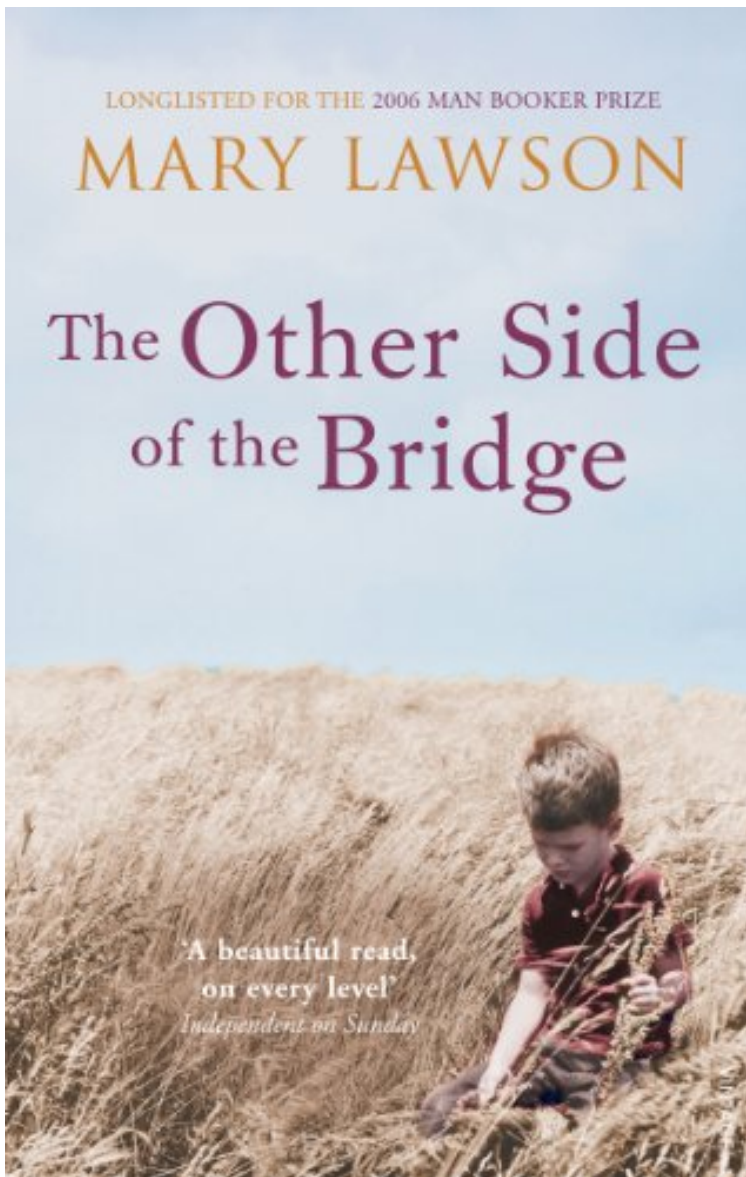


(Mobile ebook) File size: 42.Mb

# The Other Side of the Bridge



Par Mary Mobbs  
ebooks / Download PDF / \*ePub /  
DOC / audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #362665 dans eBooksPubli le: 2012-07-31Sorti le: 2012-07-31Format: Ebook Kindle

(Mobile ebook) The Other Side of the Bridge

**Par Mary Mobbs : The Other Side of the Bridge** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Other Side of the Bridge:

Download

Read Online

## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur Arthur and Jake: brothers, yet worlds apart. Arthur is older, shy, dutiful, and set to inherit his father's farm. Jake is younger and reckless, a dangerous to know. When Laura arrives in their 1930s rural community, an already uneasy relationship is driven to breaking point...Extrait Prologue There was a summer back when they were kids, when Arthur Dunn was thirteen or fourteen and his brother, Jake, was eight or nine, when for weeks on end Jake pestered Arthur to play the game he called knives. Jake had a great collection of knives at the time, everything from fancy little Swiss Army jackknives with dozens of attachments to a big sleek hunting knife with a runnel down one side for blood. It was the hunting knife that was to be used in the game because according to Jake it was the best for throwing. Just once, okay? Jake

would say, dancing about barefoot in the dust of the farmyard, tossing the knife from hand to hand like a juggler, leaping back quickly if it decided to fall blade-first. Come on, just once. Itll only take a minute. Im busy, Arthur would say, and carry on with whatever task his father had set him to. It was the summer holidays and the list of tasks was unending, but it was better than going to school. Come on, Jake would say. Come on. Youll love it! Its a really good game. Come on! I gotta fix this hinge. Jake had explained the rules of the knife game to him and it was crazy. You stood at attention facing each other, about six feet apart, and took turns throwing the knife into the ground as close as possible to your opponents naked foot. You had to be barefoot, Jake explained, or there would be no point to the game. Wherever the knife landed, your opponent had to move his foot alongside it. The idea was to make him do the splits bit by bit, as slowly as possible. The more throws the better. The smaller the distance between the still-vibrating steel and the outer edge of your brothers foot, the better. Nuts. But in the end, as they had both known he would, Jake wore Arthur down. That was Jakes specialty wearing people down. It was a warm evening in July, the end of a long hot day out in the fields, and Arthur was sitting on the back step doing nothing, which was always a mistake. Jake appeared around the corner of the house and saw him, and his eyes started to shine. Jake had dark blue eyes in a pale triangular face and hair the colour of wheat. At nine years old he was slight and reedy (frail was the word their mother used) and already good-looking, though not as good-looking as he would be later. Arthur, five years older, was big and slow and heavy, with sloping shoulders and a neck like an ox. Jake had the knife on him, of course. He always did; he carried it around in its own special sheath with its own special belt-loop, so as to be ready for anything. He started badgering Arthur right away, and eventually Arthur gave in just to get it over with. Once, okay? Arthur said. Once. I play it once, now, and you never ask me again. Promise. Okay, okay, I promise! Lets go. And so it was that on that warm July evening when he was thirteen or fourteen years old at any rate plenty old enough to know better Arthur found himself standing behind the line his little brother had drawn in the dust, waiting to have a knife thrown at his bare and vulnerable feet. The dust felt hot, warmer than the air, and soft as talcum powder. It puffed up between his toes every time he took a step and turned them a pale and ghostly grey. Arthurs feet were broad and meaty with red raw patches from his heavy farm boots. Jakes feet were long and thin, delicate and blue-veined. Jake didnt wear farm boots much. He was considered by their mother to be too young for farm labour, though Arthur hadnt been too young at the same age. Jake had first throw, by virtue of it being his game and his knife. Stand at attention, he said. His eyes were fixed on Arthurs left foot and he spoke in a hushed voice. He had a great feeling for the drama of the moment, had Jake. Keep your feet together. Dont move them, no matter what. He took the knife by the blade and began swinging it loosely between finger and thumb. His forefinger rested easily in the blood runnel. He seemed scarcely to be holding the knife at all. Arthur watched the blade. In spite of himself, he felt his left foot curl inwards. Keep it still, Jake said. Im warning you. Arthur forced his foot to lie flat. The thought came into his mind not drifting gently in but appearing suddenly, fully formed, like a cold hard round little pebble that Jake hated him. The thought had never occurred to him before but suddenly, there it was. Though he couldnt imagine a reason. Surely he was the one who should have done the hating. The knife swung for a minute more, and then, in one swift graceful movement, Jake lifted his arm and threw, and the blade circled, drawing swift shining arcs in the air, and then buried itself deeply in the ground a couple of inches from the outside edge of Arthurs foot. A beautiful throw. Jakes eyes left the ground and he grinned at Arthur. Thats one, he said. Your turn. Move your foot out to the knife. Arthur moved his foot outwards to the edge of the knife and drew the blade from the ground. The skin on the top of his left foot was stinging, though nothing had touched it. He straightened up. Jake stood facing him, still grinning, arms at his sides, feet together. Eyes bright. Excited, but without fear. Without fear because and Arthur saw this suddenly too Jake knew that Arthur would never risk throwing really close. Arthur. From Publishers Weekly In this follow-up to her acclaimed *Crow Lake*, Lawson again explores the moral quandaries of life in the Canadian North. At the story's poles are Arthur Dunn, a stolid, salt-of-the-earth farmer, and his brother, Jake, a handsome, smooth-talking snake in the grass, whose lifelong mutual resentments and betrayals culminate in a battle over the beautiful Laura, with Arthur, it seems, the unlikely winner. Observing, and eventually intervening in their saga, is Ian, a teenager who goes to work on Arthur's farm to get close to Laura, seeing in her the antithesis of the mother who abandoned his father and him. It's a standard romantic dilemma who to choose: the goodhearted but dull provider or the seductive but unreliable rogue? but it gains depth by being set in Lawson's epic narrative of the Northern Ontario town of Struan as it weathers Depression, war and the coming of television. It's a world of pristine landscapes and brutal winters, where beauty and harshness are inextricably intertwined, as when Ian brings home a puppy that gambols

adorably about and then playfully kills Ian's even cuter pet bunny. Lawson's evocative writing untangles her characters' confused impulses toward city and country, love and hate, good and evil. (Oct. 3) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.