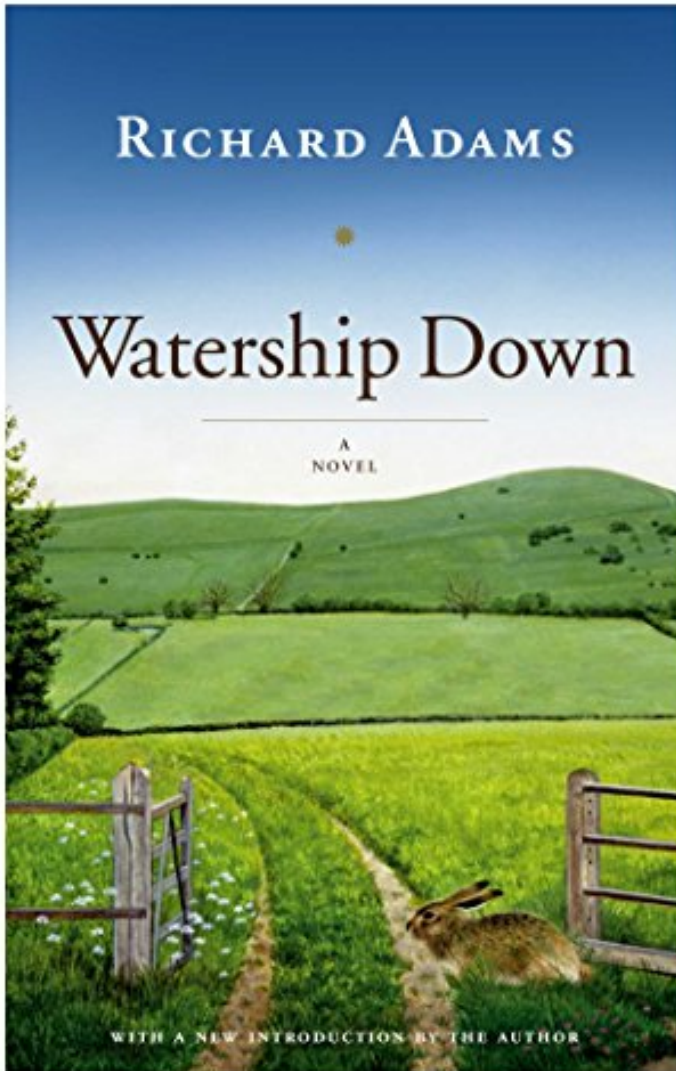


(Mobile ebook) File size: 30.Mb

# Watership Down: A Novel



*Par Richard Adams*  
DOC | \*audiobook | ebooks |  
Download PDF | ePub

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #177498 dans eBooksPubli le: 2009-07-14Sorti le: 2009-07-14Format: Ebook Kindle

(Mobile ebook) Watership Down: A Novel

**Par Richard Adams : Watership Down: A Novel** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Watership Down: A Novel:

 Download

 Read Online

**Description :** Description du produitThe setting is the rolling hills and meadows of England. The time is now -- or tomorrow -- or always. WATERSHIP DOWN is a saga of the maverick band who set out, against all odds, on a quest for a new home, a better society. The heroes of this tale are animals -- wild rabbits. Their behavior is consistent with the laws of nature, yet each is endowed with an unforgettable personality. The characterization and compelling plot fuse, transcending the animal world and illuminating man's great humanity -- and terrible inhumanity. "WATERSHIP DOWN is one of those great stories, destined to be a classic, that every once in a long while lets us know the universe has something really mysteriously great going for humanity." --R. Buckminster Fuller

Prsentation de l'diteurA phenomenal worldwide bestseller for over thirty years, Richard Adams's Watership Down is a timeless classic and one of the most beloved novels of all time. Set in England's Downs, a once

idyllic rural landscape, this stirring tale of adventure, courage and survival follows a band of very special creatures on their flight from the intrusion of man and the certain destruction of their home. Led by a stouthearted pair of friends, they journey forth from their native Sandleford Warren through the harrowing trials posed by predators and adversaries, to a mysterious promised land and a more perfect society..com

Watership Down has been a staple of high-school English classes for years. Despite the fact that it's often a hard sell at first (what teenager wouldn't cringe at the thought of 400-plus pages of talking rabbits?), Richard Adams's bunny-centric epic rarely fails to win the love and respect of anyone who reads it, regardless of age. Like most great novels, *Watership Down* is a rich story that can be read (and reread) on many different levels. The book is often praised as an allegory, with its analogs between human and rabbit culture (a fact sometimes used to goad skeptical teens, who resent the challenge that they won't "get" it, into reading it), but it's equally praiseworthy as just a corking good adventure. The story follows a warren of Berkshire rabbits fleeing the destruction of their home by a land developer. As they search for a safe haven, skirting danger at every turn, we become acquainted with the band and its compelling culture and myths.

Adams has crafted a touching, involving world in the dirt and scrub of the English countryside, complete with its own folk history and language (the book comes with a "lapine" glossary, a guide to rabbitese). As much about freedom, ethics, and human nature as it is about a bunch of bunnies looking for a warm hidey-hole and some mates, *Watership Down* will continue to make the transition from classroom desk to bedside table for many generations to come. --Paul Hughes Extrait

*Watership Down* 1 The Notice Board CHORUS: Why do you cry out thus, unless at some vision of horror? CASSANDRA: The house reeks of death and dripping blood. CHORUS: How so? Tis but the odor of the altar sacrifice. CASSANDRA: The stench is like a breath from the tomb. Aeschylus, Agamemnon The primroses were over. Toward the edge of the wood, where the ground became open and sloped down to an old fence and a brambly ditch beyond, only a few fading patches of pale yellow still showed among the dogs mercury and oak-tree roots. On the other side of the fence, the upper part of the field was full of rabbit holes. In places the grass was gone altogether and everywhere there were clusters of dry droppings, through which nothing but the ragwort would grow. A hundred yards away, at the bottom of the slope, ran the brook, no more than three feet wide, half choked with kingcups, watercress and blue brooklime. The cart track crossed by a brick culvert and climbed the opposite slope to a five-barred gate in the thorn hedge. The gate led into the lane. The May sunset was red in clouds, and there was still half an hour to twilight. The dry slope was dotted with rabbits some nibbling at the thin grass near their holes, others pushing further down to look for dandelions or perhaps a cowslip that the rest had missed. Here and there one sat upright on an ant heap and looked about, with ears erect and nose in the wind. But a blackbird, singing undisturbed on the outskirts of the wood, showed that there was nothing alarming there, and in the other direction, along the brook, all was plain to be seen, empty and quiet. The warren was at peace. At the top of the bank, close to the wild cherry where the blackbird sang, was a little group of holes almost hidden by brambles. In the green half-light, at the mouth of one of these holes, two rabbits were sitting together side by side. At length, the larger of the two came out, slipped along the bank under cover of the brambles and so down into the ditch and up into the field. A few moments later the other followed. The first rabbit stopped in a sunny patch and scratched his ear with rapid movements of his hind

leg. Although he was a yearling and still below full weight, he had not the harassed look of most outskirtersthat is, the rank and file of ordinary rabbits in their first year who, lacking either aristocratic parentage or unusual size and strength, get sat on by their elders and live as best they can often in the open on the edge of their warren. He looked as though he knew how to take care of himself. There was a shrewd, buoyant air about him as he sat up, looked round and rubbed both front paws over his nose. As soon as he was satisfied that all was well, he laid back his ears and set to work on the grass. His companion seemed less at ease. He was small, with wide, staring eyes and a way of raising and turning his head which suggested not so much caution as a kind of ceaseless, nervous tension. His nose moved continually, and when a bumblebee flew humming to a thistle bloom behind him, he jumped and spun round with a start that sent two nearby rabbits scurrying for holes before the nearest, a buck with black-tipped ears, recognized him and returned to feeding. Oh, its only Fiver, said the black-tipped rabbit, jumping at bluebottles again. Come on, Buckthorn, what were you telling me? Fiver? said the other rabbit. Whys he called that? Five in the litter, you know: he was the last and the smallest. Youd wonder nothing had got him by now. I always say a man couldnt see him and a fox wouldnt want him. Still, I admit he seems to be able to keep out of harms way.\* The small rabbit came closer to his companion, lolloping on long hind legs. Lets go a bit further, Hazel, he said. You know, theres something queer about the warren this evening, although I cant tell exactly what it is. Shall we go

down to the brook? All right, answered Hazel, and you can find me a cowslip. If you cant find one, no one can. He led the way down the slope, his shadow stretching behind him on the grass. They reached the brook and began nibbling and searching close beside the wheel ruts of the track. It was not long before Fiver found what they were looking for. Cowslips are a delicacy among rabbits, and as a rule there are very few left by late May in the neighborhood of even a small warren. This one had not bloomed and its flat spread of leaves was almost hidden under the long grass. They were just starting on it when two larger rabbits came running across from the other side of the nearby cattle wade. Cowslip? said one. All right just leave it to us. Come on, hurry up, he added, as Fiver hesitated. You heard me, didnt you? Fiver found it, Toadflax, said Hazel. And well eat it, replied Toadflax. Cowslips are for Owsla\*dont you know that? If you dont, we can easily teach you. Fiver had already turned away. Hazel caught him up by the culvert. Im sick and tired of it, he said. Its the same all the time. These are my claws, so this is my cowslip. These are my teeth, so this is my burrow.

Ill tell you, if ever I get into the Owsla, Ill treat outskirtsers with a bit of decency. Well, you can at least expect to be in the Owsla one day, answered Fiver. Youve got some weight coming and thats more than I shall ever have. You dont suppose Ill leave you to look after yourself, do you? said Hazel. But to tell you the truth, I sometimes feel like clearing out of this warren altogether. Still, lets forget it now and try to enjoy the evening. I tell you what shall we go across the brook? Therell be fewer rabbits and we can have a bit of peace. Unless you feel it isnt safe? he added. The way in which he asked suggested that he did in fact think that Fiver was likely to know better than himself, and it was clear from Fivers reply that this was accepted between them. No, its safe enough, he answered. If I start feeling theres anything dangerous Ill tell you. But its not exactly danger that I seem to feel about the place. Its oh, I dont know something oppressive, like thunder: I cant tell what; but it worries me. All the same, Ill come across with you. They ran over the culvert. The grass was wet and thick near the stream and they made their way up the opposite slope, looking for drier ground. Part of the slope was in shadow, for the sun was sinking ahead of them, and Hazel, who wanted a warm, sunny spot, went on until they were quite near the lane. As they approached the gate he stopped, staring. Fiver, whats that? Look! A little way in front of them, the ground had been freshly disturbed. Two piles of earth lay on the grass. Heavy posts, reeking of creosote and paint, towered up as high as the holly trees in the hedge, and the board they carried threw a long shadow across the top of the field. Near one of the posts, a hammer and a few nails had been left behind. The two rabbits went up to the board at a hopping run and crouched in a patch of nettles on the far side, wrinkling their noses at the smell of a dead cigarette end somewhere in the grass. Suddenly Fiver shivered and cowered down. Oh, Hazel! This is where it comes from! I know now something very bad! Some terrible thing coming closer and closer. He began to whimper with fear. What sort of thing what do you mean? I thought you said there was no danger? I dont know what it is, answered Fiver wretchedly. There isnt any danger here, at this moment. But its coming its coming. Oh, Hazel, look! The field! Its covered with blood! Dont be silly, its only the light of the sunset. Fiver, come on, dont talk like this, youre frightening me! Fiver sat trembling and crying among the nettles as Hazel tried to reassure him and to find out what it could be that had suddenly driven him beside himself. If he was terrified, why did he not run for safety, as any sensible rabbit would? But Fiver could not explain and only grew more and more distressed. At last Hazel said, Fiver, you cant sit crying here. Anyway, its getting dark. Wed better go back to the burrow. Back to the burrow? whimpered Fiver. Itll come theredont think it wont! I tell you, the fields full of blood Now stop it, said Hazel firmly. Just let me look after you for a bit. Whatever the trouble is, its time we got back. He ran down the field and over the brook to the cattle wade. Here there was a delay, for Fiver surrounded on all sides by the quiet summer evening became helpless and almost paralyzed with fear. When at last Hazel had got him back to the ditch, he refused at first to go underground and Hazel had almost to push him down the hole. The sun set behind the opposite slope. The wind turned colder, with a scatter of rain, and in less than an hour it was dark. All color had faded from the sky: and although the big board by the gate creaked slightly in the night wind (as though to insist that it had not disappeared in the darkness, but was still firmly where it had been put), there was no passer-by to read the sharp, hard letters that cut straight as black knives across its white surface. They said: THIS IDEALLY SITUATED ESTATE, COMPRISING SIX ACRES OF EXCELLENT BUILDING LAND, IS TO BE DEVELOPED WITH HIGH CLASS MODERN RESIDENCES BY SUTCH AND MARTIN, LIMITED, OF NEWBURY, BERKS.