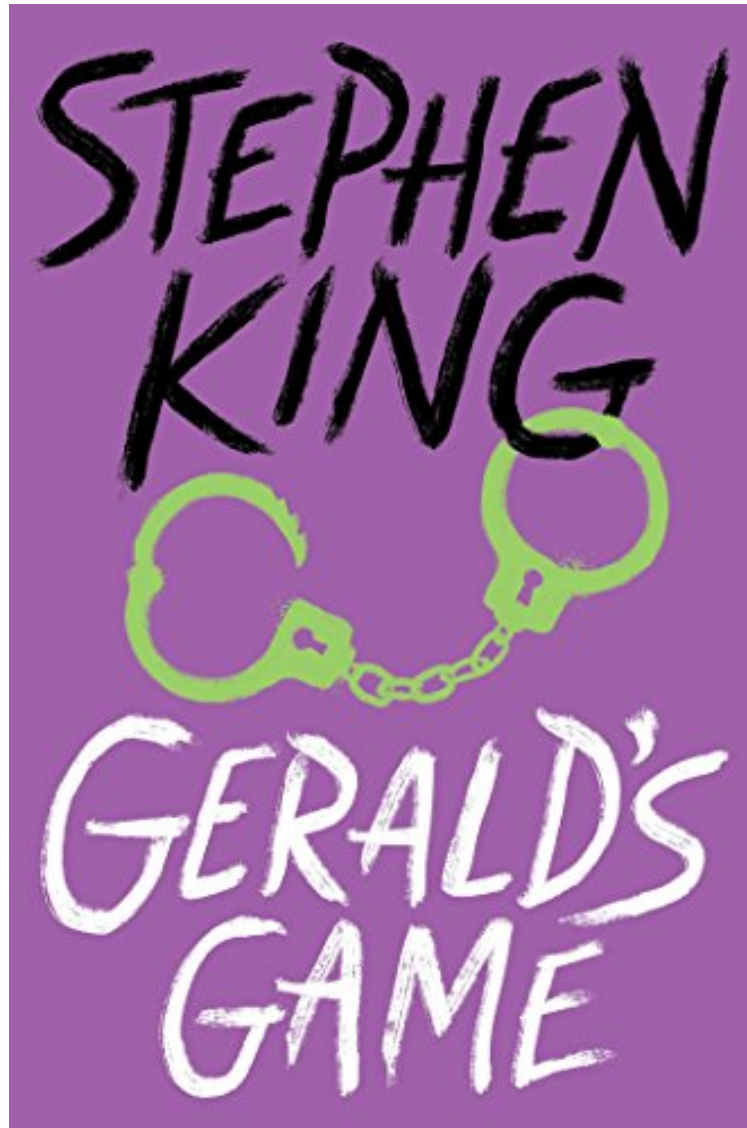


(Free read ebook) Gerald's Game (English Edition)

Gerald's Game (English Edition)

Von Stephen King

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Von Stephen King : Gerald's Game (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Gerald's Game (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Gutes Buch!Von The TransmanLieferung problemlos, Produkt wie erwartet okay. Nichts weiter zu sagen.Preis nicht zu teuer, alles flott gegangen.Kann ich weiterempfehlen.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. best collectionVon hihai'm not a big fan of novellas and short stories, but this book made me think otherwise the storiers

offered in this collection are worth every second you spend with them0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. LieblingsbuchVon Spyro

KurzbeschreibungNow a Netflix movie directed by Mike Flanagan (Oculus, Hush) and starring Carla Gugino and Bruce Greenwood. Master storyteller Stephen King presents this classic, terrifying #1 New York Times bestseller. When a game of seduction between a husband and wife ends in death, the nightmare has only begunAnd now the voice which spoke belonged to no one but herself. Oh my God, it said. Oh my God, I am all alone out here. I am all alone. Once again, Jessie Burlingame has been talked into submitting to her husband Gerald's kinky sex gamesomething that she's frankly had enough of, and they never held much charm for her to begin with. So much for a romantic getaway at their secluded summer home. After Jessie is handcuffed to the bedpostsand Gerald crosses a line with his wifethe day ends with deadly consequences. Now Jessie is utterly trapped in an isolated lakeside house that has become her prisonand comes face-to-face with her deepest, darkest fears and memories. Her only company is that of the various voices filling her mindas well as the shadows of nightfall that may conceal an imagined or very real threat right there with herFrom Publishers WeeklyWhile this is one of the best-written stories King has ever published, it will offend many through sheer bad taste. Jessie and Gerald Burlingame have been married for 20 years. Kinky sex is Gerald's game; lately he has taken to handcuffing his wife to the bedposts. During one such session, via a series of bizarre circumstances, Jessie accidentally kills her husband, and for the next 28 hours she is trapped. King effectively uses this tragicomic conceit to take us deep into the mind of "Goodwife Burlingame."sic For the first third of the book he is at the top of his form, creating in Jessie one of his most intense character studies. Then, Jessie's ruminations lead her to remember a long-repressed episode of incest that is startling not because it becomes a central element of the plot, but because the details of the sexual relationship between father and daughter are salaciously--and lengthily--described. The gory stuff--how Jessie escapes her handcuffs, for example--is prime King, but this is subsumed in the book's general tastelessness. A lame wrap-up to what might have been a thrilling short story only further compromises the enjoyment readers might have found in this surprisingly exploitative work. 1.5 million first printing; \$750,000 ad/promo; BOMC main selection. Copyright 1992 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Kirkus sKing takes it over the top, way over the top, in an exquisitely horrifying frightfest about a woman forced to face her deepest fears--and then some. Jessie Burlingame, 39, is getting plenty tired of being handcuffed to the bed of her Maine summerhouse by her attorney-husband, Gerald, so that he can play his silly sex games. So when Gerald refuses to uncuff her, she kicks him in the family jewels, accidentally smashing them to kingdom come--and the terror begins. Each hand cuffed to a bedpost, the keys out of reach, Jessie howls for help--and is answered by a feral dog that proceeds to chow down on Gerald's face in lavishly described, muscle-shredding detail. As the long hours pass, cramps bite like iron jaws into Jessie's own flesh; but they're nothing compared to the thirst raging through her. Can she somehow reach the glass of water on the shelf above her head? It takes the most tightly controlled writing King's ever done to find out, but soon even the thirst pales beside the guilt-gargoyles that Jessie's mind begins to throw up, all pointing at the sun-eclipsed day so long ago when she became much more to Daddy than just his little girl. The minutes tick by, each an agony--and King's just warming up. Night falls: What's that shadow in the corner? The one with the smirking face of Death? And how can Jessie, growing into a heartbreakingly brave heroine, escape? She tugs and tugs at her wrists but can't slip them past the cuffs. Is there a hot, sticky lubricant at hand? He's not really going to describe that, is he? But, with a ferocious gleam in his eye, King does, out-splatterpunking everyone else on the planet in a tour de force that--even given some overindulgent psychologizing, awfully strong echoes of *Cujo* and *Misery*, and a long, peculiar anticlimax--is his most wrenching novel to date. This one is really scary. -- Copyright 1992, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.