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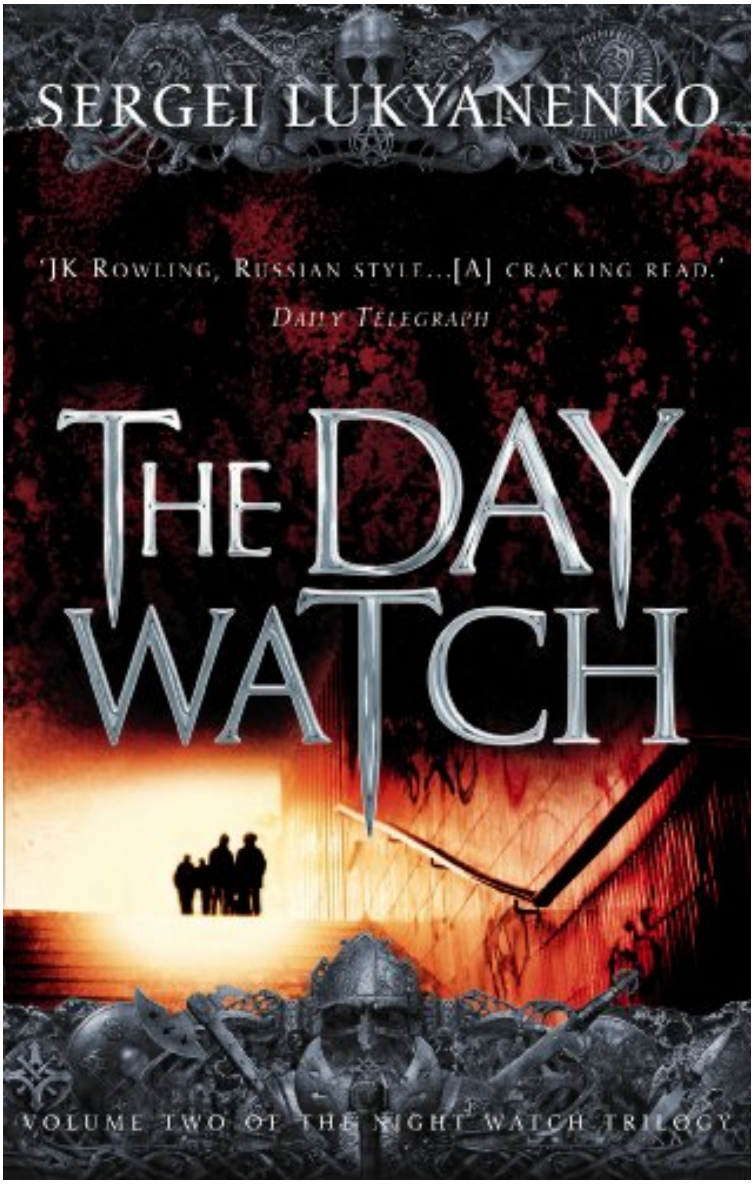
The Day Watch: (Night Watch 2)



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Par Vladimir Vasiliev, Sergei Lukyanenko
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(Download pdf ebook) The Day Watch: (Night Watch 2)

Par Vladimir Vasiliev, Sergei Lukyanenko : The Day Watch: (Night Watch 2) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Day Watch: (Night Watch 2):

Description : Description du produitThe second book in the internationally bestselling fantasy series, Day Watch begins where Night Watch left off, set in a modern-day Moscow where the 1,000-year-old treaty between Light and Dark maintains its uneasy balance through careful vigilance from the Others. The forces of darkness keep an eye during the day, the Day Watch, while the agents of Light monitor the nighttime. Very senior Others called the Inquisitors are the impartial judges insisting on the essential compact. When a very potent artifact is stolen from them, the consequences are dire and drastic for all sides. Day Watch introduces the perspective of the Dark Ones, as it is told in part by a young witch who bolsters her evil power by leeching fear from childrens nightmares as a counselor at a girls summer camp. When she falls in love with a handsome young Light One, the balance is threatened and a death must be avenged. Day Watch is replete with the thrilling action and intricate plotting of the first tale, fuelled by cunning, cruelty, violence,

and magic. It is a fast paced, darkly humorous, haunting world that will take root in the shadows of your mind and live there forever.

Prsentation de l'diteurWalking the streets of Moscow, indistinguishable from the rest of its population, are The Others. Possessors of supernatural powers and capable of entering the Twilight, a shadowy world that exists in parallel to our own, each owes allegiance either to The Dark or The Light.In The Day Watch, second book of the Night Watch trilogy, Alice, a young but powerful Dark Other, attends a planning meeting with her comrades in the Day Watch. The team is on a mission to apprehend an uninitiated Other, a practicing Dark witch who has so far eluded the bureaux responsible for finding and initiating unlicensed practitioners of magic. It seems a routine operation. But when they arrive, the Night Watch team has already made the arrest. A fierce battle ensues, during which Alice almost dies. Drained of her powers, she is sent to recuperate at a youth camp near the Black Sea. There she meets Igor; the chemistry between them is instant and irresistible. But then comes a shattering realisation: Igor is a Light Mage. Suddenly Alice remembers him as one of those involved in the battle that left her crippled. Now that they know, there is no alternative to a magical duel, a battle that neither of them wants to win...ExtraitPROLOGUEThe entrance did not inspire respect. The coded lock was broken and not working, the floor was littered with the trampled butts of cheap cigarettes. Inside the lift the walls were covered with illiterate graffiti, in which the word Spartak figured as often as the usual crude obscenities; the plastic buttons had been burned through with cigarettes and painstakingly plugged with chewing-gum that was now rock-hard.The door into the apartment on the fourth floor was a good match for the entrance: some hideous old kind of Soviet artificial leather, cheap aluminium numbers barely held up by their crookedly inserted screws.Natasha hesitated for a moment before she pressed the doorbell. She must be insane to hope for anything from a place like this. If you were so crazy or desperate that you decided to try magic, you could just open the newspaper, switch on the TV or listen to the radio. There were serious spiritualist salons, experienced mediums with internationally recognised diplomas . . . It was all still a con, of course. But at least youd be in pleasant surroundings, with pleasant people, not like this last resort for hopeless losers.She rang the bell anyway. She didnt want to waste the time shed spent on the journey.For a few moments it seemed that the apartment was empty. Then she heard hasty footsteps, the steps of someone in a hurry whose worn slippers are slipping off their feet as they shuffle along. For a brief instant the tiny spy-hole went dark, then the lock grated and the door opened.Oh, Natasha, is it? Come in, come in . . .She had never liked people who spoke too familiarly from the very first meeting. There ought to be a little more formality at first.But the woman who had opened the door was already pulling her into the apartment, clutching her unceremoniously by the hand, and with an expression of such sincere hospitality on her ageing, brightly made-up face that Natasha didnt feel strong enough to object.My friend told me that you . . . Natasha began.I dont know, I dont know about that, my dear, said her hostess, waving her hands in the air. Oh, dont take your shoes off, I was just going to clean the place up . . . oh, all right then, Ill try to find you a pair of slippers.Natasha looked around, concealing her disgust with difficulty.The hall wasnt so very small, but it was crammed incredibly full. The light bulb hanging from the ceiling was dull, maybe thirty watts at best, but even that couldnt conceal the general squalor. The hallstand was heaped high with clothes, including a musquash winter coat to feed the moths. The lino of the small area of floor that could be seen was an indistinct grey colour. Natashas hostess must have been planning her cleaning session for a long time.Your names Natasha, isnt it, my daughter? Mines Dasha.Dasha was fifteen or twenty years older than her. At least. She could have been Natashas mother, but with a mother like that youd want to hang yourself . . . A pudgy figure, with dirty, dull hair and bright nail varnish peeling from her fingernails, wearing a washed-out house coat and crumbling slippers on her bare feet. Her toenails glittered with nail varnish too. God, how vulgar!Are you a seer? Natasha asked. And in her own mind she cried: What a fool I am.Dasha nodded. She bent down and extracted a pair of rubber slippers from a tangled heap of footwear. The most idiotic kind of slippers ever invented with all those rubber prongs sticking out on the inside. A Yogis dream. Some of them had fallen off long before, but that didnt make the slippers look any more comfortable.Put them on! Dasha suggested joyfully.As if hypnotised, Natasha took off her sandals and put on the slippers. Goodbye, tights. She was bound to end up with a couple of ladders. Even in her famous Omsa tights with their famous Lycra. Everything in this world was a swindle invented by cunning fools. And for some reason intelligent people always fell for it.Yes, Im a seer, Dasha declared as she attentively supervised the donning of the slippers. I got it from my grandma. And my mum too. They were all seers, they all helped people, it runs in our family . . . Come through into the kitchen, Natasha, I havent tidied up

the rooms yet . . .Still cursing herself for being so stupid, Natasha went into the kitchen, which fulfilled all her expectations. A heap of dirty dishes in the sink and a filthy table as they appeared, a cockroach crawled lazily off the table-top and round under it. A sticky floor. The windows had obviously not been spring-cleaned and the ceiling was fly-spotted.Sit down. Dasha deftly pulled out a stool from under the table and moved it over to the place of honour between the table and the fridge, a convulsively twitching Saratov.Thank you, Ill stand. Natasha had made her mind up definitely not to sit down. The stool inspired even less confidence than the table or the floor. Dasha . . . Thats Darya?Yes, Darya.Darya, I really only wanted to find out . . .The woman shrugged. She flicked the switch on the electric kettle probably the only object in the kitchen that didnt look as if it had been retrieved from a rubbish tip. She looked at Natasha.Find out? Theres nothing to find out. Everythings just as clear as can be.For a moment Natasha had an unpleasant, oppressive sensation, as if there wasnt enough light in the kitchen. Everything went grey, the agonised rumbling of the refrigerator and the traffic outside on the avenue fell silent. She wiped the icy perspiration from her forehead. It was the heat. The summer, the heat, the long journey in the metro, the crush in the trolleybus . . . Why hadnt she taken a taxi? Shed sent away the driver with the car well, shed been embarrassed to give anyone even a hint of where she was going and why . . . but why hadnt she taken a taxi?From the Trade Paperback edition.From Publishers WeeklyThe morally ambiguous second volume in Lukyanenko's trilogy (after 2006's Night Watch, a major literary and cinematic success in Russia) portrays the epic supernatural struggle between good and evil from the point-of-view of the witch Alisa Donnikova. Lukyanenko imagines a parallel reality, where human history has been shaped by a centuries-old conflict between the Dark Ones and the Light Ones, magical beings whose existence is kept carefully hidden from humanity. After Alisa, a Dark One, loses her powers in a minor confrontation with some Light Ones, she heads to the Crimea to recuperate at a girls' camp, where she feeds on children's nightmares. There she falls in love with Igor, who turns out to be a Light magician. The plot centers on the ramifications of their romance and the theft of Fafnir's Talon, a powerful artifact whose provenance is linked to the legendary Ring of the Nibelungs. Though the artifact conceit is less well developed than that of the truth-telling instrument in Philip Pullman's His Dark Materials series, the fast-paced story augurs well for the last installment. (Mar.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.