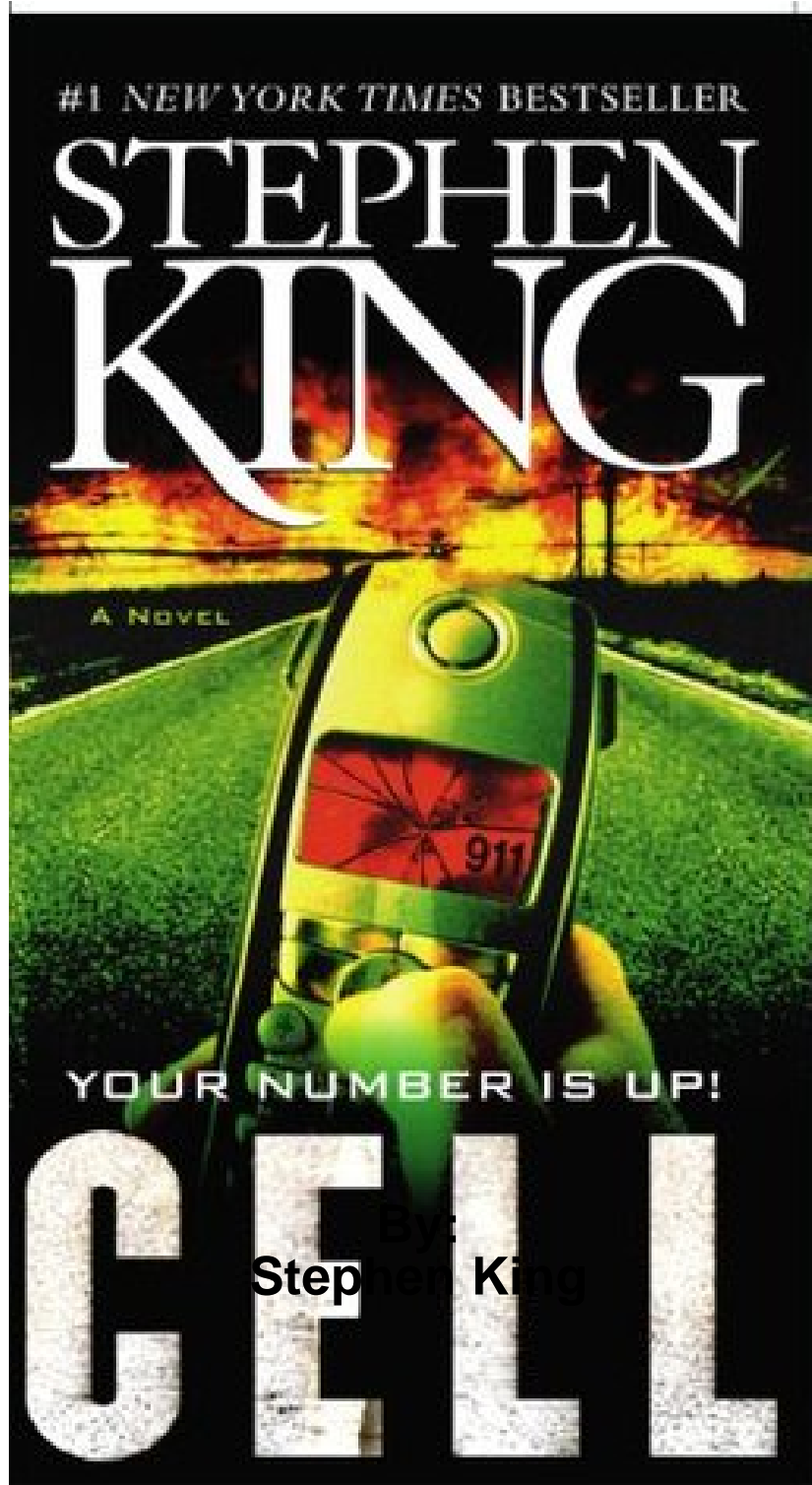


Cell Book PDF Download



DOWNLOAD CELL BOOK PDF - BY: STEPHEN KING

[Download: Cell Book PDF Full Version](#)

Cell Book PDF Summary -

Are you looking for Ebook Cell by Stephen King? You will be glad to know that "Cell" Book PDF is available on our online library. With our online resources, you can find Applied Numerical Methods, All Books by **Stephen King** or just about any type of ebooks, for any type of product.

We suggest you to search our broad selection of eBook in which distribute from numerous subject as well as topics accessible. If you are a college student, you can find huge number of textbook, paper, report, etc. Intended for product end-users, you may surf for a whole product manual as well as handbook and download them for free.

Our library is the biggest of these that have literally hundreds of thousands of different products represented. You will also see that there are specific sites catered to different product types or categories, such as

[Download: Cell Book PDF Full Version](#)

YOU MAY ALSO LIKE TO READ BOOKS LISTED BELOW:

What people Say:

Leah Williams

Literary critics can moan all they want about Stephen King's "penny dreadful" oeuvre, but his mastery at the craft of storytelling is indisputable. King writes his novels like a seduction, the story unfolding delicately and deliberately. As any Stephen King fan knows, his coy expository chapters often take up the first hundred pages or more. In *Cell*, however, the reader is brutally dragged into the main action--unspeakable, senseless violence--within the first seven pages. *Cell* is by far King's

Literary critics can moan all they want about Stephen King's "penny dreadful" oeuvre, but his mastery at the craft of storytelling is indisputable. King writes his novels like a seduction, the story unfolding delicately and deliberately. As any Stephen King fan knows, his coy expository chapters often take up the first hundred pages or more. In *Cell*, however, the reader is brutally dragged into the main action--unspeakable, senseless violence--within the first seven pages. *Cell* is by far King's most brutal, transgressive work to date.

Many have compared *Cell* to his earlier epic, *The Stand*. On the surface, the novels are quite similar: an apocalyptic event threatens the very existence of the human race as a band of survivors struggle to come to terms with the carnage and avert further catastrophe. *Cell*, however, is the far more mature novel of the pair. *The Stand* was, in many ways, a novel by an idealistic youth, whereas *Cell* is filled with the trenchant and world-weary observations of an adult. The subtext is laden with so much chillingly apt futurist rhetoric that it is as though the author had Marshall McLuhan whispering plot devices and metaphors into his ear as he labored over his typewriter. King manages to explore several of the major sociocultural conflicts of our time, most persuasively the end of the era of individualism and the rise of collectivism, here symptomatic of heavy reliance on technology. Whereas many dystopian novels are almost comically blunt when expounding upon the dangers of collectivism, King's horrific plot and action give his metaphors a sort of subtlety that renders his subtext much more graceful and easier to stomach than the work of Ayn Rand.

As the epigraphs indicate, it is also a meditation on the intrinsic violence of the human race. King clearly feels as though the world is out of control and wants to find out why. His preferred genre, horror, is an excellent one with which to consider the depravities of modern life. *The Stand* was a novel that, if not upbeat, was at least optimistic--a reflection of the times in which it was written. There was also violence, but it had its own biblical logic, if violence can ever be called logical. In *Cell*, the violence is senseless, oppressive, and omnipresent. There seems to be little promise for a better world... at least not one inhabited by human beings.

Many reviewers took issue with the unresolved ending. Considering the subtext of the novel, however, the reader will find that the ending's abruptness actually informs the sense that *Cell*, besides being an excellent horror yarn, is a meticulously painted portrait of the horrors of global culture. The many crises of our time are still developing and mutating. The end is not yet, it seems,

in sight.

Carol

Chris

I don't know where to start. I don't know what to say. I own about 30 Stephen King books, I believe I have read them all. Strange enough, it seems like just as I started getting into the King of

Horror, his talent began to dwindle. I think it was when I was in sixth grade that I started digging him and becoming a fan, and at about that same time he began to put out books that pretty much anyone with a brain will concede are not nearly the clean-up hitters that his first works were. Carrie, Pet C

I don't know where to start. I don't know what to say. I own about 30 Stephen King books, I believe I have read them all. Strange enough, it seems like just as I started getting into the King of Horror, his talent began to dwindle. I think it was when I was in sixth grade that I started digging him and becoming a fan, and at about that same time he began to put out books that pretty much anyone with a brain will concede are not nearly the clean-up hitters that his first works were. Carrie, Pet Cemetery, Christine, Cujo, The Stand, The Shining...esteemed and awesome for the most part, only to be replaced with the likes of Gerald's Game, The Woman Who Loved Tom Gordon, Insomnia, and the Green F@cking Mile.

There's something wrong in that, I was always under the belief that the more experience you have in your craft the better you will eventually get, unless you're an absolute nimrod. Well, Mr. King proves me dead-fricking wrong, especially with the release of Cell, a novel I can't quite find a word for. Disappointing? No, I was expecting about as much. Poor? Too rich for this trash. Feeble? Getting warmer.

I want to put this to bed rather quickly, after all, Stephen King has written more than a few badass books and I'd rather not dwell on the poor bastard's dwindling talents as he progresses in age and rocks out in his crappy band, "Bookwyrms". Ok, so his band isn't called Bookwyrms, but it ought to be; it shows that in one second I came up with a more powerful and awesome name than he ever could. His band doesn't matter here, what matters is that King had the great idea of making a back-to-the-basics horror novel, and what better subject matter than zombies! Flucking zombies man! Maybe Steve is the only one who hasn't realized it, but zombies have been beat to death (no pun intended) in recent media via horror films and video games. Not to mention that the Zombie King, the venerable George Romero, has produced some rather slick zombie films in his "Dead" series recently, one example is Land of The Dead, which King liberally rips off with the idea of zombies evolving in this novel, although Romero isn't gay enough to consider having them evolve super powers including levitation, thought-control, and telepathy. Thank god.

King, however, is down with this wishy-washy, flimsy shit, and it's not surprising that the novel starts to nosedive about the time the undead begin using their newfound powers. Like all King novels that center around droves of mindless minions of evil, there is one badass leader zombie that seems to be running the show, and he's the only character that I can really even recall from the book, how f@cking pitiful is that, especially since the only reason I can imagine the dude is because he's such a archetypical figure that this is his only real intent.

The story plods along after all cell phones receive some sort of "pulse" which leads to the poor f@cker on the phone becoming a zombie. If I recall correctly, that's the only thing which turns people into zombies, the Pulse. Now, I understand King is trying to make a point on society through the sheer number of zombies, but let's face it, the number of people this would effect is

not that fucking catastrophic. In Cell, it is, almost 75% of the world seems to either have been zombified, or is in immediate danger due to someone else's transformation into a zombie. This sheer mathematical impossibility annoyed me throughout the course of the story. Adding to my troubles, the main character, Clayton (of all fuggin names), is hell-bent on finding his family, he'll do anything just to see if they are alive or dead, blah blah blah. I think another character was a homo and of course there was the ever-present Crafty Child. All dicking around while the zombies grew more powerful through their unnatural cerebral enhancements. Boring.

Edward Lorn

Five stars for the first half. One star for the last 200 pages, wherein King drags his ass like a dog infested with roundworms.

is a five-star read all the way up to the halfway mark. You got crazies running around,

on tender bits, and a likable crew of misfits trying to stay alive. Underneath it all, King is stoking the fires of 9/11, trying to keep the fear alive a full five years after the towers fell in a half-ass attempt to scare you with real-world issues. The Phonies

Five stars for the first half. One star for the last 200 pages, wherein King drags his ass like a dog infested with roundworms.

is a five-star read all the way up to the halfway mark. You got crazies running around,

on tender bits, and a likable crew of misfits trying to stay alive. Underneath it all, King is stoking the fires of 9/11, trying to keep the fear alive a full five years after the towers fell in a half-ass attempt to scare you with real-world issues. The Phonies (I do not type that word with a straight face) speak in a garbled, almost-arabic language. Slap turbans on King's version of zombies and you have a strong argument for racist propaganda. Did King do this on purpose? Mayhap he did. Mayhap he didn't. Either way, 'MURICA!

There's this climax that takes place around midway through the book. King shits the bed after that. What action you do find on the downhill side of this novel is tired, rehashed bullshit from the first half

of the book. It's honestly like reading two different books. King even repeats the big scene in the middle further down the road, but by then, the cool factor has disappeared. You can't have barbecue every night, friends and neighbors. It's fucking great on Friday, especially when beer's involved, but more of a pain in the ass on Saturday because you're still hungover from the night before and that goddamn grill is making you sweat pure ethanol.

This is either my second or third read through of

. Can't remember, but it's certainly not my first. Because of this, I let Campbell Scott read it to me. He does a fine job at the narration, but the production quality is iffy at times. Sounds levels are fucked. He'll be really low one minute (not whispering, just low) and then he'll be loud (not yelling, just loud). Sometimes, the tone of his narration changes, as if he's started reading as another character. I still don't think this is his fault. I think it's the quality of the recording, which, in my honest opinion, is utter dogshit.

Before we hit the Conspiracy Theory section of our program, I must say that I firmly believe King got in way over his head with this book. There's a reason why

Paul

I suddenly realised half way through this book that it is really a zombie novel. After a shower I felt better and rationalised that this was occupying my "wouldn't normally read this" slot in my book consumption; sigh of relief.

I must admit that I did enjoy some of King's early novels, but this was so far fetched and ridiculous (Am I really saying "It" wasn't?). The plot is simple. Somehow, someone sends a pulse through the mobile phone system which wipes clean a person's mind and sends them ba

I suddenly realised half way through this book that it is really a zombie novel. After a shower I felt better and rationalised that this was occupying my "wouldn't normally read this" slot in my book consumption; sigh of relief.

I must admit that I did enjoy some of King's early novels, but this was so far fetched and ridiculous (Am I really saying "It" wasn't?). The plot is simple. Somehow, someone sends a pulse through the mobile phone system which wipes clean a person's mind and sends them back to basics and they become unreasoning killers. Those that survive the bloodbath begin to flock together and develop a sort of telepathy. Meanwhile those that didn't hear the pulse and survived the bloodbath also group together and a struggle for survival begins.

Sometimes books like this are good mindless fun and I do enjoy well written thrillers. King does write

well and is a natural storyteller; but there is something insidious at the heart of this. Basically (and this is actually said in the book), when everything is stripped away from men and women; what is left - MURDER. This, quite simply, is the Doctrine of The Fall (not Mark E Smith's rather good Manchester band), as found in the Old Testament. We are born in sin and are wicked at heart; our first instincts being to kill rather than care for each other. That is the problem with this book; that premise. Nature and nurture matter not; we are hard-wired to Murder.

In my more depressive moments I realise we have created an economic system which destroys the weak and poor rather well and we regularly elect governments that play and build on xenophobia and the evils of those who are different. However, in my heart I believe we all have that spark that would rather care for others than destroy them. That's the problem with this book.