

(Read and download) File size: 79.Mb

The Gathering: Number 1 in series



Par Kelley Armstrong
*ebooks / Download PDF / *ePub /*
DOC / audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #298521 dans eBooksPubli le: 2011-04-07Sorti le: 2011-04-07Format: Ebook Kindle

(Read and download) The Gathering: Number 1 in series

Par Kelley Armstrong : The Gathering: Number 1 in series before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Gathering: Number 1 in series:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurThe world seemed to dip and darken and I smelled wet earth and thick musk and fresh blood. The wind whipped past, like I was running. Running so fast the ground whizzed beneath me and the wind cut across my skin . . . Maya Delaney has always felt a close bond with nature. The woods around her home are a much-loved sanctuary - and the pawprint birthmark on her hip feels like a sign that she belongs.

But then strange and terrible things begin to happen in the tiny medical-research town of Salmon Creek (population: 200). The captain of the swim team drowns mysteriously in the middle of a calm lake. Mountain lions appear around Maya's home, and won't go away. Her best friend, Daniel, starts experiencing 'bad vibes' about certain people and things. One of those people is Rafe - the new bad boy in town. What is

he hiding - and why is he suddenly so interested in Maya . . . ?

SERENA STOOD ON THE rock ledge twenty feet above the lake, singing in a voice known to bring tears to the eyes of everyone who heard it. Everyone except me. For Gods sake, Seri, I said, just dive already. Serena stuck out her tongue and shifted closer to the edge, toes wrapping around it. She bounced there, blond ponytail bobbing, cheeks puffing. Then she dove. It was, as usual, an effort worthy of the Olympics, and she sliced into the water so smoothly that barely a ripple pinged across the glassy surface. She popped back up, sleek as a seal. Your turn, Maya! I flipped her the finger. She laughed and dove again. Serena was the swimmercaptain of the school team. Its not my thing, really. This was the part I liked, just sitting on the rock ledge, bare feet dangling. I basked in the morning sun, drinking in the rich, late-summer air and the perfect view of the crystal-clear lake, the distant snow-capped mountains, the endless evergreens. As Serena swam to the middle of the lake, I squinted over at the path, looking for a familiar blond head. Daniel was supposed to join us. Daniel and I had been friends since Id moved to Salmon Creek when I was five. Then, last year, there had been a school dance where the girls were supposed to invite the guys, and Serena thought we should draw straws to see who asked Daniel. I liked him, but not the way Serena did, so Id fixed the game so shed win. Theyd been together ever since. As Serena swam back toward me, I stripped to my bra and panties, dropping my clothes into the bushes below. Ooh la la, she called. Check out the new undies. Did some amazing friend finally take pity and buy you grown-up stuff? Yes, and shed better be right about them not going seethrough when they get wet.

Otherwise her boyfriend is going to see a lot more of me than shed like. Serena laughed. Theyll be fine. Whites your color. Shows off your tan. I shook my head at her and plaited my long black hair. I dont have a tan. Im Native. Navajo, maybe. Id been adopted as a baby and my mother hadnt been around to fill in any background forms. I climbed farther up the rocks and stopped at one overhanging the lake. As I balanced there, Serena called, Hey, those low riders show off your birthmark. Did you ask your parents about getting that tattoo? My fingers dropped to the mark on my hip. It looked like a faded paw print, and I wanted to get it tattooed so it would show up better. Mom says maybe when Im sixteen. Dad says when Im sixty. Hell come around. She flipped onto her back and floated. He always does. You should do it for your sixteenth birthday next year. Well get your mom to take us over to Vancouver, make a weekend of it. Ill get one, too. I want a nightingale, right over my boob, so when I get up on stage in my sexy dress, cut down to She flailed suddenly. Maya! She went under. Disappeared completely, like a hook had dragged her down. I jumped into the water, and I hit it wrong. Pain smacked me so hard I gasped. Water filled my mouth and my nose. I swam out in a frantic dog paddle. I could see the rings where Serena had gone under. They seemed to get farther away with every clumsy stroke I took. I treaded water, looking around. Serena? No answer. If this is a prank to get me in the lake, it worked, I said, my voice quavering. When she didnt reply, I dove. As I went under, panic hit, like it always did my gut telling me this was wrong, dangerous, get above the surface or Id drown. The normally clear lake was brown, churned up dirt swirling through it, and I couldnt see. I shot up from the water. Help! I shouted. Someone! Please! I dove again, blind and flailing, praying my hand or foot would brush Serena. Shes been under too long. No, she hadnt. Serena could hold her breath forever. Last year, wed timed her at a swim meet and shed stayed under for five minutes before the coach ran over and made her stop. I couldnt hold my breath even for a minute. I bobbed up again, gasping. Maya! I followed the shout to the shore. The sun glinted off the wet rocks and I blinked. Then I glimpsed blond wavy hair and a flash of tanned skin as Daniel yanked off his shirt. Its Serena, I shouted. She went und My kicking leg caught on something. I tried to pull, but it tightened around my ankle. I went under, screaming. Water filled my mouth as it closed over my head. I fought, kicking and twisting, trying to grab at whatever had me. My fingers brushed something soft, and my brain screamed Serena! I tried to grab her, but I was dragged deeper and deeper until my feet hit the bottom. Then, whatever was wrapped around my ankle fell away. I pushed up through the murky water. But as soon as my feet left the lake bottom, I couldnt tell where the surface was anymore. Everything was dark. My lungs burned. My head throbbed. I kept fighting my way up. Oh God, let it be up. Finally I broke through. I felt the sunlight and the slap of cool air, only to go back down again. I pushed up, but couldnt stay afloat, couldnt seem to remember how to tread water. My whole body ached.

Staying above was such a struggle, it was almost a relief when the water closed over my head again, peaceful silence enveloping me. I had to struggle not to give in, had to force my arms and legs to keep churning, get my head back above. Arms grabbed me. They seemed to be pulling me under and I struggled against them. Maya! Daniel shouted. Its me. I didnt care. I needed him to let go of me, leave me be, let me breathe. He gripped me tighter, wrapping one strong arm around me as he swam. I told Daniel to let me go, that I could make it to shore, just find Serena, please find Serena. He thought I was still panicking and kept

hauling me along until, finally, he heaved me onto the rocks. Serena, I gasped. Get Serena. He hoisted himself up and scanned the shore and I realized he hadn't understood. Oh God, he hadn't heard me. Serena! I yelled. She went under. I was trying to find her. His eyes widened. He twisted and plunged into the lake. I huddled there on a rock, coughing, as he swam out. I watched him dive and come back up. Dive and come back up. Dive and come back up . . . They dragged the lake that afternoon and found Serena's body. Her death was ruled an accidental drowning. A healthy teenage girl, captain of the swim team, had drowned. No one knew how it happened. An undertow. A cramp. A freak panic attack. There were plenty of guesses but no answers. Soon all that was left of Serena was a monument in the school yard. The town moved on. I didn't. Something had happened in that lake, something I couldn't explain. But I would. One day, I would. *Revue de presse* Comfortably mixing science, myth, and mystery, Armstrong creates a vivid world highlighted by appealing characters. Fans and newcomers alike will be eager for more after Armstrong's story drives to its pulse-pounding climax. (Publishers Weekly) Armstrong begins her new series with a swift-paced start, creating memorable characters and interesting premises. (Booklist)