

[DOWNLOAD] File size: 36.Mb

Letters from Skye



Par Jessica Brockmole
audiobook / *ebooks / Download PDF
/ ePub / DOC

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #242027 dans eBooksPubli le: 2013-07-04Sorti le: 2013-07-04Format: Ebook Kindle

[DOWNLOAD] Letters from Skye

Par Jessica Brockmole : Letters from Skye before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Letters from Skye:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurA sweeping love story told through letters, spanning two continents and two world wars. For fans of My Dear, I wanted to tell you, The Postmistress and The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society.UNITED BY LETTERS. SEPARATED BY AN OCEAN. DEVASTATED BY WAR.A letter isnt always just a letter. Words on the page can drench the soul.Elspeth Dunn, a published poet living on the Isle of Skye, answers her first fan letter from Davey Graham, an impetuous young man in Illinois. Without having to worry about appearances or expectations, Elspeth and Davey confess their hopes, dreams and fears, things theyve never told another soul. Even without meeting, they know one another. But as World War I engulfs Europe and Davey volunteers as an ambulance driver on the Western front, Elspeth can

only wait on Skye, anxious for his return; wondering if theyll ever get a chance to meet.

Chapter One
Elspeth Urbana, Illinois, U.S.A. March 5, 1912
Dear Madam, I hope you wont think me forward, but I wanted to write to express my admiration for your book, *From an Eagles Aerie*. Ill admit, Im not usually a guy for poetry. More often, I can be found with a dog-eared copy of *Huck Finn* or something else involving mortal peril and escape. But something in your poems touched me more than anything has in years. Ive been in the hospital, and your little book cheered me better than the nurses. Especially the nurse with the mustache like my uncle Phils. Shes also touched me more than anything has in years, though in a much less exciting way. Generally Im pestering the doctors to let me up and about so I can go back to my plotting. Just last week I painted the deans horse blue, and I had hoped to bestow the same on his terrier. But with your book in hand, Im content to stay as long as they keep bringing the orange Jell-O. Most of your poems are about tramping down lifes fears and climbing that next peak. As you can probably guess, there are few things that shake my nerves (apart from my hirsute nurse and her persistent thermometer). But writing a letter, uninvited, to a published author such as yourself this feels by far my most daring act. I am sending this letter to your publisher in London and will cross my fingers that it finds its way to you. And if I can ever repay you for your inspiring poetry by painting a horse, for example you only have to say the word. With much admiration,
David Graham
Isle of Skye 25 March, 1912
Dear Mr. Graham, You should have seen the stir in our tiny post office, everyone gathered to watch me read my first letter from a fan, as you Americans would say. I think the poor souls thought no one outside our island had ever laid eyes on my poetry. I dont know which was more thrilling to them that someone had indeed read one of my books or that the someone was an American. Youre all outlaws and cowboys, arent you? I myself admit to some surprise that my humble little works have fled as far as America. *From an Eagles Aerie* is one of my more recent books, and I wouldnt have thought it had time to wing across the ocean yet. However youve acquired it, Im just glad to know Im not the only one whos read the blasted thing. In gratitude,
Elspeth Dunn
Urbana, Illinois, U.S.A. April 10, 1912
Dear Miss Dunn, I dont know which made me giddy to hear that *From an Eagles Aerie* was among your most recent books or to get a response at all from such an esteemed poet. Surely youre too busy counting meter or compiling a list of scintillating synonyms (brilliant, sparkling, dazzling synonyms). Me, I spend my days robbing banks with the James Gang and the other outlaws and cowboys. I was sent your book by a friend of mine who is up at Oxford. To my shock and dismay, I have not seen your works in print here in the United States. Even a thorough search of my university library turned up nothing. Now that I know you have others lurking on the bookstore shelves, I will have to appeal to my pal to send more. I was astonished to read that mine was your first fan letter. I was sure it would be just one in a stack, which is why I went to such pains to make it fascinating and witty. Perhaps other readers havent been as bold (or perhaps as impulsive?) as I. Regards,
David Graham
P.S. Wherever is the Isle of Skye?
Isle of Skye 1 May, 1912
Mr. Graham, You dont know where my lovely isle is? Ridiculous! That would be like me saying Ive never heard of Urbana, Illinois. My isle is off the northwest coast of Scotland. A wild, pagan, green place of such beauty that I couldnt imagine being anywhere else. Enclosed is a picture of Peinchorran, where I live, with my cottage nestled between the hills around the loch. Ill have you know that, in order to draw this for you, I had to hike around the loch, trudge up the sheep path on the opposite hill, and find a patch of grass not covered by heather or sheep excreta. Ill expect you to do likewise when you send me a picture of Urbana, Illinois. Do you lecture in Urbana? Study? Im afraid I dont know what it is that Americans do at university.
Elspeth Dunn
P.S. By the way, its Mrs. Dunn.
Urbana, Illinois, U.S.A. June 17, 1912
Dear Mrs. Dunn (please excuse my presumption!), You draw as well as write such magnificent poetry? The picture you sent is sublime. Is there nothing you cant do? As I cant draw worth a dime, Im sending a few picture postcards instead. One is the auditorium at the university; the second is the tower on the library building. Not bad, huh? Illinois is probably as different from the Isle of Skye as a place could be. Not a mountain in sight. Once I leave campus, just corn as far as the eye can see. I suppose I do what any collegiate American does: study, eat too much pie, torment the dean and his horse. Im finishing up my studies in natural sciences. My father hopes Ill enter medical school and join him in his practice one day. Im not as certain about my future as he seems to be. For now, Im just trying to make it through my last year of college with my sanity intact!
David Graham
Isle of Skye 11 July, 1912
Mr. Graham, Is there nothing you cant do? you ask. Well, I cant dance. Or tan leather. Or make barrels or shoot a harpoon. And Im not particularly good at cooking. Can you believe I burned soup the other day? But I can sing fairly well, shoot a straight shot from a rifle, play the cornet (cant we all?), and Im something of an amateur geologist. And, although I couldnt cook a decent roast lamb if my life depended on it, I make a marvellous Christmas pudding. Forgive my frankness, but why devote all of

your time (and sanity) towards an area of study that doesn't grip your very soul? If I had had a chance to go to university, I wouldn't have spent even a moment on a subject that didn't interest me. I should love to think I would've spent my university days reading poetry, as there's no better way to pass the time, but after so many years masquerading as a real poet, there's likely isn't much a professor could teach me now. No, as unladylike as it sounds, I would have studied geology. My older brother Finlay is always out on the water and brings me rocks smooth from the ocean. I can't help but wonder where they came from and how they washed up on the Western Isles. There, now you know my secret wishes! I shall have to take your firstborn child in exchange. Or I suppose I could settle for a secret of your own. If you weren't studying natural science, what would you be studying? What do you wish you could be doing with your life above all?

Elspeth From the Hardcover edition. *Revue de presse* Letters from Skye is a captivating love story that celebrates the power of hope to triumph over time and circumstance. Vanessa Diffenbaugh, New York Times bestselling author of *The Language of Flowers* A remarkable story of two women, their loves, their secrets, and two world wars [in which] the beauty of Scotland, the tragedy of war, the longings of the heart, and the struggles of a family torn apart by disloyalty are brilliantly drawn. *Publishers Weekly* (starred review) Tantalizing . . . sure to please readers who enjoyed other epistolary novels like *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society*. *Stratford Gazette* A poignant tale of a stubborn love that bridges the lives and wars of two generations, *Letters From Skye* gives the reader a story to inhale as well as read, unfolding amid the gripping panorama of a changing world an absorbing and rewarding saga of loss and discovery. Kate Alcott, New York Times bestselling author of *The Dressmaker* A sweeping and sweet (but not saccharine) love story. USA Today [A] dazzling little jewel. *Richmond Times-Dispatch* Jessica Brockmole's *Letters from Skye* is a fascinating, lyrical tale of love and loss. Gracefully weaving the tales of lovers and brothers and sisters spanning two wars, Brockmole expertly explores the toll of both honesty and deception upon hearts battered by war and society's expectations. Melanie Benjamin, New York Times bestselling author of *The Aviator's Wife* Jessica Brockmole is a gifted storyteller who weaves beauty and emotion into her pages. *Letters from Skye* will tug at your heart and make you long for the salty air of the Isle of Skye. Sarah Jio, New York Times bestselling author of *The Last Camellia* From the Hardcover edition.