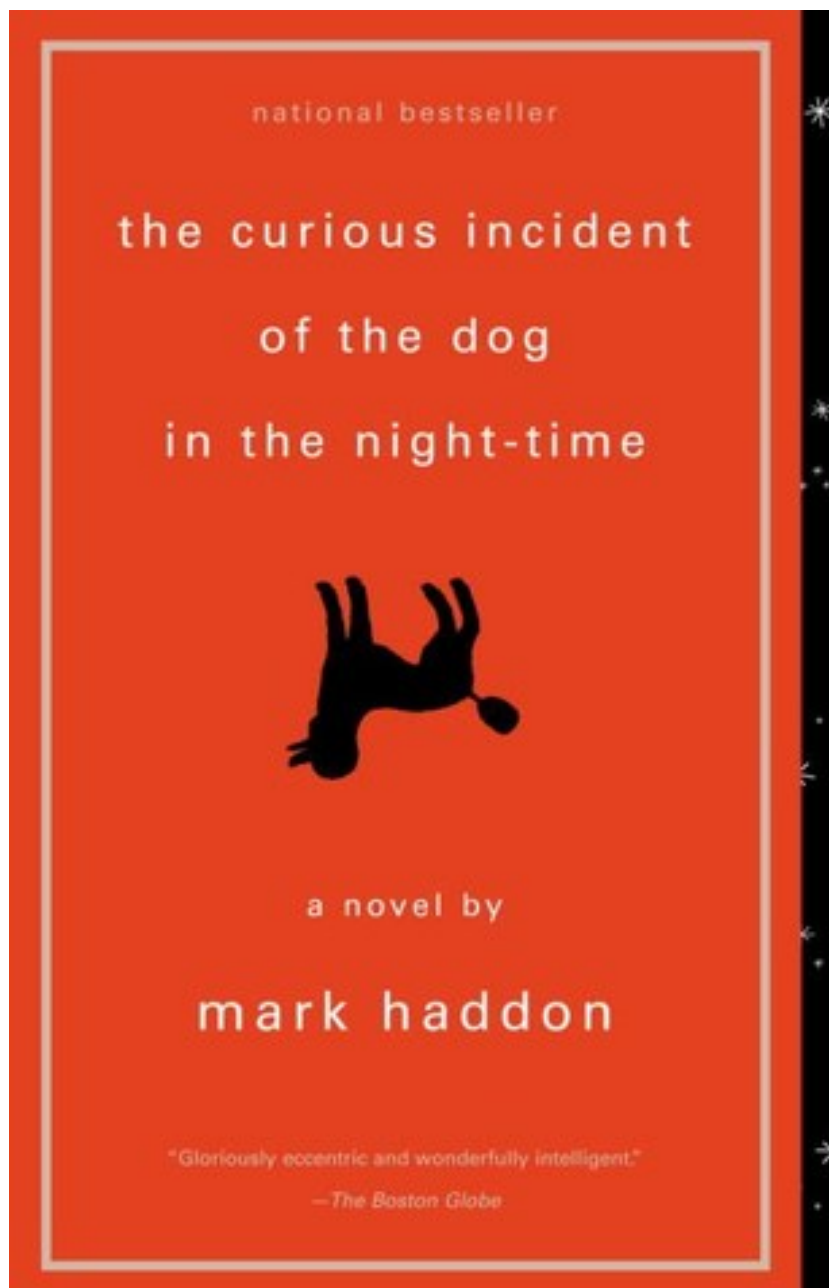


The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time Book PDF Download



By:
Mark Haddon

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Sean

This book I read in a day. I was in a Chapters bookstore in Toronto (that's like Barnes and Noble to the Americans in the crowd) and anyway I was just browsing around, trying to kill time. When suddenly I saw this nice display of red books with an upturned dog on the cover. Attracted as always to bright colours and odd shapes, I picked it up. It's only about 250 pages or so. I read the back cover and was intrigued. I flipped through the pages and noticed that it had over One Million chapters. I

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So I walked over to the far wall of the bookstore to sit and begin to read a few pages. I always do this to ensure that I don't waste what little money I have on a book possessing nothing more than a flashy cover. (I do the same at the cinema - if I don't like the first 20 minutes, I get a refund. Restaurants, too: if I don't like the first ten bites, I walk out on the bill).

This is a book written by a Child Developmental Psychologist - I think that's the right term... - anyway, a doctor who works with mentally or physically challenged youngsters. The novel itself is a first person tale written by a high-functioning, mentally challenged boy in England who wakes up one morning to find his neighbor's dog dead on his lawn. The boy's teacher suggests he should write about the incident, which he eagerly sets out to do. So we have his first "novel", "The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time". He plays Inspector and tries to solve the mystery as Sherlock Holmes would do...

Of course, if he's going to write a book, that means he can take control. He hates the way other books have chapter numbers that increase sequentially (1,2,3). He prefers prime numbers and will number his chapters in sequential primes - hence, by the end of the book, you're reading chapter 123,314,124 or whatever (I ain't no math guy ;)

Now then, he also writes about other things in his life and through his perspective you get some tear-jerking moments of true, unobstructed humanity: the way his parents broke up because of his state, how he has all these dreams about being someone great and going to a top college, even though you know that his situation will never really allow it.

Anyway. I read this book cover to cover sitting on the floor of that Chapters bookstore. By the end of it I was absolutely bawling my eyes out. Never cried so much in my life. In fact, as I type this and think back on that story, I'm dripping on my keyboard (and I'm at my office!). However - these are tears of joy. The boy does it. He can do anything. It's the most uplifting book I've ever read.

I highly recommend this book to anyone who feels anything deep down inside.

Chris

Absolute garbage. Easily the worst book I've read in 2008, and certainly a contender for Worst Book I've Ever Read. This crap won the prestigious Whitbread Book of the Year honors, and while I have absolutely no idea what that entails, I firmly support both the eradication of this farcical

award and the crucifixion of anyone on the selection committee that nominated this stinking smegma.

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I'd seen this book prominently featured at many shops (mayhap Oprah was currently endorsing it as worthy fare), so when I saw a copy at a resale shop for ~fifty cents, I figured some poor sucker out there somehow managed to prove they know less about the value of a dollar than I do. This was both slick and sweet, even if the book blew, I could probably unload it on ebay and manage to actually make some money out of the deal. In that circumstance I'd place my first call home in 2008; my folks would be so proud to see my enterprising nature finally surface.

I will not be selling this book, as my conscience won't let me dupe someone quite that badly. I will instead be using it as kindling for the next bonfire I start while camping. This would be fitting, seeing as I read it while camping over Memorial Day weekend, and I would have rightfully disposed of this in the fire at that time, except I wasn't completely finished suffering through it until the drive home. Also, I had nothing else to read. I can say that this book taught me one thing; I solemnly vow only to bring a book I enjoy while secluded from the outside world from this day forth. This is about the third time I've gone camping and brought some utter crap along, only to wish I had anything else, hell, I'd have started reading the damn bible if it meant forsaking The Curious Incident..

Much less, during this ill-fated camping trip, the Midwest was being absolutely hammered with inclement weather of all sorts. TORNADOS were tearing the ass out of Iowa, both Wisconsin and Illinois were flooding to the point that if I actually had been reading the bible I'd have contemplated the construction of an ark, Michigan was being devastated by ball-lightning and thunderstorms a-plenty, and Indiana, well, Indiana sucks no matter what the weather is, even if beset by an event similar to that legendary whack shit in Tunguska it could only serve to make the place slightly more interesting to inhabit.

Rather comically, the campground had a good number of ~seasonal campers (aka total hicks) that were just chilling in their trailers, sporting mullets and getting all stoked to some Kid Rock. While hail pummeled the area, t-storms unleashed an epic deluge, and tornados were spotted touching down and killing people, the hicks took all this in perfect stride. Git r done! Git on ere! they hooted merrily, apparently oblivious to the fact that their lives were potentially in jeopardy. In these conditions not a single one bothered to put on a shirt, seemed completely content

to sit on their cooler and polish off their 12-pack of Coors, and didn't mind their inbred, unkempt kids running around barefoot and sopping wet, certain to die of pneumonia should god decide (for some unfathomable reason) not to reclaim their souls with his twister. The women, predominantly pregnant, were also unfazed, brazenly ignoring the reports of nearby boy scouts getting killed and also gleefully chugging Coors, which I'm sure will only assist in assuring that the next generation of scruffy bastards hailing from Elk's Ass, Illinois to be just as pitiful as their progenitors.

In order to blend in with the natives, I peeled off my top, kicked off my shoes, scratched my nuts generously before picking my nose, and continued drinking, acting as nonchalant as possible in 90 mph winds while getting pulverized with all forms of precipitation. For some reason I was still regarded with suspicion by the locals, and it wasn't until later that I realized that the clue that tipped them off that I wasn't one of their ilk was the act of reading. I wonder, when they embrace this uppity act of reading themselves will they begin noticing the surgeon general's warnings that smoking and guzzling hooch shouldn't be the norm for the preppers in their clan? That's not really my problem, but I'll remain slightly concerned as these freaks only live about a hundred miles away.

As a bonus for anyone sticking it out this far in eager anticipation of something which might resemble rationale for why 'The Curious Incident' sucked so bad (in my estimation), I shall now present it. I'd also like to note that the uncomfortable expectation of being leveled by a tornado is about five hundred times more enjoyable than this book.

Thus begins the part of the review that I'm assuming will prompt the parents of autistic people worldwide to recommend I go fuck myself, to which I'll just let them know right now that if I could, I wouldn't be dicking around on goodreads. If my simple-minded slander is going to bother you, go find something more worthwhile to do.

karen

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if you want to read an excellent book about autism in a young person, read

. this book is like hilary swank - you can tell it is trying really hard to win all the awards but it has no heart inside. and yet everyone eats it up. COME ON!!

no one likes gimmicks.

Oriana

This is the most disassociating book I've ever read. Try to read it all in one sitting -- it will totally fuck with your head and make you forget how to be normal.