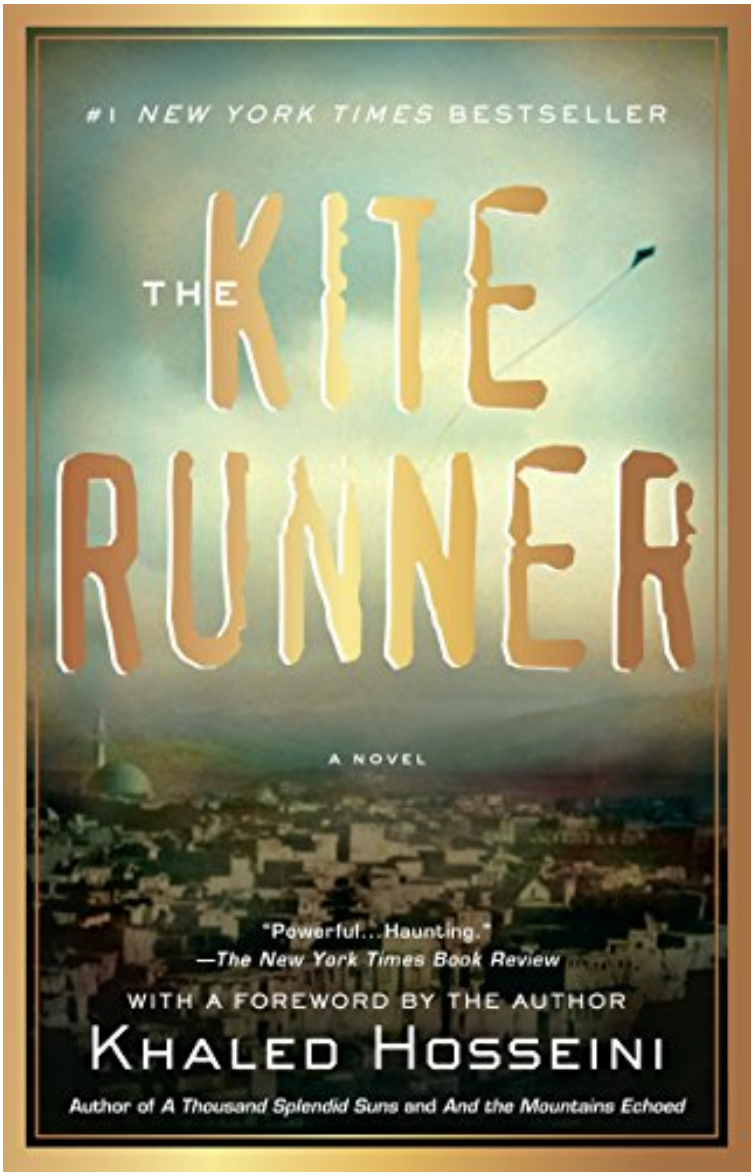
The Kite Runner



Par Khaled Hosseini
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Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #140586 dans eBooksPubli le: 2004-04-27Sorti le: 2004-04-27Format: Ebook Kindle

(Ebook pdf) The Kite Runner

Par Khaled Hosseini : The Kite Runner before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Kite Runner:

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurThe #1New York Times bestsellingdebut novel that introduced Khaled Hosseini to millions of readers the world over. The unforgettable, heartbreaking storyof the unlikely friendship between a wealthy boy and the son of his fathers servant, caught in the tragic sweep of history, The Kite Runnertransports readers to Afghanistan at a tense and crucial moment of change and destruction. A powerful story of friendship, it is alsoaboutthe power of reading, the price of betrayal, and the possibility of redemption; and an exploration of the power of fathers over sonstheir love, their sacrifices, their lies. Since itspublicationin 2003Kite Runnerhas become a beloved, one-of-a-kindclassicof contemporary literature, touching millions of readers, and launching the career of one of America's most treasured writers..comIn his

debut novel, The Kite Runner, Khaled Hosseini accomplishes what very few contemporary novelists are able to do. He manages to provide an educational and eye-opening account of a country's political turmoil--in this case, Afghanistan--while also developing characters whose heartbreaking struggles and emotional triumphs resonate with readers long after the last page has been turned over. And he does this on his first try. The Kite Runner follows the story of Amir, the privileged son of a wealthy businessman in Kabul, and Hassan, the son of Amir's father's servant. As children in the relatively stable Afghanistan of the early 1970s, the boys are inseparable. They spend idyllic days running kites and telling stories of mystical places and powerful warriors until an unspeakable event changes the nature of their relationship forever, and eventually cements their bond in ways neither boy could have ever predicted. Even after Amir and his father flee to America, Amir remains haunted by his cowardly actions and disloyalty. In part, it is these demons and the sometimes impossible quest for forgiveness that bring him back to his war-torn native land after it comes under Taliban rule. ("...I wondered if that was how forgiveness budded, not with the fanfare of epiphany, but with pain gathering its things, packing up, and slipping away unannounced in the middle of the night.") Some of the plot's turns and twists may be somewhat implausible, but Hosseini has created characters that seem so real that one almost forgets that The Kite Runner is a novel and not a memoir. At a time when Afghanistan has been thrust into the forefront of America's collective consciousness ("people sipping lattes at Starbucks were talking about the battle for Kunduz"), Hosseini offers an honest, sometimes tragic, sometimes funny, but always heartfelt view of a fascinating land. Perhaps the only true flaw in this extraordinary novel is that it ends all too soon. --Gisele TouegExtraitOneDecember 2001I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975. I remember the precise moment, crouching behind a crumbling mud wall, peeking into the alley near the frozen creek. That was a long time ago, but its wrong what they say about the past, Ive learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out. Looking back now, I realize I have been peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years.One day last summer, my friend Rahim Khan called from Pakistan. He asked me to come see him. Standing in the kitchen with the receiver to my ear, I knew it wasnt just Rahim Khan on the line. It was my past of unatoned sins. After I hung up, I went for a walk along Spreckels Lake on the northern edge of Golden Gate Park. The early-afternoon sun sparkled on the water where dozens of miniature boats sailed, propelled by a crisp breeze. Then I glanced up and saw a pair of kites, red with long blue tails, soaring in the sky. They danced high above the trees on the west end of the park, over the windmills, floating side by side like a pair of eyes looking down on San Francisco, the city I now call home. And suddenly Hassans voice whispered in my head: For you, a thousand times over. Hassan the harelipped kite runner.I sat on a park bench near a willow tree. I thought about something Rahim Khan said just before he hung up, almost as an afterthought. There is a way to be good again. I looked up at those twin kites. I thought about Hassan. Thought about Baba. Ali. Kabul. I thought of the life I had lived until the winter of 1975 came along and changed everything. And made me what I am today.TwoWhen we were children, Hassan and I used to climb the poplar trees in the driveway of my fathers house and annoy our neighbors by reflecting sunlight into their homes with a shard of mirror. We would sit across from each other on a pair of high branches, our naked feet dangling, our trouser pockets filled with dried mulberries and walnuts. We took turns with the mirror as we ate mulberries, pelted each other with them, giggling, laughing. I can still see Hassan up on that tree, sunlight flickering through the leaves on his almost perfectly round face, a face like a Chinese doll chiselled from hardwood: his flat, broad nose and slanting, narrow eyes like bamboo leaves, eyes that looked, depending on the light, gold, green, even sapphire. I can still see his tiny low-set ears and that pointed stub of a chin, a meaty appendage that looked like it was added as a mere afterthought. And the cleft lip, just left of midline, where the Chinese doll makers instrument may have slipped, or perhaps he had simply grown tired and careless.Sometimes, up in those trees, I talked Hassan into firing walnuts with his slingshot at the neighbors one-eyed German shepherd. Hassan never wanted to, but if I asked, really asked, he wouldnt deny me. Hassan never denied me anything. And he was deadly with his slingshot. Hassans father, Ali, used to catch us and get mad, or as mad as someone as gentle as Ali could ever get. He would wag his finger and wave us down from the tree. He would take the mirror and tell us what his mother had told him, that the devil shone mirrors too, shone them to distract Muslims during prayer. And he laughs while he does it, he always added, scowling at his son.Yes, Father, Hassan would mumble, looking down at his feed. But he never told on my. Never told that the mirror, like shooting walnuts at the neighbors dog, was always my idea.The poplar trees lined the redbrick driveway, which led to a pair of wrought-iron gates. They in turn opened into an extension of the driveway into my fathers estate. The house sat on the left side of the brick

path, the backyard at the end of it.Everyone agreed that my father, my Baba, had built the most beautiful house in the Wazir Akbar Khan district, a new and affluent neighborhood in the northern part of Kabul. Some thought it was the prettiest house in all of Kabul. A broad entryway flanked by rosebushes led to the sprawling house of marble floors and wide windows. Intricate mosaic tiles, handpicked by Baba in Isfahan, covered the floors of the four bathrooms. Gold-stitched tapestries, which Baba had bought in Calcutta, lined the walls; a crystal chandelier hung from the vaulted ceiling.Upstairs was my bedroom, Babas room, and his study, also known as the smoking room, which perpetually smelled of tobacco and cinnamon. Baba and his friends reclined on black leather chairs there after Ali had served dinner. They stuffed their pipes -- except Baba always called it fattening the pipe -- and discussed their favorite three topics: politics, business, soccer. Sometimes I asked Baba if I could sit with them, but Baba would stand in the doorway. Go on, now, hed say. This is grown-ups time. Why dont you go read one of those books of yours? Hed close the door, leave me to wonder why it was always grown-ups time with him. Id sit by the door, knees drawn into my chest. Sometimes I sat there for an hour, sometimes two, listening to their laughter, their chatter.The living room downstairs had a curved wall with custom-built cabinets. Inside sat framed family pictures: an old, grainy photo of my grandfather and King Nadir Shah taken in 1931, two years before the kings assassination; they are standing over a dead deer, dressed in knee-high boots, rifles slung over their shoulders. There was a picture of my parents wedding night, Baba dashing in his black suit and my mother a smiling young princess in white. Here was Baba and his best friend and business partner, Rahim Kahn, standing outside our house, neither one smiling -- I am a baby in that photograph and Baba is holding me, looking tired and grim. Im in his arms, but its Rahim Khans pinky my fingers are curled around.The curved wall led into the dining room, at the center of which was a mahogany table that could easily sit thirty guests -- and, given my fathers taste for extravagant parties, it did just that almost every week. On the other end of the dining room was a tall marble fireplace, always lit by the orange glow of a fire in the wintertime.A large sliding glass door opened into a semicircular terrace that overlooked two acres of backyard and rows of cherry trees. Baba and Ali had planted a small vegetable garden along the eastern wall: tomatoes, mint, peppers, and a row of corn that never really took. Hassan and I used to call it the Wall of Ailing Corn.On the south end of the garden, in the shadows of a loquat tree, was the servants home, a modest mud hut where Hassan lived with his father.It was there, in that little shack, that Hassan was born in the winter of 1964, just one year after my mother died giving birth to me.From the Hardcover edition.