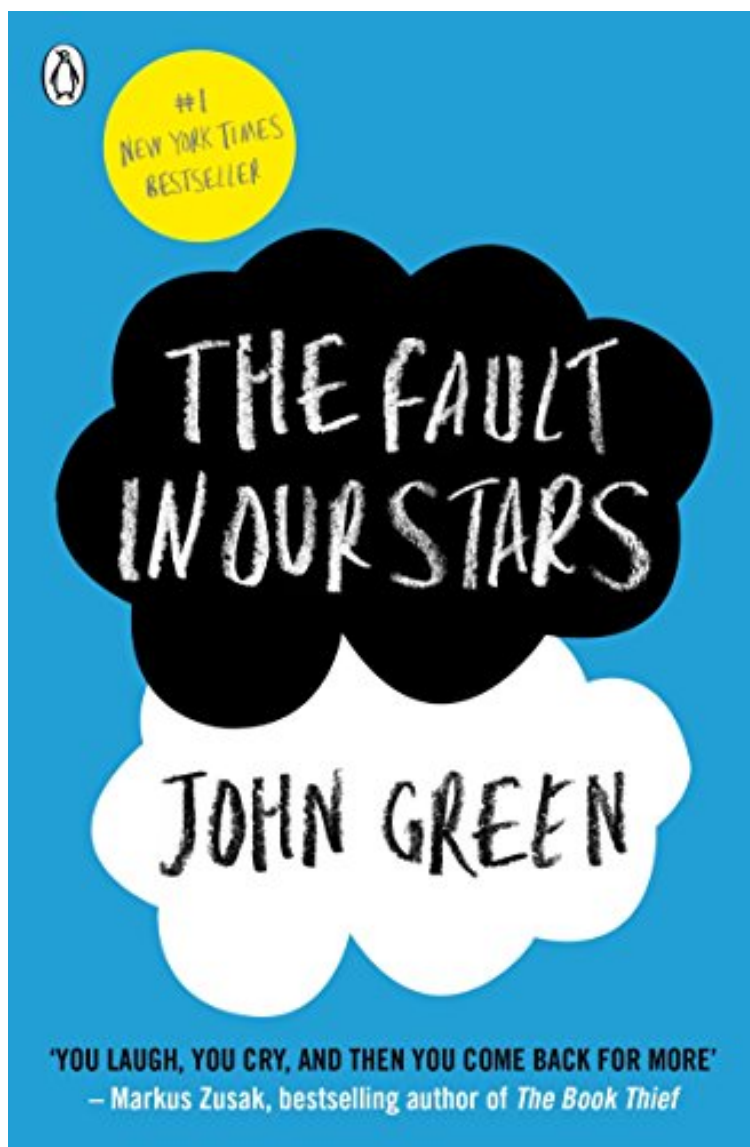


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# The Fault in Our Stars



*Par John Green*  
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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurJohn Green's witty yet heart-breaking tour de force. The multi-million #1 bestseller, now a major motion picture starring Shailene Woodley and Ansel Elgort. "I fell in love the way you fall asleep: slowly, then all at once."Despite the tumor-shrinking medical miracle that has bought her a few years, Hazel has never been anything but terminal, her final chapter inscribed upon diagnosis. But when a gorgeous plot twist named Augustus Waters suddenly appears at Cancer Kid Support Group, Hazel's story is about to be completely rewritten.Insightful, bold, irreverent, and raw, The Fault in Our Stars is award-winning author John Green's most ambitious and heartbreaking work yet, brilliantly exploring the funny, thrilling, and tragic business of being alive and in love.\*\* A thought-provoking love story from the New

York Times bestselling author of *Looking for Alaska*, *An Abundance of Katherines*, *Paper Towns* and - with David Levithan - *Will Grayson, Will Grayson*.\*\* John Green has over 2.3 million Twitter followers, and more than 2.1 million subscribers to *Vlogbrothers*, the YouTube channel he created with his brother, Hank.

\*\* *The Fault in Our Stars* will capture a crossover audience in the same vein as Zadie Smith, David Nicholls' *One Day* and *Before I Die* by Jenny Downham. \*\* 'Electric . . . Filled with staccato bursts of humor and tragedy' - Jodi Picoult\*\* 'A novel of life and death and the people caught in between, *The Fault in Our Stars* is John Green at his best. You laugh, you cry, and then you come back for more' - Markus Zusak, author of *The Book Thief* **Extrait** CHAPTER ONE Late in the winter of my seventeenth year, my mother decided I was depressed, presumably because I rarely left the house, spent quite a lot of time in bed, read the same book over and over, ate infrequently, and devoted quite a bit of my abundant free time to thinking about death. Whenever you read a cancer booklet or website or whatever, they always list depression among the side effects of cancer. But, in fact, depression is not a side effect of cancer. Depression is a side effect of dying. (Cancer is also a side effect of dying. Almost everything is, really.) But my mom believed I required treatment, so she took me to see my Regular Doctor Jim, who agreed that I was veritably swimming in a paralyzing and totally clinical depression, and that therefore my meds should be adjusted and also I should attend a weekly Support Group. This Support Group featured a rotating cast of characters in various states of tumor-driven unwellness. Why did the cast rotate? A side effect of dying. The Support Group, of course, was depressing as hell. It met every Wednesday in the basement of a stone-walled Episcopal church shaped like a cross. We all sat in a circle right in the middle of the cross, where the two boards would have met, where the heart of Jesus would have been. I noticed this because Patrick, the Support Group Leader and only person over eighteen in the room, talked about the heart of Jesus every freaking meeting, all about how we, as young cancer survivors, were sitting right in Christ's very sacred heart and whatever. So here's how it went in God's heart: The six or seven or ten of us walked/wheeled in, grazed at a decrepit selection of cookies and lemonade, sat down in the Circle of Trust, and listened to Patrick recount for the thousandth time his depressingly miserable life story how he had cancer in his balls and they thought he was going to die but he didn't die and now here he is, a full-grown adult in a church basement in the 137th nicest city in America, divorced, addicted to video games, mostly friendless, eking out a meager living by exploiting his concertastic past, slowly working his way toward a master's degree that will not improve his career prospects, waiting, as we all do, for the sword of Damocles to give him the relief that he escaped for those many years ago when cancer took both of his nuts but spared what only the most generous soul would call his life. **AND YOU TOO MIGHT BE SO LUCKY!** Then we introduced ourselves: Name. Age. Diagnosis. And how were we doing today. I'm Hazel, I'd say when they'd get to me. Sixteen. Thyroid originally but with an impressive and long-settled satellite colony in my lungs. And I'm doing okay. Once we got around the circle, Patrick always asked if anyone wanted to share. And then began the circle jerk of support: everyone talking about fighting and battling and winning and shrinking and scanning. To be fair to Patrick, he let us talk about dying, too. But most of them weren't dying. Most would live into adulthood, as Patrick had. (Which meant there was quite a lot of competitiveness about it, with everybody wanting to beat not only cancer itself, but also the other people in the room. Like, I realize that this is irrational, but when they tell you that you have, say, a 20 percent chance of living five years, the math kicks in and you figure that's one in five so you look around and think, as any healthy person would: I gotta outlast four of these bastards.) The only redeeming facet of Support Group was this kid named Isaac, a long-faced, skinny guy with straight blond hair swept over one eye. And his eyes were the problem. He had some fantastically improbable eye cancer. One eye had been cut out when he was a kid, and now he wore the kind of thick glasses that made his eyes (both the real one and the glass one) preternaturally huge, like his whole head was basically just this fake eye and this real eye staring at you. From what I could gather on the rare occasions when Isaac shared with the group, a recurrence had placed his remaining eye in mortal peril. Isaac and I communicated almost exclusively through sighs. Each time someone discussed anticancer diets or snorting ground-up shark fin or whatever, he'd glance over at me and sigh ever so slightly. I'd shake my head microscopically and exhale in response. So Support Group blew, and after a few weeks, I grew to be rather kicking-and-screaming about the whole affair. In fact, on the Wednesday I made the acquaintance of Augustus Waters, I tried my level best to get out of Support Group while sitting on the couch with my mom in the third leg of a twelve-hour marathon of the previous season's *America's Next Top Model*, which admittedly I had already seen, but still. Me: I refuse to attend Support Group. Mom: One of the symptoms of depression is disinterest in activities. Me: Please just let me watch *America's Next Top Model*. It's an activity. Mom: Television is a passivity. Me: Ugh, Mom,



Thyroid with mets in my lungs. Im okay. The hour proceeded apace: Fights were recounted, battles won amid wars sure to be lost; hope was clung to; families were both celebrated and denounced; it was agreed that friends just didnt get it; tears were shed; comfort proffered. Neither Augustus Waters nor I spoke again until Patrick said, Augustus, perhaps youd like to share your fears with the group. My fears? Yes. I fear oblivion, he said without a moments pause. I fear it like the proverbial blind man whos afraid of the dark. Too soon, Isaac said, cracking a smile. Was that insensitive? Augustus asked. I can be pretty blind to other peoples feelings. Isaac was laughing, but Patrick raised a chastening finger and said, Augustus, please. Lets return to you and your struggles. You said you fear oblivion? I did, Augustus answered. Patrick seemed lost. Would, uh, would anyone like to speak to that? I hadnt been in proper school in three years. My parents were my two best friends. My third best friend was an author who did not know I existed. I was a fairly shy person not the hand-raising type. And yet, just this once, I decided to speak. I half raised my hand and Patrick, his delight evident, immediately said, Hazel! I was, Im sure he assumed, opening up. **Becoming Part Of The Group.** I looked over at Augustus Waters, who looked back at me. You could almost see through his eyes they were so blue. There will come a time, I said, when all of us are dead. All of us. There will come a time when there are no human beings remaining to remember that anyone ever existed or that our species ever did anything. There will be no one left to remember Aristotle or Cleopatra, let alone you. Everything that we did and built and wrote and thought and discovered will be forgotten and all of this I gestured encompassingly will have been for naught. Maybe that time is coming soon and maybe it is millions of years away, but even if we survive the collapse of our sun, we will not survive forever. There was time before organisms experienced consciousness, and there will be time after. And if the inevitability of human oblivion worries you, I encourage you to ignore it. God knows thats what everyone else does. Id learned this from my aforementioned third best friend, Peter Van Houten, the reclusive author of *An Imperial Affliction*, the book that was as close a thing as I had to a Bible. Peter Van Houten was the only person Id ever come across who seemed to (a) understand what its like to be dying, and (b) not have died. After I finished, there was quite a long period of silence as I watched a smile spread all the way across Augustuss face not the little crooked smile of the boy trying to be sexy while he stared at me, but his real smile, too big for his face. Goddamn, Augustus said quietly. Arent you something else. Neither of us said anything for the rest of Support Group. At the end, we all had to hold hands, and Patrick led us in a prayer. Lord Jesus Christ, we are gathered here in Your heart, literally in Your heart, as cancer survivors. You and You alone know us as we know ourselves. Guide us to life and the Light through our times of trial. We pray for Isaacs eyes, for Michaels and Jamies blood, for Augustuss bones, for Hazels lungs, for James throat. We pray that You might heal us and that we might feel Your love, and Your peace, which passes all understanding. And we remember in our hearts those whom we knew and loved who have gone home to you: Maria and Kade and Joseph and Haley and Abigail and Angelina and Taylor and Gabriel and It was a long list. The world contains a lot of dead people. And while Patrick droned on, reading the list from a sheet of paper because it was too long to memorize, I kept my eyes closed, trying to think prayerfully but mostly imagining the day when my name would find its way onto that list, all the way at the end when everyone had stopped listening. When Patrick was finished, we said this stupid mantra together **LIVING OUR BEST LIFE TODAY** and it was over. Augustus Waters pushed himself out of his chair and walked over to me. His gait was crooked like his smile. He towered over me, but he kept his distance so I wouldnt have to crane my neck to look him in the eye. Whats your name? he asked. Hazel. No, your full name. Um, Hazel Grace Lancaster. He was just about to say something else when Isaac walked up. Hold on, Augustus said, raising a finger, and turned to Isaac. That was actually worse than you made it out to be. I told you it was bleak. Why do you bother with it? I dont know. It kind of helps? Augustus leaned in so he thought I couldnt hear. Shes a regular? I couldnt hear Isaacs comment, but Augustus responded, Ill say. He clasped Isaac by both shoulders and then took a half step away from him. Tell Hazel about clinic. Isaac leaned a hand against the snack table and focused his huge eye on me. Okay, so I went into clinic this morning, and I was telling my surgeon that Id rather be deaf than blind. And he said, It doesnt work that way, and I was, like, Yeah, I realize it doesnt work that way; Im just saying Id rather be deaf than blind if I had the choice, which I realize I dont have, and he said, Well, the good news is that you wont be deaf, and I was like, Thank you for explaining that my eye cancer isnt going to make me deaf. I feel so fortunate that an intellectual giant like yourself would deign to operate on me. He sounds like a winner, I said. Im gonna try to get me some eye cancer just so I can make this guys acquaintance. Good luck with that. All right, I should go. Monicas waiting for me. I gotta look at her a lot while I can. Counterinsurgence tomorrow? Augustus asked. Definitely. Isaac turned and ran up the stairs,

taking them two at a time. Augustus Waters turned to me. Literally, he said. Literally? I asked. We are literally in the heart of Jesus, he said. I thought we were in a church basement, but we are literally in the heart of Jesus. Someone should tell Jesus, I said. I mean, its gotta be dangerous, storing children with cancer in your heart. I would tell Him myself, Augustus said, but unfortunately I am literally stuck inside of His heart, so He wont be able to hear me. I laughed. He shook his head, just looking at me. What? I asked. Nothing, he said. Why are you looking at me like that? Augustus half smiled. Because youre beautiful. I enjoy looking at beautiful people, and I decided a while ago not to deny myself the simpler pleasures of existence. A brief awkward silence ensued. Augustus plowed through: I mean, particularly given that, as you so deliciously pointed out, all of this will end in oblivion and everything. I kind of scoffed or sighed or exhaled in a way that was vaguely coughy and then said, Im not beau Youre like a millennial Natalie Portman. Like V for Vendetta Natalie Portman. Never seen it, I said. Really? he asked. Pixie-haired gorgeous girl dislikes authority and cant help but fall for a boy she knows is trouble. Its your autobiography, so far as I can tell. His every syllable flirted. Honestly, he kind of turned me on. I didnt even know that guys could turn me onnot, like, in real life. A younger girl walked past us. Hows it going, Alisa? he asked. She smiled and mumbled, Hi, Augustus. Memorial people, he explained. Memorial was the big research hospital. Where do you go? Childrens, I said, my voice smaller than I expected it to be. He nodded. The conversation seemed over. Well, I said, nodding vaguely toward the steps that led us out of the Literal Heart of Jesus. I tilted my cart onto its wheels and started walking. He limped beside me. So, see you next time, maybe? I asked. You should see it, he said. V for Vendetta, I mean. Okay, I said. Ill look it up. No. With me. At my house, he said. Now. I stopped walking. I hardly know you, Augustus Waters. You could be an ax murderer. He nodded. True enough, Hazel Grace. He walked past me, his shoulders filling out his green knit polo shirt, his back straight, his steps liltng just slightly to the right as he walked steady and confident on what I had determined was a prosthetic leg. Osteosarcoma sometimes takes a limb to check you out. Then, if it likes you, it takes the rest. I followed him upstairs, losing ground as I made my way up slowly, stairs not being a field of expertise for my lungs. And then we were out of Jesuss heart and in the parking lot, the spring air just on the cold side of perfect, the late-afternoon light heavenly in its hurtfulness. Mom wasnt there yet, which was unusual, because Mom was almost always waiting for me. I glanced around and saw that a tall, curvy brunette girl had Isaac pinned against the stone wall of the church, kissing him rather aggressively. They were close enough to me that I could hear the weird noises of their mouths together, and I could hear him saying, Always, and her saying, Always, in return. Suddenly standing next to me, Augustus half whispered, Theyre big believers in PDA. Whats with the always? The slurping sounds intensified. Always is their thing. Theyll always love each other and whatever. I would conservatively estimate they have texted each other the word always four million times in the last year. A couple more cars drove up, taking Michael and Alisa away. It was just Augustus and me now, watching Isaac and Monica, who proceeded apace as if they were not leaning against a place of worship. His hand reached for her boob over her shirt and pawed at it, his palm still while his fingers moved around. I wondered if that felt good. Didnt seem like it would, but I decided to forgive Isaac on the grounds that he was going blind. The senses must feast while there is yet hunger and whatever. Imagine taking that last drive to the hospital, I said quietly. The last time youll ever drive a car. Without looking over at me, Augustus said, Youre killing my vibe here, Hazel Grace. Im trying to observe young love in its many-splendored awkwardness. I think hes hurting her boob, I said. Yes, its difficult to ascertain whether he is trying to arouse her or perform a breast exam. Then Augustus Waters reached into a pocket and pulled out, of all things, a pack of cigarettes. He flipped it open and put a cigarette between his lips. Are you serious? I asked. You think thats cool? Oh, my God, you just ruined the whole thing. Which whole thing? he asked, turning to me. The cigarette dangled unlit from the unsmiling corner of his mouth. The whole thing where a boy who is not unattractive or unintelligent or seemingly in any way unacceptable stares at me and points out incorrect uses of literality and compares me to actresses and asks me to watch a movie at his house. But of course there is always a hamartia and yours is that oh, my God, even though you HAD FREAKING CANCER you give money to a company in exchange for the chance to acquire YET MORE CANCER. Oh, my God. Let me just assure you that not being able to breathe? SUCKS. Totally disappointing. Totally. A hamartia? he asked, the cigarette still in his mouth. It tightened his jaw. He had a hell of a jawline, unfortunately. A fatal flaw, I explained, turning away from him. I stepped toward the curb, leaving Augustus Waters behind me, and then I heard a car start down the street. It was Mom. Shed been waiting for me to, like, make friends or whatever. I felt this weird mix of disappointment and anger welling up inside of me. I dont even know what the feeling was, really, just that there was a lot of it, and I

wanted to smack Augustus Waters and also replace my lungs with lungs that didnt suck at being lungs. I was standing with my Chuck Taylors on the very edge of the curb, the oxygen tank ball-and-chaining in the cart by my side, and right as my mom pulled up, I felt a hand grab mine. I yanked my hand free but turned back to him. They dont kill you unless you light them, he said as Mom arrived at the curb. And Ive never lit one. Its a metaphor, see: You put the killing thing right between your teeth, but you dont give it the power to do its killing. Its a metaphor, I said, dubious. Mom was just idling. Its a metaphor, he said. You choose your behaviors based on their metaphorical resonances I said. Oh, yes. He smiled. The big, goofy, real smile. Im a big believer in metaphor, Hazel Grace. I turned to the car. Tapped the window. It rolled down. Im going to a movie with Augustus Waters, I said. Please record the next several episodes of the ANTM marathon for me.

## CHAPTER TWO