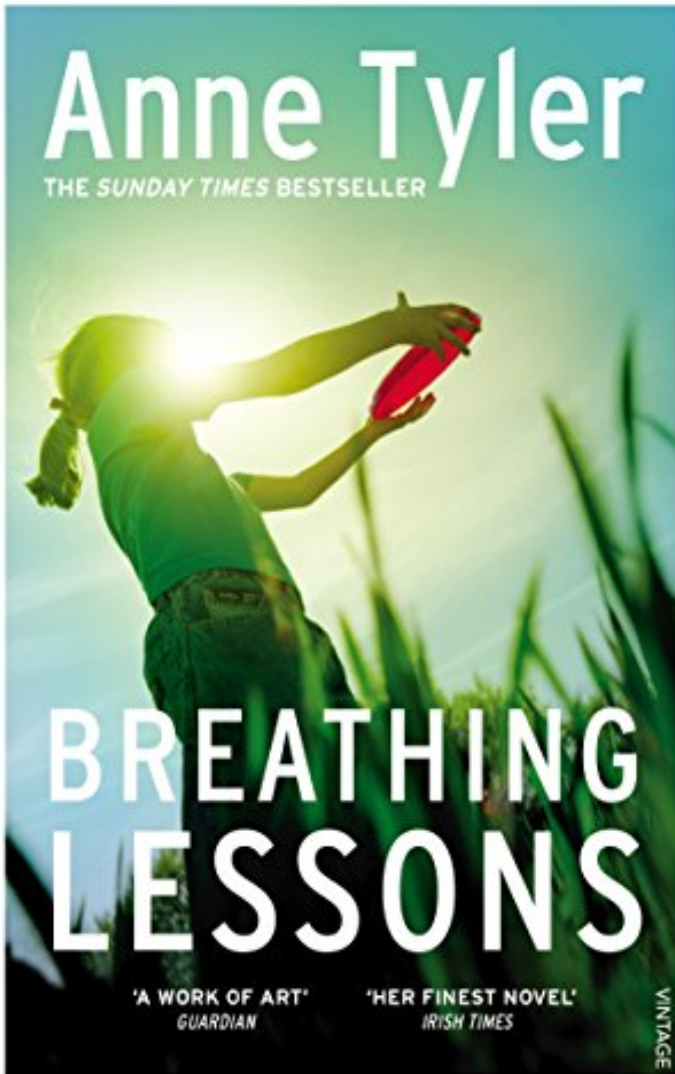


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Breathing Lessons



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

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Description : Description du produitThe triumphant Pulitzer Prize winner and New York Times bestseller from the author of Ladder of Years and The Accidental Tourist... More powerful and moving than anything she has done.--Los Angeles Times

Prsentation de l'diteurMeet Maggie Moran. Nearing fifty and married with two children, she and her husband drive from Baltimore to Deer Lick to attend the funeral of a friend one hot summer day. During the course of the journey, with its several unexpected detours into the lives of old friends and grown children, Maggie's eternal optimism and her inexhaustible passion for sorting out other peoples lives and willing them to fall in love is severely testedOVER 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 Shreve My 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

Updike I love Anne Tyler Anita Brookner Her fiction has strength of vision, originality, freshness, unconquerable humour Eudora Welty.com Maggie Moran's mission is to connect and unite people, whether they want to be united or not. Maggie is a meddler and as she and her husband, Ira, drive 90 miles to the funeral of an old friend, Ira contemplates his wasted life and the traffic, while Maggie hatches a plan to reunite her son Jesse with his long-estranged wife and baby. As Ira explains, "She thinks the people she loves are better than they really are, and so then she starts changing things around to suit her view of them."

Though everyone criticizes her for being "ordinary," Maggie's ability to see the beauty and potential in others ultimately proves that she is the only one fighting the resignation they all fear. The book captured the Pulitzer Prize for literature in 1989. Extrait Chapter 1 Maggie and Ira Moran had to go to a funeral in Deer Lick, Pennsylvania. Maggie's girlhood friend had lost her husband. Deer Lick lay on a narrow country road some ninety miles north of Baltimore, and the funeral was scheduled for ten-thirty Saturday morning; so Ira figured they should start around eight. This made him grumpy. (He was not an early-morning kind of man.)

Also Saturday was his busiest day at work, and he had no one to cover for him. Also their car was in the body shop. It had needed extensive repairs and Saturday morning at opening time, eight o'clock exactly, was the soonest they could get it back. Ira said maybe they'd just better not go, but Maggie said they had to. She and Serena had been friends forever. Or nearly forever: forty-two years, beginning with Miss Kimmels first grade. They planned to wake up at seven, but Maggie must have set the alarm wrong and so they overslept. They had to dress in a hurry and rush through breakfast, making do with faucet coffee and cold cereal. Then Ira headed off for the store on foot to leave a note for his customers, and Maggie walked to the body shop. She was wearing her best dress blue and white sprigged, with cape sleeves and crisp black pumps, on account of the funeral. The pumps were only medium-heeled but slowed her down some anyway; she was more used to crepe soles. Another problem was that the crotch of her panty hose had somehow slipped to about the middle of her thighs, so she had to take shortened, unnaturally level steps like a chunky little windup toy wheeling along the sidewalk. Luckily, the body shop was only a few blocks away. (In this part of town things were intermingled: small frame houses like theirs sitting among portrait photographers studios, one-woman beauty parlors, driving schools, and podiatry clinics.) And the weather was perfect: a warm, sunny day in September, with just enough breeze to cool her face. She patted down her bangs where they tended to frizz out like a forelock. She hugged her dress-up purse under her arm. She turned left at the corner and there was Harbor Body and Fender, with the peeling green garage doors already hoisted up and the cavernous interior smelling of some sharp-scented paint that made her think of nail polish. She had her check all ready and the manager said the keys were in the car, so in no time she was free to go. The car was parked toward the rear of the shop, an elderly gray-blue Dodge. It looked better than it had in years. They had straightened the rear bumper, replaced the mangled trunk lid, ironed out a half-dozen crimps here and there, and covered over the dapples of rust on the doors. Ira was right: no need to buy a new car after all. She slid behind the wheel. When she turned the ignition key, the radio came on Mel Spruces AM Baltimore, a call-in talk show. She let it run, for the moment. She adjusted the seat, which had been moved back for someone taller, and she tilted the rearview mirror downward. Her own face flashed toward her, round and slightly shiny, her blue eyes quirked at the inner corners as if she were worried about something when in fact she was only straining to see in the gloom. She shifted gears and sailed smoothly toward the front of the shop, where the manager stood frowning at a clipboard just outside his office door. Today's question on AM Baltimore was: What Makes an Ideal Marriage? A woman was phoning in to say it was common interests. Like if you both watch the same kind of programs on TV, she explained. Maggie couldn't care less what made an ideal marriage. (She'd been married twenty-eight years.) She rolled down her window and called, Bye now! and the manager glanced up from his clipboard. She glided past him a woman in charge of herself, for once, lipsticked and medium-heeled and driving an undented car. A soft voice on the radio said, Well, I'm about to remarry? The first time was purely for love? It was genuine, true love and it didn't work at all. Next Saturday I'm marrying for security. Maggie looked over at the dial and said, Fiona? She meant to brake, but accelerated instead and shot out of the garage and directly into the street. A Pepsi truck approaching from the left smashed into her left front fender—the only spot that had never, up till now, had the slightest thing go wrong with it. Back when Maggie played baseball with her brothers, she used to get hurt but say she was fine, for fear they would make her quit. She'd pick herself up and run on without a limp, even if her knee was killing her. Now she was reminded of that, for when the manager rushed over, shouting, What the . . . ? Are you all right? she

stared straight ahead in a dignified way and told him, Certainly. Why do you ask? and drove on before the Pepsi driver could climb out of his truck, which was probably just as well considering the look on his face. But in fact her fender was making a very upsetting noise, something like a piece of tin dragging over gravel, so as soon as she turned the corner and the two men one scratching his head, one waving his arm she disappeared from her rearview mirror, she came to a stop. Fiona was not on the radio anymore. Instead a woman with a raspy tenor was comparing her five husbands. Maggie cut the motor and got out. She could see what was causing the trouble. The fender was crumpled inward so the tire was hitting against it; she was surprised the wheel could turn, even. She squatted on the curb, grasped the rim of the fender in both hands, and tugged. (She remembered hunkering low in the tall grass of the outfield and stealthily, wincingly peeling her jeans leg away from the patch of blood on her knee.) Flakes of gray-blue paint fell into her lap. Someone passed on the sidewalk behind her but she pretended not to notice and tugged again. This time the fender moved, not far but enough to clear the tire, and she stood up and dusted off her hands. Then she climbed back inside the car but for a minute simply sat there. Fiona! she said again. When she restarted the engine, the radio was advertising bank loans and she switched it off. Ira was waiting in front of his store, unfamiliar and oddly dashing in his navy suit. A shock of rosy black, gray-threaded hair hung over his forehead. Above him a metal sign swung in the breeze: sams frame shop. picture framing. matting. your needlework professionally displayed. Sam was Iras father, who had not had a thing to do with the business since coming down with a weak heart thirty years before. Maggie always put weak heart in quotation marks. She made a point of ignoring the apartment windows above the shop, where Sam spent his cramped, idle, querulous days with Iras two sisters. He would probably be standing there watching. She parked next to the curb and slid over to the passenger seat. Iras expression was a study as he approached the car. Starting out pleased and approving, he rounded the hood and drew up short when he came upon the left fender. His long, bony, olive face grew longer. His eyes, already so narrow you couldnt be sure if they were black or merely dark brown, turned to puzzled, downward-slanting slits. He opened the door and got in and gave her a sorrowful stare. There was an unexpected situation, Maggie told him. Just between here and the body shop? I heard Fiona on the radio. Thats five blocks! Just five or six blocks. Ira, Fionas getting married. He gave up thinking of the car, she was relieved to see. Something cleared on his forehead. He looked at her a moment and then said, Fiona who? Fiona your daughter-in-law, Ira. How many Fionas do we know? Fiona the mother of your only grandchild, and now shes up and marrying some total stranger purely for security. Ira slid the seat farther back and then pulled away from the curb. He seemed to be listening for something perhaps for the sound of the wheel hitting. But evidently her tug on the fender had done the trick. He said, Whered you hear this? On the radio while I was driving. Theyd announce a thing like that on the radio? She telephoned it in. That seems kind of . . . self-important, if you want my honest opinion, Ira said. No, she was just and she said that Jesse was the only one shed ever truly loved. She said this on the radio? It was a talk show, Ira. Well, I dont know why everyone has to go spilling their guts in public these days, Ira said. Do you suppose Jesse could have been listening? Maggie asked. The thought had just occurred to her. Jesse? At this hour? Hes doing well if hes up before noon. Maggie didnt argue with that, although she could have. The fact was that Jesse was an early riser, and anyhow, he worked on Saturdays. What Ira was implying was that he was shiftless. (Ira was much harder on their son than Maggie was. He didnt see half as many good points to him.) She faced forward and watched the shops and houses sliding past, the few pedestrians out with their dogs. This had been the driest summer in memory and the sidewalks had a chalky look. The air hung like gauze. A boy in front of Poor Mans Grocery was tenderly dusting his bicycle spokes with a cloth. So ...