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Nevernight: The Nevernight Chronicle, Book 1



Synopsis

Nevernight is the first in an epic new fantasy series from New York Times best-selling author Jay Kristoff. In a land where three suns almost never set, a fledgling killer joins a school of assassins, seeking vengeance against the powers who destroyed her family. Daughter of an executed traitor, Mia Corvere is barely able to escape her father's failed rebellion with her life. Alone and friendless, she hides in a city built from the bones of a dead god, hunted by the Senate and her father's former comrades. But her gift for speaking with the shadows leads her to the door of a retired killer and a future she never imagined. Now, 16-year-old Mia is apprenticed to the deadliest flock of assassins in the entire Republic - the Red Church. Treachery and trials await her within the Church's halls, and to fail is to die. But if she survives to initiation, Mia will be inducted among the chosen of the Lady of Blessed Murder and be one step closer to the only thing she desires: revenge.

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

Where do I begin, this is the BEST book in the fantasy genre that I have read this year. It was amazing. Now I will say that the writing style was different and at the beginning of the book you may get a little confused, but hang in there. This book also has footnotes at the bottom of the pages and they are very interesting. I know some people didn't like the footnotes, but I loved it. I loved the characters as well. Mia Corvere was a bad assassin in training. Tric was a great character as well. Mia loved him, but being that they were in competition with each other and they both were trained killers, she didn't want to admit it. I hate that Jassamine chick, but once I got deep into the story, I saw who the real snake was. I can't wait for Godsgrave to come out. Sept. 5th is taking to long to

get here.

Sometimes you stumble across a book, and, for whatever reason, your expectations are low. Could be the harlequin mask on the cover, could be a previous series by the same author you were wholly uninterested in, could be a billion different things that individually are insignificant, but cumulatively . . . You turn up your nose. O, gentlefriends . . . Do not do unto yourselves the same disservice I almost did unto mine. NEVERNIGHT by Jay Kristoff is . . . exquisite. I almost didn't read it. Indeed, the release date sneaked up on me, tapped me on the shoulder, and waved hello on Monday afternoon, and I joked to friend that I should at least update my status on Goodreads and pretend to be reading it . . . Six hours later, it was ten pm, and I was 40% in. The first chapter was baffling. Told from two seemingly different perspectives, it chronicles two very different firsts, but uses almost the exact same words. I was internally shouting, "WTF is this?!" but I was curious enough to see where it led, and the further I got, the closer the two scenarios spun toward completion, and then it was over, and I understood . . . In Jabberwocky, Lewis Carroll turned the English language on its head. He used nonsense words that were decipherable because of his expert manipulation of sentence structure and other, real words, that made the meanings of his imaginary words obvious. For the first time since I really understood and appreciated what Carroll had done, I felt the same kind of glee as I read about a girl losing her virginity and a girl taking her first life. One experience held the potential for the creation of new life, the other bringing an irrevocable end to life, and yet . . . He used . . . The same words. *mind blown* Riddikulus writing skills aside, the story was also fantastic. What's my #1 complaint about assassins in YA fiction? You: You may have mentioned something about reluctant assassins a time or three. Me: Damn right. You: Not a problem here? Me: *laughs maniacally* "People often shit themselves when they die. Their muscles slack and their souls flutter free and everything else just slips out. For all their audience's love of death, the playwrights seldom mention it. When the hero breathes his last in the heroine's arms, they call no attention to the stain leaking across his tights, or how the stink makes her eyes water as she leans in for her farewell kiss. I mention this by way of warning, O, my gentlefriends, that your narrator shares no such restraint." Duly noted, Mr. Narrator, sir. And lest you be scared off by visions of graphic and violent death . . . I won't lie, that is part of this story. But only part: "She's dead herself, now" words both the wicked and the just would give an eyeteeth smile to hear. A republic in ashes behind her. A city of bridges and bones laid at the bottom of the sea by her hand. And yet I'm sure she'd still find a way to kill me if she knew I put these words to paper. Open me up and leave me for the hungry Dark. But I think someone should at least try to separate her

from the lies told about her. Through her. By her. Someone who knew her true. A girl some called Pale Daughter. Or Kingmaker. Or Crow. But most often, nothing at all. A killer of killers, whose tally of endings only the goddess and I truly know. And was she famous or infamous for it at the end? All this death? I confess I could never see the difference. But then, I've never seen things the way you have. Never truly lived in the world you call your own. Nor did she, really. I think that's why I loved her."*goosebumps*

Mia Covere's tale reminded me a bit of Arya Stark's: a girl whose family is destroyed by politics and hands grasping at power, stumbles into a follower of a most murderous god(dess), and becomes his apprentice. But Mia is more than just a girl . . . She's a girl with a shadow dark enough for two.

You: WTF does that mean? Me: READ THE BOOK.

And how many Guardians of the Galaxy fans do we have? B/c the coolest part of that movie was the black market space station that was the HEAD OF A CELESTIAL BEING, am I right? Well, Mia grew up in Godsgrove, which just might be where the rest of the body fell . . . Okay, it's probably a different being entirely, but the concept is the same, it's friggin' awesome:

To the north, the Ribs rose hundreds of feet into the ruddy heavens, tiny windows staring out from apartments carved within the ancient bone. Canals ran out from the hollow Spine . . .

My only words of caution are that, if you haven't already cottoned on, there is SEX in this YA novel, which isn't as uncommon as it used to be, but isn't yet unremarkable. And I'm not talking fade-to-black, acknowledgment of sexual congress, I'm talking burn-your-ears, think-interesting thoughts-about-the-hands-that-penned-them sex scenes. FYI. Kristoff calls Mia an assassin who is to death what a maestro is to a symphony. I felt the same way about Kristoff's manipulation of words and language. Whether Mia slipped into a room like a knife between the ribs or we met a man whose face was more scar than face, this reader felt like she was being spun and tossed by a master. Solus might be the Guardian of Songs, but Jay Kristoff made me dance to the music of his story in ways I've rarely been moved. O so ridiculously highly recommended.

I really had a hard time adjusting to the voice in this book. The first chapter I hated it, but I pushed on and by the third chapter I was in so deep the voice was part of the world and made it what it is. The best way to describe Jay is ruthless with his plot. He's not afraid to set his characters on very dark roads and it keeps you tense throughout the entire book. Read it!

Dark, twisted and convoluted this tale of revenge, self discovery and love feels like being in the middle of a bloody, gory and soooooo good movie. Mia trains to be an assassin among jealousy, betrayal and cruel and brutal treatment.

This is one of the most unique, and beautifully written books I have encountered in....years. The vivid imagery, both dark and strangely beautiful; the dialogue that is simultaneously organic and otherworldly...the book was just a study in contradictions that somehow ended up being perfect. I could describe more specific events and characters, but I'm just going to tell you to buy it. Now. Without hesitation.

Great book and very interesting. I would recommend it if you love revenge and violence mixed with some humor.

Wicked cool. Was recommended to me by a friend and thoroughly enjoyed this one. It's pretty dark and intense. Overall really enjoyed it.

Excellent. Dripping with character and panache, a rip-roaring ride from start to finish with breathtaking twists. A worthy successor to Stormdancer, I can't wait for the next installment! Recommended for fans of assassin sagas and dark magic / gritty scenarios such as the Grisha trilogy / Six of Crows (Mia weirdly reminds me of Kaz!) or Throne of Glass.

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