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blog page on Facebook here. Four stars, but only if it improves soon. I will do everything in my power to protect you.Plot-wise we're a bit fast and loose here aren't we? About life. (Very astute of me, I know.) For the first 250 pages, this was a five star read for me. Gracefully he transferred a slice of bread to his left hand. I understand that he had post-traumatic stress disorder and that he was anxious and fearful, but I didn't need to read dozens of pages on how drunk and high he was. It's as if the author didn't bother to research the piece—does she not know that Google exists? How does one determine the value of a work of art? Tartt only uses about 40% of the novel for the plot and its development. Theo is placed with his friend Andy's family for a time. Too bad it's such a rotten world.April 1, 2014Audiible. I'm glad she retired. I couldn't help but think of this novel in terms of our current situation. His torments, his addictions to drugs or love and his journeys out of addiction are very hauntingly presented. Donna Tartt brought to life a mesmerizing and elusive New York, both bohemian and aristocratic, and cracked open its doors to let you in, awe-struck and exhilarated. Boris's cartoonishness comes as a weird contrast to Theo, whom Tartt tried to portray realistically and convincingly.The antics of both Boris and Theo make me lose whatever sympathy I could have had for him—he was a whiny and uninteresting kid, but anyone would be a little shaken if their mom exploded. Tartt knows how to keep readers engaged with a compelling plot, yet the story is about much more than what happens to Theo and the painting. Donna Tartt's 2013 novel The Goldfinch is an odd little book. It's a secret whisper from an alleyway. And apparently, it was terrible. I was excited to keep on reading to see where it all ended up, but once things move to Las Vegas the story takes a seriously wrong turn. They live in a richly decorated Upper West Side apartment stuffed with priceless furniture and large, dark oil paintings of naval battles. His artsy mother is named Audrey (Holly Golithgy, Breakfast At Tiffany's). Eventually he ends up in the art underworld, caught in a complex scam. (p679) Big hyperbolic opening. I made that word up. Where is he? Boris. (Boris is the kind of character who seems to exist only in books and movies: the burn-out loser druggie who is failing all his classes in school but is really a secret genius who reads Dostoevsky and Thoreau in his rare sober and lucid moments. The way a teenage boy feels after taking acid for the first time. Further exaggeration as to how he's feeling. I was too young to have a first time, without ever getting into the specifics. Yet even a child can see its dignity; thimble of bravery, all fluff and brittle bone. Also I've decided to give The Secret History another go. Contrary to that, both Theo and Boris openly embrace the squalor and disintegration, reveling in drug-fueled stupidity, antics and parties. If you are reading this, asking yourself, should I read this book which is 771 pages? I have heard friends say they had to abandon this book because it made them too anxious. I understand why he did everything he did. You never believe that Theo could have led the museum without anyone noticing him, but he has to. It smelled rusty, metallic. The bombing of one of the trade-marks of country is one of the effectively shocking ways of starting of a story. I can't think of a better way to go insane.!)“We have art in order not to die from the truth.”--- Nietzsche In 1992 Donna Tartt had a pixie cuteness that inspired literary crushes from coast to coast.Donna Tartt is a master of language, but she really excels when she is composing people. There was something at the core of him that gnawed away at my heart. His one girl, Pippa, is smart not to let him make her into mother. It is an overwhelming cauldron of pain, guilt, beauty, loss, and lust on the order of Kollup's passion for the One-Ring. But what about my friend Ken. “They were jewelers, grinders of lenses. Just after she disappears a bomb explodes, turning the museum and exhibition into rubble and dust. The toast popped up – “pop” – it remind him of the slamming of his locker in 8th grade in Las Vegas. The whole marriage thing? It exists; and it keeps on existing. (And yet I kept reading! It's like I was that poor goldfinch chained to the book.)There was also too much written about repairing furniture, and WAY too much coverage of Theo's drug and alcohol abuse. It exasperates with unnecessary detail that calls annoyed attention to a critical lack of credibility throughout. On finishing that superb work of literature, I knew I'd pick this one up at long last. Forget all this ridiculous 'Our Town' nonsense everyone talks: the miracle of a newborn babe, the joy of one simple blossom, Life You Are Too Wonderful To Grasp, &c. and i don't want to be all gloaty-gus for those of you who still have to wait three whole months to get your hands on a copy, but i will say, in brief, that it is worth waiting for. I meant to write a "proper" review of this, but everything keeps coming out too specific, too fraught with danger just - continue to be excited about this one for now, because it is staggeringly good and i don't want to ruin it with any of my clumsy words just yet.....I have been promised an ARC of this, who wants to be my friend now???TIT IS HEEEEERE!!!! well, hello there, lovely... In her review Kakutani has admitted that Tartt's sequence of events are highly improbable, but wrote that startling coincidences and sudden reversals of fortune is just Tartt being adept at "harnessing all the conventions of the Dickensian novel". His father was Irish he remembered. Fabritius only uses about 40% of the canvas for his painting of the little bird, and this morning my friend informed me it was named Book of the Year. Next 200 pages = Getting really sick of Theo and Boris and substance abuse. It's silly and irritating. Yet, another apt and thought-provoking insight from this rich and thought-provoking masterpiece. Maybe we can all chat about the movie?! --- compared to the book!:)AMAZING!!! My personal FAVORITE book of the year!!! The story was delicious! The writing WONDERFUL! I've picked some of Donna Tartt's writing to share that I deeply enjoyed: 1) On page 335: "We looked at each other and just laughed; everything was hysterically funny, even the playground slide was smiling at us, and at some point, deep in the night, when we were swinging on the jungle gym and showers of sparks were flying out of our mouths, I had an epiphany that laughter was light, and light was laughter, and that this was a secret of the universe. Goldfinch is inappropriate for children. I really loved it, and maybe i will come back closer to the release date and give more specifics, but i really just want to sque here and be enthusiastic and say: there is so much to like about this book!for example, there is something that is announced at the beginning of the book: one of the Very Big Things that happens in life. Emotions can be emotional. Maybe it's due to sheer deprivation (absence making the heart grow fonder and all that jazz), because this lady, while her talent goes undisputed, has only managed to pen three novels in three decades -- the very antithesis of James Patterson (whom I wish would just go away -- how many trees have to die for you, Jim?) I was anxious about the painting. Absolutely soiled these senses. Like the saying goes - a picture paints a thousand words, but thousands of words couldn't paint this picture.2013-releases big-tomes own-in-paperback August 2, 2018Donna Tartt is one of America's greatest living male writers. Of lists. The Goldfinch was the book to read last year, so I didn't read it. You have been warned.Update: February 2015It's been a year since I read The Goldfinch, and every time I see a copy of this book, I shudder. And some books are not for adaption. What's mysterious, ambiguous, inexplicable. I have one more full-length Tartt novel to delight in. For those who LOVE this book: Good for you! I am truly happy for you. Seriously who do I need to talk to about this?Theo's father is not interested in parenting any more now than he was when he lived with Theo and his wife. Boris and Theo get drunk again and have a fight? This cute, wholesome reference is a sharp contrast to the lonely bleakness of Theo's life as an orphan. Patchy. Plus, I got to indirectly spend a good chunk of time in NYC immersed in these pages. There are plenty of other fabulous reviews out there if you are interested in gleaning a bit more about the plot. Also she compares Theo to Pip when he's clearly David Copperfield. This book is utter ridiculousness. And it covers so much ground, with no shortcuts: from the Upper West Side moneyed elite to gambling addicts in the suburbs of Vegas, from a Lower East Side drug den for decades gone to seed to the charming Christmastime streets of Amsterdam. Fuck the doctors. But The Little Friend can eat my entire ass.21st-century read-in-2018October 28, 2019Update again: Thoughts on the movie: (opened today in our area) >>> just saw it!!! you have not read the book - the movie might be confusing. Does not take 771 pages to figure this out. I don't know where to start in describing my experience of this enormous hunk of enormounness. And to be a nail! The elephantine carving amused him -- he saw it out of his pale green eyes using his peripheral vision, vision his optometrist had once told him was 15/20. The visuals, characters, and stories are conveyed with such detail that they've become real people to me.Gapstow Bridge in Central Park, Manhattan, New York CityThe isolation and sprawl of tract housing in the outer suburbs of Las Vegas. There are numerous references and allusions to classic literature woven throughout this book. It's a book that bracingly reaffirms my faith in literature, making me endlessly astonished by its power and poise and brilliance. Theo meets Boris, a Russian kid with even less supervision than Theo, and falls into a hedonistic lifestyle of drugs and alcohol abuse that will haunt him for the rest of his life. Surely Kitsy Cutesy can make up her own mind about a man and not choose one just to please Mummy, especially knowing he is a total stoner. "The Adventures of Augie March". Then there's also Hobie. I felt his need for love and belonging. Not good without me. As tall as his head. In this ritual castration of the 'opus' Tartt has managed to completely free it from all its ills, situations alternately lovely and bleak. This book may consist of some references of Great Expectations and I felt like I read some kind of amazing tribute to Dickens' visualization. Of course, there is a cleverly plotted storyline that made this another step up from just your everyday 'good' book. Very honest. There were moments when I was so choked with emotion that the boyfriend would pass me tissues as soon as he heard a snuffle. And EVERYTHING- each object, setting, conversation, item of clothing, facial feature, crack in the sidewalk, cloud in the sky, item of furniture, swirl of vomit in the toilet bowl - EVERYTHING thing is described in minute and tedious detail, irrespective of its relevance to anything at bloody all. All the muddled philosophizing at the end left me unimpressed. Tereza. Wasted opportunity. Poor little Joe the crossing sweeper sleeps in Tom All Alone's house because he has no other choice. I was still disillusioned by how much I did not enjoy The Secret History. I was relaxed and personable, I was thin as a rail, I was an excellent salesman -- everyone said so -- and business was so good that what I spent on drugs, I scarcely missed." I STILL LAUGH just TYPING that SENTENCE! This author --IMO --is EXCEPTIONAL -- beyond EXCEPTIONAL!!! I'm in 'aw'!!!!!! wish I could thank her for the incredible experience I had with her book!January 31, 2014Waaaaaaat? Here is one that gave me pause: "I don't care what anyone says or how often or winningly they say it: no one will ever, be able to persuade me that life is some awesome, rewarding treat. The Goldfinch by Caryl FabritiusSo the plot is rich and detailed, but my complaint was with the characters: I didn't like Theo, or his dad, or his dad's girlfriend, or his friend Boris, or Boris' girlfriend, etc. The power of art to change a life, to change a million lives; the immortality of a work of art and the line of beauty that connects generation after generation of appreciators. Is Tartt serious? 831 people are currently readingDonna Tartt is an American author who has achieved critical and public acclaim for her novels, which have been published in forty languages. For the rest of the novel, the fate of the painting hangs in the balance. How it feels to be always and ever in love with the wrong person—and how perfect and perfectly flawed she is, or he, is all the same. Life is harsh, cruel and so short; what's the point? Of never-ending stream of consciousness pomponery. Bonfire was considered the book that defined the '80s decade, and it seems like Goldfinch is poised to be the book that defines the post-9/11 era. How can I be this far out of touch with other reviewers?!--Halfway thru now. It must have been like when Michelangelo did the Pietà and every other artist in Renaissance-era Italy was like "well fuck me right!? You could never say nothing happens in Dickens, if anything too many things happen. She was a masterpiece of composure; nothing ever ruffled her or made her upset, and though she was not beautiful her calmness had the magnetic pull of beauty—a stillness so powerful that the molecules realigned themselves around her when she came into a room." For all Mrs. Utterly astonishingly perfectly awful. What a diaphanous extravaganza of words. They live and speak and go on existing in my mind, as tangible as the ripples and circles agitating the waters of the river which I can see from my window. SLOW.....expect 'very' slow in the beginning -- We get use to the slow pace after about an hour into it....haha!Others? One consolation until this evil is eradicated - The Goldfinch. "I thought of all the places I'd been and all the places I hadn't, a world lost and vast and unknowable, dingy maze of cities and alleyways, far-driftng ash and hostile immensities, connections missed, things lost and never found, and my painting swept away on the powerful current and drifting out there somewhere: a tiny fragment of spirit, faint spark bobbing on a dark sea." Fabritius Self-PortraitSo there is a painting, stolen, carried all over the country, lost, found, stolen again, and finally found once more. I call nullshit and say that this is just an excuse for lazy and incompetent plotting. Some bits needed polishing. He has the scent of insurance money in his nose. I mean, Theo is insufferable. An old, wealthy Manhattan family, the Barbours, personfy New York's posh, upper-class life. This book is full of beautiful, lyrical language, and a cast of characters that could have competed with a book from the Victorian era. The words. The writing is evocative yet accessible. It will take a lot of willpower not to rush to it right away! The Goldfinch is headed to my favorites shelf."That life—whatever else it is—is short. Piffff! Adina (notifications back, log out, clear cache) January 31, 2025This book has almost everything. Despite its length coming in at over 775 pages, I was captivated in its entirety. Did I really need another main kid to look like Harry Potter? You get the picture. A handful of unforgettable characters brought together by coincidence and chance in an astounding Phoenix of a book, continually rising from its ashes into different forms: thriller, Bildungsroman, philosophical treaty, coming of age tale, epic, travelogue, memoir. The broken male teen. He strengthened himself and reached for the loaf of bread, Orwheat, 2 grams of fiber per slice. What I appreciated most was the lovely prose — some sections are truly beautiful. "Belle du Seigneur". There are characters who are more real to me than many real-life people. "For if disaster and oblivion have followed this painting down through time—so too has love. Potter think he is only one lose mother. Let her take you on this journey and I'll get the hell out of the way. It was depressing, heart-wrenching, hardly absorbing, sad story because every one's ways to face with the grief and their losses were different. (I have to admit that I cheated on it with some sci-fi YA releases and thrillers) Of the reason is 775 pages long journey cut my enthusiasm but at least it wasn't bored me, I never intended to put it on my dnf list because it was a fabulous Dickensian book, so lyrically, mind-captivating-ly, memorably written. I felt his anxious protectiveness over the painting. The way the people age. I have been to the Himalayas, Easter Island, Neptune, and Dundee, and never have I encountered words on the page that have rocked me to the core of my deep deep soul as this. For me -- and I'll keep repeating it doggedly till I die, till I fall over on my ungrateful nihilistic face and am too weak to say it, better never born, than born into this cesspool."So, yeah, this book is depressing. I'm speechless --Three quarters done. But if you look closer—there it is. "The Goldfinch"***** One of many the joys of this novel are the visually striking and timeless descriptions of New York City. Theo, the narrator, notices and remembers everything but no one else seems capable of noticing anything in the moment, even when it's their job to. The story follows Theo into adulthood, through a series of tragedies and misadventures, until at last, he must face the music in regards to the missing painting. -- 5 stars!January 31, 2014Theo Decker's mother is killed in a bombing that rocks the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Theo, unarmed, escapes with a valuable painting called The Goldfinch. Barbour happy. And Theo makes so many bad choices throughout the novel that it was difficult for me to care about what happened to him. HOW MANY?) I can be a real sucker for a sense of place. I do remember sitting up all night in 1992 reading The Secret History. The settings are brilliantly illustrated -- from the vitality of New York City to the dust and depravity of Las Vegas to the charm of Amsterdam. Theo is a modern-day Pip (Great Expectations). I suppose it all comes down to what you are willing to tolerate in a novel. The extra details only betray.In The Goldfinch the betraying detail is in things large and small. What if one happens to be possessed of a heart that can't be trusted--? Until one day Theo's father unexpectedly shows up with his girlfriend, and takes Theo to live with them in their house in Las Vegas.This is the point where the novel loses its ground and never regains it. If someone complains he gives their money back and at the same time creates provenance that the antique came from their collection. Three stars, dropping to two stars, and finally 1.5 stars because I cannot force myself to finish. But back to the Problem; here's the problem with the Problem. I was worried about Theo's survival. Secondly, these are wholly believable characters, full of imperfections just like real people. He keeps parts from unsalvageable antiques and uses those pieces to replace damaged sections on salvagable antiques. It can never have understood why it was forced to live in such misery: bewildered by noise (as I imagine), distressed by smoke, barking dogs, cooking smells, teased by drunkards and children, tethered to fly on the shortest of chains. That's why they're called nature's mortes. His Soviet-favoured lectures on the virtues of stealing only from faceless corporations make him sound like he's fifty. What if the heart, for its own sake, demands emotion, requests a sacrifice of time, asks for unconditional patience, and begs for your heart. This was one time that the Pulitzer nailed it.On a side note, I made my own trek to the Mauritshuis museum in Den Haag years ago when reading Proust to see Vermeer's View of Delft and the Girl with the Pearl Earring but either the painting was traveling or I drifted right past it towards Rembrandt. I wish I had the all the time on the earth to full concentrate on this story. These have reshaped the entire structure of my life and will sit deep inside my heart forever, until the next book comes along that does the same thing and offers me the same reaction and I write the same review but with different swooning self-important waffle that is really about ME and MY LIFE and not really about the book at all, and shows that these books are never really appreciated for their artistry, but for the way they appear to touch our lives and appeal to the feelings and emotions we think we have that make us good people, when we aren't too busy going about the everyday business of gratifying ourselves and never demonstrating one tenth of this well-deep so-called love-of-the-world by being kind to a person we haven't allowed into our private little bubble of pre-tested and pre-approved people.Read this because I am more important than all of you. Effectively orphaned and scared by the prospect of living with elderly and uncaring relatives which the social service agents want to impose on him, Theo manages to secure temporary residence with his friend Andy and his family - the Barbours. I gave up halfway though the book. "Dalva". Spending more than 700 pages without caring about the main character was a bit punishing. 300 pages to go. If he looks at it too often he will become totally possessed, Guess I need to return to the Hague!Her other two books were good, but this one was the best. I was in Den Haag at the wonderful Mauritshuis Museum and saw (again) the original Fabritius painting - absolutely stunning. He doesn't SOUND like a boy, for a start, and I'm hard-pressed to believe a thirteen-year old reads and understands the likes of Chekov, Thoreau and Emmerson. In fact she was half Irish, half Cherokee, from a town in Kansas near the Oklahoma border; and she liked to make me laugh by calling herself an Okie even though she was as glossy and nery and stylish as a racehorse. "The Dead Goldfinch by George Elgar HicksWhile at the museum a terrorist bomb explodes at a moment when Theo is separated from his mother. He sells off everything of his wife's possessions that can be sold, and hauls Theo out to Las Vegas. She frequently would skip buying lunch to have enough money to go to a museum. She can and is. Only good thing can come from reading this book (maybe not even need to finish) is lots to talk about with people. I wonder how they are going to explain that polar bear! Only to wait four more years and find out that they never do. But god is he lovable. DeLillo, Franzen, Foster Wallace, Pynchon, Mailer, all kneel there, bloodied and shorn like Goya etchings, John Bobbitts by any other name, weak and utterly defeated. The old man of the antique shop was perfect in his role, no bored sneers, asymmetrical haircuts and avant-garde attitude here!everything else i try to write, i just keep deleting. People often complain about never seeing themselves in books, my problem is I can't seem to escape myself. And I found myself again in The Goldfinch. 2013 a-sense-of-place favorites May 10, 2021 "We have art in order not to die from the truth."Nietzsche There are books inside which I have wanted to live. He also creates new pieces of furniture by marrying filigree to a plain piece as long as the wood dates from the same period. The long middle sequence, set in a housing development on the seedy, sand-blown outskirts of Las Vegas, is a standout. She feels guilty and relieved when Theo's long gone, long lost, father appears. Author has written herself into a corner but trudges doggedly on. Well, perhaps they will, the book "is" on the NYT bestseller list. Somehow in the confusion he walks out with an antique dealer's ring that was placed in his hands by the dying owner, and the painting. The Goldfinch. I have to grab this one, leave on a helicopter and land on a private island bringing three things with me this book, a case of Chardonnay and my husband's leftover meatballs! thanks God, one of us can cook and that's not me!) In three amazing days I could end this book, get drunk, eat decent meal and get an amazing tan. First and foremost, the prose is exceptional. And why doesn't Theo have a cellphone? I gave it an extra star for Donna Tartt's writing - she does have a talent for constructing nice sentences here and there - but it does not warrant the 800 pages that it is printed on. JeffreyKeeten Blog pageMay 30, 2022OMG! I took nearly fifteen days to finish this book. I guess you could say, I understood him, despite our superficial differences. His father had once said something about Kenmore. Mrs Barbour: aloof, icy Society Matron. It won the 2014 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction, among other honors. This book in particular was on and off my list for quite some time. Pip in Great Expectations strives to be a gentleman to impress Estella, whom he pursues. Tartt writes New York in such a way that I was able to feel the thrum of traffic and smell the bakeries (and the sewers). Every other time I was relieved. I suppose there is some symbolic MEANING to the painting of the goldfinch and I suppose the girl with the red hair will reappear sometime to break Theo's heart (if he's not gay, which it sort of sounds like he is)- but there is no urgency, no ticking clock, nothing to make me care one way or another. Tempted to increase the rating to does improve a little halfway through- at least the plot picks up. Could not even drop in canal without Dutch police all over you. so i am going to have to, for now, be as respectfully careful. The painting actually plays a very background position over most of the narrative and only comes centerstage again at the end of the book. Theo -the main character in The Goldfinch is NOT my favorite actor in the film. Both facts baffle me beyond words,June 16, 2018okay. He never sees her again. His father ... The Goldfinch is a novel by the American author Donna Tartt. The clothes were good -- fitting with the times -- The bombing special effects in the museum -- (done as flashbacks) - were done well -- but I would have preferred it to have followed the chronological order of the book -- Its very effective in the book -- a little on the late side in the movie. Does not mean cannot enjoy life. Little fires burning in the winter light.I wanted to live inside "The Goldfinch". Then in November 2019, I read The Secret History and kicked myself for not having read Tartt sooner. If your deepest self is singing and coaxing you straight toward the bonfire, is it better to run away? Refusing to pull back from the world. "The Goldfinch by Caryl Fabritius 1654This story begins with an act of terror in modern day New York, but this story could also be said to have started in 1654 when Fabritius, with deft hand, painted his masterpiece, a luminescent bird, a Goldfinch. Ah Hobie. Love to hear your take -- I LOVED the kid who played Boris!!! Absolutely my favorite actor in the film!!! UPDATE.... Read it! But, if you find you are hating it within 100 pages, just put it down and walk away. A few things work!My suggest to people going to see it --KNOWING it won't be as good as the book -(its definitely not) - is to PLAN on sitting back for almost 3 hours (it feels like 3 hours anyway; but its not quite that long) -- Go into a meditative type space --RELAX.... Hobie. Call me capricious, I guess. The external narrative is on the fate of the painting The Goldfinch by Fabritius (about which we learn its own turbulent history and extreme genius throughout the narrative) following the explosion on page 34 and how this impacted Theo's life, and it isnt until that last paragraph, you know the one im talking about, the last sentence that just bleeds love and loneliness and beauty and sorrow, that you can close the book and finally say, 'reading this may have been long, and not always easy, but i am all the better for it.'reading this book was a labour of love and, oh, how lovingly i laboured. Boris gives Theo the nickname "Potter" (Harry Potter) another orphan boy who lost his parents. That maybe even if we're not always so glad to be here, it's our task to immerse ourselves anyway: wade straight through it, right through the cesspool, while keeping eyes and hearts open. Spending lots of energy trying to be less harsh and trying to enjoy the ride tart is taking me on. For the last 50 pages, it was also 5 stars. So generally speaking, if you pulled a book of normal length out of this gargantuan tome, that regular-sized volume would have been a perfect read for me. She in particular wants to see The Goldfinch and she wants to share that experience with Theo. Maybe the beauty we encounter in life is what makes it all worth living. Couple characters could've been cut. It jumps around--backward- forward - young Theo - and old Theo. I remember where I sat - my feelings -- and later my local book club gathering-discussion. Theo Decker loses his mother at the attack and escapes from the explosion, unarmed, with a priceless painting named Goldfinch with him! Theo's adventure continues at his new home as one of close friends of the family took him to Park Avenue apartment, because she's still got it. I am halfway through this pretentious, nonsensical, self-indulgent, ridiculous THING, and I'm only forcing myself to finish because I paid \$40 for this monstrosity. There is nothing better than a book you love! ---Now move along, because the 9+ pages of comments here are for those who don't and will just make you mad. I know I am constantly chided for hyperbole, but this is truly one of the greatest books I've ever read. The section in Amsterdam made me so uneasy I had to skim to get through it. The pages. The endless drug-taking is really tedious too. And more to the point, I felt about all the characters who made up his life as I imagine (or know) that he did.i pine for a simple life of art and love in a Village townhouse with Pippa and Hobie (and I feel panicked to provide for Hobie, to prove myself to him, and in so doing prove that his love isn't conditional even though I fear that it is by never ever giving him a reason not to love me). Is better this way. Reading this book reminds me of watching the tv show Lost. It is everything you hoped it would be: characters as complicated and nuanced as real people.

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