

II Giardino Segreto Einaudi Tascabili Classici Vol 1603

?Penguin Books 1994????

They did not look like women, or at least a stranger new to the district might easily have been misled by their appearance, as they stood together in a group, by the pit's mouth. There were about a dozen of them there--all "pit-girls," as they were called; women who wore a dress more than half masculine, and who talked loudly and laughed discordantly, and some of whom, God knows, had faces as hard and brutal as the hardest of their collier brothers and husbands and sweethearts. They had lived among the coal-pits, and had worked early and late at the "mouth," ever since they had been old enough to take part in the heavy labor. It was not to be wondered at that they had lost all bloom of womanly modesty and gentleness. Their mothers had been "pit-girls" in their time, their grandmothers in theirs; they had been born in coarse homes; they had fared hardly, and worked hard; they had breathed in the dust and grime of coal, and, somehow or other, it seemed to stick to them and reveal itself in their natures as it did in their bold unwashed faces. At first one shrank from them, but one's shrinking could not fail to change to pity. There was no element of softness to rule or even influence them in their half savage existence. On the particular evening of which I speak, the group at the pit's mouth were even more than usually noisy. They were laughing, gossiping and joking,--coarse enough jokes,--and now and then a listener might have heard an oath flung out as if all were well used to the sound. Most of them were young women, though there were a few older ones among

them, and the principal figure in the group--the center figure, about whom the rest clustered--was a young woman. But she differed from the rest in two or three respects. The others seemed somewhat stunted in growth; she was tall enough to be imposing. She was as roughly clad as the poorest of them, but she wore her uncouth garb differently. The man's jacket of fustian, open at the neck, bared a handsome sunbrowned throat. The man's hat shaded a face with dark eyes that had a sort of animal beauty, and a well-molded chin. It was at this girl that all the rough jokes seemed to be directed.

Traditional Chinese Edition of [Adjustment Day]. A novel that will definitely offend everyone!
Continuation of the unfinished revolution of Fight Club.

????????????????????, ???14?????17????????????????, ??, ??????????????
????????????,???"???"????????????????????,?????????,????????????????????????????,?????????
?,?????,????????????????????,?????????,????????????????????,?????????????.

This is the Chinese translated version of Carrisi's book Il Suggestore (The Whisperer). It is a gripping literary thriller and smash bestseller that has taken Italy, France, Germany and the UK by storm. As sensational a bestseller in Europe as the Stieg Larsson novels, THE WHISPERER is that rare creation: a thought-provoking, intelligent thriller that is also unputdownable.

Traditional Chinese edition of The Lighthouse (Adam Dalgliesh Mystery Series #13). P D James is the queen of crime. Other P D James's Adam Dalgliesh novels are also available in traditional Chinese. In Chinese. Distributed by Tsai

there was a great noise of baying dogs, loud voices, and trampling of horses in the courtyard at Wildairs Hall; Sir Jeoffry being about to go forth a-hunting, and being a man with a choleric temper and big, loud voice, and given to oaths and noise even when in good-humour, his riding forth with his friends at any time was attended with boisterous commotion. This morning it was more so than usual, for he had guests with him who had come to his house the day before, and had supped late and drunk deeply, whereby the day found them, some with headaches, some with a nausea at their stomachs, and some only in an evil humour which made them curse at their horses when they were restless, and break into loud surly laughs when a coarse joke was made. There were many such jokes, Sir Jeoffry and his boon companions being renowned throughout the county for the freedom of their conversation as for the scandal of their pastimes, and this day 'twas well indeed, as their loud-voiced, oath-besprinkled jests rang out on the cold air, that there were no ladies about to ride forth with them. 'Twas Sir Jeoffry who was louder than any other, he having drunk even deeper than the rest, and though 'twas his boast that he could carry a bottle more than any man, and see all his guests under the table, his last night's bout had left him in ill-humour and boisterous. He strode about, casting oaths at the dogs and rating the servants, and when he mounted his big black horse 'twas amid such a clamour of voices and baying hounds that the place was like Pandemonium. ?????????????????,????????,????????????????????????????????????,????????????????,?????????????????. They took the girl home with them, and three days later the Ffrenchs returned. They came entirely unheralded, and it was Janey who brought the news of their arrival to the Works. "They've coom," she said, in passing Murdoch on her way to her father. "Mester

