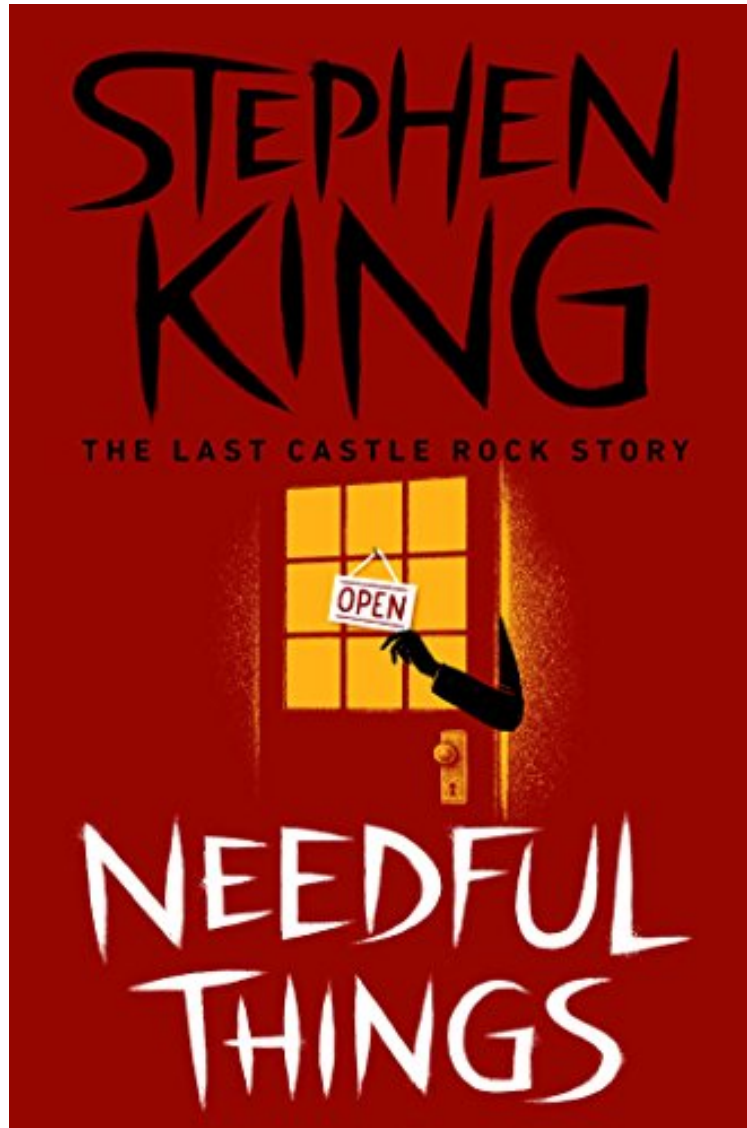


(Mobile pdf) Needful Things (English Edition)

Needful Things (English Edition)

Von Stephen King

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Von Stephen King : Needful Things (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Needful Things (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Da hat sich der Meister etwas verhoven... Von Miezekatze... mit der Darstellung einer ganzen Stadt und gefhlten 500 Protagonisten, von denen die wenigsten das Ende des Buches erleben. Den High Noon zwischen Nettie und ihrer Gegnerin empfand ich als absurd, grotesk und unglaubwrdig. Bei den diversen kleineren und greren Metzeleien, die sich daran anschlieen, hatte ich zunehmend das Gefhl, in einer Groteske gelandet zu sein, was ich bei Stephen King

bisher noch nie hatte. Das Bse in Gestalt eines mephistophelischen Ladenbesitzers hat mich immer weniger berzeugt, je weiter ich im Roman kam, und des Rtsels Lsung fand ich unbefriedigend in jeder Hinsicht. Da war mir Sheriff Pengborn als Identifikationsfigur schlicht zu wenig. Nur 2 Sterne, leider leider, obwohl Stephen King selbst den Roman vorliest.2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Possibly His BestVon Ein KundeFive-star reviews are thrown around today like frisbees at the park. But Needful Things, Stephen King's absorbing tale of (what else?) evil in a small town, deserves this rating. With incredible ease, King spins the yarn of a malevolent shopkeeper straight from the depths of Hades. For over 200 pages, King takes his time setting the scene and the characters. But with King, the pages fly by enjoyably. Meanwhile, he is tightening the screws of suspense to an almost unbearable level. The second part of Needful Things introduces us to the carnage, fire and brimstone that will dominate Part Three. King explores the concept of "soul selling" that can be found in this his recent "Storm of the Century." All the usual characters are there: The hero with a checkered past, the well-meaning youngster, the cocaine addict, the pedophile principal, and of course, the diabolical embodiment of evil. The crescendo reaches deafening excitement in the final part of Needful Things. In a conclusion that tops any of King's works, the bubble of suspense finally bursts into one hundred pages of sheer excitement. The reader watches in awe as King paints the final magnificent strokes on his tapestry of pure horror delight.1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. This sure was no Tommyknockers or MiseryVon Edward AycockUnfortunately, by the time I reached the conclusion of Needful Things, I was pretty much tired of it. The concept of a store fulfilling everyone's desires with a price to pay is not exactly a new one, but I was excited to see what King would do with it. I am a big fan of his books about small towns, and read this right after The Tommyknockers, but was very disappointed.The first problem is that King doesn't make anybody in the town especially likeable. So when enemies confront one another to a usually bloody end (of note was the stomach churning scene involving two women, a butcher knife and a meat cleaver...) the reader just shrugs and keeps on reading. In nis zeal for blood, gore and more imaginative ways to kill characters, King seems to have forgotten his heart. And the elemen of surprise. How can any of us be truly stuinned by any events in a King novel when we know that almost everyone (if not all) will end up dead in the end? It's even harder to care when he makes his residents of this small Maine town about as appealing as Madame deFarge and company. Even the main characters are rather one note, and act out of odd motives. For example, what is exactly so scandalous about the way that Polly Chalmers son died? The only real scene of humanity occurs near the end of the book when Alan Pangborn visits a young 7 year old who is in a hospital bed. That scene alone has real heart to it. Not that King needs to be touchy feely, but his one dimensional characters this time all but wear saigns around their neck saying what they are, "Greedy, embezzling politican," "dimwitted deputy", "Elvis worshipping mama"..what gives? One almost feels that King himself bought the plot for this novel at the title store in exchange for his talent. He even throws in a battle royale between the towns Catholics and Baptists that not only make both groups look like half witted idiots for never verifying any pranks as truly being the responsibility of the other, but further, the cartoonis battle scene, and the animosity between the two groups (and yes, the Baptists sing, "Onward Christian Soldier" and the Catholics are a belligerent, (probably hard drinking) bunch) smacks of something that would have been written about earlier in the century, and not the 1990's.As for my last complaint, it would seem that in almost every book King writes, any type of same sex activty is about molestation, perversion or is caricatured so grotesquely that it would make any self respecting gay person hide. (See my review of It which I read at 15.)Needful Things is no different. In this book, our little small town homos are both, BOTH pedophiles. What are the odds of that happening? (And, as a more irresponsible tactic, King has them both in the educational system of the town. How very thoughtful of Mr. King.) It is characters like that which make me call King to task. I am not syaing he needs to write about gay characters in a positive light, but after the sundry men making passes at Jack in The Talisman, and the two guys in Chapter 2 of IT who are more disgusting than the monster itself, and the weak ineffectual king in the Eyes of the Dragon and now our dear friends, the perverts in Needful Things, maybe King just shouldn't write about gay characters at all, at the risk of alienating a large group of his fans. (And we are many.)If you want a great King read, go to Misery or The Tommyknockers. If you just want not awful, but not great, and are traveling by bus, plane or train... read Needful Things. Then leave it on the seat for the next person. No need to carry it around with you like a precious jewel, because it isn't one.

KurzbeschreibungMaster storyteller Stephen King presents the classic #1 New York Times bestseller about a mysterious store than can sell you whatever you desirebut not without exacting a terrible price in return.There are two prices for this. Halfand half. One half is cash. The other is a deed. Do you understand?" The town of Castle Rock, Maine has seen its fair share of oddities over the years, but nothing is a peculiar as the little curio shop thats just opened for business. Its mysterious proprietor, Leland Gaunt, seems to have something for everyone out on display at Needful Thingsinteresting things that run the gamut from worthless to priceless. Nothing has a price tag in this place, but everything is certainly for sale. The hearts desire for any resident of Castle Rock can easily be found among the

curiosities in exchange for a little money and at the specific request of Leland Gaunt, a whole lot of menace against their fellow neighbors. Everyone in town seems willing to make a deal at Needful Things, but the devil is in the details. And no one takes heed of the little sign hanging on the wall: Caveat emptor. In other words, let the buyer beware. From Publishers Weekly. With the "Last Castle Rock Story" King bids a magnificent farewell to the fictional Maine town where much of his previous work has been set. Of grand proportion, the novel ranks with King's best, in both plot and characterization. A new store, Needful Things, opens in town, and its proprietor, Leland Gaunt, offers seemingly unbeatable (read: Faustian) bargains to Castle Rock's troubled citizens. Among them are Polly Chalmers, lonely seamstress whose arthritis is only one of the physical and psychic pains she must bear; Brian Rusk, the 11-year-old boy whose mother is not precisely attentive; and Alan Pangborn, the new sheriff whose wife and son have recently died. These are only three of the half-dozen or so brilliantly drawn people met in the novel's one-month time span. As the dreams of each strikingly memorable character, major and minor, inexorably turn to nightmare, individuals and soon the community are overwhelmed, while the precise nature of Gaunt's evil thrillingly stays just out of focus. King, like Leland Gaunt, knows just what his customers want. 1.5 million first printing; BOMC main selection. Copyright 1991 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Kirkus. The old horror master in top form, this time with a demonic dealer in magic and spells selling his wares to the folks of Castle Rock, scene of several King novels including *The Dead Zone*, *Cujo*--and how many others? King locates his hokey *Our Town* in Maine, but as ever it's really Consumerville, USA, with everyone's life festooned with brand names. The cast is huge and largely grotesque, since King--wearing a tremendous cat's-smile--means to close the book on Castle Rock and blow it off the map in one of his best climaxes since *Salem's Lot*. Editing here is supreme. King braids perhaps a dozen storylines--with hardly a drop of blood spilled for the first 250 or so pages--into ever briefer takes that climax in a hurtling, storm-ripped holocaust whose symphonic energies fill the novel's last third. Perhaps only five characters stand out: Leland Gaunt, a gentlemanly stranger who opens the Needful Things curiosity shop; his first customer, Brian Rusk, 11, who sells his soul for a rare Sandy Koufax baseball card; practical Polly Chalmers, who runs the *You Sew 'n' Sew* shop, welcomes Gaunt with a devil's-food cake, and buys an amulet to relieve her arthritis; her lover, Sheriff Alan Pangborn, who buys nothing but is haunted by the driving deaths of his wife and son; and Ace Merrill, coke dealer in a bind, who becomes Gaunt's handy devil and gets to drive Gaunt's Tucker, a car that's faster than radar and uses no gas. As he has for hundreds of years, Gaunt sells citizens whatever pricks and satisfies their inmost desires. But the price dehumanizes them, and soon all the townsfolk vent their barest aggressions on each other with cleaver, knife, and gun: Gaunt even opens a sideline of automatic weapons. By novel's end, the whole town is on a hysterical, psychotic mass rampage that floods morgue and hospital with the delimbed and obliterated. Then comes the big bang. Mmmmmmmmmmmmm! Leland King's glee, or Steven Gaunt's, or rather--well, the author's--as he rubs his palms over his let's-blow-'em-away superclimax is wonderfully catching. (Book-of-the-Month Main Selection for Fall) -- Copyright 1991, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.