

## [PDF] Into the Blue by Par Robert Goddard eBook (Android & iPhone)

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*Présentation de l'éditeur* Harry Barnett is a middle-aged failure. Leading a shabby existence in the shadow of a past disgrace, he is reduced to caretaking a friend's villa on the island of Rhodes and working in a bar to earn his keep. Then a guest at the villa - a young woman he had instantly and innocently warmed to - disappears on a mountain peak. Under suspicion of her murder, Harry stumbles on a set of photographs taken in the weeks before her disappearance. Obsessed by the mystery that has changed his life and determined to clear his name, he begins to trace back the movements and encounters that led to the moment when she vanished into the blue. The trail leads him back to England, to a world he thought he had left for ever - and a past he has tried desperately to forget.

*Extrait* Chapter One If she should return now, of course, or even five minutes from now, it would still be all right. The thought that he might never see her again could then be dismissed as a delusion, an absurd over-reaction to an excess of solitude and silence. And from the notion that, at any second, she would return, calling to him as she came down the track, part of his mind could not be dislodged: the orderly, housetrained, rational part. It was only in the chaotic realm of instinct and sensation that a contrary suspicion had taken root, only, as it were, in the part of himself that he did not care to acknowledge. Besides, Harry had every justification for blaming his anxious state on the position in which he found himself. To spend three-quarters of an hour sitting on a fallen tree trunk halfway up a pine-forested mountainside, whilst the warm glow of the afternoon sun faded towards a dusky chill and silence--absolute, windless, pitiless silence--quarried at the nerves, was enough to test anyone's self-control. He wished now that he had gone with her to the summit, or stayed in the car and listened to the radio. Either way, he really should have known better than to wait where he was. He stubbed out the fourth cigarette of his vigil and took a deep breath. It was growing cold now in the shadow of the mountain, yet the coastal plain below was still bathed in warm, golden sunlight. Only here, on the thickly conifered slope, or out there, invisible but palpable in the clear, frozen air, could the waning of the day no longer be ignored. Why had she not returned? She could scarcely be lost, not with the guidebook and a compass. After all, she had been to Profitis Ilias before, which Harry never had. Nor, if the truth be told, did he ever want to again. Two hours ago, he had been basking in the sun at a terrace table of a psarotaverna just down the coast, lighting the first cigarette in this packet at the leisurely conclusion of a relishable meal and wondering how jealous the waiter might be of an overweight, middle-aged Englishman for finding such an attractive girl to lunch with him. Now even visualizing the scene was difficult, for Profitis Ilias possessed the power to consign every memory and perception beyond its own domain to half-forgotten remoteness. And Profitis Ilias had been Heather's choice. "We could drive up there in half an hour from here," she had said. "It's a fantastic place. Deserted, crumbling old villas left over from the Italian occupation. And stupendous views. You must see it." Harry had felt no such obligation, preferring the decor of a dozen bars he could think of, suitably refracted by a well-filled glass, to any vista of nature, however supposedly breathtaking. Nevertheless, he had raised no objection. And so they had come, driving up the winding road through the village of Salakos towards the wooded mountaintop, climbing slowly but relentlessly till all other traffic was left behind and only the limitless ranks of pine and fir stood witness to their progress. At first Harry had detected nothing amiss in their growing isolation. It was not until they had reached the hotel that the road served and found it, as expected, closed for the winter, that the character of Profitis Ilias had made itself known. Silence, he rather thought, was the bedrock of its mood. Silence that had waited for them to climb from the car and slam the doors, then pounced from the very heart of the forest to awe them into whispered exchanges. Silence that the empty hotel and the ruined villas in the woods around seemed merely to magnify, as if abandoned habitations were worse than no habitations at all. And silence, moreover, that even nature respected, for here no wind stirred the trees, no bird sang among the branches, no squirrel scurried along the boughs. On Profitis Ilias, all was still, but all was not at rest. Two months ago, the hotel would still have been open for the season, the children of its guests playing in the grounds, perhaps even climbing on the very tree trunk

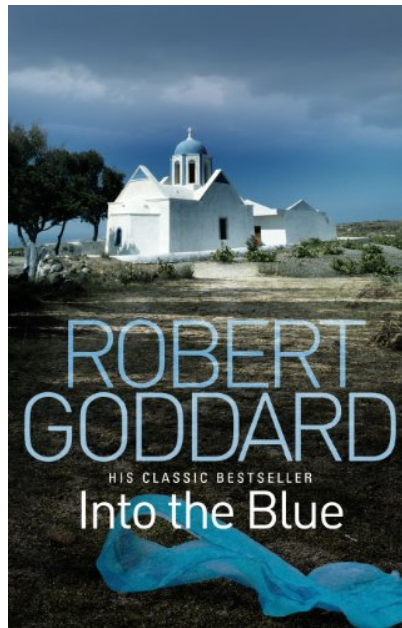
where Harry sat. Noise, movement, laughter, company: at other times they might be irritants; now he craved them from the depth of his soul. It was surprising to discover how uncomfortable he found it to be alone. If, that is, he was alone. For he could not help remembering that, when they had first left the car and strolled down to admire the view that the hotel commanded, he had glanced up at the wooden balconies and red-painted shutters that gave the building its stolid, Alpine quality--and seen a figure withdraw abruptly from one of the unshuttered first floor windows. At the time, he had dismissed it as a trick of the light, but now the memory added its weight to all the other anxieties by which he was beset. Why had she not returned? She had seemed so confident, so reassuringly certain that she would be back before he had had a chance to miss her. It had been a stiff climb from the hotel up the uneven, overgrown path towards the summit, and Heather had set a sharp pace. Out of breath and far from his normal stamping grounds, Harry had been willing enough, in the circumstances, to stop at the point where a fallen tree blocked their route, while she went on to the top. "Take the keys," she had said, "in case you want to go back to the car." Then she had added, noticing his frown: "Don't worry. I'll keep to the path. And I won't be long. It's just that I can't turn back now, can I?" And so saying, she had scrambled up round the tree, smiled back at him once, and then gone on. Nearly an hour ago, and seemingly a world away, that last smile beckoned to Harry from up the wooded slope. Peace of mind, he reckoned now, had lasted no longer than the first cigarette. Since then, his thoughts had ranged over many subjects, but always they had returned to what in his surroundings adamantly refused to be ignored: silence so total that the ear invented a half-heard chorus of whispering voices in the trees around, silence so complete that his straining senses insisted that somewhere, above or about him, something must be watching him. Harry looked at his watch. It was nearly four o'clock, which meant there was little more than an hour's daylight left, a meagre, bone-chilling hour at this altitude and time of year. With an effort, he forced his mind to confront a series of practical choices. He could return to the car, in case Heather had done so herself by a different route. Yet, if she had, she would surely have come looking for him by now. He could stay where he was, on the grounds that that was where she would expect to find him. But one glance around reminded him that he could bear to remain there no longer. Or he could follow the path to the top, in case she was in some difficulty or had simply lost track of time. That, he concluded, was really the only choice open to him. He raised his legs, swivelled round on the tree trunk and dropped down on the higher side. There was the path, still marked by a border of flints, for all the years of its abandonment, curving away ahead of him up the slope. He started along it, feeling at once the relief that action brings after the suspense of indecision. Soon, the trees began to thin and the summit ridge came into sight. Once it had done so, it struck Harry as ludicrous that he had not insisted on accompanying Heather all the way, for it was neither as far nor as steep as he had supposed. He could not help wondering if she had deliberately encouraged their separation, though why she should have done so he could not imagine. And he was also aware that the thought itself might be a delusion, an investment of her words and actions with meanings they did not bear. Emerging into a patch of sunlight just short of the ridge, Harry paused to catch his breath. Ahead of him, to the right, a towering red and white radio aerial crowned the summit, with a small building at its base: an army observation post by the look of it, apparently unoccupied. Not that he had any intention of checking the point. Nine years on Rhodes had taught him to give the Greek military a wide berth. But would Heather have been equally cautious? Yes, surely she would. Besides, the path curved away to the left and she had promised she would keep to it. He walked up onto the ridge and swung round to look back the way he had come. As he did so, the exposed nature of his position conjured up a threat more ominous in its way than the unease which had oppressed him in the forest. He suddenly wondered whether this was what he had been intended to do, whether this was another step closer to the trap that had been prepared for him. Rebuking himself for entertaining such thoughts, he forced his eyes to follow the line of the coast far below where it curved away to the west. That crumpled inlet, he told himself, must be Kamiros Skala, those whale-backed islands out to sea Alymnia and Halki. They were reference points which proved that a reality beyond Profitis Ilias still existed and that he might soon return to it. But first he had to find Heather. Dismayed by how reluctant he felt to shout her name aloud--an act which the prevailing silence seemed irresistibly to forbid--he began to follow the path, still faithfully bordered with flints, as it twisted along the ridge between outcrops of rock and gnarled, wind-carved cedars. If she had kept to the path, he could not fail to find her. But if she had not. . . Then he saw it. Snagged on a lower branch of one of the cedars, hanging limp and forlorn in the motionless air. Four equal stripes of pink and white. Cerise and silver, he remembered her correcting him. It was Heather's scarf, the long woollen scarf she had been wearing when she left him by the fallen tree. He could recollect, quite distinctly, seeing her toss one end of it over her shoulder as she disappeared up the slope. And now it was here, where she was not. Harry pulled the scarf loose, then stood with it clutched in his hands, struggling to comprehend the significance of ...

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*JournalGoddard's newest novel shows that even a middle-aged, frumpy man can become a hero. When Heather Mallender, English schoolteacher, disappears while sightseeing in Greece with Harry Barnett, Barnett must discover whether she disappeared voluntarily or was a victim of malice. In Hitchcockian tradition, the hero finds himself trapped in a web of intrigue that threatens not only his reputation, but also his life. Barnett's quest leads him from Greece to England and back, followed everywhere he goes, encountering suspicion and resistance at every turn. Everyone, it seems, has things to hide. Goddard's ( *Painting the Darkness* , LJ 9/1/89) elegant and gothic portrait of blackmail, deception, and death is hampered by its meandering pace and intricacy. Still, the novel is ultimately successful.- Bettie Alston Spivey, Charlotte-Mecklenburg P.L., Copyright 1991 Reed Business Information, Inc.*

*Par Robert Goddard*

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Détails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #127781 dans eBooksPublié le: 2010-01-19Sorti le: 2010-01-26Format: Ebook Kindle | File size: 31.Mb

Description du produitHarry Barnett is a middle-aged failure, leading a shabby existence in the shadow of a past disgrace, reduced to caretaking a friend's villa on the island of Rhodes and working in a bar to earn his keep. Then a guest at the villa--a young woman he had instantly and innocently warmed to--disappears on a mountain peak.Under suspicion of her murder, Harry stumbles on a set of photographs taken by Heather Mallender in the weeks before her disappearance. Desperately, obsessed by the mystery that has changed his life, he begins to trace back the movements and encounters that led to the moment when she vanished into the blue. The trail leads him back to England, to a world he thought he had left for ever, and at every step of the way a new and baffling light is shed on all the assumptions that have made Harry what he is.

Commentaires clientsCommentaires clients les plus utiles3 internautes sur 3 ont trouvé ce commentaire utile. une belle histoire...Par CriCriC'est un roman basé sur une intrigue simple : remonter le temps à partir de photos laissées par un jeune femme disparue dans d'étranges circonstances. Une intrigue bien construite, des lieux et des personnages décrits finement et des rebondissements sont la clé d'un bon roman qui vous plonge dans le bleu ' du bleu de la Grèce au bleu des âmes des caractères.5 internautes sur 6 ont trouvé ce commentaire utile. Connaissez-vous "Harry Barnett" ?Par El NinaPremier volet de la trilogie des "Harry Barnett", ce roman nous enchante par la qualité de l'intrigue et des caractères des personnages. On est content de savoir que l'on va pouvoir avoir des nouvelles du héros dans un second, puis un troisième roman ("Out of the sun" et "Never go back"). Un bon moment de lecture, dans un anglais clair et très accessible.3 internautes sur 4 ont trouvé ce commentaire utile. One of Robert Goddard's bestPar HORAKHarry Barnett

lives the life of an Englishman on holiday on the Greek island of Rhodes where he is the care taker of the Villa ton Navarkhon belonging to his powerful friend Alan Dysart. He lives peacefully in the shadow of a past disgrace until Heather Mallender, a guest at the villa, disappears on a walking tour on Profitis Ilias. Harry becomes the number one suspect. While a Greek detective tries to catch him, and the British newspapers accuse him of murder, Harry's conscience is his worst enemy of all. What happened to young, beautiful Heather Mallender? Who took her-and why didn't Harry realize that something was amiss? Suddenly Harry, a man steeped in failure, finds a purpose: retracing the strange, twisting route that led to Heather's vanishing. But the more he learns, the less he knows. Until Harry finds himself at the heart of a dangerous puzzle whose pieces are scattered everywhere: in the realm of British politics, in the beds of adulterous lovers, in the past, the present, and most of all, amid the secrets of an unsuspected killer....A nicely designed plot with plenty of twists and turns and a sympathetic protagonist are the strengths of one of Mr Goddard's most entertaining adventure stories. Paul Shelley reads "Into The Blue" for BBC Audiobooks. A very good performance indeed.

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