Moved to Tears

It was late in the afternoon this summer, when I first brought the book home from the library. Paul was overnight in the city that night and my daughter was housesitting for a friend. There was a garden to finish, the recycle to put out, some chicken defrosted in the fridge and the animals to feed. But you see, no one actually needed me any time soon and therefore there was no immediate reason why I couldn’t, so I took a moment to peek into the first page of the book and I sat for a few minutes on the couch.

The afternoon tiptoed past me and there might have been a lovely breeze with the cats curled up somewhere near me and my phone could have rung off in the other room, but I was away in the marshes off the Louisiana coast line with a lonely little six-year old who had no mother ….

I shifted myself on the couch quite often, and I got up once to feed the cats and grab some tomatoes, a bag of chips and the heel of a salami to eat but otherwise, I forgot the recycle, the seeds to be planted, and the room I was in. At some point, I must have turned on a light when the dusk crept in beside me. By the time the daytime sounds outside the window changed to nighttime sounds, I knew that I was going to finish this story. My eyes blurred a little bit and started burning. I became vaguely aware it was the dark of night and that I was an adult with responsibilities to assume in the next few hours when morning came and yet … I had to know what happened.

When I closed the cover of the book and sat up, the house was very still, there was wind outside the windows and crickets outside cricking. The clocks told me it past 1 am but I sobbed a little bit longer before I went to bed, because of the little girl with no mother who grew up anyway.

It had been years and years since I pulled this kind of a trick for a book. And it was excellent.

Where the Air is Sweet

An Indian family rooted deeply and surely into their beloved Uganda over three generations is forced into upheaval and distress when Idi Amin brutally assumes dictatorship of the country.

The language is haunting and story evoke scenarios very few of us will have ever seen. And the story will carve a little mark on your heart.
Where the Crawdads Sing

This begins with one little girl silently watching her mother go down the steps of a broken down old house in Louisiana, and she is sure she will turn and wave goodbye. She doesn’t. One by one, all will leave her. Alone in the marsh. She’s six years old.

This is a lonely, lovely, lyrical story with a few mysteries wrapped up inside its heart and a jewel of a setting within the natural world of the marsh.

Nominated for more than a few awards.

The Ocean at the End of the Lane

“A groundbreaking work as delicate as a butterfly’s wing and as menacing as a knife in the dark ... of stories from the darkness inside and out.”

A man without a name comes home for a funeral and by chance sits by a pond at the end of the road where he remembers something... something... something that happened years ago, where the pond... was an ocean... at the end of the lane...

Part fable, part fairy tale for those of us no longer in childhood

Nominated for all the awards that it could be and has won many of them.

The Luminaries

One man vanished, one woman wounded, one fortune found and 12 men draw together to discuss and determine. This book breathes all by itself in a world it’s completely constructed around itself. It’s clever and gripping and exquisite and detailed and complex.

Perfectly constructed

I love the mere idea of this book, let alone the 832 pages of the book itself.

Winner of:
The Booker, the Governor General’s Award, the Australian Book Industry Award, the Women’s Prize, the Dylan Thomas, the Walter Scott ... and many others.
Our system sends you an email a week before your book is due, with a link to renew it if you like.

You can also renew over the phone or in person.

If you forget, we accept donations to the Georgian Foodlocker in lieu of fines. Feed to be freed.