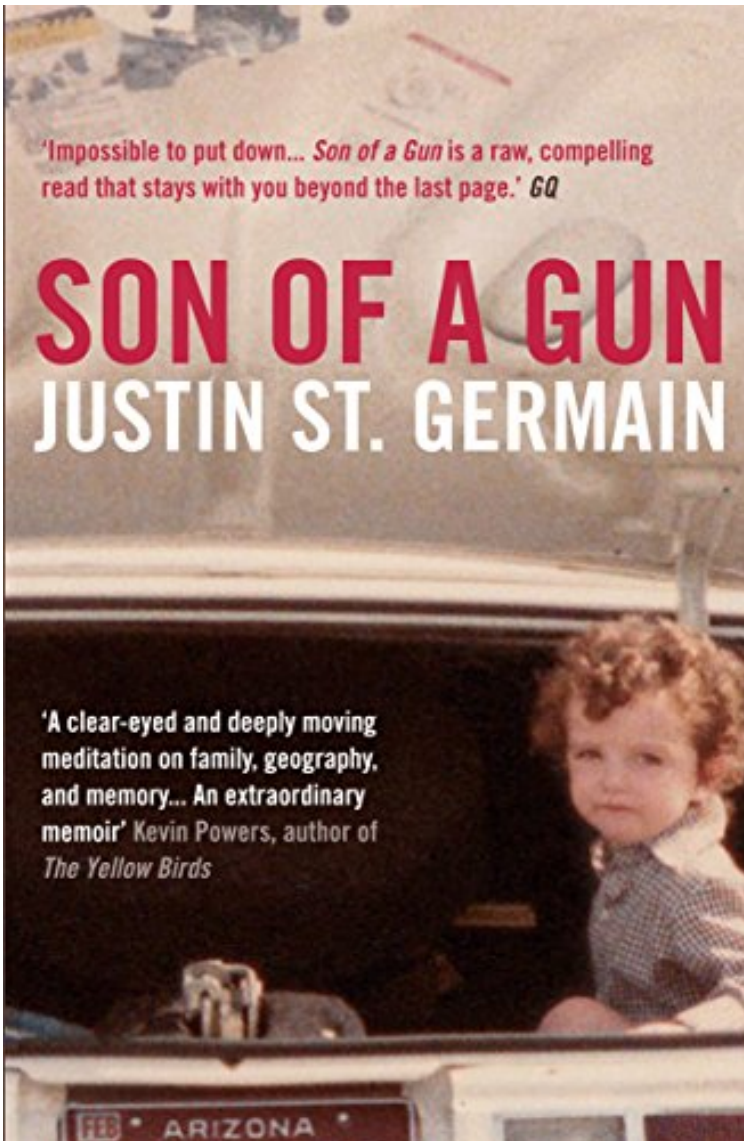


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Son of a Gun (English Edition)



Par Justin St Germain
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(Read now) Son of a Gun (English Edition)

Par Justin St Germain : **Son of a Gun (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Son of a Gun (English Edition):

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurIn Tombstone, Arizona, September 2001, Debbie St. Germain is found dead in her trailer, apparently murdered by her fifth husband. For her twenty-year-old son, Justin, the tragedy marks the line that separates his world into before and after.Long after his mother's death is solved, Justin still sleeps with a loaded rifle under his bed. Ultimately, he sets out into the desert landscape of his childhood in an attempt to make sense of the unfathomable. Justin's journey takes him back to the ghost town of Wyatt Earp and the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral, to the trailers he and Debbie shared, to the string of stepfathers who were a constant presence in his life. He confronts people from his past and delves into the police records in an attempt to make sense of his mother's life and death. All the while he tries to be the type of man she would have wanted him to be.Brutally honest and beautifully written, Son of a Gun is a brave, unexpected

and unforgettable memoir. Extrait The Beast

Soon after we learned that our mother was dead, my brother and I went to a bar. We'd already worked the phones. Josh had called our grandparents, who'd been divorced for forty years but both still lived in Philadelphia. Grandpop said he'd book the first flight he could, but air travel was snarled from the attacks nine days earlier. Grandma was afraid of flying, so she stayed in her rented room in suburban Philly, wrecked and helpless. I called my dad's house in New Hampshire, but he wasn't home. Eventually he called back. I told him she was dead and a long pause ensued, one in a litany of silences between my father and me, stretching across the years since he'd left and the distance between us, thousands of miles, most of America. Finally he said she was a good person, that he'd always cared for her. He asked if I wanted him to fly to Arizona. I said he didn't have to and hung up. I emailed my professors and told them what had happened, that I wouldn't be back in class for a while. I called the office of the college newspaper where I worked and told my boss. Josh called in sick to his bartending job. Then we sat on the couch with our roommate, Joe, an old friend from Tombstone we'd known since grade school. It was a Thursday, and we had nothing to do. Somebody suggested the French Quarter, a Cajun joint nearby that had spicy gumbo and potent hurricanes. It seemed like a good idea: I'd heard stories of grief in which the stricken couldn't eat, but I was hungry, and I needed a drink. So that's where we spent our first night without her. When we walked in, President Bush was on TV, about to give a speech. The jukebox was turned off, as it had been since the attacks, because now everybody wanted to hear the news. Joe went to the bar to talk to some of the regulars. Josh and I took a booth in the corner. Orion, the bartender and a friend of ours, came over and told us he was sorry, and to have whatever we wanted on the house. I wondered if Joe had just told him or if he'd already heard. I didn't know yet how quickly or how far the news would travel, that within a few hours we wouldn't need to tell anyone about our mother, because everyone would already know. I flipped through the menu but couldn't understand it. We'd both put our cell phones on the tabletop, and mine rang, chirping as it skittered across the glass. I ignored it. What now? I asked. Josh kept his eyes on the menu and shook his head. There's not much we can do. Should we go out there? I didn't know what to call the place where she'd died; it wasn't home, because we'd never lived there, and it didn't have a name. It was just a piece of land in the desert outside of Tombstone. We can't. The property is a crime scene. I asked him if we should talk to the cops and he said he already had, that we were meeting with them on Monday. I asked about a funeral home and he said the coroner had to do an autopsy first, the cops said it was standard procedure. There was a long pause. My mother and her parents always said Josh was more like my father, difficult to read, and he looked like Dad, too, sharp nosed and handsome. I got more from my mother, they said, the dark and heavy brows, the temper, the heart on my sleeve. But if I was like my mother, why was I so numb? Food arrived. Through the windows I watched the sky outside go purple and the traffic on Grant die down. A hot breeze blew through the open door. On television, President Bush identified the enemy, a vast network of terror that wanted to kill all of us, and finally he said the name of a murderer. Do you think Ray did it? I asked. The police couldn't find our stepfather or the pickup truck he and my mother owned. He was the only suspect, but I didn't want to believe it. Josh waited a while to respond, chewing, letting his eyes wander the walls decorated with beads and Mardi Gras masks and a neon sign above the bar that said *Geaux Tigers*. We'll know for sure when they find him. A pool cue cracked and a ball fell into a pocket with a hollow knock. My phone rang again. I didn't answer. My voice mail was already full, and the calls kept coming, from distant family, my friends, her friends, acquaintances from Tombstone, people I hardly knew. At first I'd answered, but the conversations went exactly the same: they'd say they were sorry and I'd thank them for calling; they'd ask for news and I'd say there wasn't any; they'd ask if there was anything they could do and I'd say no. It was easier to let them leave a message. On the TV, the president talked about a long campaign to come, unlike anything we'd ever seen. He said to live our lives and hug our children. He said to be calm and resolute in the face of a continuing threat. You think he'd come here? I asked. Ray knew where we lived. He'd been to the house a few times, with our mother, staying on the pullout couch in the living room. The detective mentioned that. He said he doubted it, but to keep an eye out. I wondered what good that would do but didn't ask. Josh said we'd know more on Monday, after we met with the cops. What do we do until then? I could tell Josh was wondering the same thing: what the hell were we going to do? Wait, I guess. Behind me the pool table rumbled as the players began another game. I looked down at my plate, realized that my food was gone, and scanned the old newspaper articles from New Orleans pasted beneath the glass tabletop. My mother was dead. I leaned back against the vinyl seat and finished my beer, watching the president try to soothe a wounded nation. He said that life would return to normal, that grief recedes with time and grace, but that we would always remember, that we'd carry memories of a face and a voice gone forever. Late that night, I said a

prayer for the first time in months. When I was a kid, Mom had always made me say prayers before bed, and it became a habit, something I felt guilty if I didnt do. Id stopped praying regularly after I left home, but that night I prayed for my mothers soul, because I knew shed want me to, and I figured it couldnt hurt. I didnt pray for my own safety; I knew better than to rely on God for that. Instead, I got up off my knees, pulled a long gray case out of my closet, laid it on the bed, and flipped the catches. Inside, on a bed of dimpled foam, lay a rifle, a gift from my father on my thirteenth birthday, an old Lee-Enfield bolt-action. I lifted it out of the case, loaded it, chambered a round, and rested it against the wall by my bed. Then I tried to sleep, but every time a car passed, I sat up to peek out the window, expecting to see Ray in our front yard. After a few sleepless hours I got up and went to my desk. I turned on my computer, opened a Word document, and stared at the blank screen. I kept a journal, in which I wrote to the future self I imagined, chronicling important moments in my life, because I thought he might want to remember, and because it made me feel less alone. I would write about how much I missed Tombstone, how dislocated I felt after moving from a town of fifteen hundred people to a city thirty times that size, how I felt like an impostor at school, was failing half my classes, would never graduate. I wrote about girls. I wrote about money, how little I had, my mounting debt, my fear that I wouldnt be able to cover tuition and rent. And I wrote about Mom, how shed gone crazy after I moved out, how she and Ray had sold our trailer outside of Tombstone and gone touring the country with their horses, camping in national parks, how one day Id get a card in the mail postmarked from Utah, and the next shed send an email from Nebraska all of them signed xoxo, Mom and Ray and how shed leave rambling messages on our answering machine at five oclock in the morning, saying how much she loved and missed us. I thought I should write something about that day, so the future me never forgot how it had felt to be twenty and motherless, my life possibly in danger, numb from shock and hating my own inability to feel. But I didnt know what to say. I was afraid I wouldnt be able to do the feeling justice, that Id choose the wrong words. I was in my first literature class at the time, an American lit survey, and Id just written a paper on Henry Jamess *The Beast in the Jungle*. So I did what any English major would: I quoted someone else. *My mother is dead. The Beast has sprung.* It worked. I sat down to write at the end of every day for the next few weeks, and each time the words came easily. Sometimes I return to those entries, when Im afraid Ive begun to forget. But I cant read them for long without wanting to write back to my old self, to warn him of whats to come, to tell him that the Beast will always be with us. I woke up the first day after learning of her death and turned off my alarm, then went back to sleep until the room got too bright. When I woke again, I looked out the window at the yard full of weeds. I stood, stretched, brushed my teeth. Walking down the hall into the living room, wondering what Id do with the day ahead it was Friday, so I had a softball game that night, and afterward somebody would be having a party I glanced through the screen door at the front porch and remembered. My grandfather arrived from Philly that afternoon, pale and harried, lighting new cigarettes with the still-burning stubs of the last. We went straight from the airport to a Dennys by the highway and sat drinking iced tea and watching cars pass by outside, planes taking off and landing, families piling out of minivans in the parking lot, other people going places. The world hadnt stopped, despite how it seemed to us. When our food came, we picked at it and discussed our plans. My dad had decided to come and would be flying in the next day. On Monday we had meetings scheduled with the detectives and the funeral director and my mothers bank and lawyer, a gauntlet none of us wanted to think or talk about. My mothers closest friend, Connie, was taking care of the horses and Chance, Rays dog, whod been left behind. She said that my mothers property was still cordoned off, that the cops were there in a helicopter, looking for Ray or for his body. Wed go to Tombstone in the morning. For now, there was nothing we could do but try to get some rest. Grandpop went back to his hotel. Josh and I went home and sat on the couch watching pirated cable for the rest of the afternoon. As the room began to dim, I checked the time and remembered that I had a softball game in half an hour. I went to my room and changed. When I walked out carrying my bat bag, Josh asked where I was going.

Revue de presse [A] spectacular memoir . . . calls to mind two others of the past decade: J. R. Moehringers *Tender Bar* and Nick Flynnns *Another Bull ____ Night in Suck City*. All three are about boys becoming men in a broken world. . . . [What] might have been . . . in the hands of a lesser writer, the books main point . . . [is] amplified from a tale of personal loss and grief into a parable for our time and our nation. . . . If the brilliance of *Son of a Gun* lies in its restraint, its importance lies in the generosity of the authors insights. Alexandra Fuller, *The New York Times Book* [A] gritty, enthralling new memoir . . . St. Germain has created a work of austere, luminous beauty. . . . In his understated, eloquent way, St. Germain makes you feel the heat, taste the dust, see those shimmering streets. By the end of the book, you know his mother, even though you never met her. And like the author,

you will mourn her forever. NPR If St. Germain had stopped at examining his mothers psycho-social risk factors and how her murder affected him, this would still be a fine, moving memoir. But its his further probing into the culture of guns, violence, and manhood that informed their lives in his hometown, Tombstone, Ariz. that transforms the book, elevating the stakes from personal pain to larger, important questions of what ails our society. The Boston Globe A visceral, compelling portrait of [St. Germain's] mother and the violent culture that claimed her. Entertainment Weekly Emotionally raw and beautifully written . . . a book you wont soon forget. BookPage Impossible to put down . . . Son of a Gun is a raw, compelling read that stays with you beyond the last page. GQA great, momentous undertaking . . . This book is brave, honest, savage, and tender all at once. It broke my heart, and Im so grateful Ive read it. Jesmyn Ward, National Book Award winning author of Salvage the Bones There is a sort of gracefulness in the cadences, and a lovely control of rhythm in the sentences, which do justice to the themes of loss and love that are at the center of this memoir. There is also a level of coiled and accurately conveyed emotion, a careful way of telling truth, and an unsparing release of heartbreak. Colm Tibn, author of The Testament of Mary From an incident of heartbreaking violence, Justin St. Germain has created a clear-eyed and deeply moving meditation on family, geography, and memory, and how difficult it is to find our place in any of them. Son of a Gun is an extraordinary memoir. Kevin Powers, author of The Yellow Birds Intelligent and compassionate at every step . . . Justin St. Germain stares down his troubled Tombstone boyhood. This is a searing story bravely told. Claire Vaye Watkins, author of Battleborn Try not to fall in love with one of the most beautifully raw, brutally honest memoirs Ive read I dare you. Benjamin Percy, author of Red Moon [A] searing, brilliant dazzler of a memoir . . . Justin St. Germain has written one of the great memoirs of the American Southwest. Three Guys One Book Taut . . . audacious . . . compelling . . . Admirably, St. Germain tries to understand how his young adulthood was shaped. Kirkus s From the Hardcover edition.