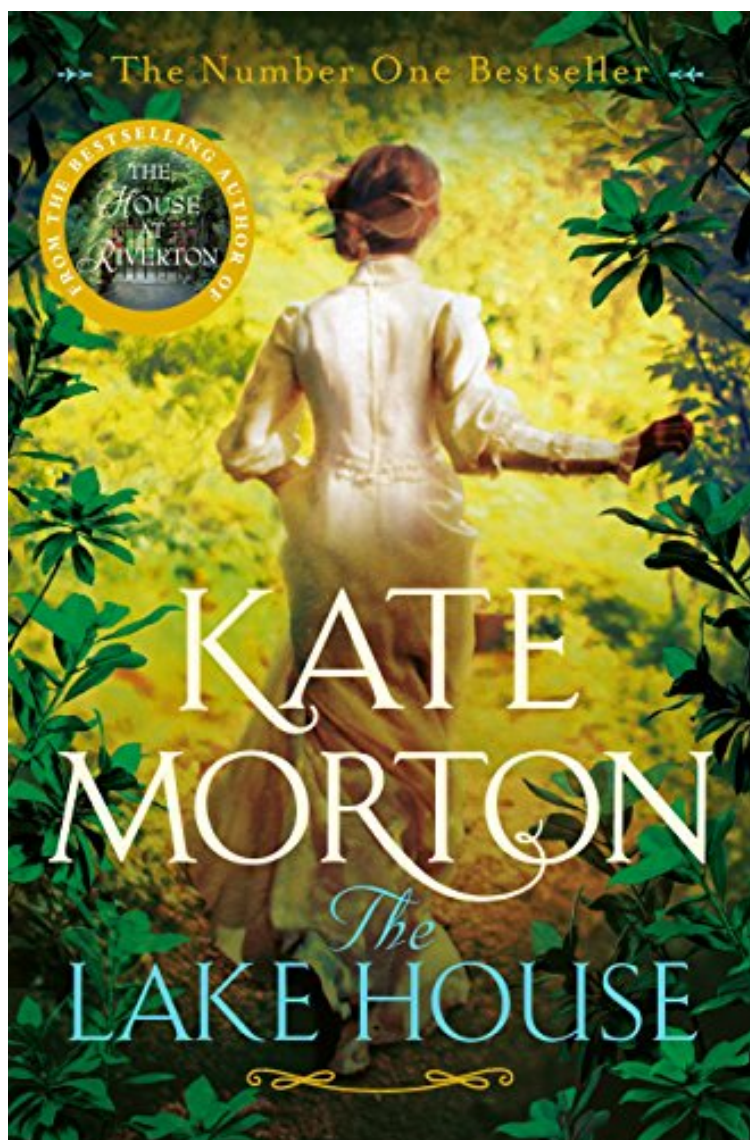


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# The Lake House (English Edition)



*Par Kate Morton*  
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**Par Kate Morton : The Lake House (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Lake House (English Edition):

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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurThe Lake House by Kate Morton is the mysterious and enchanting fifth novel from the number one bestselling author of The House at Riverton and The Secret Keeper.A missing child . . .June 1933, and the Edevane family's country house, Loeanneth, is polished and gleaming, ready for the much-anticipated Midsummer Eve party. Alice Edevane, sixteen years old and a budding writer, is especially excited. Not only has she worked out the perfect twist for her novel, she's also fallen helplessly in love with someone she shouldn't. But by the time midnight strikes and fireworks light up the night skies, the Edevane family will have suffered a loss so great that they leave Loeanneth forever.An abandoned house . . .Seventy years later, after a particularly troubling case, Sadie Sparrow is sent on an enforced break from her job with the Metropolitan Police. She retreats to her beloved grandfather's cottage in Cornwall but soon finds herself

at a loose end. Until one day, Sadie stumbles upon an abandoned house surrounded by overgrown gardens and dense woods, and learns the story of a baby boy who disappeared without a trace. An unsolved mystery. . . Meanwhile, in the attic writing room of her elegant Hampstead home, the formidable Alice Edevane, now an old lady, leads a life as neatly plotted as the bestselling detective novels she writes. Until a young police detective starts asking questions about her family's past, seeking to resurrect the complex tangle of secrets Alice has spent her life trying to escape... Extrait

The Lake House 1 CORNWALL, AUGUST 1933 The rain was heavy now and the hem of her dress was splattered with mud. She had to hide it afterwards; no one could know that she had been out. Clouds covered the moon, a stroke of luck she didn't deserve, and she made her way through the thick, black night as quickly as she could. She had come earlier to dig the hole, but only now, under veil of darkness, would she finish the job. Rain stippled the surface of the trout stream, drummed relentlessly on the earth beside it. Something bolted through the bracken nearby, but she didn't flinch, didn't stop. She had been in and out of the woods all her life and knew the way by heart. Back when it first happened, she had considered confessing, and perhaps, in the beginning, she might have. She had missed her chance, though, and now it was too late. Too much had happened: the search parties, the policemen, the articles in the newspapers pleading for information. There was no one she could tell, no way to fix it, no way they would ever forgive her. The only thing left was to bury the evidence. She reached the place she had chosen. The bag, with its box inside, was surprisingly heavy and it was a relief to put it down. On hands and knees, she pulled away the camouflage of ferns and branches. The smell of sodden soil was overwhelming, of wood mouse and mushrooms, of other moldering things. Her father had told her once that generations had walked these woods and been buried deep beneath the heavy earth. It made him glad, she knew, to think of it that way. He found comfort in the continuity of nature, believing that the stability of the long past had the power to alleviate present troubles. And maybe in some cases it had, but not this time, not these troubles. She lowered the bag into the hole and for a split second the moon seemed to peer from behind a cloud. Tears threatened as she scooped the dirt back, but she fought them. To cry, here and now, was an indulgence she refused to grant herself. She patted the ground flat, slapped her hands against it, and stomped down hard with her boots until she was out of breath. There. It was done. It crossed her mind that she should say something before she left this lonely place. Something about the death of innocence, the deep remorse that would follow her always; but she didn't. The inclination made her feel ashamed. She made her way back quickly through the woods, careful to avoid the boathouse and its memories. Dawn was breaking as she reached the house; the rain was light. The lake's water lapped at its banks and the last of the nightingales called farewell. The blackcaps and warblers were waking, and far in the distance a horse whinnied. She didn't know it then, but she would never be rid of them, those sounds; they would follow her from this place, this time, invading her dreams and nightmares, reminding her always of what she had done.

Revue de presse "A deliciously compelling mystery." (The Lake House) (Liane Moriarty #1 NYT bestselling author of Big Little Lies and Truly Madly Guilty) "Morton's moody, suspenseful latest is the perfect page-turner for a chilly night." -- People Magazine The Best Books of the Fall (The Lake House) (People) "...a rich and almost magical good old-fashioned tale...a fabulous addition to her work...whisks the reader away into another world...The Lake House is the perfect read for cold, dark nights" Ft. Worth Star Telegram (The Lake House) (Ft. Worth Star Telegram) "Skillful, suspenseful, surprising...a perfect read for ...dark winter evenings...Morton is a master of suspense" The Philadelphia Inquirer (The Lake House) (The Philadelphia Inquirer) "...a stunning, well-woven mystery that will keep readers hooked through myriad twists and turns. There are secrets within secrets in this story, and every time readers think they've figured it out, something new will be revealed." -- San Diego Book (The Lake House) (San Diego Book) "Compelling...Morton's plotting is impeccable, and her finely wrought characters...are as surprised as readers will be by the astonishing conclusion." -- Publisher's Weekly \* (The Lake House) (Publisher's Weekly) "Brilliant...delivers the satisfactions of all her bestsellers since debuting with The House at Riverton...perfect books for just about every reader." -- Library Journal (The Lake House) (Library Journal) "In the latest from Morton, secrets from the past come to light in the present, a theme that is the author's specialty. Missing babies, maternal sacrifice, and secrets, secrets, secrets Morton offers generous clues, only to peel back deeper layers just when the truth seems close...not short on heart-wrenching choices and rich characters." -- Booklist (The Lake House) (Booklist)