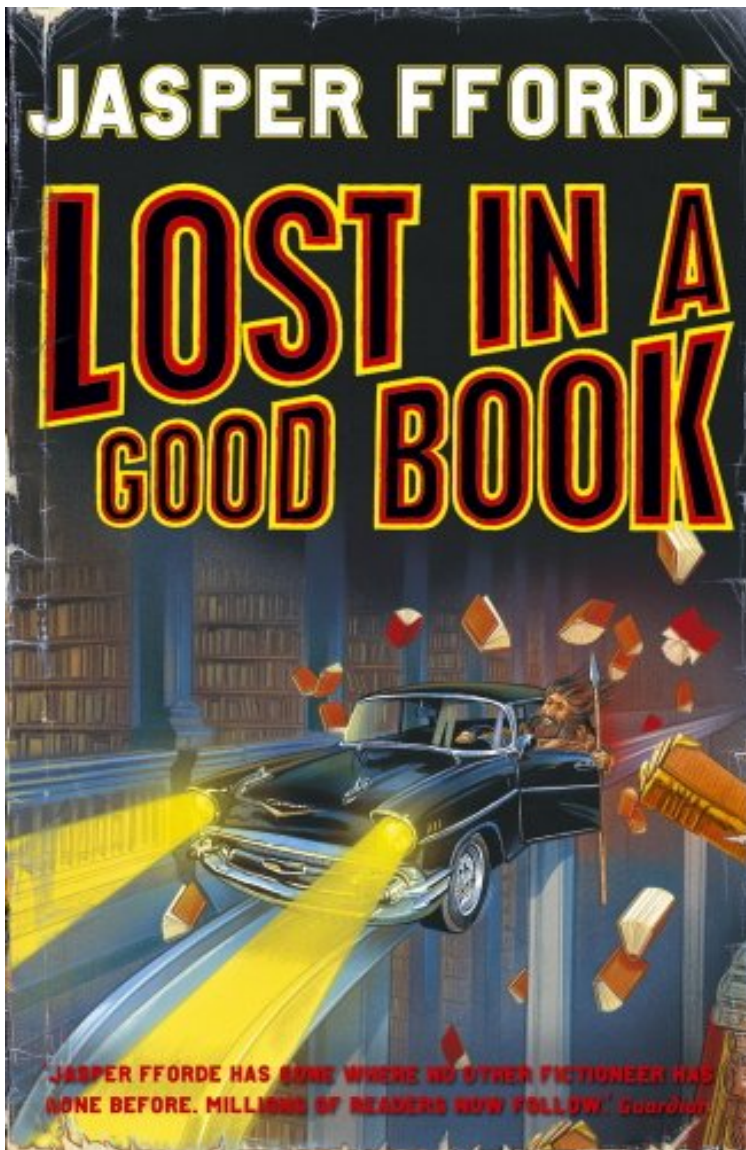


[Free read ebook] File size: 58.Mb

Lost in a Good Book: Thursday Next Book 2



Par Jasper Fforde
ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub | DOC
| audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #13198 dans eBooksPubli le: 2009-05-01Sorti le: 2009-05-01Format: Ebook Kindle

[Free read ebook] Lost in a Good Book: Thursday Next Book 2

Par Jasper Fforde : Lost in a Good Book: Thursday Next Book 2 before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Lost in a Good Book: Thursday Next Book 2:

 Download

 Read Online

Description : Description du produitIf Thursday thought she could avoid the spotlight after her heroic escapades in the pages of Jane Eyre, she was sorely mistaken. The unforgettable literary detective whom Michiko Kakutani of The New York Times calls "part Bridget Jones, part Nancy Drew and part Dirty Harry" had another think coming. The love of her life has been eradicated by Goliath, everyone's favorite corrupt multinational. To rescue him Thursday must retrieve a supposedly vanquished enemy from the pages of "The Raven." But Poe is off-limits to even the most seasoned literary interloper. Enter a professional: the man-hating Miss Havisham from Dickens's Great Expectations. As her new apprentice, Thursday keeps her motives secret as she learns the ropes of Jurisdiction, where she moonlights as a Prose Resource Operative inside books. As if jumping into the likes of Kafka, Austen, and Beatrix Potter's Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies weren't enough, Thursday finds herself the target of a series of potentially lethal coincidences, the

authenticator of a newly discovered play by the Bard himself, and the only one who can prevent an unidentifiable pink sludge from engulfing all life on Earth. The inventive, exuberant, and totally original literary fun that began with *The Eyre Affair* continues with Fforde's magnificent new adventure, the second installment in what is sure to become a classic series of literary fantasy.

Thursday Next, literary detective and newlywed is back to embark on an adventure that begins, quite literally on her own doorstep. It seems that Landen, her husband of four weeks, actually drowned in an accident when he was two years old. Someone, somewhere, sometime, is responsible. The sinister Goliath Corporation wants its operative Jack Schitt out of the poem in which Thursday trapped him, and it will do almost anything to achieve this - but bribing the ChronoGuard? Is that possible? Having barely caught her breath after *The Eyre Affair*, Thursday must battle corrupt politicians, try to save the world from extinction, and help the Neanderthals to species self-determination. Mastadon migrations, journeys into Just William, a chance meeting with the Flopsy Bunnies, and violent life-and-death struggles in the summer sales are all part of a greater plan. But whose? and why?

I didnt ask to be a celebrity. I never wanted to appear on *The Adrian Lush Show*. And lets get one thing straight right now the world would have to be hurtling towards imminent destruction before Id agree to anything as dopey as *The Thursday Next Workout Video*. The publicity surrounding the successful rebookment of *Jane Eyre* was fun to begin with but rapidly grew wearisome. I happily posed for photocalls, agreed to newspaper interviews, hesitantly appeared on *Desert Island Smells* and was thankfully excused the embarrassment of *Celebrity Name That Fruit!* The public, ever fascinated by celebrity, had wanted to know everything about me following my excursion within the pages of *Jane Eyre*, and since the Special Operations Network have a PR record on a par with that of Vlad the Impaler, the top brass thought it would be a good wheeze to use me to boost their flagging popularity. I dutifully toured all points of the globe doing signings, library openings, talks and interviews. The same questions, the same SpecOps-approved answers. Supermarket openings, literary dinners, offers of book deals. I even met the actress Lola Vavoom, who said that she would simply adore to play me if there were a film. It was tiring, but more than that it was dull. For the first time in my career at the Literary Detectives I actually missed authenticating Milton. Id taken a weeks leave as soon my tour ended so Landen and I could devote some time to married life. I moved all my stuff to his house, rearranged his furniture, added my books to his and introduced my dodo, Pickwick, to his new home. Landen and I ceremoniously partitioned the bedroom closet space, decided to share the sock drawer, then had an argument over who was to sleep on the wall side of the bed. We had long and wonderfully pointless conversations about nothing in particular, walked Pickwick in the park, went out to dinner, stayed in for dinner, stared at each other a lot and slept in late every morning. It was wonderful. On the fourth day of my leave, just between lunch with Landens mum and Pickwicks notable first fight with the neighbours cat, I got a call from Cordelia Flakk. She was the senior SpecOps PR agent here in Swindon and she told me that Adrian Lush wanted me on his show. I wasnt mad keen on the idea or the show. But there was an upside. The *Adrian Lush Show* went out live and Flakk assured me that this would be a no holds barred interview, something that held a great deal of appeal. Despite my many appearances, the true story about *Jane Eyre* was yet to be told and I had been wanting to drop the Goliath Corporation in it for quite a while. Flakks assurance that this would finally be the end of the press junket clinched my decision. Adrian Lush it would be. I travelled up to the Network Toad studios a few days later on my own; Landen had a deadline looming and needed to get his head down. But I wasnt alone for long. As soon as I stepped into the large entrance lobby a milk-curdling shade of green strode purposefully towards me. Thursday, darling! cried Cordelia, beads rattling. So glad you could make it! The SpecOps dress code stated that our apparel should be dignified but in Cordelias case they had obviously stretched a point. Anyone looking less like a serving officer was impossible to imagine. Looks, in her case, were highly deceptive. She was SpecOps all the way from her high heels to the pink-and-yellow scarf tied in her hair. She air-kissed me affectionately. How was New Zealand? Green and full of sheep, I replied. I brought you this. I handed her a fluffy toy lamb that bleated realistically when you turned it upside down. How adorable! Hows married life treating you? Very well. Excellent, my dear, I wish you both the best. Love what youve done with your hair! My hair? I havent done anything with my hair! Exactly! replied Flakk quickly. Its so incredibly you. She did a twirl. What do you think of the outfit? Ones attention is drawn straight to it, I replied ambiguously. This is 1985, she explained, bright colours are the future. Ill let you loose in my wardrobe one day. I think Ive got some pink socks of my own somewhere. Its a start, my dear. Listen, youve been a star about all this publicity work; Im very grateful and so is SpecOps. Grateful enough to post me

somewhere other than the Literary Detectives? Well, murmured Cordelia reflectively, first things first. As soon as you've done the Lush interview your transfer application will be aggressively considered, you have my word on that. It didn't sound terribly promising. Despite the successes at work, I still wanted to move up within the Network. Cordelia took my arm and steered me towards the waiting area. Coffee? Thank you. Spot of bother in Auckland? Bronte Federation offshoot caused a bit of trouble, I explained. They didn't like the new ending of Jane Eyre. There'll always be a few malcontents, observed Flakk. Milk? Thanks. Oh, she said, staring at the milk jug, this milks off. No matter. Listen, she went on quietly, I'd love to stay and watch but some SpecOps 17 clot in Penzance staked a Goth by mistake; it's going to be PR hell on earth down there. SO-17 were the vampire and werewolf disposal squad. Despite a new three-point confirmation procedure, a jumpy cadet with a sharpened stake could still spell big trouble. From School Library Journal Adult/High School-In an alternate 1980s England, woolly mammoths migrate through the countryside, Tunbridge Wells has been given to Imperial Russia as Crimean War reparation, and the prevailing culture is based on literature. Due to her adventures in *The Eyre Affair* (Viking, 2002), newly married Thursday Next has become a media darling, but when an unknown work by Shakespeare surfaces, she is happy to be back to work. However, the megacorporation Goliath hasn't finished bedeviling her: Thursday's husband has been "time-slipped" and exists only in her memory. Further complicating matters, her Uncle Mycroft gives her an entroposcope—a jar of lentils and rice—revealing that the chaos in her life is rapidly escalating. So once again, Thursday jumps into a surreal literary world. This time, she has joined the "Jurisdiction" division and is paired with Charles Dickens's Miss Havesham, who has a penchant for leather jackets and driving recklessly. Absurd and amusing scenes take readers through discussions on theoretical physics, geometry, literature, art, and philosophy. Fforde not only tilts at ideological and insipid corporate windmills and human foibles, but can also make the naming of minor characters hilarious, as in the two unfortunate members of the dangerous SO-5 division, Phodder and Kannon. Reading this novel is like being at a fabulous party of phenomenally funny and wickedly profound guests. Teens will delight in the satire and wit. Jane Halsall, McHenry Public Library District, IL Copyright 2003 Reed Business Information, Inc.