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## The Lollipop Shoes (Chocolat 2)



*Par Joanne Harris*  
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**Par Joanne Harris : The Lollipop Shoes (Chocolat 2)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Lollipop Shoes (Chocolat 2):

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### Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur'Who died?' I said. 'Or is it a secret?'My mother, Vianne Rocher.'Seeking refuge and anonymity in the cobbled streets of Montmartre, Yanne and her two daughters live peacefully, if not happily, above their little chocolate shop. Nothing unusual marks them out; no red sachets hang by the door.The wind has stopped - at least for a while. Then into their lives blows Zoie de l'Alba, the lady with the lollipop shoes,ruthless, devious and seductive. With everything she loves at stake, Yanne must face a difficult choice; to flee, as she has done so many times before, or to confront her most dangerous enemy...Herself.Extrait1Wednesday, 31 OctoberDa de los MuertosIt is a relatively little-known fact that, over the course of a single year, about twenty million letters are delivered to the dead. People forget to stop

the mail those grieving widows and prospective heirs and so magazine subscriptions remain uncanceled; distant friends unnotified; library fines unpaid. Thats twenty million circulars, bank statements, credit cards, love letters, junk mail, greetings, gossip and bills, dropping daily on to doormats or parquet floors, thrust casually through railings, wedged into letter-boxes, accumulating in stairwells, left unwanted on porches and steps, never to reach their addressee. The dead dont care. More importantly, neither do the living. The living just follow their petty concerns, quite unaware that very close by, a miracle is taking place. The dead are coming back to life. It doesnt take much to raise the dead. A couple of bills; a name; a postcode; nothing that cant be found in any old domestic bin-bag, torn apart (perhaps by foxes) and left on the doorstep like a gift. You can learn a lot from abandoned mail: names, bank details, passwords, e-mail addresses, security codes. With the right combination of personal details you can open up a bank account; hire a car; even apply for a new passport. The dead dont need such things any more. A gift, as I said, just waiting for collection. Sometimes Fate even delivers in person, and it always pays to be alert. Carpe diem, and devil take the hindmost. Which is why I always read the obituaries, sometimes managing to acquire the identity even before the funeral has taken place. And which is why, when I saw the sign, and beneath it the post-box with its packet of letters, I accepted the gift with a gracious smile. Of course, it wasnt my post-box. The postal service here is better than most, and letters are rarely misdelivered. Its one more reason I prefer Paris; that and the food, the wine, the theatres, the shops and the virtually unlimited opportunities. But Paris costs the overheads are extraordinary and besides, Id been itching for some time to reinvent myself again. Id been playing it safe for nearly two months, teaching in a lyce in the 11th arrondissement, but in the wake of the recent troubles there Id decided at last to make a clean break (taking with me twenty-five thousand euros worth of departmental funds, to be delivered into an account opened in the name of an ex-colleague and to be removed discreetly, over a couple of weeks), and had a look at apartments to rent. First, I tried the Left Bank. The properties there were out of my league; but the girl from the agency didnt know that. So, with an English accent and going by the name of Emma Windsor, with my Mulberry handbag tucked negligently into the crook of my arm and the delicious whisper of Prada around my silk-stockinged calves, I was able to spend a pleasant morning window-shopping. Id asked to view only empty properties. There were several along the Left Bank: deep-roomed apartments overlooking the river; mansion flats with roof gardens; penthouses with parquet floors. With some regret, I rejected them all, though I couldnt resist picking up a couple of useful items on the way. A magazine, still in its wrapper, containing the customer number of its intended recipient; several circulars; and at one place, gold: a bankers card in the name of Amlie Deauxville, which needs nothing but a phone call for me to activate. I left the girl my mobile number. The phone account belongs to Nolle Marcelin, whose identity I acquired some months ago. Her payments are quite up to date the poor woman died last year, aged ninety-four but it means that anyone tracing my calls will have some difficulty finding me. My internet account, too, is in her name, and remains fully paid-up. Nolle is too precious for me to lose. But she will never be my main identity. For a start, I dont want to be ninetyfour. And Im tired of getting all those advertisements for stair-lifts. My last public persona was Franoise Lavery, a teacher of English at the Lyce Rousseau in the 11th. Age thirty-two; born in Nantes; married and widowed in the same year to Raoul Lavery, killed in a car crash on the eve of the anniversary a rather romantic touch, I thought, that explained her faint air of melancholy. A strict vegetarian, rather shy, diligent, but not talented enough to be a threat. All in all, a nice girl which just goes to show you should never judge by appearances.

Today, however, Im someone else. Twenty-five thousand euros is no small sum, and theres always the chance that someone will begin to suspect the truth. Most people dont most people wouldnt notice a crime if it was going on right in front of them but I havent got this far by taking risks, and Ive found that its safer to stay on the move. So I travel light a battered leather case and a Sony laptop containing the makings of over a hundred possible identities and I can be packed, cleaned out, all traces gone in rather less than an afternoon. Thats how Franoise disappeared. I burnt her papers, correspondence, bank details, notes. I closed all accounts in her name. Books, clothes, furniture and the rest, I gave to the Croix Rouge. It never pays to gather moss. After that I needed to find myself anew. I booked into a cheap hotel, paid on Amlies credit card, changed out of Emmas clothes and went shopping. Franoise was a dowdy type; sensible heels and neat chignons. My new persona, however, has a different style. Zozie de lAlba is her name she is vaguely foreign, though you might be hard pressed to tell her country of origin. Shes as flamboyant as Franoise was not wears costume jewellery in her hair; loves bright colours and frivolous shapes; favours bazaars and vintage shops, and would never be seen dead in sensible shoes. The change was neatly executed. I entered a shop as Franoise Lavery, in a grey twinset and a string of fake pearls. Ten minutes later, I left as someone else. The

problem remains: where to go? The Left Bank, though tempting, is out of the question, though I believe Amlie Deauxville may be good for a few thousand more before I have to ditch her. I have other sources, too, of course, not including my most recent Madame Beauchamp, the secretary in charge of departmental finances at my erstwhile place of work. Its so easy to open a credit account. A couple of spent utility bills; even an old driving licence can be enough. And with the rise of online purchasing, the possibilities are expanding on a daily basis. But my needs extend to far, far more than a source of income. Boredom appals me. I need more. Scope for my abilities, adventure, a challenge, a change. A life. And thats what Fate delivered to me, as if by accident this windy late-October morning in Montmartre, as I glanced into a shop window and saw the neat little sign taped to the door: Ferm pour cause de dcs. Its been some time since I last came here. Id forgotten how much I enjoyed it. Montmartre is the last village in Paris, they say, and this part of the Butte is almost a parody of rural France, with its cafs and little crperies; its houses painted pink or pistachio, fake shutters at the windows, and geraniums on every window-ledge; all very consciously picturesque, a movie-set miniature of counterfeit charm that barely hides its heart of stone. Perhaps thats why I like it so much. Its a perfect setting for Zoie de lAlba. And I found myself there almost by chance; stopped in a square behind the Sacre-Coeur; bought a caf-croissant at a bar called Le Ptit Pinson and sat down at a table on the street. A blue tin plate high up on the corner gave the name of the square as Place des Faux-Monnayeurs. A tight little square like a neatly made bed. A caf, a crperie, a couple of shops. Nothing more. Not even a tree to soften those edges. But then for some reason, a shop caught my eye some kind of a chichi confiserie, I thought, though the sign above the door was blank. The blind was half-drawn, but from where I was sitting I could just see the display in the window, and the bright-blue door like a panel of sky. A small, repetitive sound crossed the square; a bundle of wind-chimes hanging above the door, sending out little random notes like signals in the air. Why did it draw me? I couldnt say. There are so many of these little shops along the warren of streets leading up the Butte de Montmartre, slouching on the cobbled corners like weary penitents. Narrowfronted and crook-backed, they are often damp at street level, cost a fortune to rent and rely mainly on the stupidity of tourists for their continued existence. The rooms above them are rarely any better. Small, sparse and inconvenient; noisy at night, when the city below comes to life; cold in winter, and most likely unbearable in summer, when the sun presses down on the heavy stone slates and the only window, a skylight not eight inches wide, lets in nothing but the stifling heat. And yet something there had caught my interest. Perhaps the letters, poking out from the metal jaws of the post-box like a sly tongue. Perhaps the fugitive scent of nutmeg and vanilla (or was that just the damp?) that filtered from beneath the sky-blue door. Perhaps the wind, flirting with the hem of my skirt, teasing the chimes above the door. Or perhaps the notice neat, hand-lettered with its unspoken, tantalizing potential. Closed due to bereavem...From Publishers Weekly Harris revisits characters from 1999's bestselling *Chocolat* in this equally delectable modern fairy tale. More than four years have passed since Vianne Rocher pitted her enchanted chocolate confections against the local clergy's interpretation of Lent in smalltown France; since then, Vianne has renounced magic, changed her name to Yanne Charbonneau and moved with her two daughters to Paris's Montmartre district. There, Yanne embraces conformity and safety, much to the dismay of her increasingly troubled older daughter, Anouk. When Anouk becomes entranced with Zoie de l'Alba, an exotic itinerant who happens upon a job at the new shop, and the relationship grows increasingly sinister, Yanne must call up all of Vianne's powers, culinary and mystical, to save her family. Harris again structures the narrative (told in alternate chapters by Zoie, Yanne and Anouk) around a liturgical season (in this case Advent).

Harris gives fans much to savor in this multilayered novel, from the descriptions (including Yanne's mouthwatering chocolate confections, Zoie's whimsical footwear and Anouk's artistic efforts) to the novel's classic, enduring theme of good vs. evil and the difficulty of telling the difference. (Apr.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.