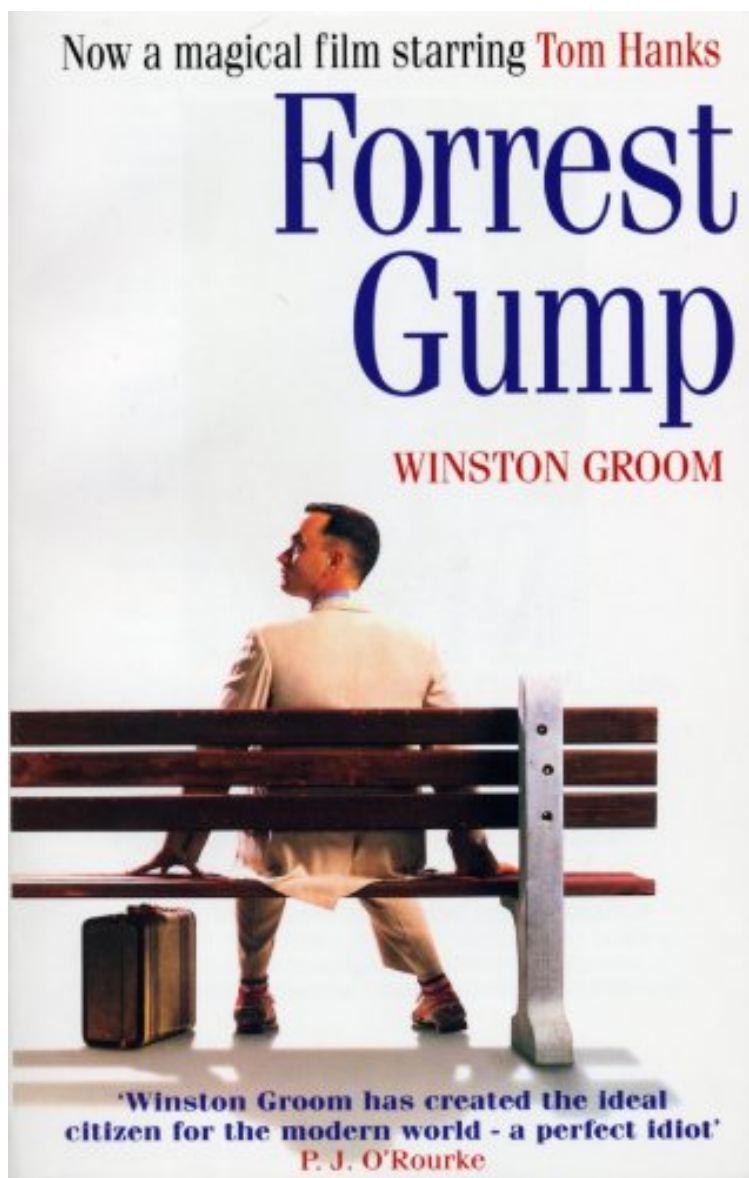


(Mobile book) File size: 39.Mb

Forrest Gump



Par Winston Groom
*ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub |*
DOC | audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #77639 dans eBooksPubli le: 2013-05-31Sorti le: 2013-05-31Format: Ebook Kindle

(Mobile book) Forrest Gump

Par Winston Groom : Forrest Gump
before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Forrest Gump:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurLaugh, cry, stand up and cheer: Forrest Gump is everyman's story, everyman's dream. A wonderfully warm, savagely barbed, and hilariously funny 'tale told by an idiot', from the razor-sharp pen of a contemporary wizard.No one is spared and everyone is included. If you've ever felt lacking, left out, put upon or just wanted to have a rollicking good time this book is for you. At 6'6", 240 pounds, Forrest Gump is a difficult man to ignore, so follow Forrest from the football dynasties of Bear Bryant to the Vietnam War, from encounters with Presidents Johnson and Nixon to powwows with Chairman Mao. Go with Forrest to Harvard University, to a Hollywood movie set, on a professional wrestling tour, and into space on the oddest NASA mission ever.Forrest Gump lives! Thank heavens!ExtraitChapter OneLet me say this: bein a idiot is

no box of chocolates. People laugh, lose patience, treat you shabby. Now they says folks sposed to be kind to the afflicted, but let me tell you -- it ain't always that way. Even so, I got no complaints, cause I reckon I done live a pretty interestin life, so to speak. I been a idiot since I was born. My IQ is near 70, which qualifies me, so they say. Probly, tho, I'm closer to bein a imbecile or maybe even a moron, but personally, I'd rather think of myself as like a halfwit, or somethin -- an not no idiot -- cause when people think of a idiot, more'n likely they be thinkin of one of them Mongolian idiots -- the ones with they eyes too close together what look like Chinamen an drool a lot an play with theyselfs. Now I'm slow -- I'll grant you that, but I'm probly a lot brighter than folks think, cause what goes on in my mind is a sight different than what folks see. For instance, I can think things pretty good, but when I got to try sayin or writin them, it kinda come out like jello or somethin. I'll show you what I mean. The other day, I'm walkin down the street an this man was out workin in his yard. He'd got hisself a bunch of shrubs to plant an he say to me, "Forrest, you wanna earn some money?" an I says, "Uh-huh," an so he sets me to movin dirt. Damn near ten or twelve wheelbarrows of dirt, in the heat of the day, truckin it all over creation. When I'm thru he reach in his pocket for a dollar. What I shoulda done was raised Cain about the low wages, but instead, I took the damn dollar an all I could say was "thanks" or somethin dumb-soundin like that, an I went on down the street, waddin an unwaddin that dollar in my hand, feelin like a idiot. You see what I mean? Now I know somethin bout idiots. Probly the only thing I do know bout, but I done read up on em -- all the way from that Doy-chee-eveskie guy's idiot, to King Lear's fool, an Faulkner's idiot, Benjie, an even ole Boo Radley in To Kill a Mockingbird -- now he was a serious idiot. The one I like best tho is ole Lennie in Of Mice an Men. Mos of them writer fellers got it straight -- cause their idiots always smarter than people give em credit for. Hell, I'd agree with that. Any idiot would. Hee Hee. When I was born, my mama name me Forrest, cause of General Nathan Bedford Forrest who fought in the Civil War. Mama always said we was kin to General Forrest's fambly someways. An he was a great man, she say, cept'n he started up the Ku Klux Klan after the war was over an even my grandmama say they's a bunch of no-goods. Which I would tend to agree with, cause down here, the Grand Exalted Pishposh, or whatever he calls hisself, he operate a gun store in town an once, when I was maybe twelve year ole, I were walkin by there and lookin in the winder an he got a big hangman's noose strung up inside. When he seen me watchin, he done thowed it around his own neck an jerk it up like he was hanged an let his tongue stick out an all so's to scare me. I done run off and hid in a parkin lot behin some cars til somebody call the police an they come an take me home to my mama. So whatever else ole General Forrest done, startin up that Klan thing was not a good idea -- any idiot could tell you that. Nonetheless, that's how I got my name. My mama is a real fine person. Everbody says that. My daddy, he got kilt just after I's born, so I never known him. He worked down to the docks as a longshoreman an one day a crane was takin a big net load of bananas off one of them United Fruit Company boats an somethin broke an the bananas fell down on my daddy an squashed him flat as a pancake. One time I heard some men talkin bout the accident -- say it was a helluva mess, half ton of all them bananas an my daddy squished underneath. I don't care for bananas much myself, cept for banana puddin. I like that all right. My mama got a little pension from the United Fruit people an she took in boarders at our house, so we got by okay. When I was little, she kep me inside a lot, so as the other kids wouldn't bother me. In the summer afternoons, when it was real hot, she used to put me down in the parlor an pull the shades so it was dark an cool an fix me a pitcher of limeade. Then she'd set there an talk to me, jus talk on an on bout nothin in particular, like a person'll talk to a dog or cat, but I got used to it an liked it cause her voice made me feel real safe an nice. At first, when I's growin up, she'd let me go out an play with everbody, but then she foun out they's teasing me an all, an one day a boy hit me in the back with a stick wile they was chasin me an it raised some fearsome welt. After that, she tole me not to play with them boys anymore. I started tryin to play with the girls but that weren't much better, cause they all run away from me. Mama thought it would be good for me to go to the public school cause maybe it would hep me to be like everbody else, but after I been there a little wile they come an told Mama I ought'n to be in there with everbody else. They let me finish out first grade tho. Sometimes I'd set there wile the teacher was talkin an I don't know what was going on in my mind, but I'd start lookin out the winder at the birds an squirrels an things that was climbin an settin in a big ole oak tree outside, an then the teacher'd come over an fuss at me. Sometimes, I'd just get this real strange thing come over me an start shoutin an all, an then she'd make me go out an set on a bench in the hall. An the other kids, they'd never play with me or nothin, cept'n to chase me or get me to start hollerin so's they could laugh at me -- all cept Jenny Curran, who at least didn't run away from me an sometimes she'd let me walk nex to her goin home after class. But the next year, they put me in another sort of school, an let me tell you, it was wierd. It was like they'd gone aroun collectin all

the funny fellers they could find and put em all together, rangin from my age and younger to big ole boys bout sixteen or seventeen. They was retards of all kinds and spasms and kids that couldn't even eat or go to the toilet by themselves. I was probably the best of the lot. They was one big fat boy, musta been fourteen or so, and he was afflicted with some kinda thing made him shake like he's in the electric chair or somethin. Miss Margaret, our teacher, made me go in the bathroom with him when he had to go, so's he wouldn't do nothin wierd. He done it anyway, tho. I didn't know no way of stoppin him, so I'd just lock myself in one of the stalls and stay there till he's thru, and walk him back to the class. I stayed in that school for about five or six years. It wadn't all bad tho. They'd let us paint with our fingers and make little things, but mostly, it jus teachin us how to do stuff like tie up our shoes and not slobber food or get wild and yell and holler and throw shit aroun. They wadn't no book learnin to speak of -- cept to show us how to read street signs and things like the difference between the Men's and the Ladies' rooms. With all them serious nuts in there, it woulda been impossible to conduct anythin more'n that anyway. Also, I think it was for the purpose of keepin us out of everbody else's hair. Who the hell wants a bunch of retards runnin aroun loose? Even I could understand that. When I got to be thirteen, some pretty unusual things begun to happen. First off, I started to grow. I grew six inches in six months, and my mama was all the time havin to let out my pants. Also, I commenced to grow out. By the time I was sixteen I was six foot six and weighed two hundred forty-two pounds. I know that cause they took me in and weighed me. Said they jus couldn't believe it. What happen nex caused a real change in my life. One day I'm strollin down the street on the way home from nut school, and a car stop longside of me. This guy call me over and axed my name. I tole him, and then he axed what school I go to, and how come he ain't seen me aroun. When I tell him bout the nut school, he axed if I'd ever played football. I shook my head. I guess I mighta tole him I'd seen kids playin it, but they'd never let me play. But like I said, I ain't too good at long conversation, and so I jus shook my head. That was about two weeks after school begun again. Three days or so later, they come and got me outta the nut school. My mama was there, and so was the guy in the car and two other people what look like goons -- who I guess was present in case I was to start somethin. They took all the stuff outta my desk and put it in a brown paper bag and tole me to say goodbye to Miss Margaret, and alls of a sudden she commence to start cryin and give me a big ole hug. Then I got to say goodbye to all the other nuts, and they was droolin and spasmoin and beatin on the desks with they fists. And then I was gone. Mama rode up in the front seat with the guy and I set in back in between them goons, jus like police done in them ole movies when they took you "downtown." Cept we didn't go downtown. We went to the new highschool they had built. When we got there they took me inside to the principal's office and Mama and me and the guy went in while the two goons waited in the hall. The principal was an ole gray-haired man with a stain on his tie and baggy pants who look like he coulda come outta the nut school hisself. We all sat down and he begun splainin things and axin me questions, and I just nodded my head, but what they wanted was for me to play football. That much I figgered out on my own. Turns out the guy in the car was the football coach, name of Fellers. And that day I didn't go to no class or nothin, but Coach Fellers, he took me back to the locker room and one of the goons rounded me up a football suit with all them pads and stuff and a real nice plastic helmet with a thing in front to keep my face from gettin squished in. The only thing was, they couldn't find no shoes to fit me, so's I had to use my sneakers till they could order the shoes. Coach Fellers and the goons got me dressed up in the football suit, and then they made me undress again, and then do it all over again, ten or twenty times, till I could do it by myself. One thing I had trouble with for a while was that jockstrap thing -- cause I couldn't see no real good reason for wearing it. Well, they tried splainin it to me, and then one of the goons says to the other that I'm a "dummy" or somethin like that, and I guess he thought I wouldn't understand him, but I did, on account of I pay special attention to that kind of shit. Not that it hurt my feelins. Hell, I been called a sight worse than that. But I took notice of it, nonetheless. After a while a bunch of kids started comin into the locker room and takin out they football stuff and gettin into it. Then we all went outside and Coach Fellers got everbody together and he stood me up in front of them and introduced me. He was sayin a bunch of shit that I wadn't followin real close cause I was haf scared to death, on account of nobody had ever introduced me before to a bunch of strangers. But afterward some of the others come up and shook my hand and say they is glad I am here and all. Then Coach Fellers blowed a whistle, what like to make me leap outta my skin and everbody started jumpin around to get exercise. It's a kind of long story what all happened nex, but anyway, I begun to play football. Coach Fellers and one of the goons hepped me out special since I didn't know how to play. We had this thing where you sposed to block people and they were tryin to splain it all, but when we tried it a bunch of times everbody seemed to be gettin disgusted cause I couldn't remember what I was sposed to do. Then they tried this other

thing they call the defense, where they put three guys in front of me an I am sposed to get thru them an grap the guy with the football. The first part was easier, cause I could just shove the other guys' heads down, but they were unhappy with the way I grapped the guy with the ball, an finally they made me go an tackle a big oak tree about fifteen or twenty times -- to get the feel of it, I spose. But after a wile, when they figgered I had learnt somethin from the oak tree, they put me back with the three guys an the ball carrier an then got mad I didn't jump on him real vicious-like after I moved the others out of the way. I took a lot of abuse that afternoon, but when we quit practicin I went in to see Coach Fellers an tole him I didn't want to jump on the ball guy cause I was afraid of hurtin him. Coach, he say that it wouldn't hurt him, cause he was in his football suit an was protected. The truth is, I wasn't so much afraid of hurtin him as I was that he'd get mad at me an they'd start chasin me again if I wadn't real nice to everbody. To make a long story short, it took me a wile to get the hang of it all. Meantime I got to go to class. In the nut school, we really didn't have that much to do, but here they was far more serious about things. Somehow, they had worked it out so's I had three homeroom classes where you jus set there an did whatever you wanted, an then three other classes where there was a lady who was teachin me how to read. Jus the two of us. She was real nice an pretty and more'n once or twice I had nasty thoughts about her. Miss Henderson was her name. About the only class I liked was lunch, but I guess you couldn't call that a class. At the nut school, my mama would fix me a sambwich an a cookie an a piece of fruit -- cept no bananas -- an I'd take it to school with me. But in this school they was a cafeteria with nine or ten different things to eat an I'd have trouble makin up my mind what I wanted. I think somebody must of said somethin, cause after a week or so Coach Fellers come up to me an say to just go ahead an eat all I wanted cause it been "taken care of." Hot damn! Guess who should be in my homeroom class but Jenny Curran. She come up to me in the hall an say she remember me from first grade. She was all growed up now, with pretty black hair an she was long-legged an had a beautiful face, an they was other things too, I dare not mention. The football was not goin exactly to the likin of Coach Fellers. He seemed displeased a lot an was always shoutin at people. He shouted at me too. They tried to figger out some way for me to just stay put an keep other folks from grappin our guy carryin the ball, but that didn't work cept when they ran the ball right up the middle of the line. Coach was not too happy with my tacklin neither, an let me tell you, I spent a lot of time at that oak tree. But I just couldn't get to where I would thow myself at the ball guy like they wanted me to do. Somethin kep me from it. Then one day a event happen that changed all that too. In the cafeteria I had started gettin my food and goin over to set nex to Jenny Curran. I wouldn't say nothin, but she was jus bout the only person in the school I knew halfways, an it felt good setting there with her. Most of the time she didn't pay me no attention, an talked with other people. At first I'd been settin with some of the football players, but they acted like I was invisible or somethin. At least Jenny Curran acted like I was there. But after a wile of this, I started to notice this other guy was there a lot too, an he starts makin wisecracks bout me. Sayin shit like "How's Dumbo?" an all. And this gone on for a week or two, an I was sayin nothin, but finally I says -- I can't hardly believe I said it even now -- but I says, "I ain't no Dumbo," an the guy jus looked at me an starts laughin. An Jenny Curran, she say to the guy to keep quiet, but he takes a carton of milk an pours it in my lap an I jump up an run out cause it scares me. A day or so later, that guy come up to me in the hall an says he's gonna "get" me. All day I was afraid terribly, an later that afternoon, when I was leaving to go to the gym, there he is, with a bunch of his friends. I tried to go the other way, but he come up to me an start pushin me on the shoulders. An he's sayin all kinds of bad things, callin me a "stupo" an all, an then he hit me in the stomach. It didn't hurt so much, but I was startin to cry and I turned an begun to run, an heard him behind me an the others was runnin after me too. I jus run as fast as I could toward the gym, across the practice football field an suddenly I seen Coach Fellers, settin up in the bleachers watchin me. The guys who was chasin me stop and go away, an Coach Fellers, he has got this real peculiar look on his face, an tell me to get suited up right away. A wile later, he come in the locker room with these plays drawn on a piece of paper -- three of them -- an say for me to memorize them best I can. That afternoon at the football practice, he line everbody up in two teams an suddenly the quarterback give me the ball an I'm sposed to run outside the right end of the line to the goalpost. When they all start chasin me, I run fast as I can -- it was seven or eight of them before they could drag me down. Coach Fellers is mighty happy; jumpin up and down an yellin an slappin everbody on the back. We'd run a lot of races before, to see how fast we could run, but I get a lot faster when I'm bein chased, I guess. What idiot wouldn't? Anyway, I become a lot more popular after that, an the other guys on the team started bein nicer to me. We had our first game an I was scared to death, but they give me the ball an I run over the goal line two or three times an people never been kinder to me after that. That highschool certainly begun to change things

in my life. It even got to where I liked to run with the football, cept it was mostly that they made me run around the sides cause I still couldn't get to where I liked to just run over people like you do in the middle. One of the goons comments that I am the largest highschool halfback in the entire world. I do not think he mean it as a compliment. Otherwise, I was learnin to read a lot better with Miss Henderson. She give me Tom Sawyer an two other books I can't remember, an I took them home an read em all, but then she give me a test where I don't do so hot. But I sure enjoyed them books. After a wile, I went back to settin nex to Jenny Curran in the cafeteria, an there weren't no more trouble for a long time, but then one day in the springtime I was walkin home from school and who should appear but the boy that poured that milk in my lap an chased me that day. He got hissef a stick an start callin me things like "moron" and "stupo." Some other people was watchin an then along comes Jenny Curran, an I'm bout to take off again -- but then, for no reason I know, I jus didn't do it. That feller take his stick an poke me in the stomach with it, an I says to mysef, the hell with this, an I grapped a holt to his arm an with my other hand I knock him upside the head an that was the end of that, more or less. That night my mama get a phone call from the boy's parents, say if I lay a han on their son again they is goin to call the authorities an have me "put away." I tried to splain it to my mama an she say she understand, but I could tell she was worried. She tell me that since I am so huge now, I got to watch mysef, cause I might hurt somebody. An I nodded an promised her I wouldn't hurt nobody else. That night when I lyin in bed I heard her cryin to hersef in her room. But what that did for me, knockin that boy upside the head, put a definate new light on my football playin. Next day, I axed Coach Fellers to let me run the ball straight on and he say okay, an I run over maybe four or five guys till I'm in the clear an they all had to start chasin me again. That year I made the All State Football team. I couldn't hardly believe it. My mama give me two pair of socks an a new shirt on my birthday. An she done saved up an bought me a new suit that I wore to get the All State Football award. First suit I ever had. Mama tied my tie for me an off I went. Copyright 1986 by Perch Creek Realty and Investments Corp. Revue de presse Los Angeles Times Part Candide, part Huck Finn and a whole lot of Andy Griffith, [Gump] makes his case in a voice all his own. George Plimpton A wacky and funny nuthouse of a book. New Woman Broad satire with serious resonances... Gump's adventures are both hilarious and bawdy.... This picaresque tale will set you guffawing. Pittsburgh Press A Huckleberry Finntype odyssey, complete with the humor-tempered irony and insight of Mark Twain. A rollicking satire, milking laughs from our sacred cows... As much fun as a box of chocolates, but far less fattening. Ocala Star-Banner A most gentle spirit, Forrest Gump should enter the annals of fiction as a great American hero. Anniston Star Zany, tongue-in-cheek, affectionate and wise. Tom McGuane A delectable and unsparing comic treat.