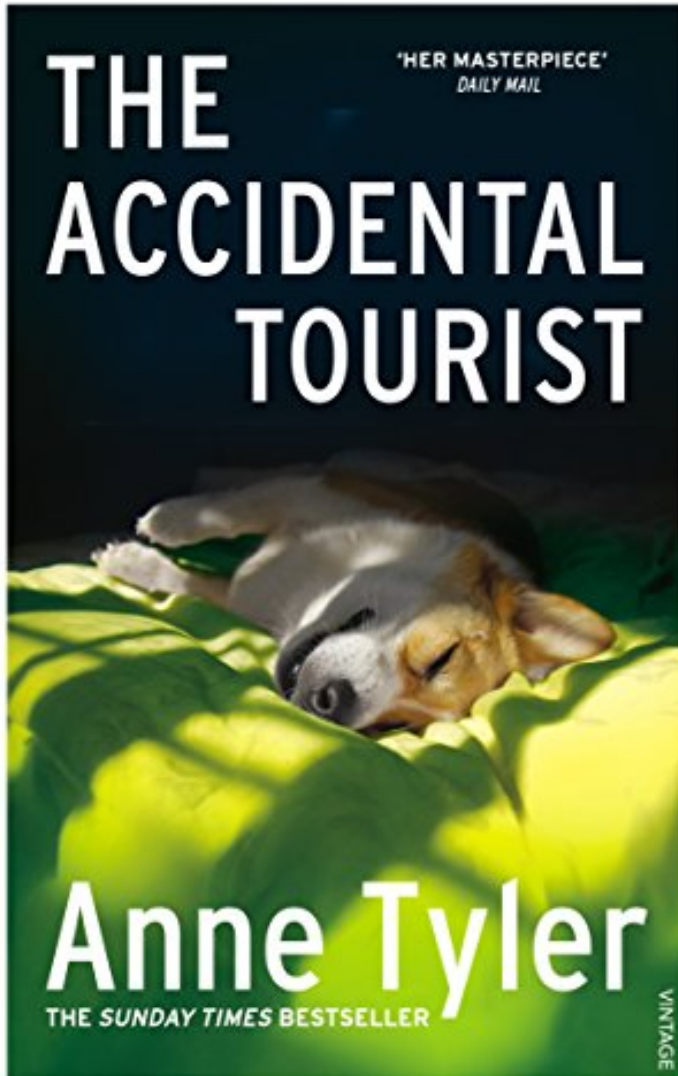


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The Accidental Tourist



Par Anne Tyler
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[Mobile book] The Accidental Tourist

Par Anne Tyler : The Accidental Tourist before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Accidental Tourist:

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Description : Description du produitPOIGNANT . . . FUNNY . . . THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST IS ONE OF HER BEST. . . [TYLER] HAS NEVER BEEN STRONGER.The New York TimesMacon Leary is a travel writer who hates both travel and anything out of the ordinary. He is grounded by loneliness and an unwillingness to compromise his creature comforts when he meets Muriel, a deliciously peculiar dog-obedience trainer who up-ends Macons insular worldand thrusts him headlong into a remarkable engagement with life.BITTERSWEET . . . EVOCATIVE . . . Its easy to forget this is the warm lull of fiction; you half-expect to run into her characters at the dry cleaners . . . Tyler [is] a writer of great compassion.The Boston GlobeTyler has given us an endlessly diverting book whose strength gathers gradually to become a genuinely thrilling one.Los Angeles TimesA DELIGHT . . . A GRACEFUL COMIC NOVEL ABOUT GETTING THROUGH LIFE.The Wall Street Journal

Prsentation de l'diteurHow does a man addicted to routine - a man who flosses his teeth before love-making - cope with the chaos of everyday life? With the loss of his son, the departure of his wife and the arrival of Muriel, a dog trainer from the Meow-Bow dog clinic, Macon's attempts at ordinary life are tragically and comically undone.OVER A MILLION ANNE TYLER BOOKS SOLDShes changed my perception on life Anna Chancellor One of my favourite authors Liane MoriartyShe spins gold' Elizabeth Buchan Anne Tyler has no peer Anita ShreveMy favourite writer, and the best line-and-length novelist in the world Nick Hornby A masterly author Sebastian Faulks Tyler is not merely good, she is wickedly good John UpdikeI love Anne Tyler Anita Brookner Her fiction has strength of vision, originality, freshness, unconquerable humour Eudora Welty.fr"Penguin Readers" is a series of simplified novels, film novelizations and original titles that introduce students at all levels to the pleasures of reading in English. Originally designed for teaching English as a foreign language, the series' combination of high interest level and low reading age makes it suitable for both English-speaking teenagers with limited reading skills and students of English as a second language. Many titles in the series also provide access to the pre-20th century literature strands of the National Curriculum English Orders. "Penguin Readers" are graded at seven levels of difficulty, from "Easystarts" with a 200-word vocabulary, to Level 6 (Advanced) with a 3000-word vocabulary. In addition, titles fall into one of three sub-categories: "Contemporary", "Classics" or "Originals". At the end of each book there is a section of enjoyable exercises focusing on vocabulary building, comprehension, discussion and writing. Some titles in the series are available with an accompanying audio cassette, or in a book and cassette pack. Additionally, selected titles have free accompanying "Penguin Readers Factsheets" which provide stimulating exercise material for students, as well as suggestions for teachers on how to exploit the Readers in class.ExtraitThey were supposed to stay at the beach a week, but neither of them had the heart for it and they decided to come back early. Macon drove. Sarah sat next to him, leaning her head against the side window. Chips of cloudy sky showed through her tangled brown curls.Macon wore a formal summer suit, his traveling suitmuch more logical for traveling than jeans, he always said. Jeans had those stiff, hard seams and those rivets. Sarah wore a strapless terry beach dress. They might have been returning from two entirely different trips. Sarah had a tan but Macon didnt. He was a tall, pale, gray-eyed man, with straight fair hair cut close to his head, and his skin was that thin kind that easily burns. Hed kept away from the sun during the middle part of every day.Just past the start of the divided highway, the sky grew almost black and several enormous drops spattered the windshield. Sarah sat up straight. Lets hope it doesnt rain, she said.I dont mind a little rain, Macon said.Sarah sat back again, but she kept her eyes on the road.It was a Thursday morning. There wasnt much traffic. They passed a pickup truck, then a van all covered with stickers from a hundred scenic attractions. The drops on the windshield grew closer together. Macon switched his wipers on. Tick-swoosh, they went a lulling sound; and there was a gentle patter on the roof. Every now and then a gust of wind blew up. Rain flattened the long, pale grass at the sides of the road. It slanted across the boat lots, lumberyards, and discount furniture outlets, which already had a darkened look as if here it might have been raining for some time.Can you see all right? Sarah asked.Of course, Macon said. This is nothing.They arrived behind a trailer truck whose rear wheels sent out arcs of spray. Macon swung to the left and passed. There was a moment of watery blindness till the truck had dropped behind. Sarah gripped the dashboard with one hand.I dont know how you can see to drive, she said.Maybe you should put on your glasses.Putting on my glasses would help you to see?Not me; you, Macon said. Youre focused on the windshield instead of the road.Sarah continued to grip the dashboard. She had a broad, smooth face that gave an impression of calm, but if you looked closely youd notice the tension at the corners of her eyes.The car drew in around them like a room. Their breaths fogged the windows. Earlier the air conditioner had been running and now some artificial chill remained, quickly turning dank, carrying with it the smell of mildew. They shot through an underpass. The rain stopped completely for one blank, startling second. Sarah gave a little gasp of relief, but even before it was uttered, the hammering on the roof resumed. She turned and gazed back longingly at the underpass. Macon sped ahead, with his hands relaxed on the wheel.Did you notice that boy with the motorcycle? Sarah asked. She had to raise her voice; a steady, insistent roaring sound engulfed them.What boy?He was parked beneath the underpass.Its crazy to ride a motorcycle on a day like today, Macon said. Crazy to ride one any day. Youre so exposed to the elements.We could do that, Sarah said. Stop and wait it out.Sarah, if I felt we were in the slightest danger Id have pulled over long ago.Well, I dont know that you would have, Sarah said.They passed a field where the rain seemed to fall in sheets, layers and layers of rain beating down the cornstalks, flooding the rutted soil. Great lashings of water flung themselves at the windshield. Macon switched his wiper blades to high.I dont know that you really care that much, Sarah said.

Do you? Macon said, Care? I said to you the other day, I said, Macon, now that Ethans dead I sometimes wonder if theres any point to life. Do you remember what you answered? Well, not offhand, Macon said. You said, Honey, to tell the truth, it never seemed to me there was all that much point to begin with. Those were your exact words. Um . . . And you dont even know what was wrong with that. No, I guess I dont, Macon said. He passed a line of cars that had parked at the side of the road, their windows opaque, their gleaming surfaces bouncing back the rain in shallow explosions. One car was slightly tipped, as if about to fall into the muddy torrent that churned and raced in the gully. Macon kept a steady speed. Youre not a comfort, Macon, Sarah said. Honey, Im trying to be. You just go on your same old way like before. Your little routines and rituals, depressing habits, day after day. No comfort at all. Shouldnt I need comfort too? Macon asked. Youre not the only one, Sarah. I dont know why you feel its your loss alone. Well, I just do, sometimes, Sarah said. They were quiet a moment. A wide lake, it seemed, in the center of the highway crashed against the underside of the car and slammed it to the right. Macon pumped his brakes and drove on. This rain, for instance, Sarah said. You know it makes me nervous. What harm would it do to wait it out? Youd be showing some concern. Youd be telling me were in this together. Macon peered through the windshield, which was streaming so that it seemed marbled. He said, Ive got a system, Sarah. You know I drive according to a system. You and your systems! Also, he said, if you dont see any point to life, I cant figure why a rainstorm would make you nervous. Sarah slumped in her seat. Will you look at that! he said. A mobile homes washed clear across that trailer park. Macon, I want a divorce, Sarah told him. Macon braked and glanced over at her. What? he said. The car swerved. He had to face forward again. What did I say? he asked. What did it mean? I just cant live with you anymore, Sarah said. Macon went on watching the road, but his nose seemed sharper and whiter, as if the skin of his face had been pulled tight. He cleared his throat. He said, Honey. Listen. Its been a hard year. Weve had a hard time. People who lose a child often feel this way; everybody says so; everybody says its a terrible strain on a marriage. Id like to find a place of my own as soon as we get back, Sarah told him. Place of your own, Macon echoed, but he spoke so softly, and the rain beat so loudly on the roof, it looked as if he were only moving his lips. Well, he said. All right. If thats what you really want. You can keep the house, Sarah said. You never did like moving. For some reason, it was this that made her finally break down. She turned away sharply. Macon switched his right blinker on. He pulled into a Texaco station, parked beneath the overhang, and cut off the engine. Then he started rubbing his knees with his palms. Sarah huddled in her corner. The only sound was the drumming of rain on the overhang far above them.