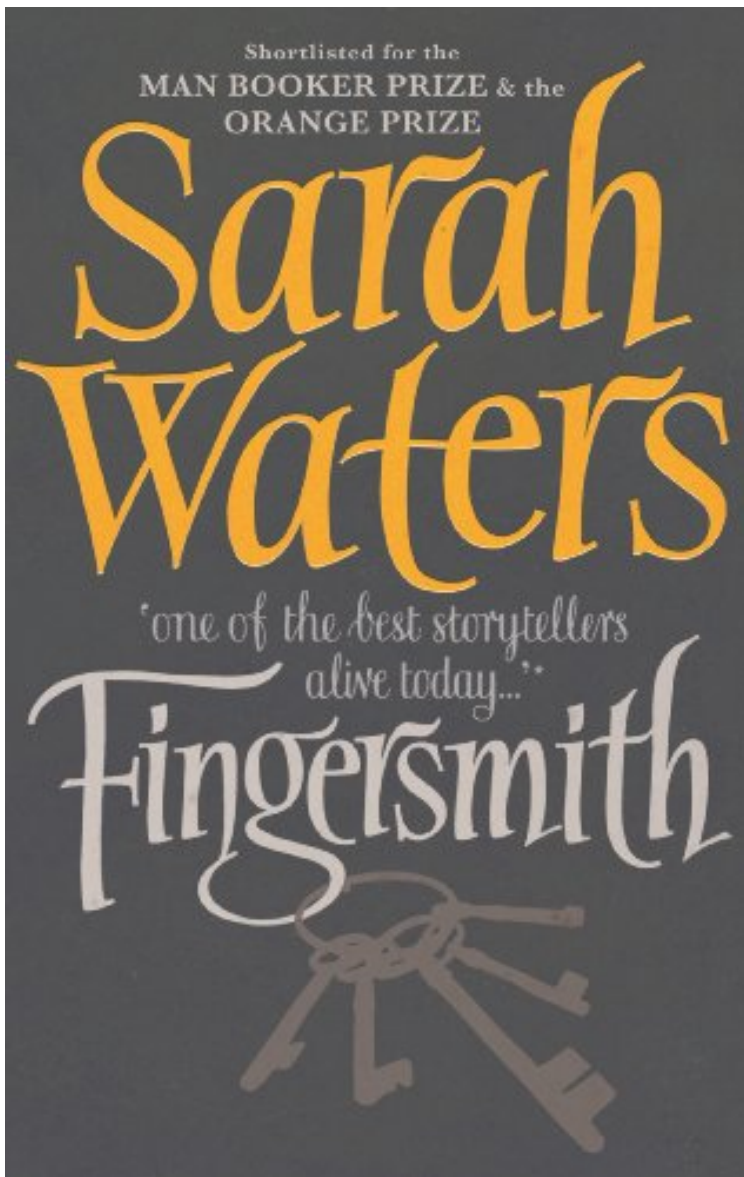


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Fingersmith (English Edition)



Par Sarah Waters
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[Download] Fingersmith (English Edition)

Par Sarah Waters : Fingersmith (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Fingersmith (English Edition):

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Description : Description du produitIn Victorian England, an orphan girl is sent to a country estate to work for-and ultimately woo-its young heirsch, on behalf of a mysterious benefactor known as Gentleman.

Prsentation de l'diteurThe book that inspired Park Chan-wook's astonishing film The Handmaiden.Shortlisted for the Orange Prize and the Booker PrizeLondon 1862. Sue Trinder, orphaned at birth, grows up among petty thieves - fingersmiths - under the rough but loving care of Mrs Sucksby and her 'family'. But from the moment she draws breath, Sue's fate is linked to that of another orphan growing up in a gloomy mansion not too many miles away..comFingersmith is the third slice of engrossing lesbian Victoriana from Sarah Waters. Although lighter and more melodramatic in tone than its predecessor, Affinity, this hypnotic suspense novel is awash with all manner of gloomy Dickensian leitmotifs:

pickpockets, orphans, grim prisons, lunatic asylums, "laughing villains," and, of course, "stolen fortunes and girls made out to be mad." Divided into three parts, the tale is narrated by two orphaned girls whose lives are inextricably linked. Waters's penchant for byzantine plotting can get a bit exhausting, but even at its densest moments--and remember, this is smoggy London circa 1862--it remains mesmerizing. A damning critique of Victorian moral and sexual hypocrisy, a gripping melodrama, and a love story to boot, this book ingeniously reworks some truly classic themes. --Travis Elborough, .co.uk

My name, in those days, was Susan Trinder. People called me Sue. I know the year I was born in, but for many years I did not know the date, and took my birthday at Christmas. I believe I am an orphan. My mother I know is dead. But I never saw her, she was nothing to me. I was Mrs Sucksbys child, if I was anyones; and for father I had Mr Ibbs, who kept the locksmiths shop, at Lant Street, in the Borough, near to the Thames. This is the first time I remember thinking about the world and my place in it. There was a girl named Flora, who paid Mrs Sucksby a penny to take me begging at a play. People used to like to take me begging then, for the sake of my bright hair; and Flora being also very fair, she would pass me off as her sister. The theatre she took me to, on the night I am thinking of now, was the Surrey, St Georges Circus. The play was Oliver Twist. I remember it as very terrible. I remember the tilt of the gallery, and the drop to the pit. I remember a drunken woman catching at the ribbons of my dress. I remember the flares, that made the stage very lurid; and the roaring of the actors, the shrieking of the crowd. They had one of the characters in a red wig and whiskers: I was certain he was a monkey in a coat, he capered so. Worse still was the snarling, pink-eyed dog; worst of all was that dogs master Bill Sykes, the fancy-man. When he struck the poor girl Nancy with his club, the people all down our row got up. There was a boot thrown at the stage. A woman beside me cried out, Oh, you beast! You villain! And her worth forty of a bully like you! I dont know if it was the people getting up which made the gallery seem to heave about; or the shrieking woman; or the sight of Nancy, lying perfectly pale and still at Bill Sykess feet; but I became gripped by an awful terror. I thought we should all be killed. I began to scream, and Flora could not quiet me. And when the woman who had called out put her arms to me and smiled, I screamed out louder. Then Flora began to weep she was only twelve or thirteen, I suppose. She took me home, and Mrs Sucksby slapped her. What was you thinking of, taking her to such a thing? she said. You was to sit with her upon the steps. I dont hire my infants out to have them brought back like this, turned blue with screaming. What was you playing at? She took me upon her lap, and I wept again. There now, my lamb, she said. Flora stood before her, saying nothing, pulling a strand of hair across her scarlet cheek. Mrs Sucksby was a devil with her dander up. She looked at Flora and tapped her slippered foot upon the rug, all the time rocking in her chair that was a great creaking wooden chair, that no-one sat in save her and beating her thick, hard hand upon my shaking back. Then, I know your little rig, she said quietly. She knew everybodys rig. What you get? A couple of wipers, was it? A couple of wipers, and a ladys purse?