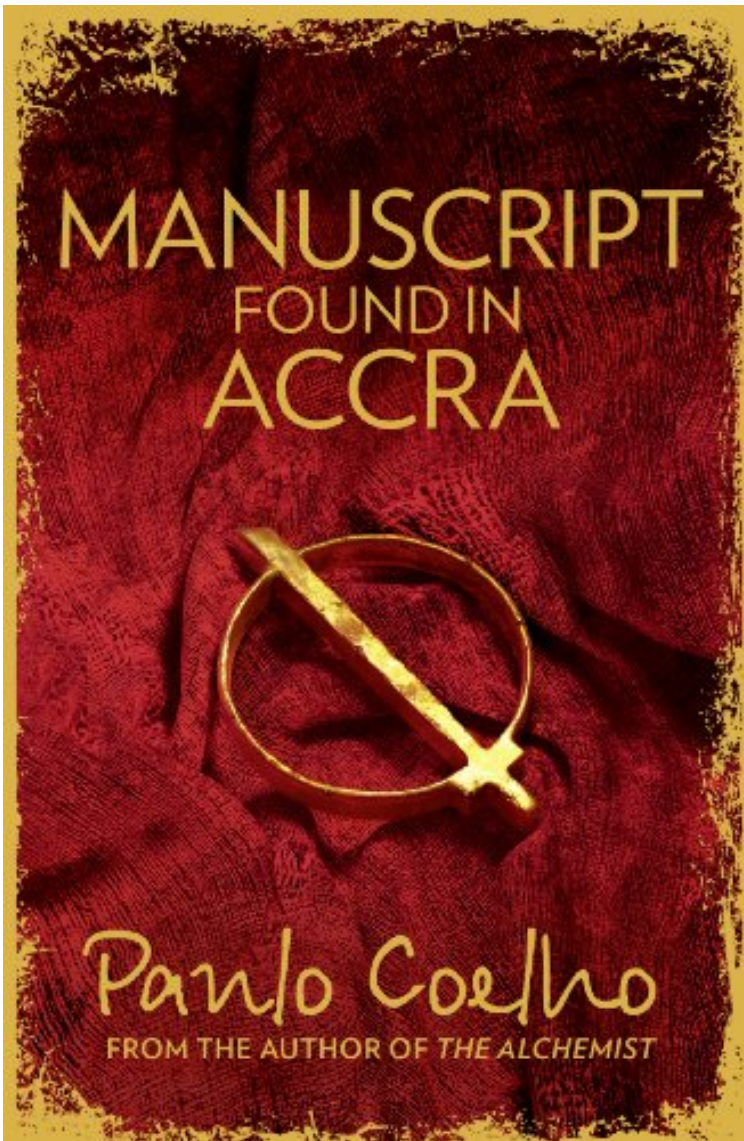


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Manuscript Found in Accra



Par Paulo Coelho

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurAnother incredible novel from the #1 internationally bestselling author of The Alchemist.July 14, 1099. The city of Accra awaits the invasion of the crusaders who have surrounded the gates. There, within the city walls, men and women of every age have gathered to hear the words of a mysterious man known only as the Copt. He has summoned the townspeople to address their fears with truth, hope and comfort.They begin with questions about defeat and struggle; they contemplate the virtues of loyalty and solitude; and they ultimately turn to questions of beauty, love, wisdom, and what the future holds. What is success? poses the Copt. It is being able to go to bed each night with your soul at peace.* * *Now, centuries later, the manuscript containing the Copts extraordinary insights on courage, solitude, loyalty and loss has been unearthed from a cave in Cairo.A Manuscript Found in Accra is a revelatory

exploration of our most enduring and transcendental values, and a testimony to everyday wisdom. Excerpted from the Hardcover edition Alas, that is not true. I am only twenty-one, my parents gave me love and an education, and I married a woman I love and who loves me in return. However, tomorrow, life will undertake to separate us, and we must each set off in search of our own path, our own destiny or our own way of facing death. As far as our family is concerned, today is the fourteenth of July, 1099. For the family of Yakob, the childhood friend with whom I used to play in this city of Jerusalem, it is the year 4859 he always takes great pride in telling me that Judaism is a far older religion than mine. For the worthy Ibn al-Athir, who spent his life trying to record a history that is now coming to a conclusion, the year 492 is about to end. We do not agree about dates or about the best way to worship God, but in every other respect we live together in peace. A week ago, our commanders held a meeting. The French soldiers are infinitely superior and far better equipped than ours. We were given a choice: to abandon the city or fight to the death, because we will certainly be defeated. Most of us decided to stay. The Muslims are, at this moment, gathered at the Al-Aqsa mosque, while the Jews choose to assemble their soldiers in Mihrab Dawud, and the Christians, who live in various different quarters, are charged with defending the southern part of the city. Outside, we can already see the siege towers built from the enemys dismantled ships. Judging from the enemys movements, we assume that they will attack tomorrow morning, spilling our blood in the name of the Pope, the liberation of the city, and the divine will. This evening, in the same square where, a millennium ago, the Roman governor Pontius Pilate handed Jesus over to the mob to be crucified, a group of men and women of all ages went to see the Greek, whom we all know as the Copt. The Copt is a strange man. As an adolescent, he decided to leave his native city of Athens to go in search of money and adventure. He ended up knocking on the doors of our city, close to starvation. When he was well received, he gradually abandoned the idea of continuing his journey and resolved to stay. He managed to find work in a shoemakers shop, and just like Ibn al-Athir he started recording every- thing he saw and heard for posterity. He did not seek to join any particular religion, and no one tried to persuade him otherwise. As far as he is concerned, we are not in the years 1099 or 4859, much less at the end of 492. The Copt believes only in the present moment and what he calls Moira the unknown god, the Divine Energy, responsible for a single law, which, if ever broken, will bring about the end of the world. Alongside the Copt were the patriarchs of the three religions that had settled in Jerusalem. No government official was present during this conversation; they were too preoccupied with making the final preparations for a resistance that we believe will prove utterly pointless. Many centuries ago, a man was judged and condemned in this square, the Greek said. On the road to the right, while he was walking toward his death, he passed a group of women. When he saw them weeping, he said: Weep not for me, weep for Jerusalem. He prophesied what is happening now. From tomorrow, harmony will become discord. Joy will be replaced by grief. Peace will give way to a war that will last into an unimaginably distant future. No one said anything, because none of us knew exactly why we were there. Would we have to listen to yet another sermon about these invaders calling themselves crusaders? For a moment, the Copt appeared to savor the general confusion. And then, after a long silence, he explained: They can destroy the city, but they cannot destroy everything the city has taught us, which is why it is vital that this knowledge does not suffer the same fate as our walls, houses, and streets. But what is knowledge? When no one replied, he went on: It isnt the absolute truth about life and death, but the thing that helps us to live and confront the challenges of day-to-day life. It isnt what we learn from books, which serves only to fuel futile arguments about what happened or will happen; it is the knowledge that lives in the hearts of men and women of good will. The Copt said: I am a learned man, and yet, despite having spent all these years restoring antiquities, classifying objects, recording dates, and discussing politics, I still dont know quite what to say to you. But I will ask the Divine Energy to purify my heart. You will ask me questions, and I will answer them. That is what the teachers of Ancient Greece did; their disciples would ask them questions about problems they had not yet considered, and the teachers would answer them. And what shall we do with your answers? someone asked. Some will write down what I say. Others will remember my words. The important thing is that tonight you will set off for the four corners of the world, telling others what you have heard. That way, the soul of Jerusalem will be preserved. And one day, we will be able to rebuild Jerusalem, not just as a city, but as a center of knowledge and a place where peace will once again reign. We all know what awaits us tomorrow, said another man. Wouldnt it be better to discuss how to negotiate for peace or prepare ourselves for battle? The Copt looked at the other religious men beside him and then immediately turned back to the crowd. None of us can know what tomorrow will hold, because each day has its good and its bad moments. So, when you ask your questions, forget about the troops outside and

the fear inside. Our task is not to leave a record of what happened on this date for those who will inherit the Earth; history will take care of that. Therefore, we will speak about our daily lives, about the difficulties we have had to face. That is all the future will be interested in, because I do not believe very much will change in the next thousand years.

Revue de presse
Coelhos writing is beautifully poetic but his message is what counts. Daily Express
His writing is like a path of energy that inadvertently leads readers to themselves, toward their mysterious and faraway souls. Le Figaro
His books have had a life enhancing impact on millions of people The Times (London)
An exceptional writer. USA Today
An intriguing and playful premise. The Boston Globe
Full of worthy musings and quotable quotes on a variety of subjects from solitude and love to beauty and miracles. . . . Like all Coelhos other works, the earnestness, simplicity and clarity of [Manuscript Found in Accras] prose start touching your soul and transforming your thoughts. The International Herald Tribune
Coelho . . . shows himself again to be a cerebral and subtle writer. The New York Journal of Books
Spiritualists and wanderlusts will eagerly devour. . . [Coelhos] search for all things meaningful. The Washington Post
Coelho masterfully presents his points wrapped in the familiar guise of an ancient story. Portland Book
A timeless and powerful exploration of personal growth, everyday wisdom and joy. Bookscan (London)