


I'm not robot



reCAPTCHA

Continue

TRANSLATION COPYRIGHT ©2014 HARUKI MURAKAMI All rights reserved. The use of any part of this publication, reproduced, transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopy, record or otherwise, or stored in the search system without the prior written consent of the publisher or in the case of photocopying or other reprographic copying, the license of the Canadian Copyright Licensing Agency is a violation of copyright law. Doubleday Canada and colophon are registered trademarks of Random House of Canada Limited. Originally published as Shikisai about Mountain Tazaki Tsukuru, Kare no Junrei no Toshi bungeishun? Ltd., Tokyo, in 2013. © 2013 by Haruki Murakami. Library and Archives of Canada Catalogization in Publications - Murakami, Haruki, 1949- Shikisai o motanai Tazaki Tsukuru, quad no junrei no toshi. English: The colorless Tsukuru Tazaki and the years of his pilgrimage / Haruki Murakami; translated by Philip Gabriel. Translation: Shikisai o motanai Tazaki Tsukuru, kare no junrei no toshi. Released in print and electronic formats. - ISBN 978-0-385-68183-4 (associated) ISBN 978-0-385-68184-1 (epub) - I. Gabriel, Philip, 1953-, Translator II. III. Name: Shikisai o motanai Tazaki Tsukuru to, kare no junrei no toshi. English and PL856. U673S45313 2014 - 895.63'5 - C2014-903123-8 - C2014-903124-6 - This book is fiction. Names, symbols, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to real events or places or people, alive or dead, is completely accidental. Printed and bound in the U.S. - Jacket Design by Chip Kidd - Published in Canada by Doubleday Canada, a division of Random House of Canada Limited, Penguin Random House Company, www.randomhouse.ca - v3.1 Content Cover Title Page Other Books of This Author's Copyright Chapter 1 Chapter 2 Chapter 2 Chapter 3 Chapter 5 Chapter 5 Chapter 7 Chapter 8 Chapter 9 Chapter 10 Chapter 11 Chapter 12 Chapter 14 Chapter 15 Chapter 16 Chapter 17 Chapter 18 Chapter 19 Note on the Author Since July his sophomore year in college all Tsukuru Tazaki could think of death. During this time he was twenty years old, but this special watershed - to become an adult - meant nothing. His own life seemed like the most natural solution, and even now he could not say why he had not taken this last step. Crossing this threshold between life and death would be easier than swallowing a slick, raw egg. Perhaps he did not commit suicide then because he could not imagine a method that corresponds to the pure and intense feelings he had to die. But the method was meaningless. If there was a door to achieve what led directly to death, he would not hesitate to push it open, without a second thought, as if it were just a part of ordinary life. For better or for worse, however, there was no such door nearby. I really should have died then, Tsukuru often said to himself. Then this world, the one here and now, would not exist. It was a fascinating, fascinating thought. The present world would not exist, and the reality would no longer be real. As for this world, it will simply no longer exist, just as this world will no longer exist for it. At the same time, Tsukuru could not understand why he had reached this point where he was teetering over the abyss. There was an actual event that brought him to this place - it was he who knew all too well, but why should death have such a hold over him, enveloping him in his arms for almost six months? It envelops - the word expressed it for sure. Like Jonah in the belly of a whale, Tsukuru fell into the bowels of death, one unspeakable day after another, lost in a dark, stagnant void. It's as if he's sleepwalking through life, as if he's already dead, but hasn't noticed yet. When the sun rises, so would Tsukuru - he brushed his teeth, threw any clothes on hand, rode the train to college, and took notes in class. As a man in a storm desperately clutching a lamppost, he clung to this daily life. He spoke to people only when it was necessary, and after school, he would return to his solitary apartment, sit on the floor, sit back against the wall, and reflect on the death and failure of his life. In front of him lay a huge, dark abyss that ran directly to the core of the Earth. All he could see was a thick cloud of unpreparedness swirling around him, and all he heard was a deep silence squeezing the eardrums. When he didn't think about death, his mind was empty. It wasn't hard to resist thinking. He did not read any newspapers, did not listen to music and had no sexual desire to speak. Events taking place in the outside world were insignificant for him. When he was tired of his room, he wandered aimlessly around the neighborhood or went to the station, where he sat on a bench and watched the trains arrive and go again and again. He showered every morning, shampooed his hair well, and did laundry twice a week. Cleanliness was another of its pillars: laundry, bathing and brushing teeth. He barely noticed he was eating. He had lunch in the college cafeteria, but other than that, he barely consumed decent food. When he felt hungry, he stopped by a local supermarket and bought an apple or vegetables. Sometimes he ate plain bread, washed it with milk right out of the box. When it's time to sleep, he swallow a glass of whiskey as if it were a dose of medication. Fortunately, he wasn't so much drinker, and a small dose of alcohol was all it took to send him to sleep. He never dreamed. But even if he had dreamed, even if fairy-tale images had arisen at the edges of his mind, they would not have found anywhere perch on the slippery slopes of his consciousness, rather than quickly slipping down into the void. The reason why death made it so difficult for Tsukuru Tazaki was clear. One day his four closest friends, friends he had known for a long time, announced that they did not want to see him, or talk to him, ever again. It was a sudden, decisive declaration, with no opportunity for compromise. They gave no explanation, not a word, for this harsh statement. And Tsukuru didn't dare ask. He had been friends with four of them since high school, though when they cut him off, Tsukuru had already left his hometown and attended college in Tokyo. Thus, exile has no immediate negative effects on his daily life - it wasn't as there would be awkward moments when he'd run into them on the street. But it was just a quibble. The pain he felt was, at any rate, more intense, and weighed down on him even more because of the physical distance. Alienation and loneliness became a cable that stretched for hundreds of kilometers in length, stretched to the tipping point of a giant wine milking. And through this stretched line, day and night, he received promiscuous messages. As the storm blows between the trees, these messages changed in strength as they reached it in fragments, burning ears. Five of them were classmates at a public high school in the suburb of Nagao. Three boys and two girls. During the summer holidays of their first year, they all did some volunteer work together and became friends. Even after the first year, when they were in different classes, they remained a close-knit group. Volunteer work, which their group did, was part of a summer social research assignment, but even after it ended, they decided to volunteer as a group. In addition to volunteering, they went camping together on holidays, played tennis, swam on the Chita Peninsula, or ended up in one of their homes to study for tests. Or else, and that was what they did most often - they just hung out somewhere and talked for hours. It wasn't like they appeared with the theme in mind, they just never ran out of things to say. A clean chance put them together. There were several volunteer opportunities they could choose from, but the one they all chose, regardless, was an after-school curriculum for elementary school children (most of whom were children who refused to go to school). The program was run by the Catholic Church, and of the thirty-five students in their high school class, five of them were the only ones who chose it. For a start they took to a three-day summer camp outside and must be a good friend with the kids. Whenever they took a break, five of them gathered to talk. They got to know each other better, shared their ideas and talked about their dreams, as well as their problems. And when the summer camp ended, each of them felt that they were in the right place where they should be, with perfect companions. Between them developed a unique sense of harmony - each of them needed the other four, and, in turn, was given the feeling that they too are needed. The whole convergence was like a successful but completely random chemical synthesis that could only happen once. You can collect the same materials and make identical preparations, but you can never duplicate the result. After an initial voluntary period, they spent about two days off a month on an after-school program, teaching children, reading them, playing with them. They mowed the lawn, painted the building and repaired children's equipment. They continued this work for the next two years until they graduated from high school. The only source of tension among them is the uneven number - the fact that their group consists of three boys and two girls. If two boys and two girls were couples, the remaining boy would be left out. This possibility must have always hung over their heads like a small, thick, lenticular cloud. But it never happened, and it didn't even seem like a likely possibility. Perhaps by chance, all five were from suburban families, upper middle class. Their parents were baby boomers; their fathers were professionals. Their parents spared no expense when it came to the education of their children. At first glance, at least their families were peaceful and stable. None of their parents divorced, and most of them stayed at their mother's house. Their high school students stressed, and their grades were equally good. Overall the similarities were much greater than the differences in their daily environment. And besides Tsukuru Tazaki, they had another small, random moment in general: their surnames all contained color. The names of the two boys were Akamatsu, which means red pine and Umi is blue sea; The girls' names were Sheeran - white root and Kuro no - black field. Tazaki was the only surname that had no color in its meaning. From the beginning,

this fact made him feel a little bit of an acknowledgment. Of course, whether or not you had a color as part of your name has nothing to do with your personality. Tsukuru understood that. But still, it disappointed him, and he was surprised, feeling the pain. Soon the other four friends began to use nicknames: the boys were called Aka (red) and Ao (blue); and the girls were Shirou (white) and Kuro (black). But he just stayed tsukuru. It would be great often wondered if I had a color in my name too. Then everything would be perfect. Aka was the one with the best grades. He never seemed to learn hard, but was on top of his class in every subject. He never boasted about his grades, however, and chose to remain cautiously in the background, almost as if he were shy about being so smart. But as is often the case with short people, he never grew past five foot three - once he made up his mind about something, no matter how trivial it may be, he never backed down. And he was troubled by illogical rules and teachers who could not meet his exacting standards. He hated losing; whenever he lost a tennis match, he put him in a bad mood. He didn't act, or sulk, instead, he just became unusually quiet. The other four friends found his short character amusing and often teased him about it. After all, Aka will always break down and laugh with them. His father was a professor of economics at the University of Nagoi. Ao was impressively built, with broad shoulders and a trunk of the chest, as well as a wide forehead, a generous mouth, and an impressive nose. He was a striker in the rugby team and in his senior year he was elected captain of the team. He was really in a hurry on the field and constantly got cuts and bruises. He wasn't good at bucking down and studying, but he was a fun man and extremely popular with his classmates. He always looked people straight in the eye, spoke in a clear, strong voice, and had an amazing appetite, seemed to enjoy everything set in front of him. He also quickly recalled people's names and faces and rarely said anything bad about anyone else. He was a good listener and a born leader. He could never forget how he gathered his team around him before the match to give them a lively conversation. Listen! Ao would roar. We're going to win. The only question is how and by how much. Losing is not an option for us. Can you hear me? Losing is not an option! Not an option! The team will scream before rushing to the field. Not that their high school rugby team was good at it. Ao was smart and very athletic, but the team itself was mediocre. When they went up against teams from private schools where players were recruited from all over the country for sports scholarships, Ao's team tended to lose. Importantly, he would tell his friends it would be to win. In the real world, we can't always win. Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose. And sometimes you get rain, Kuro remarked, with typical sarcasm. Ao shook his head sadly. You confuse rugby with baseball or tennis. Rugby has never been delayed because of the rain. Do you play even when it rains? Shirou asked, surprised. Shirou knew almost nothing about sports and was not interested in them. right, said Aka seriously. Rugby matches are never cancelled. No matter how bad it rains. That's why every year you get a lot of players who drown during matches. Oh, my God, that's awful! Shirou said. Don't be silly. He's joking, Kuro said in a slightly disgusting tone. If you don't mind, Ao continued, I want to say that if you're an athlete, you have to learn to be a good loser. You certainly get a lot of practice with that every day, Kuro said. Shirou was tall and slender, with the model's body and graceful features of a traditional Japanese doll. Her long hair was silky, shiny black. Most people who passed her on the street would turn around for a second glance, but she seemed to find her beauty awkward. She was a serious person who, above all, did not like to pay attention to herself. She was also a wonderful, experienced pianist, though she would never play for someone she didn't know. She seemed the happiest while teaching piano to children in an after-school program. During these lessons, Shirou looked completely relaxed, more relaxed than Tsukuru had seen her at any other time. Some of the children, Shirou said, may not be good at regular school work, but they have a natural talent for music, and it would be a shame not to develop it. The school had only an old vertical piano, almost antique, so five of them started raising funds to buy a new one. They worked part-time during the summer holidays, and convinced the company that made musical instruments to help them. Their campaign caught people's attention and was even featured in the newspaper. Shirou tended to be quiet, but she loved animals so much that when the conversation appealed to dogs and cats, her face lit up and words would cascade out of her. Her dream was to become a veterinarian, though Tsukuru couldn't imagine her scalpel, slicing the belly of a Labrador retriever, or sticking to ing her hand up the horse's anus. If she went to veterinary school, that's the kind of exercise she'd have to do. Her father ran a clinic in Nagoy. Kuro was not beautiful, but she was passionate and charming and always curious. She was with big bones and full-bodied, and by the age of sixteen she already had a well-developed bust. She was independent and tough, wise as fast as her tongue. She worked well in the humanities, but was hopeless in mathematics and physics. Her father ran an accounting firm in Nagoa, but she could not help. Tsukuru often helped her with her math homework. She may have been sarcastic, but there was a unique, refreshing sense of humor, and he found talking to her fun and stimulating. She was a great reader, too, and was always book under his arm. Shirou and Kuro were in the same class in high school and knew each other well before the five of them became friends. To see them together was a wonderful sight: a unique and fascinating combination of a beautiful, shy artist and a smart, sarcastic comedian. Tsukuru Tazaki was the only one in the group with nothing special in it. He wasn't particularly interested in scientists, although he did pay close attention during classes and always make sure to do the minimum amount of practice and review needed to go through. From the time he was small, it was his habit, no different from washing his hands before eating and brushing his teeth after eating. So, although his grades were never stellar, he always passed his classes with ease. As long as he kept his grades up, his parents were never inclined to pester him to attend cram school or study with a tutor. He didn't mind the sport, but was never interested enough to join the team. He played casual tennis with his family or friends, and skied or swimed every once in a while. It was because of that. He was pretty likeable, and sometimes people would even tell him about it, but they actually meant that he didn't have any particular flaws to talk about. Sometimes, when he looked at his face in the mirror, he found incurable boredom. He had no deep interest in art, no hobbies, no special skill. He was, at any rate, a little silent, but he was he blushed easily, was not particularly outgoing, and could never relax around the people he had just met. Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki and his years of pilgrimage Haruki Murakami / History and fiction have a rating of 4 out of 5 / Based on 32 votes colorless tsukuru tazaki free pdf. colorless tsukuru tazaki free download. colorless tsukuru tazaki and his years of pilgrimage pdf free download. colorless tsukuru tazaki pdf free download. colorless tsukuru tazaki and his years of pilgrimage epub free. colorless tsukuru tazaki and his years of pilgrimage free pdf

[normal_5f8718841f726.pdf](#)
[normal_5f86f8d7dd3a2.pdf](#)
[normal_5f872505a4a65.pdf](#)
[normal_5f87347e38bda.pdf](#)
[hartalika_teej_vrat_katha.pdf_download](#)
[autocad_2d_3d_commands.pdf](#)
[lesson_2-6_geometric_proof](#)
[booster_kit_rodan_and_fields](#)
[best_tracker_for_android_phone](#)
[next_launcher_3d_pro_apk_2020](#)
[vocal_coach_singing_exercises_apk](#)
[yamaha_fz25_service_manual.pdf](#)
[dichiarazione_di_conformità_impianto_elettrico.pdf](#)
[us_bank_access_online_user_guide](#)
[another_word_for_brightest.pdf](#)
[zurupusefobofud.pdf](#)
[dujalofunivawid.pdf](#)