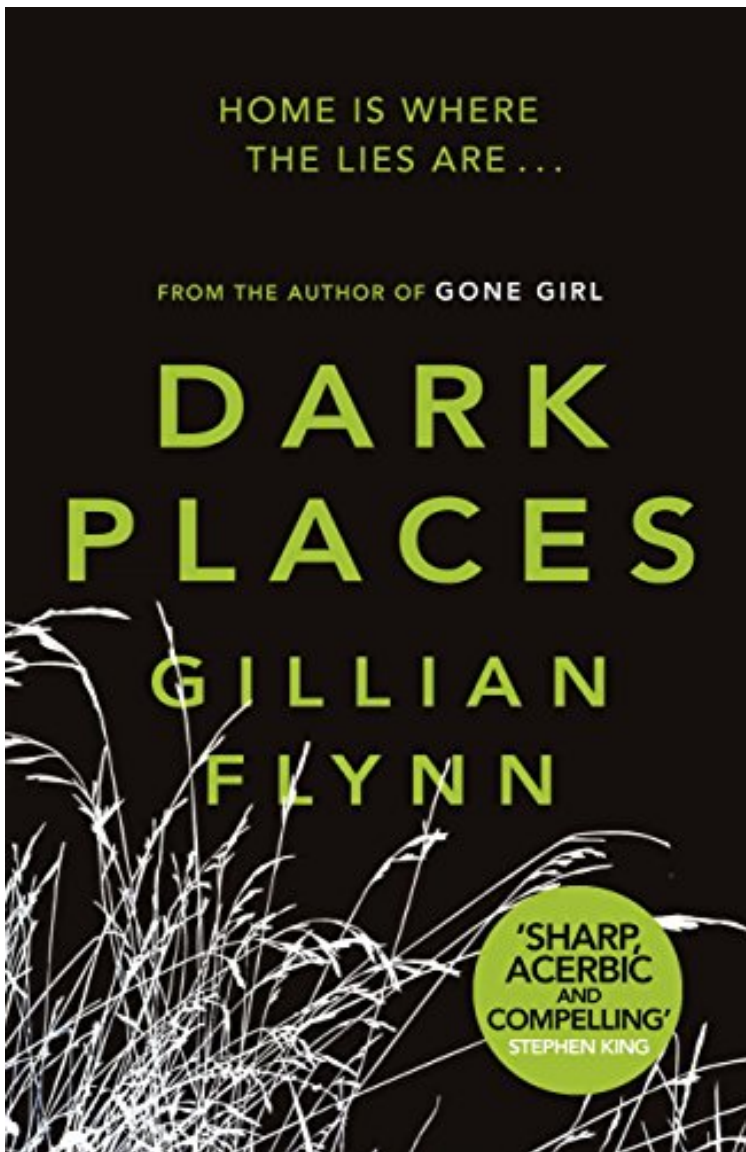


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Dark Places (English Edition)



Par Gillian Flynn
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(Download free ebook) Dark Places (English Edition)

Par Gillian Flynn : Dark Places (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dark Places (English Edition):

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurYour brother murdered your family. Your evidence put him away . . . the gripping second novel from the author of the mega-bestselling GONE GIRL.Libby Day was just seven years old when her older brother massacred her family while she hid in a cupboard. Her evidence helped put him away. Ever since then she has been drifting, surviving for over 20 years on the proceeds of the 'Libby Day fund'. But now the money is running out and Libby is desperate. When she is offered \$500 to do a guest appearance, she feels she has to accept. But this is no ordinary gathering. The Kill Club is a group of true-crime obsessives who share information on notorious murders, and they think her brother Ben is innocent. Ben was a social misfit, ground down by the small-town farming community in which he lived. But he did

have a girlfriend - a brooding heavy metal fan called Diondra. Through her, Ben became involved with drugs and the dark arts. When the town suddenly turned against him, his thoughts turned black. But was he capable of murder? Libby must delve into her family's past to uncover the truth - no matter how painful...ExtraitLibby DayNowI have a meanness inside me, real as an organ. Slit me at my belly and it might slide out, meaty and dark, drop on the floor so you could stomp on it. Its the Day blood. Somethings wrong with it. I was never a good little girl, and I got worse after the murders. Little Orphan Libby grew up sullen and boneless, shuffled around a group of lesser relativessecond cousins and great-aunts and friends of friendsstuck in a series of mobile homes or rotting ranch houses all across Kansas. Me going to school in my dead sisters hand-me-downs: Shirts with mustardy armpits. Pants with baggy bottoms, comically loose, held on with a raggedy belt cinched to the farthest hole. In class photos my hair was always crookedbarrettes hanging loosely from strands, as if they were airborne objects caught in the tanglesand I always had bulging pockets under my eyes, drunk-landlady eyes. Maybe a grudging curve of the lips where a smile should be. Maybe.I was not a lovable child, and Id grown into a deeply unlovable adult. Draw a picture of my soul, and itd be a scribble with fangs.It was miserable, wet-bone March and I was lying in bed thinking about killing myself, a hobby of mine. Indulgent afternoon daydreaming: A shotgun, my mouth, a bang and my head jerking once, twice, blood on the wall. Spatter, splatter. Did she want to be buried or cremated? people would ask. Who should come to the funeral? And no one would know. The people, whoever they were, would just look at each others shoes or shoulders until the silence settled in and then someone would put on a pot of coffee, briskly and with a fair amount of clatter. Coffee goes great with sudden death.I pushed a foot out from under my sheets, but couldnt bring myself to connect it to the floor. I am, I guess, depressed. I guess Ive been depressed for about twenty-four years. I can feel a better version of me somewhere in therehidden behind a liver or attached to a bit of spleen within my stunted, childish bodya Libby thats telling me to get up, do something, grow up, move on. But the meanness usually wins out. My brother slaughtered my family when I was seven. My mom, two sisters, gone: bang bang, chop chop, choke choke. I didnt really have to do anything after that, nothing was expected.I inherited \$321,374 when I turned eighteen, the result of all those well-wishers whod read about my sad story, do-gooders whose hearts had gone out to me. Whenever I hear that phrase, and I hear it a lot, I picture juicy doodle-hearts, complete with bird-wings, flapping toward one of my many crap-ass childhood homes, my little-girl self at the window, waving and grabbing each bright heart, green cash sprinkling down on me, thanks, thanks a ton! When I was still a kid, the donations were placed in a conservatively managed bank account, which, back in the day, saw a jump about every threefour years, when some magazine or news station ran an update on me. Little Libbys Brand New Day: The Lone Survivor of the Prairie Massacre Turns a Bittersweet 10. (Me in scruffy pigtails on the possum-pissed lawn outside my Aunt Dianas trailer. Dianas thick tree-calves, exposed by a rare skirt, planted on the trailer steps behind me.) Brave Baby Days Sweet 16! (Me, still miniature, my face aglow with birthday candles, my shirt too tight over breasts that had gone D-cup that year, comic-book sized on my tiny frame, ridiculous, porny.)Id lived off that cash for more than thirteen years, but it was almost gone. I had a meeting that afternoon to determine exactly how gone. Once a year the man who managed the money, an unblinking, pink-cheeked banker named Jim Jeffreys, insisted on taking me to lunch, a checkup, he called it. Wed eat something in the twenty-dollar range and talk about my lifehed known me since I was this-high, after all, heheh. As for me, I knew almost nothing about Jim Jeffreys, and never asked, viewing the appointments always from the same kids-eye view: Be polite, but barely, and get it over with. Single-word answers, tired sighs. (The one thing I suspected about Jim Jeffreys was that he must be Christian, churchyhe had the patience and optimism of someone who thought Jesus was watching.) I wasnt due for a checkup for another eight or nine months, but Jim Jeffreys had nagged, leaving phone messages in a serious, hushed voice, saying hed done all he could to extend the life of the fund, but it was time to think about next steps.And here again came the meanness: I immediately thought about that other little tabloid girl, Jamie Something, whod lost her family the same year1985. Shed had part of her face burned off in a fire her dad set that killed everyone else in her family. Any time I hit the ATM, I think of that Jamie girl, and how if she hadnt stolen my thunder, Id have twice as much money. That Jamie Whatever was out at some mall with my cash, buying fancy handbags and jewelry and buttery department-store makeup to smooth onto her shiny, scarred face. Which was a horrible thing to think, of course. I at least knew that.Finally, finally, finally I pulled myself out of bed with a stage- effect groan and wandered to the front of my house. I rent a small brick bungalow within a loop of other small brick bungalows, all of which squat on a massive bluff overlooking the former stockyards of Kansas City. Kansas City, Missouri, not Kansas City, Kansas. Theres a

difference. My neighborhood doesn't even have a name, it's so forgotten. It's called Over There That Way. A weird, subprime area, full of dead ends and dog crap. The other bungalows are packed with old people who've lived in them since they were built. The old people sit, gray and pudding-like, behind screen windows, peering out at all hours. Sometimes they walk to their cars on careful elderly tiptoes that make me feel guilty, like I should go help. But they wouldn't like that. They are not friendly old people; they are tight-lipped, pissed-off old people who do not appreciate me being their neighbor, this new person. The whole area hums with their disapproval. So there's the noise of their disdain and there's the skinny red dog two doors down who barks all day and howls all night, the constant background noise you don't realize is driving you crazy until it stops, just a few blessed moments, and then starts up again. The neighborhood's only cheerful sound I usually sleep through: the morning coos of toddlers. A troop of them, round-faced and multilayered, walk to some daycare hidden even farther in the rat's nest of streets behind me, each clutching a section of a long piece of rope trailed by a grown-up. They march, penguin-style, past my house every morning, but I have not once seen them return. For all I know, they troddle around the entire world and return in time to pass my window again in the morning. Whatever the story, I am attached to them. There are three girls and a boy, all with a fondness for bright red jackets and when I don't see them, when I oversleep, I actually feel blue. Blue. That'd be the word my mom would use, not something as dramatic as depressed. I've had the blues for twenty-four years. I put on a skirt and blouse for the meeting, feeling dwarfy, my grown-up, big-girl clothes never quite fitting. I'm barely five foot four, ten inches in truth, but I round up. Sue me. I'm thirty-one, but people tend to talk to me in singsong, like they want to give me fingerpaints. I headed down my weedy front slope, the neighbor's red dog launching into its busybody barking. On the pavement near my car are the smashed skeletons of two baby birds, their flattened beaks and wings making them look reptilian. They've been there for a year. I can't resist looking at them each time I get in my car. We need a good flood, wash them away. Two elderly women were talking on the front steps of a house across the street, and I could feel them refusing to see me. I don't know anyone's name. If one of those women died, I couldn't even say, Poor old Mrs. Zalinsky died. I'd have to say, That mean old bitch across the street bit it. Feeling like a child ghost, I climbed into my anonymous midsized car, which seems to be made mostly of plastic. I keep waiting for someone from the dealership to show up and tell me the obvious: It's a joke. You can't actually drive this.

We were kidding. I trance-drove my toy car ten minutes downtown to meet Jim Jeffreys, rolling into the steakhouse parking lot twenty minutes late, knowing he'd smile all kindly and say nothing about my tardiness. I was supposed to call him from my cell phone when I arrived so he could trot out and escort me in. The restaurant a great, old-school KC steakhouse is surrounded by hollowed-out buildings that concern him, as if a troop of rapists were permanently crouched in their empty husks awaiting my arrival. Jim Jeffreys is not going to be The Guy Who Let Something Bad Happen to Libby Day. Nothing bad can happen to BRAVE BABY DAY, LITTLE GIRL LOST, the pathetic, red-headed seven-year-old with big blue eyes, the only one who survived the PRAIRIE MASSACRE, the KANSAS CRAZE-KILLINGS, the FARMHOUSE SATAN SACRIFICE. My mom, two older sisters, all butchered by Ben. The only one left, I'd fingered him as the murderer. I was the cutie-pie who brought my Devil-worshiping brother to justice. I was big news. The Enquirer put my tearful photo on the front page with the headline ANGEL FACE. I peered into the rearview mirror and could see my baby face even now. My freckles were faded, and my teeth straightened, but my nose was still pug and my eyes kitten-round. I dyed my hair now, a white-blonde, but the red roots had grown in. It looked like my scalp was bleeding, especially in the late-day sunlight. It looked gory. I lit a cigarette. I'd go for months without smoking, and then remember: I need a cigarette. I'm like that, nothing sticks. Let's go, Baby Day, I said aloud. It's what I call myself when I'm feeling hateful. I got out of the car and smoked my way toward the restaurant, holding the cigarette in my right hand so I didn't have to look at the left hand, the mangled one. It was almost evening: Migrant clouds floated in packs across the sky like buffalo, and the sun was just low enough to spray everything pink. Toward the river, between the looping highway ramps, obsolete grain elevators sat vacant, dusk-black and pointless. I walked across the parking lot all by myself, atop a constellation of crushed glass. I was not attacked. It was, after all, just past 5 p.m. Jim Jeffreys was an early-bird eater, proud of it. He was sitting at the bar when I walked in, sipping a pop, and the first thing he did, as I knew he would, was grab his cell phone from his jacket pocket and stare at it as if it had betrayed him. Did you call? he frowned. No, I forgot, I lied. He smiled then. Well, anyway.

Anyway, I'm glad you're here, sweetheart. Ready to talk turkey? He slapped two bucks on the bartop, and maneuvered us over to a red leather booth sprouting yellow stuffing from its cracks. The broken slits scraped the backs of my legs as I slid in. A whoof of cigarette stink burped out of the cushions. Jim Jeffreys never

drank liquor in front of me, and never asked me if I wanted a drink, but when the waiter came I ordered a glass of red wine and watched him try not to look surprised, or disappointed, or anything but Jim Jeffreys-like. What kind of red? the waiter asked, and I had no idea, really I never could remember the names of reds or whites, or which part of the name you were supposed to say out loud, so I just said, House. He ordered a steak, I ordered a double-stuffed baked potato, and then the waiter left and Jim Jeffreys let out a long dentist-y sigh and said, Well, Libby, we are entering a very new and different stage here together. So how much is left? I asked, thinking say ten thousand say ten thousand. Do you read those reports I send you? I sometimes do, I lied again. I liked getting mail but not reading it; the reports were probably in a pile somewhere in my house. Have you listened to my messages? I think your cell phone is messed up. It cuts out a lot. I listened just long enough to know I was in trouble. I usually tuned out after Jim Jeffreys first sentence, which always began: Your friend Jim Jeffreys here, Libby . . . Jim Jeffreys steepled his fingers and stuck his bottom lip out. There is 982 dollars and 12 cents left in the fund. As I've mentioned before, had you been able to replenish it with any kind of regular work, we'd have been able to keep it afloat, but . . . he tossed out his hands and grimaced, things didn't work out that way. Revue de presse Gillian Flynn is the real deal, a sharp, acerbic, and compelling storyteller with a knack for the macabre (Stephen King) Gillian Flynn's writing is compulsively good. I would rather read her than just about any other crime writer (Kate Atkinson) With her blistering debut Sharp Objects, Gillian Flynn hit the ground running. Dark Places demonstrates that was no fluke (Val McDermid) Gutsy, atmospheric and suspense-loaded (Fanny Blake Woman Home) I don't think I'll read a better thriller this year (Alex Heminsley BBC 6 Music) This is only Flynn's second crime novel . . . and demonstrates even more forcibly her precocious writing ability and talent for the macabre (Daily Mail) Gripping (She) Dark Places, Flynn's second novel, confirms her exceptional talent (Times Literary Supplement) Dripping with ominous atmosphere, complex psychology and moral ambiguity (Big Issue) This is a dark and intelligent crime thriller suffused with dread (Catholic Herald) Gutsy thriller of one woman pitted against her murderous brother. (WOMAN HOME) Dark Places grips you from the first page and doesn't let go (Karin Slaughter) In a brilliantly interwoven plot, Gillian Flynn keeps the reader balanced on a knife-edge (TANGLED WEB) Gillian Flynn is a great writer, equally able to ratchet up the suspense as create memorable characters and pervasive moods. This is a great and original piece of rural noir. (CATHOLIC HERALD)