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Tomorrow In The Battle Think On Me
(Vintage International)
Synopsis

Tomorrow in the Battle Think on Me is a riveting novel of infidelity and a man trapped by a terrible secret. Marta has only just met Victor when she invites him to dinner at her Madrid apartment while her husband is away on business. When her two-year-old son finally falls asleep, Marta and Victor retreat to the bedroom. Undressing, she feels suddenly ill; and in his arms, inexplicably, she dies.

What should Victor do? Remove the compromising tape from the answering machine? Leave food for the child for breakfast? These are just his first steps, but he soon takes matters further; unable to bear the shadows and the unknowing, Victor plunges into dark waters. And Javier Marías, Europe’s master of secrets, of what lies reveal and truth may conceal, is on sure ground in this profound, quirky, and marvelous novel.

Book Information

File Size: 3625 KB
Print Length: 322 pages
Publisher: Vintage; Reprint edition (March 26, 2013)
Publication Date: March 26, 2013
Sold by: Random House LLC
Language: English
ASIN: B00A1P17SI
Text-to-Speech: Enabled
X-Ray: Not Enabled
Word Wise: Enabled
Lending: Not Enabled
Enhanced Typesetting: Enabled
Best Sellers Rank: #614,561 Paid in Kindle Store (See Top 100 Paid in Kindle Store) #513 in Books > Literature & Fiction > World Literature > European > Spanish & Portuguese #1635 in Kindle Store > Kindle eBooks > Literature & Fiction > Literary Fiction > Psychological #3411 in Kindle Store > Kindle eBooks > Mystery, Thriller & Suspense > Suspense > Psychological

Customer Reviews

The title of this book - which is repeated like a mantra throughout the work in a variety of improvisations and transmogrifications - is from Act V, Scene III of Shakespeare’s Richard III. The words are spoken by the ghost of Clarence to Richard in his sleep on the eve of the Battle of Bosworth Field in which Richard is slain and England’s War of The Roses ended. So, let’s have the
Let me sit heavy in thy soul tomorrow, I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine. Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death. Tomorrow in the battle think on me, and fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die! Note: Edgeless here denotes "useless," as in a sword with no cutting edge. The book, as translated into English, is nothing short of superb - as one should expect, as MarÃ­as is a noted translator of English fiction himself and more than a bit of an Anglophile; So much of an Anglophile, in fact, that he delves into the Anglo-Saxon word for co-fornicator herein for some length. But the significant - for the novel - section of the book which treats of English is where he explains the meaning of the English word "haunt" for which there is no precise Spanish equivalent. For, in the end, the highly stylised words of the very unreliable narrator - so unreliable that I'm not going to dwell much at all on plot - resemble nothing so much as a the words of a ghost, whispering to us all of our daily betrayals, failings, travesties and lies. This continuity of voice is what makes the book both important and sui-generis. The reader cannot help but be haunted and disturbed in a deep, inner sense as the narrator's voice continues ringing in his ears.

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