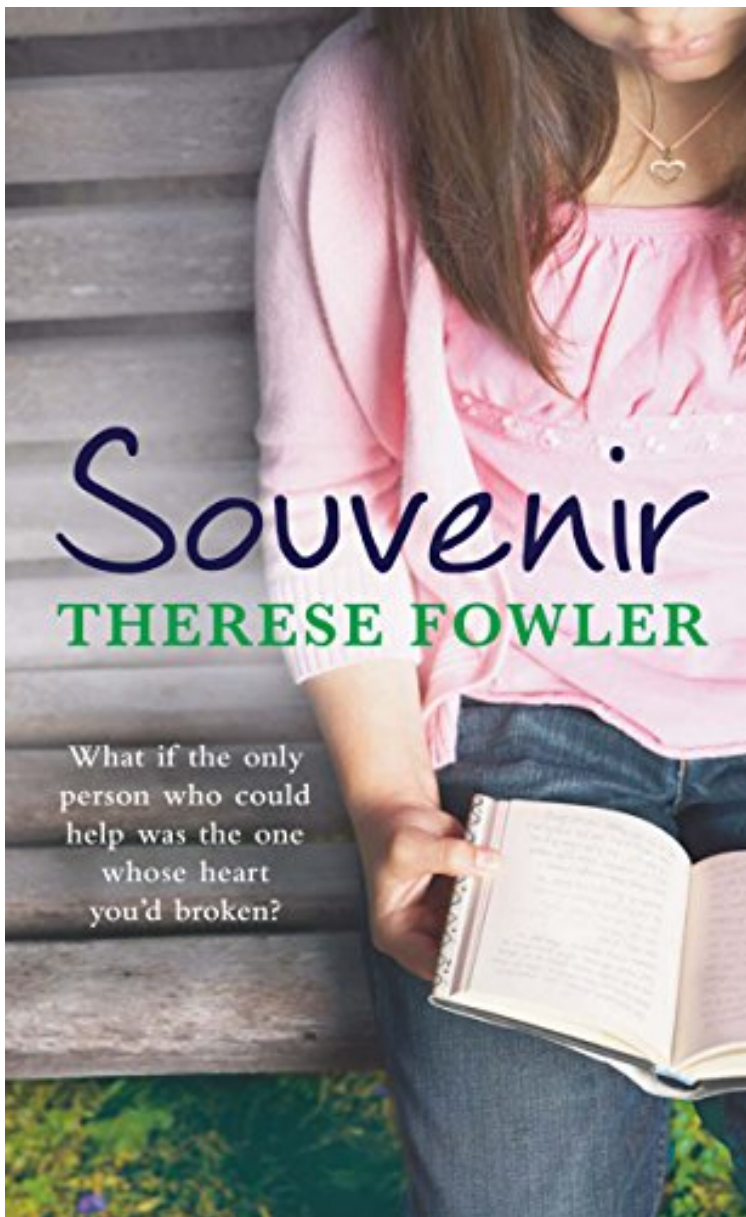


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Souvenir



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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurWhat if the only person who could help was the one whose heart you'd broken?A captivating and heartrending novel of lost love, family secrets and betrayal from a major new talent.'Memories are like spinning blades; dangerous at close range.'Meg Powell and Carson McKay were soulmates. Until Meg inexplicably walked away and straight into the arms of another man.While Meg set about building a career and a family and trying her best to forget Carson he poured his soul into the music that was to make him an international superstar.Now, twenty years later, Meg is forced to confront the past and hidden truths in the pages of her late mother's diaries little knowing that her teenaged daughter Savannah

is playing with fire, creating a secret life on the internet that sucks her into a dangerous world. Then Carson arrives back in town just as Meg finds out startling news which will change her life for ever. ExtraitOne

Reminders. Meg didnt need more of them, but thats what she got when her father let her into his new apartment at the Horizon Center for Seniors Wednesday evening. He held out a plastic grocery bag. Whats in there? Notebooks, from your mothers desk, he said. Take em now, before I forget. He did more and more of that lately, forgetting. Idiopathic short-term memory loss was his doctors name for his condition, which right now was more an irritation than an issue. Idiopathic, meaning there was no particular explanation. Idiopathic was an apt term for Spencer Powell, a man who lived entirely according to his whims. Meg took the bag and set it on the dining table along with her purse. This would be a short visit, coming at the end of her twelve-hour day. Hospital rounds at seven am, two morning deliveries, a candy-bar lunch, and then four hours of back-to-back patients at her practicewomen stressing about episiotomies, C-section pain, stretch marks, unending fetal hiccups, heavy periods, lack of sex drive, fear of labor. And still four hours to go before she was likely to hit the sheets for five. An exhausting grind at times, but she loved her work. The ideal of it, at least. So how was today? she asked, taking the clip out of her shoulder-length hair and shaking it loose. Are you finding your way around all right? Colorful place, he said, leading her to the living room. He sat in his recliner why did old men seem always to have one, fraying and squeaky, with which they wouldnt part? Pair o guys over in wing C got a great system for winning on the dogs. The greyhounds, he meant. Is that right? she asked, looking him over. He looked spry as ever, and his eyes had regained the smile shed never seen dimmed before last fall. His hair, once the brightest copper, had gone full silver, making him seem more distinguished somehow, silver being more valuable. Distinguished, but no less wild than before a man whose mind was always a step ahead of his sense. His diabetes was in check, but since her mother had died suddenly seven months earlier, Meg felt compelled to watch him closely. She was looking for signs of failing health, diabetic danger signals: swollen ankles, extra fluid in the face, unusual behaviors. All his behaviors were unusual, though, so that part was difficult. The other difficult thing was how he kept confronting her with random pieces of her mothers life. A pitted chrome teapot. Stiff and faded blue doilies from their old dining hutch. Rose-scented bath powder, in a round cardboard container with a round puff inside. Last week, a paper bag of pinecones dipped in glitter-thick wax. Trivia from a life forever altered by the sudden seizure of Anna Powells heart, like a cars engine after driving too long without oil. Yeah, those boys said they win moren they lose, so whats not to like about that? Heymy left kidneys acting up again. Steady pain, kinda dull, mostly. What dya spose thats about? Call Dr. Aimes, she said, as she always did when he brought up anything relating to his kidneys. Tomorrow. Dont wait. He looked all right but then, shed thought her mother had too. What a good doctor she was; she shouldve seen the signs of runaway hypertension, shouldve known a massive heart attack was pending. She never should have taken her mothers word that she was doing fine on the blood pressure medication, nothing to worry about at all. Her father frowned in annoyance, as he always did when she wouldnt diagnose him. What good are you? If you go into labor, Ill be glad to help out. Otherwise, tell Dr. Aimes. She would remind him again when she called tomorrow. His apartment was modestone bedroom, one bath, a combined diningliving area, and a kitchen but comfortable, furnished mostly with new things. Hed sold the business, Powells Breeding and Boarding, along with the house and all the property, in order to move here. She didnt know the financial details because hed insisted on handling that part of things himself. But he assured her he could afford to modernize a little, as hed put it. Meg looked around, glad to not see much of her mother here. Memories were like spinning blades: dangerous at close range. Her mothers empty swivel rocker, placed alongside the recliner, would take some getting used to. If her father would just stop regurgitating things from the farm or send them to her sisters, all of whom wisely lived out of stateshe might be able to get comfortable with the new order. Was that his strategy, too? Was he giving things away so that he didnt have to be reminded of his loss every time he opened a closet or a drawer? He certainly wasnt much for facing the past, himself. The past was where all his failures lived. Well, they had that in common. He pulled the recliners lever and stretched out. So yeah, Im doin fine. Whynt you bring Savannah over Sunday; well have dinner in this establishments fine dining room. They just put in one of them self-serve ice cream machines, you know what Im talking about? Toppings, too. Youghta see the old farts elbowing each other to get there first! If Id known this place was so entertaining, Idve moved Mom here. This would be her kind of place, dont you think? Lots of biddies around to cackle with. Sure, she wouldve liked it a lot, Meg said. The farm had overwhelmed her mother perpetually, even after Brian and his father officially Hamilton Savings and Loan forgave her parents mortgage as promised. In the years afterward, Meg liked to take her mother out to lunch for a break and a

treat; she offered her spending money (as she secretly did her sisters too), but the reply was always, Oh, heavens no, Meggie. You've done so much as it is. Besides, you know your father. She did. Though cursed with a black thumb for profits, he was too proud to let her put cash in their hands. He hadn't been too proud, though, to let her encourage her to take Brian's offer. That was different; no money changed hands. Meg hadn't had to give up anything Carson didn't count. It was her choice anyway, that's what he always said. Hey, why don't you bring our girl over here for dinner Sunday? He said this as if the idea had just occurred to him. She stood next to his chair, noting how his invitation didn't include Brian intentionally? I'll do that, she said. Right now I need to get going. Okay, fine, go on, Miss Hectic Schedule. I know, you got things to do. You oughta enjoy the ride a little more, though. Now that you can. Don't you think? I'm fine here, everything's settled. I don't know why you don't just get on with your life. Now that she could? What was he talking about? He continued, You're not happy. I've known that for a long time. Move forward, Meggie, while you're still young. She looked at him quizzically; he didn't always make sense, but he hated having it pointed out and kissed him without pursuing it. I'm fine, Dad, she said. It's just been a long day.

From the Hardcover edition. From Publishers Weekly: The melodrama is thick and heavy in Fowler's debut. Meg Powell turned her back on the love of her life, Carson McKay, to marry Brian Hamilton, the scion of a banking family who saved her parents' farm from foreclosure in exchange for her hand. Now, 16 years later, Meg and Brian are so busy with their careers that they overlook their 16-year-old daughter, Savannah, who has typical adolescent concerns about being pretty and popular. Carson, meanwhile, has become a rock star and is now on the verge of marrying a much younger surfing champion, but he's never gotten over Meg. Trouble comes as Meg is diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's disease and Savannah meets an unsavory 23-year-old man online who woos her with the kind of positive reinforcement she wants to hear. Unfortunately, Fowler does little to create narrative tension or well-rounded characters: Meg and Carson reunite before Meg's health declines, Brian is a predictable schmuck, and Savannah gets a rough comeuppance at the hands of her bad news beau and his pals. The bungled handling of saccharine material limits this would-be tearjerker. (Mar.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.