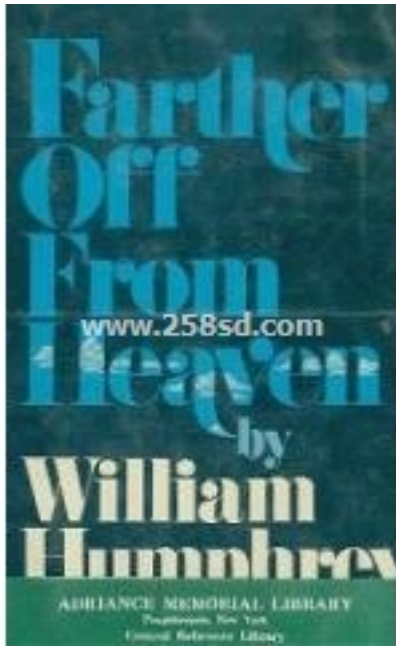


Farther Off from Heaven



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著者:

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\ "SON! WAKE UP I Wake up I Son!" wake up!\ "
> My mother's voice came to me as though through
> water. I could sense her urgency but trying to wake
> was like trying to save myself from drowning--or
> rather like having given up trying to save myself
> surrendering to it. Consciousness shone dimly above
> me like sunlight from under water but after each effort to
> rise to it my tired mind sank back deeper into the
> soothing dark. \ "Son! Wake up! Wake up! Son!"
> I felt myself being shaken as one is when he is
> brought out of the water dying. I could no more wake
> up than I could come back to life. I had been permitted to stay up late the evening before
> that and the evening before that to celebrate the Fourth
> of July~ and I was just turned thirteen. I had never
> before been wakened at three o'clock in the morning.

>THE FOURTH OF JULY fell that year--1937--on a Sun-
day. Thisi¼Œ in a county town like oursi¼Œ Clarksvflllei¼Œ Texasi¼Œ
meant that there was no Sunday that week but rather
two Saturdays.
Saturday in Clarksville was always a holidayi¼Œ the day
when everybody came to town--Sundays when nobody
did. Children were free from schooli¼Œ and from Sunday s
sanctimonies and restraints. The storesi¼Œ with all their
waresi¼Œ their wondersi¼Œ were open; and even when you
could not buyi¼Œ you too could look. Food forbidden to
you all week you were allowed to buy from the street
vendors who appeared that day. Stand for just an hour
anywhere on the public squarei¼Œ and the tireless circling
of shoppers and strollers brought round to you in turn
~Q

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