

BOOK THOUGHTS

BATCH 2



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

BOOK THOUGHTS: BATCH 2

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1. **WHEN BREATH BECOMES AIR – PAUL KALANITHI**
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BLUE = MEMOIR OR BIOGRAPHICAL

BLACK = FICTION

DARK RED = EDUCATIONAL

PURPLE = ESSAY OR STORIES

ORANGE = POETRY

MANHATTAN BEACH

Jennifer Egan



Beautiful prose transporting readers onto the pages →

How did the book make me feel/think?

Jennifer Egan's command of language is gracefully decadent, enthralling – transporting readers into a new-fiction you can almost touch.

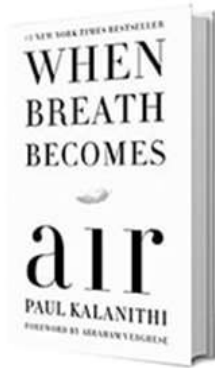
Fact: while reading a chapter of Manhattan Beach in a coffee joint (a section about building warships) Sink the Bismarck – (Tim Horton)* tickled my auditory senses through the shop's speakers – dropping me directly onto the pages. I kid you not.

Egan's writing is like attending a Master Class in how to create richly-descriptive, compelling prose – a talent most narrators would benefit by aspiring to emulate.

* When was the last, or only time, you heard: Sink the Bismarck?

WHEN BREATH BECOMES ~ AIR

PAUL KALANITHI



Uplifting. Engrossing. Heartbreaking. Heartwarming. Timeless. Beautiful!

How did the book make me feel/think?

I finished reading the last 60 pages of this breathtaking book at GIGI BLIN Market Cafe in Vancouver—the final 40 pages tears poured from my eyes—I did not care.

When Breath Becomes Air—is an uplifting memoir about searching for what matters in life; Paul Kalanithi was a neurosurgery resident and a thoughtful man.

He tried to understand the differences between the science of medicine and the needs and fears of his patients.

He desperately attempted to bridge the gap between the sufferings patients feel before and after invasive surgeries—and the medical teachings which cannot possibly allow doctors to understand what patients face.

That is the first half of this book: Spiritual, understanding, science and compassion are mixed into a pot, searching for deeper meaning.

I've had 17+ adult surgeries. Some left me in excruciating pain—far more significant than pre-surgery. I often questioned if the doctors understood what patients endure. No book could serve justice. I also thought maybe surgeons should have to experience the surgeries themselves, as ridiculous as that sounds.

Luckily, except for being put under, most of my operations were routine—serious only in administering the anesthetic. (Note: I am ecstatic when I searched anesthesiologist—I spelt it correctly).

In the second half of the book, Dr. Kalanithi becomes the patient. Terminal cancer attacks him. Throughout his journey to his demise, he becomes a genuine hero as he grapples with what is most important in life while he slips away. He becomes intuitive. Focusing his remaining time on finding meaning in living despite being ravaged by disease. His wife became a rock, with their love growing stronger each day. He fathers a child—barely holding onto life in the delivery room when his daughter comes into the world. My waterworks begin.

How can a book with such a devastating finality be uplifting?

I will leave it for you to read to find out.

Paul's writing is spectacular, gifted, and poetic. He, without question, will touch the hearts of every reader.

Whether you have experienced grave illnesses of a loved one, family member, or you – or have never faced the horrific cards of disease, yet – **When Breath Becomes Air** is a read, everyone will grow from reading. Paul's loss was not a tragedy. He gave so much of himself. Leaving behind for all, a warmth and understanding the world so desperately needs. Crying is therapeutic – my session was brilliant – maybe a tad troubling for the other patrons of Gigi's, but brilliant!

Thank you for your gift.

THE ART OF MEMOIR

MARY KARR



A righteously delicious writer's bible, for writers, and readers, alike.

How did the book make me feel/think?

If you read, write, or simply love the collisions memoirists face sharing their delusions as they battle with who they are, or who they are discovering – this book is the definitive bible for the craft; plus, much more, as if “plus?” can be added to “bible.” With each page turn, you’ll want to learn while being amazed by the lives of those who’ve found the courage to share theirs – influential writers, often troubled, who Mary highlights for us to study.

I found this book to be a free-flowing gem. It helped me immensely, in various ways:

1. I’m a memoirist, my memoir **“My Life on the Slush Pile (My Sister is My Mum)”** → will one day find a publishing home. **“The Art of Memoir”** helped solidify my hunch that my clarity – seeking delusions are essential, and the years of reliving painful life events have an endpoint worthy of sharing. It led me to a river where knowledge could be drunk up. With Mary’s ease of language, I found a thirst needing to be quenched. It helped me discover words I have been misusing, fuelling a desire to become a better writer. Amazingly, not annoying, as I kept reaching for the dictionary: Google.
2. And not only did this book provide me with inspiration, but it was also a delightful read, filled with humour and drama with each page-turn a note-takers dream.

Whether you write, enjoy reading, or simply have a thirst for knowledge, this book will not disappoint; and for those struggling with the life cards they’ve been dealt, it provides a reminder: The stories we live are worthy of introspection.

MORE BOOKS BY MARY KARR

Liars Club

Lit

Cherry

+++

THE GIRL WITH THE LOWER BACK TATTOO

AMY SCHUMER



Emoji. Emoji. Emoji.

How did the book make me feel/think?

THE REVIEW YOU are about to digest contains a collection of stories from my life cobbled together into a beautiful collage that may or may not have anything to do with the book. I'm a storyteller. I like telling stories. So, grab your favourite bevy and a comfy chair and, hopefully, enjoy.

Like the hit TV show **24 Legacy**, the stories I am about to share are in real-time, whatever the bleep, that means.

I guarantee all these stories are true, apart from the occasional dusting of alternatives.

I love Amy Schumer. I think it takes a whack of courage to invite an audience into the dysfunctional world of daily life. In her case—I'm glad she has survived, and her destiny is to turn her absurd buckets of familial pain into therapeutic doses of comedy.

I was first exposed to her comedic brilliance at the Colossal Megaplex Theatre on a dismal rainy Saturday afternoon. To escape the day's deluge, a friend (Jay) and I decided a day movie would fit the bill nicely.

Tickets paid for. Ticket-taker in front of us—the ticket-taker handed us 3D glasses. I happen to be blind in one eye, for story's sake, my blind eye. Because of my visual challenges, 3D is kind of pointless.

It was looking as if our rain avoidance was going to be a failure. Luckily, my friend happens to be thoughtful. My friend informed the clerk of the situation. And being that we were at a Megaplex—a different movie was selected: Amy Schumer's smash hit comedy **Trainwreck**.

We entered the theatre. The theatre was empty—at the end of the trailers, still empty. Five minutes into the movie, empty. So, we decided to do what any sane movie-goers would do. We had to take advantage of this delightful oddity. We—

—flashback to the past. The past happens to be the only thing you can flashback to. A different theatre complex, me alone, a movie was on the docket. I couldn't recall the movie's name, so I Googled: 2006 British movie about a university, with songs by New Order.

Google told me I went to see **History Boys**. Damn, Google, you're good!

I entered the theatre. It was empty. Five minutes in, empty. So, I took off my clothes and watched the movie naked.

Flash-forward back to **Trainwreck**, my friend and I took off our clothes. Later that day, I found popcorn in my special place, Mmm – buttery!

Trainwreck was side-splittingly funny. I laughed hard.

Wow. I'm a good reviewer. I came up with the above description all by myself.

Before I get to the **Tattoo** book, it has come to my attention there is a chance I may be fat.

My fucking mirror has been lying to me for quite some time. I was residing in denial.

Then one day, a Friday, I think, I dropped off swag to a client I hadn't seen in several months. When he saw me, he excitedly asked, "What happened to your head?"

I didn't understand the question.

A week later, another friend patted my belly and asked, "What month?"

I didn't understand.

The next day, I glanced at my reflection in a car window. I need to split some sides. I had a choice to make – either smash out all car windows I pass; or begin walking sideways. I chose walking sideways.

Another week passed another client visit, another pat on my belly.

Fuckers –

I'm frustrated. I work out hard, much like I laughed at the movie. What's going on; I'm down to the final belt hole – if I pass it, my belt will be useless.

There was no more denying my expanding girth. Sucking-in was no longer viable.

Sadly, I tried to drown my sorrows in beer. A different friend noticed my depressed state, offering me a gummy bear. I like gummy bears.

For whatever reason, I didn't think a friend pulling out warm, soft gummy bears that had been in his pocket all day was anything but ordinary.

Maybe, I should have. This same friend once offered me a cookie he had just baked. I ate the cookie. When I woke up the following day, I found fourteen litres of chocolate milk in my fridge.

The gummy bear was sure tasty

TIME PASSED

What else does time do?

I was no longer at the pub. I was sitting on my couch. My friend from the movie was with

me. The air was filled with letters of the alphabet flying by. *Cool, the letters of my name.* No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't rearrange them in the correct order.

My cat jumped onto the couch. Disturbingly, my cat was no longer a cat. My cat had morphed into a thousand two-headed rats, bad kitties.

Hundreds of parking garage gates started slamming all around me. I looked at my friend who was wearing some space-age-police-garb. My friend's job description was to detain anyone who was invading anyone else's space. I tried to sit still.

Wow, this music video is sixty-three-minutes long. Funny, the TV isn't on.

Sharp claws busted out of my knuckles. I better use my nails for good, I thought. Fortunately, my Space Cop was baking an endless number of bread loaves.

I gleefully sliced away.

Bakery work, complete. I figured sex would be nice.

Sex would be nice... man, I can write, nicely.

With sex on my mind and the mouth-watering scent of freshly baked bread wafting through my apartment – hmm – maybe a Bone Broth diet would alleviate my gut growth? I thought. The previous sentence, well, crap... that's what it was.

7 The next day it was time to stockpile broth. On the way to the Broth shop, my friend asked me if I was still gummied.

I didn't understand the question.

We stood in front of the Broth cooler, two minutes, three minutes... ten minutes.

Turkey, chicken, lamb, beef – turkey, chicken, lamb, beef –

The clerk approached.

"Can I help you?"

To which my friend replied, "Does the chicken broth come in any other flavour?"

With the broth in hand, it was time to get healthy. Before the health kick, it was time for another movie, [PATTERSON](#).

We entered the theatre. It was three-quarters full. Everyone was naked. Weird.

PATTERSON REVIEW

As for the movie: good, deep, I like movies about writers; the film has a writing premise.

I hope you enjoyed the review.

I HOPED ON the scale at the gym. 200.7 lbs — WTF — I covered my mirrors at home.

JUMP FORWARD TEN DAYS

The Broth fuel has been a success. I've dropped ten lbs. I decided to celebrate with more liquids, Ale. I was about to go home, happy with my results when a friend, sixty-three-years-of-age approached. Harry, a biker at heart, shorn head, like me. Harry loves my writing. Therefore, I like him.

Harry is a caricature. He is almost lifelike. There isn't a person he's met Harry hasn't offended. Harry likes shadow boxing in the sauna naked.

Harry's loud, belligerent, lovable. He once told me he invented a sex toy called the Suckutron 9000 (use your imagination). Harry says the perfect weekend is lining up an 8-ball, packets of Viagra, a couple dozen Pomegranate Coolers, mood lighting, and then strapping on the Suckutron. Disturbing

Anyway, Harry patted my belly and said, *"What's this?"*

At that moment, I concluded that most people may be getting the whole fitness quest wrong: We're all striving for something that doesn't exist, the after picture.

Isn't the before picture — our goal?

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Unless, of course, you started out the fat.

Pretty deep, don't you think?

I hope you are enjoying the cobbling, I bet you can almost hear the horse hooves.

Maybe, I will hop on the horse and take a pair of my damaged shoes to the cobbler. On the way, I will stop at the convenience store for some chocolate milk.

I think along the way, I may find the elusive before!

Work beckons. A worker asks Jeffer, a co-worker, if he knows where his cheque is?

Jeffer says, *"It may be at the corner store."*

I politely inform Jeffer the corner store is a middle store.

Jeffer flashed me a frustrated glance.

TIME FOR BROTH...

The **Tattoo** review is coming soon.

Let me do another mini review: Minus the gummies and fully dressed, my Friend and I (I only have one friend and luckily my friend's name is Friend, hence capitalized) headed to the Cineplex.

The movie: **Logan**.

I'm not sure a movie can be more violent. ⁽¹⁾

A couple next to us left because the couple couldn't handle the violence.

It's been a few weeks since the gummy bear, oh my, Logan, has claws.

In the movie, Logan's daughter also has claws. Together they skewer hundreds of people, gruesomely, disgustingly – no blood is left to be spilt.

Logan's daughter doesn't speak—until—in one scene, she watches Logan squirm as he sleeps. Then, when he wakes, she looks at him and calmly says, *"You were having a nightmare."*

I laughed and thought: About what?

Later in the movie, they arrive at a retreat for young mutants who have escaped from Mexico to North Dakota with the eventual plan to make it into Canada.

Evil chases them. The young mutants run. One of the young mutants, maybe ten-years-old, is black, fat, fatter than me. The black mutant's gut cutely dangles and jiggles when running.

THE GIRL WITH THE LOWER BACK TATTOO

Thank You, Miss Schumer, for cobbling the tattered chunks of your life together and helping us realize no matter how much dysfunction life throws at each of us, we can always find a way to laugh at the quagmire of our personal non-fiction.

Amy is a beautiful woman who, fortunately for us, invited us in for a therapeutic look at her life, and deftly, on any given page, can have us cringing, swearing, crying, worrying about her, and most of all, laughing-out-loud at dysfunction.

Stories told; I wonder if gummy bears come in chicken flavour.

THE END

In the future, Americans will complain Squid Game is far too violent.

THE ORPHAN MASTERS SON

Denis Johnson



Comedy meets tragedy and shares strands with the realities of life and death in a North Korean gulag...

How did the book make me feel/think?

This book drew me to it for three reasons:

- 1) I have (had) a dear friend at war with North Korea;
- 2) It was on somebody's (can't remember) books of the year list;
- 3) I am an orphan myself.

The story is about Pak Jun Do, an orphan in the secretive totalitarian nation of North Korea. He refuses to accept who he is—claiming to have a lost mother—she was a singer. The book takes readers on a voyeuristic trip highlighting with an excellent description of the horrors of living in a hermit state where worshipping the “Dear Leader” is paramount for survival.

Adam Johnson turns fiction into reality. Comedy meets tragedy and shares stands with the realities of life and death in a North Korea gulag—and ultimately exposes the beauty found in the innocence of love. This magnificent story grabs the reader. Once immersed, you cannot put it down.

On a personal note: I have researched the gulags. Johnson's descriptions, though gruesome, may not do the realities of the tortures dished out to hundreds of thousands of North Koreans whose only crime, where they were born, justice. Having a friend stationed just outside their border—frankly, scares me. The reality of the atrocities taking place today—would shock most!

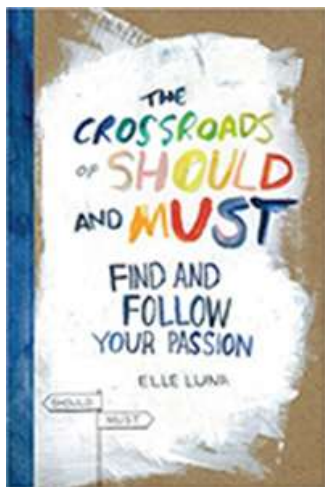
The world needs to see, and it is time for us to change course—if that is possible.

I highly recommend this book.

THE CROSSROADS OF SHOULD AND MUST

FIND AND FOLLOW YOUR PASSION

ELLE LUNA



*A one hour read that ~~should~~ **MUST** be part of school curriculum starting in GRADE 4 or 5 and revisited every year all the way into adult life until each of us arrive at **MUST**!*

How did the book make me feel/think?

"The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day when you find out why."

- Mark Twain

THE CROSSROADS OF SHOULD AND MUST be the last book one needs to read if they are looking for direction (a route to their passion) or simply need to know if they are on the right path. This is a fantastic book. It's not as much a self-help book about

living life to the fullest as it is a pep talk for all of us who dare to dream!

Many books out there are long reads that attempt to help readers identify the colour of a flying contraption that will supposedly help with the direction their life is supposed to take. Or books that, after reading, assign a series of letters to the individual like ETFSIGSOSGIESW. I may have exaggerated the number of letters – I'm sure you get the gist.

Anyway, I've read some of those books, and sure they may be helpful, but honestly, I think life is more straightforward than those books. **THE CROSSROADS OF...** simplifies the process. It suggests we keep learning, trying new things and then, just maybe, one day, you will come across whatever *floats your boat*, and when you do, you **MUST** go for it.

Just imagine if kids were to read this book every year, starting in grade school all the way into adulthood, they would have their dreams reinforced annually, and the chances of finding happiness and passion would skyrocket.

Wouldn't the world be a better place if we taught kids to chase their passions instead of being a well-rounded, generically educated spoke in society's wheel?

Sure, we need to do things along the way, like to earn a living + taking part in the world. I don't call these things should, but part of the path.

I find 'should' to be a guilt-inducing word we **MUST** get past.

I'm lucky. I have found my **MUST**. Thanks to the book, I've quit my job to pursue my **MUST**.

Oops, I quit prematurely. I needed my income to pay rent and eat.

Oh well, how bad could it get?

Living outdoors won't be so bad.

Luckily, I found 10 pallets, some rebar, 4 filing cabinets, 8 milk crates, shrink wrap, heavy-duty plastic, sheets of packing material (bubble wrap), 1 table, 2 discarded chairs, 8 wheels; and super strong large cardboard boxes.

Place the filing cabinets together after painstakingly tying the rebar and pallets together. Hollow them out so that they are like one giant filing cabinet.

Fastening the boxes to the pallets.

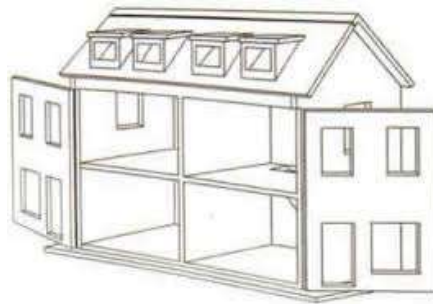
Putting the milk crates in sequence to create a staircase.

Position the bubble wrap on the top of the filing cabinets to create a loft space.

Placing the table and chairs inside the filing cabinets.

Reinforcing the boxes with sheets of plastic and shrink wrapping the entire unit.

Oh yeah, and cutting windows and a door... well, my new home!



FRESHLY LISTED ON AIRBNB: \$325 PER NIGHT

Don't quit your income producing endeavours until your MUST is ready to support your needs and your family. The book HIGHLIGHTS this reality. Follow it.

Just keep moving upward:



Your happiness depends on it!

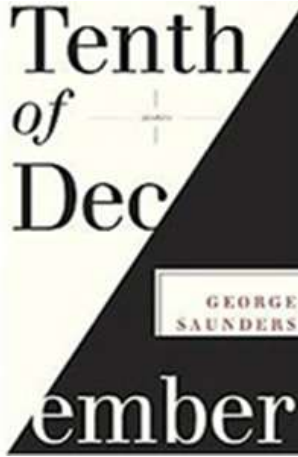
Thank you, ELLE LUNA, for writing this excellent book. I've read it twice. I will read it again and again and again... my MUST is upon me. Hopefully, others will read this book and find theirs!

One last thought: it drew me to this book because of the cover. Beautiful!

Don't worry, I haven't quit my career.

THE TENTH OF DECEMBER

GEORGE SAUNDERS



Each story made me think... sometimes hard...'

How did the book make me feel/think?

George Saunders is a New York Times bestselling writer of American short stories, essays, novellas, and children's books. His writing has appeared in The New Yorker, Harper's, McSweeney's, and GQ, among other publications. **Wikipedia.**

Mr. Saunders, you are one smart dude.

Your book was bleeping fantastic. Come on; stories about class, sex, war, loss, trauma—begging moral questions with every stroke of the key. You've masked non-with fiction. You must've derived your stories from observation of the conditions/direction of

humanity and then dropped creativity to a new level.

I don't know. Maybe it is your constant level. I loved your book, mostly. I found some stories that gripped me, like the tormented individual being subjected to pharmaceutical experiments for the betterment of humankind or the boy whose choices appeared to be an act or not—a decision that could lead to the demise of a young man's neighbour.

Was it really a love story?

I guess you've left the interpretation in the reader's mind.

What I loved the most: Each story made me think... sometimes hard... as I became lost in your intelligence. I like to think I'm reasonably intelligent; however, I felt I needed to go sit in the corner and pout about what I was not getting.

That would quickly pass... not quickly... about a day after reading the book when a light blasted on; "Oh... I get it."

Anyway, I loved it, mostly. I write. I strive to write better. I think I am writing well now. Because of your outrageous creativity → I'm frightened I don't write well.

I dropped a chunk of your book (typed) into a WORD document; WORD suggested it was mistake-riddled.

Thank you for bringing me to the realization: WORD is not always infallible.

MY VERDICT

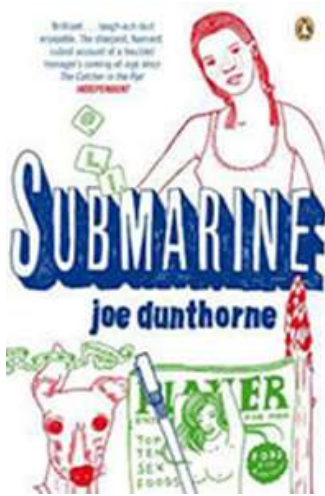
Buy this book, Learn—Read—Share; Think—Write. Thank you, Mr. Saunders; you've helped me become a wee-bit smarter. LAUGH.

ONE QUESTION

Do you write on caffeine or something with a tad more kick?

SUBMARINE

JOE DUNTHORNE



Un-PC + Scattered + Awkward + Quirky + Fresh + Timeless + Cool = Us?

How did the book make me feel/think?

Oliver Tate is fifteen. He is beyond awkward; he is mean-spirited, his friends; few – are mentally disorganized. He does not fit in. The mundane repetitiveness of life is breaking his parents. Oliver fights to hold them together. Oliver finds love. He desperately tries to understand life while sabotaging himself with his delightful weirdness. His girlfriend's (Jordana's) mum is sick – a tumour. Jordana's dog becomes critically ill. Oliver figures if he euthanizes the dog, he will have prepared Jordana for loss – the dog should go first.

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He writes stories in his diary-turned log- turned back to a diary. She reads the stories.

His love begins to falter.

"Oliver – I'm breaking up with you."

"No, you're not. Look, trust me, you're just having a nonage."

"What?!"

Submarine is about coming of age and has garnered comparisons to *Catcher in the Rye*, and it really has.

I loved *Submarine* a tippie more.

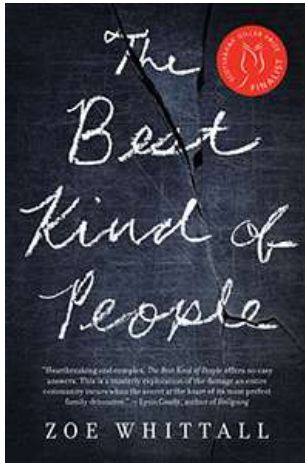
Oliver's twisted-bizarreness may be crass, but it is smashingly brilliantly-side-splittingly-funny without question.

I think there may be a little Oliver in each of us!

There is a movie to boot, I will watch it, I really will!

THE BEST KIND OF PEOPLE

ZOE WHITTALL



A complex, riveting story grappling between morality and family support – pain filled, disturbing.

How did the book make me feel/think?

THE SETTING

Avalon, a lily-white town filled with the affluent, privileged – bringing up what some might call entitled youth – born with silver spoons in their mouths. A community shrouded in the darkness of “have.”

THE CAST

George: Born into wealth, filthy rich. A hero who thwarts a school shooting, he settles for becoming a teacher in life. He is beloved. He is the teacher-of-the-year, year-after-year – until charged with four counts

of sexual assault on young students.

Joan: A dotting loving wife + a sharp-as-a-tack nurse.

Sadie: A near-genius, athletically gifted, beautiful daughter.

Andrew: A gay (of course) son who escaped the shadows of Avalon for the openness and bright lights of New York.

Clara: Sadie’s heartless sister.

Elaine + Jimmy + Kevin

Elaine: a woman who wanted a child – chose to go it alone.

Jimmy: her son, a product of insemination + Sadie’s boyfriend.

Kevin: A struggling past-relevant author, Elaine’s partner.

THE STORY

I wanted to love this novel – mostly – I did.

I had to keep reminding myself it was fiction.

The story starts with George saving the day by stopping an active shooting situation by risking his life. He instantly becomes a hero. George has the perfect family – the perfect wife – the perfect life?

His life crumbles, and George faces four counts of sexual deviance of young students on a ski trip.

I loved **The Best Kind of People** because it took an original take on a complicated subject by, mostly, taking the main character out of the plot. They incarcerated him with no chance for parole and with limited interaction with his family.

Whittall tackles sexual assault, deception, darkness, secrecy, and rips apart the fight for understanding + the survival of the main characters.

Is the assessment misdirected?

Although most of them sit in silence, community support amongst adults skews toward George, with devastating results for his accusers.

Whereas classmates shunned Sadie, as youth crawl over each other in battles for popularity, Joan becomes an emotional waste, barely holding onto reality. Andrew returns to support his family – reliving his past and what it was like to be gay in a community with deep closets. He reveals a secret love of his own – a moral question between gay and straight, hidden in the past.

The characters are not lovable. But, somehow, I pulled for them. Without George at the forefront, each took the stage, flaws, and all.

What would you do if a member of your family committed a sexual crime?

Would you stand with them in support?

Would you believe innocent until proved guilty?

Alternatively, would you assume the worst and fall into a world where you try to piece life together without fully knowing whether it will fall apart?

I struggled with the assumption of guilt.

With George in prison + limited communication with his family, he said, “I am being set up,” the lack of storyline addressing his innocence – didn’t seem real. Indeed, his wife, daughter, or son, would’ve been given more of a story than “I am being set up.” Without question, they would have stood by – after all, he had been a hero, a perfect husband, and a father.

17 The lack of addressing guilt or innocence in more detail led to an assumption of responsibility. Page-after-page, his story was not entirely told.

How could it not have been?

The backstories are fascinating. Although part of the fiction, the struggles mostly translate fictitiously: had the family reduced to defeat – there appeared to be no fight – no genuine support; a perfect life became a secret life draped in darkness before the light was to reveal the truth.

Would you assume guilt?

Before I go, Kevin, the once-relevant-writer, and Sadie...provide a twist amongst the twisting and turning storylines wherewith her father lost, she...?

The Best Kind of People bounces between George’s family members as they try to navigate murky dark truths they do not know. It is a gripping emotional roller coaster that tugs at every ounce of readers’ moral fibres with every turned page, as they ask themselves: how would I feel, what would I do, and can love survive, the dark depths of unfaithful, on a level rarely seen?

The main character, in the background, not having a voice; missed an opportunity – that is okay – the moral questions are essential; I remind myself: this story is fiction.

THE NEW ASIAN HOME

KENDRA LANGETEIG



Beautiful Homes + Asian Influences + Harmony between Life & Nature + Dazzling Photography.

How did the book make me feel/think?

The New Asian Home is a wonderfully illustrated book about combining Asian influences and nature to create amazing homes in-tune with nature.

This book is a perfect complement to your coffee table. Whether you are an architect; carpenter; looking to build your dream home or; just like to dream—**The New Asian Home** is an insightful addition to your collection. Dare to dream!