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Paolo Coelho's Books Before You Start Reading, take a look at the opinions of other readers: reviews by Veronika decides to die written by the Y1B (Puerto Rican 27 years old), Julio Alcalá (Venezuela 15 years old), Nailea Quirarte (Mexican 15 years old), AdriB (15-year-old Paraguay) and Rudy Sanchez (13 years old Mexican). You can buy this book easily, quickly and hellyo in: below you can start reading Veronica decides to die. Option 1. Download Veronica decides to die in PDF – it's also free! A list of web pages has been collected where you can read online and/or download this book for free in PDF format. Title: Veronica Decides to Die Author: Paolo Coelho Year of Advertising: 1998 Genres: Drama, Teen Literature Synopsis Veronica is a young woman who has the same dreams and desires as anyone her age. She's pretty, she's got a good job, and she's not missing suitors. His life continues without the greatest steering, without great pleasures or great sorrow. But Veronica's not happy. Therefore, on the morning of November 11, 1997, Veronica decides to die. Dreams and fantasies. Passion and death. Madness and passion. Veronica, on her way to death, discovers that every second of existence is an option we take between the alternative of moving forward or abandoning. Veronica experiences new pleasures and finds a new meaning in life, a feeling that remains hidden from her until now that it's too late to back down. Born into a bourgeois Catholic family, he began his studies at a Jesuit school. He began law school to leave them later. He joined the hippie movement that traveled in 1970 through Central America, Europe and Africa. On his return, in 1972, he began multiple tasks such as journalism, composition of song lyrics, TELEVISION scripts and stage direction. As a result of making Camino de Santiago, he published his first novel, which he has as its subject, to devote himself fully to the writing work. His style is simple, full of spirituality and tells his experiences. Precisely for his style, he was heavily criticized for his grammatical quality, which he nevertheless calls a new language. His editing editions are considered bestsellers around the world, long since his work has been translated into many languages. He has won numerous awards and is a member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters. From the book to a big screen please help us by sharing this post on Facebook, Twitter and/or Google+, so you can reach more people... And of course don't forget to share your opinion in the comments section after reading this book. Natural SciencesSciences And GamesSpiritualityVoyes and Guides Synopsis: Verónika is a very beautiful young Slovak woman, has a good job and is not lacking in loves. His life goes on without big news, without great euphoria or great grief. But Veronica is unhappy, and on November 11, 1997, Veronica simply decides to die a synopsis: in this book, the author tells the personal experience of how a person lives inside an insane asylum. Verónika is a beautiful woman who works there, her life is very normal but she is unhappy, and one morning in November she decides to die. The Machine (PDF) - Charles Bukowski Coralín (PDF) - Neil Gaiman Translator: MONTSERRAT Mira Veronica is a perfectly normal young woman. She's beautiful, she's not missing suitors and she's got a good job. His life continues without the greatest steering, without great pleasures or great sorrow. But he's not happy. So, one November morning, Veronica decides to end her life. Dreams and fantasies. Passion and death. Madness and passion. On her way to death, Veronica experiences new pleasures and finds a new meaning in life, a feeling that remains hidden from her until now, when it may be too late to retreat. Veronica decides to die he suggests that every second of our existence we choose between the alternative of moving forward or abandoning. On November 11, 1997, Veronica decided it was time to kill himself. He carefully cleaned his rented room in a nuns' monastery, turned off the heat, brushed his teeth and lay down. From the bedside table she took out the four boxes of sleeping pills instead of collecting them together and diluting them in the water, she decided to take them one by one, because there was a great distance between intent and action and she wanted to be free to repent halfway. However, every tablet she swallowed felt more convinced. After five minutes, the boxes were empty. Because I didn't know exactly how long it would take to lose consciousness- a French magazine, Home, this month's edition, had just arrived at the library where he worked. Even if he had no particular interest in computer science, when he surfed the magazine he discovered an article about a computer game (CD-ROM called him) created by Paolo Coelho, a Brazilian writer who had the opportunity to meet at a conference at the Café of the Gran Unión Hotel. They both exchanged a few words, and she was eventually invited by her editor to a dinner held that night. But the group was big, and there was no way to delve into any issue. Having met the author, however, led her to think that he was part of her world, and reading something about her work could help her get through As she waited for death, Veronica began reading about computer science, a subject she wasn't interested in at all, and that's the adication with everything she's done her whole life, always looking for the easiest or what was at her fingertips. Like this magazine, for instance. To her surprise, however, the first line of the text took her out of her natural passivity (the sleeping pills hadn't yet settled in her abdomen, but Veronica was already naturally passive) and made her, for the first time in her life, see as a very real expression among her friends: nothing in this world happens by accident. Why this front line, just as it was starting to die? What was the hidden message in front of you, if there are hidden messages instead of odds? Beneath an illustration of such a computer game, the journalist began writing in question: Where is Slovenia? No one knows where Slovenia is, he thought, I have no idea. But still Slovenia existed, and it was out there, in the surrounding mountains and in the square before its eyes: Slovenia was its country. He set aside the magazine: he was not now interested in being enraged by a world that completely ignored the existence of Slovenians; His nation's honor no longer inspired him with honor. It's time to be proud of herself, to know that she succeeded, that she finally had the courage and she's leaving this life. What a pleasure! And I did it just like I always dreamed: using tablets, leaving no marks. Veronica's been looking for them for almost six months. Thinking he would never be pulled, he thought about the possibility of slitting his veins, even though he knew he would fill the room with blood, leaving the nuns confused and worried. Suicide requires people to think about themselves first, then others. She was willing to do everything she could so that her death wouldn't cause much disruption, but if severing her veins was the only chance, then, I'm sorry, the nurses who cleaned the room and quickly forgot about it, or if they didn't have a hard time renting it again; After all, even in the late 1900s, people still believed in ghosts. It's true that she, too, can throw herself out of one of Ljubljana's few tall buildings, but what about the immense suffering such an approach would eventually cause her parents? In addition to the effect of discovering that the daughter was dead, they would be forced to identify a deformed body: no, it was a worse solution than bleeding to death, because it would leave inexhaustible marks on people who just wanted it well. « They eventually admit to the death of But a fractured skull must be impossible to forget. Shot himself with a shot, threw himself into space, hanged himself, none of it coincided with his feminine nature. Women, when they commit suicide, choose far fewer nonting measures, such as cutting their veins or over-overdosed on sleeping pills. Abandoned princesses and Hollywood actresses gave different examples in this regard. Veronica knew that life was a matter of always waiting for the right time to perform and so it was: two friends of hers, sympathetic to their complaints that she couldn't sleep, managed - each alone - two boxes of a powerful drug used by the musicians of a local nightclub. Veronica left all four boxes on her bedside table for a week, flirted with imminent death, and said hello, without any sentimentality, to what they called life. I was there, happy to have rubbed up against the end, and bored because I didn't know what to do with the little time left. He thought again of the absurdity of reading this correctly: how can a computer article begin with such an idiotic phrase: Where is Slovenia? Because he found nothing more interesting to worry about, he decided to read the article to the end, revealing the reason: this game was produced in Slovenia - the same strange country that no one knew where it was except those who lived there - because of the cheaper work. A few months ago, by launching it into the market, the French producer raved a party for journalists from all over the world, at the Castle in Vlad. Veronica recalled hearing something about this festival, which was a special occasion in the city, not only because the castle was restored to get as close as possible to the medieval atmosphere of the CD, but also because of the controversy that followed in the local press: there were German, French, English, Italian, Spanish journalists... Home's article, which came to Slovenia for the first time, surely with everything paid for and determined to waste its time complimenting other journalists, saying seemingly interesting things, eating and drinking for free in the castle, decided to start his article by joking that should please his country's sophisticated intellectuals a lot. He even had to tell his fellow writers some false stories about local customs, or the non-bland way to dress Slovenian women. His problem. Veronica was dying, and her concerns must be others, such as knowing if there is life after death, or what time they will find her body. Still, or maybe... That's why, the important decision she made, this article bothered her. He looked out the window of the monastery overlooking Ljubljana's small square. If you don't know where Slovenia is, Ljubljana must be a myth, thought. Like Atlantis, or Morier, or the lost continents that populate people's imaginations. No one would start an article, anywhere in the world, asking where Mount Everest was, even if it was never there. Still, in the middle of Europe, a journalist from a major magazine wasn't shy about asking such a question, because he knew that most of his readers weren't where Slovenia was. And what's more, Ljubljana, the capital. So Veronica figured out a way to pass the time, when 10 minutes passed and she still didn't notice the difference in her body. The last action of his life was a letter to this magazine explaining that Slovenia is one of five republics arising from the former Yugoslav controversy. I'd leave the letter with your suicide note. By the way, I wouldn't give any explanation for the real reasons for his death. When they found his body, they would conclude that he committed suicide because a magazine didn't know where his country was. He joked about the idea of seeing controversy in the papers, with people agreeing or disagreeing with his suicide in honor of the national cause. And she was impressed to ponder how quickly she changed her mind, as moments earlier she had thought the exact opposite: that the world and the geographical problem no longer cared about anything. He wrote the letter. The moment of good humour made him think again about the need to die, but he had already taken the pills and it was too late to repent. Either way, she already had moments of such good humour, and she didn't kill herself because she was a sad, bitter woman who lived victim to ongoing depression. He spent many afternoons of his life walking carefreely through the streets of Ljubljana or looking out the window of his monastery room, at the falling snow in the small square where the poet's statue was found. Once he stayed for almost a month floating in the clouds because an unknown man, in the middle of the same square, gave him a flower. He considered himself a perfectly normal person. Her decision to die stemmed from two very simple reasons, and she was sure that if she left a note explaining them, many people would understand that. The first reason: Everything in his life was the same, and once the youngster passed away, a nowle would come, old age would leave irreversible marks on him, diseases would come and friends would leave. Anyway, keep living. Nothing. On the contrary, the chances of suffering have increased considerably. The second reason was more philosophical: Veronica read the press, watched TV, was informed of what was happening in the world. Everything was wrong, and it was impossible for her to remedy this situation, which gave her a sense of utter futility. Soon, however, he will have the last experience of his life, and it promised to be very different: death. He wrote the letter to the magazine, put the matter aside, and concentrated on more important and important things than living -- or dying -- at that moment. He tried to imagine what it would be like to die, but he couldn't get the results. Either way, I didn't have to worry about it, because I'd know in a few minutes. A few minutes. I had no idea. But he liked to think he knew the answer to what everyone was wondering: Does God exist? Unlike many people, this was not the biggest internal discussion of his life. In the former communist regime, official education claimed that life ended in death, and eventually it got used to the idea. On the other hand, the generation of her parents and grandparents still attended the church, used to pray and pilgrimage, and was absolutely convinced that God had noticed everything she had entrusted. At the age of 24, having lived through everything he was allowed to live -- and it must be acknowledged that there wasn't much - Veronica was almost entirely certain that this was all over with death. That's why I chose suicide. At the bottom of his heart was doubt: What if God exists? Thousands of years of civilization have made suicide taboo, an affront to all religious codes: man struggles to survive, not surrender. The human race must reproduce the exact society of labor. Spouses need a reason to stay together, even after love has been extinguished, and a country requires soldiers, politicians and artists. « If God exists, what or frankly does not believe, he will know that man's understanding has a limit. It was he who created this chaos, where misery, injustice, greed, loneliness reign. Your intention must have been excellent, but the consequences are despicable. If God exists, he'll be generous to creatures who want to get away from Earth sooner, and he might even come apologize for forcing us through here. Let the taboo and bland beliefs go to hell. His religious mother told him: God knows the past, the present, and the future. In this case, he's already placed her in this world fully aware that she'll eventually be lost, and you won't be surprised by her. Veronica began to feel a slight dizziness, which grew rapidly. Within minutes he was no longer able to focus his attention on the square that stretched out in front of the window window. I knew it was winter, it must have been around 4:00 P.M., and the sundown was ringing fast. I knew other people would live on; At that moment, a boy passing in front of her window looked at her, however, I had no idea she was about to die and a group of Bolivian musicians (where is Bolivia?, why did the magazine articles not ask that?) played in front of the statue of Franco Preseren, the great Slovenian poet who deeply marked the soul of his people. Will you come to be able to listen to music that came from the square to the end? It will be a beautiful memory of this life: the sunset, the melody that said the dreams of the other side of the world, the air-conditioned and welcoming room: The handsome, lively boy who passed, decided to stop and is now moving towards it. When he realized the bullets and the bullets were affecting, he'd probably be the last person he'd see. He smiled. She returned or smiled: she had nothing to lose. He greeted her with his hand; She decided to pretend to look at something else, after everything the boy wanted to go too far. Confused, he got on his way, forgetting to beat that face in the window. But Veronica's happy to be in demand again. It wasn't in the absence of love that he committed suicide. It wasn't because of a lack of affection from his family, or financial problems, or an incurable disease. Veronica decided to die that beautiful Ljubljana afternoon, with Bolivian musicians playing in the square, with a young man passing in front of her window, and was delighted with what her eyes saw and ears heard. But I'd be even happier not to contemplate the same things for another thirty, forty or fifty years, because they would lose all their originality by immersed in the tragedy of a life where everything repeats itself, and the day before is always the same as the next one. The stomach, now, started spinning and she felt really bad. What kindness; I thought an overdose of sedatives would make me sleep right away. But what happened to him was a strange ringing in his ears and a sense of vomiting. If I puke, I won't die. He decided to forget his stomach, trying to concentrate on the night he fell quickly, in Bolivia, on the people who started closing their tents and leaving. The noise in her ear became sharper and sharper, and for the first time since she was crying out, Veronica felt fear, a terrible fear of the unknown. But it was quick. In I blacked out. Consciousness.

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