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This Is Where I Leave You (English Edition)



Par Jonathan Tropper
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Par Jonathan Tropper : This Is Where I Leave You (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised This Is Where I Leave You (English Edition):

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Description : Description du produitThe Richard Judy selected author returns with a touching and hilarious new novel

Prsentation de l'diteurA side-splitting and heartbreaking tale, soon to be a major Hollywood movie starring Tina Fey, Connie Britton and Jason Bateman.Poor Judd Foxman returns home early to find his wife in bed with his boss - in the act. He now faces the twin threats of both divorce and unemployment. His misery is compounded further with the sudden death of his father.He is then asked to come and 'sit Shiva' for his newly deceased parent with his angry, screwed-up and somewhat estranged brothers and sisters in his childhood home. It is there he must confront who he really is and - more importantly - who he can become.Funny, moving, powerful and poignant, THIS IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU is the fabulous follow-up

to HOW TO TALK TO A WIDOWER and Jonathan Tropper at his best. Extrait Chapter 1 Dads dead, Wendy says off handedly, like its happened before, like it happens every day. It can be grating, this act of hers, to be utterly unfazed at all times, even in the face of tragedy. He died two hours ago. Hows Mom doing? Shes Mom, you know? She wanted to know how much to tip the coroner. I have to smile, even as I chafe, as always, at our familys patented inability to express emotion during watershed events. There is no occasion calling for sincerity that the Foxman family wont quickly diminish or pervert through our own genetically engineered brand of irony and evasion. We banter, quip, and insult our way through birthdays, holidays, weddings, illnesses. Now Dad is dead and Wendy is cracking wise. It serves him right, since he was something of a pioneer at the forefront of emotional repression. It gets better, Wendy says. Better? Jesus, Wendy, do you hear yourself? Okay, that came out wrong. You think? He asked us to sit shiva. Who did? Who are we talking about? Dad! Dad wanted us to sit shiva. Dads dead. Wendy sighs, like its positively exhausting having to navigate the dense forest of my obtuseness. Yes, apparently, thats the optimal time to do it. But Dads an atheist. Dad was an atheist. Youre telling me he found God before he died? No, Im telling you hes dead and you should conjugate your tenses accordingly. If we sound like a couple of callous assholes, its because thats how we were raised. But in fairness, wed been mourning for a while already, on and off since he was first diagnosed a year and a half earlier. Hed been having stomachaches, swatting away my mothers pleas that he see a doctor, choosing instead to increase the regimen of the same antacids hed been taking for years. He popped them like Life Savers, dropping small squibs of foil wrapping wherever he went, so that the carpets glittered like wet pavement. Then his stool turned red. Your fathers not feeling well, my mother understated over the phone. My shits bleeding, he grouched from somewhere behind her. In the fifteen years since Id moved out of the house, Dad never came to the phone. It was always Mom, with Dad in the background, contributing the odd comment when it suited him. Thats how it was in person too. Mom always took center stage. Marrying her was like joining the chorus. On the CAT scan, tumors bloomed like flowers against the charcoal desert of his duodenal lining. Into the lore of Dads legendary stoicism would be added the fact that he spent a year treating metastatic stomach cancer with Tums. There were the predictable surgeries, the radiation, and then the Hail Mary rounds of chemo meant to shrink the tumors but that instead shrank him, his once broad shoulders reduced to skeletal knobs that disappeared beneath the surface of his slack skin. Then came the withering of muscle and sinew and the sad, crumbling descent into extreme pain management, culminating with him slipping into a coma, the one we knew hed never come out of. And why should he? Why wake up to the painful, execrable mess of end-stage stomach cancer? It took four months for him to die, three more than the oncologists had predicted. Your dads a fighter, they would say when we visited, which was a crock, because hed already been soundly beaten. If he was at all aware, he had to be pissed at how long it was taking him to do something as simple as die. Dad didnt believe in God, but he was a life- long member of the Church of Shit or Get Off the Can. So his actual death itself was less an event than a final sad detail. The funeral is tomorrow morning, Wendy says. Im flying in with the kids tonight. Barrys at a meeting in San Francisco. Hell catch the red-eye. Wendys husband, Barry, is a portfolio manager for a large hedge fund. As far as I can tell, he gets paid to fly around the world on private jets and lose golf games to other richer men who might need his funds money. A few years ago, they transferred him to the L.A. office, which makes no sense, since he travels constantly, and Wendy would no doubt prefer to live back on the East Coast, where her cankles and post- pregnancy jiggle are less of a liability. On the other hand, shes being very well compensated for the inconvenience. Youre bringing the kids? Believe me, Id rather not. But seven days is just too long to leave them alone with the nanny. The kids are Ryan and Cole, six and three, towheaded, cherub-cheeked boys who never met a room they couldnt trash in two minutes flat, and Serena, Wendys seven-month-old baby girl. Seven days? Thats how long it takes to sit shiva. Were not really going to do this, are we? It was his dying wish, Wendy says, and in that single instant I think maybe I can hear the raw grief in the back of her throat. Pauls going along with this? Pauls the one who told me about it. What did he say? He said Dad wants us to sit shiva. Paul is my older brother by sixteen months. Mom insisted I hadnt been a mistake, that shed fully intended to get pregnant again just seven months after giving birth to Paul. But I never really bought it, especially after my father, buzzed on peach schnapps at Friday-night dinner, had acknowledged somberly that back then they believed you couldnt get pregnant when you were breast-feeding. As for Paul and me, we get along fine as long as we dont spend any time together. Has anyone spoken to Phillip? I say. Ive left messages at all his last known numbers. On the off chance he plays them, and hes not in jail, or stoned, or dead in a ditch, theres every reason to believe that theres a small possibility hell show up. Phillip is our youngest brother, born nine years after me. Its hard to understand my parents

procreational logic. Wendy, Paul, and me, all within four years, and then Phillip, almost a decade later, slapped on like an awkward coda. He is the Paul McCartney of our family: better-looking than the rest of us, always facing a different direction in pictures, and occasionally rumored to be dead. As the baby, he was alternately coddled and ignored, which may have been a significant factor in his becoming such a terminally screwed-up adult. He is currently living in Manhattan, where you'd have to wake up pretty early in the morning to find a drug he hasn't done or a model he hasn't fucked. He will drop off the radar for months at a time and then show up unannounced at your house for dinner, where he might or might not casually mention that he's been in jail, or Tibet, or has just broken up with a quasi-famous actress. I haven't seen him in over a year. I hope he makes it, I say. Hell be devastated if he doesn't. And speaking of screwed-up little brothers,

how's your own Greek tragedy coming along? Wendy can be funny, almost charming in her pointed tactlessness, but if there is a line between crass and cruel, she's never noticed it. Usually I can stomach her, but the last few months have left me ragged and raw, and my defenses have been depleted. I have to go now,

I say, trying my best to sound like a guy not in the midst of an ongoing meltdown. Jesus, Judd. I was just expressing concern. I'm sure you thought so. Oh, don't get all passive-aggressive. I get enough of that from Barry. I'll see you at the house. Fine, be that way, she says, disgusted. Good-bye. I wait her out. Are you still there? she finally says. No. I hang up and imagine her slamming her phone down while the expletives fly in a machine-gun spray from her lips. *Revue de presse* Very funny and scapel-sharp (THE BOOKSELLER)[A] magnificently funny family saga...It's amazing what can happen in the hands of the casually brilliant author.

Tropper steadily ratchets up the multigenerational mayhem, often involving unwieldy lust or vociferous inter-sibling squabbling, with the calm authority of someone who knows his characters from deep within his kishkes - that's Yiddish for "guts"... I urge with all my heart and kishkes: Read this one! Read and weep with

laughter. (US ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY)[A] smartly comic novel...Tropper goes on to introduce a darkly entertaining bunch of dysfunctional relatives...In assembling the book's cast of characters, Tropper achieves a lively mix...Although Mr. Tropper's dialogue here is fresh and fast, his book also has ballast.

(NEW YORK TIMES)This is a beautiful novel about men -- their lust and rage and sweetness. Read it. (THE WASHINGTON POST)The gifted and funny Jonathan Tropper returns with the often side-splitting, mostly heartbreaking *This Is Where I Leave You*...real and harrowing - when it's not hilarious." (USA

TODAY)"...Often hilarious and often heartbreaking...Consistently surprising. Tropper keeps the reader off balance by changing the allegiances between siblings and spouses, friends and enemies, lovers and losers, and the result is a novel that charms by allowing for messes, loose ends, and the reality that there's only one sure ending for everyone." (LA TIMES)The novel is artful and brilliant, filled with colorful narratives and witty dialogue...Tropper gives a genuine portrayal of marriage, sibling rancor, and the loss of a parent. The

subject matter is dismal at times, but Tropper...can find the funny in any situation. (ASSOCIATED PRESS)sharply observed, beautifully bitter and very funny tale of dysfunctional family relationships. (BELLA)A frank but funny take on relationships. (WOMAN)Death, divorce and unemployment become the stuff of no-holds-barred comedy in an ultimately tender tale of dysfunctional family life.

(BLOOMBERG.COM)funny, heartfelt and refreshing. An excellent read. (ESSENTIALS)Hilarious and heartbreaking (WOMAN'S WAY)You can't go wrong with a book which opens with someone's testicles on fire! (KARIN SLAUGHTER DAILY EXPRESS)