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The lost causes of bleak creek barnes and noble

It was 1992 in Bleak Creek, North Carolina, a less sleepy place with all the trappings of an ordinary Southern town: two Baptist churches, a friendly smile along with silent judgment, and a seemingly unquenchable appetite for pork products. Beneath the town's cheerful earlier estate, however, Bleak Creek teenagers living in constant fear were sent to Whitewood School, a local reformer with a record of bringing unruly teenagers back straight and narrow - a record so perfect that almost everyone is willing to ignore the mysterious deaths that have occurred there over the past decade. At first, high school freshmen Rex McClendon and Leif Nelson believed what they were saying- that the bizarre demise of students was all tragic accidents. But when fired for their low-budget horror masterpiece, PolterDog, goes awfully awry and their best friend, Alicia Boykins, is sent to Whitewood as punishment- Rex and Leif are forced to question everything they know about their considerate homeland and its cherished school for crime. The desire to rescue their friends, Rex and Leif combined with the recent NYU film school Grad Janine Blitstein to begin combining together the disturbing truth of the school and its mysterious founder, Wayne Whitewood. What they find, with Alicia's life hanging in the balance, will leave them fighting an evil beyond their wildest teenage imagination, one that will shake Bleak Creek to its core. NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER • Stranger Things meets the South. Cold, hilarious and suspense -- I love it! —Felicia Day From the authors of Rhett & Link's Book of Mythicality and creators of Good Mythical Morning . . . It was 1992 in Bleak Creek, North Carolina, a less sleepy place with all the trappings of an ordinary Southern town: two Baptist churches, a friendly smile along with silent judgment, and an unquenchable appetite for pork products. Beneath the town's cheerful estate, however, Bleak Creek teenagers living in constant fear are sent to Whitewood School, a local reformer with a history of bringing defiant youth back straight and narrow - a record so perfect that almost everyone is willing to ignore the suspicious deaths that have occurred there over the past decade. At first, high school freshmen Rex McClendon and Leif Nelson believed what they were saying: that the bizarre demise of students was just tragic accidents, the unfortunate consequences of succumbing to evils like Marlboro Lights and Nirvana. But when fired for their low-budget horror masterpiece, PolterDog, goes awfully awry and their best friend, Alicia Boykins, is sent to Whitewood as punishment- Rex and Leif are forced to question everything they know about their considerate homeland and its cherished school for crime. Eager to rescue Their friends, Rex and Leif combined with the recent NYU movie Graduate Janine Blitstein to begin piecing together the disturbing truth of the school and its mysterious founder, Wayne Whitewood. What they find will leave them fighting an evil beyond their wildest imagination, one that will shake Bleak Creek to its core. Praise for The Lost Causes of Bleak Creek The Lost Causes of Bleak Creek is like your best friend from high school- kind of weird and slightly twisted, but no matter how much trouble they cause, they always make you laugh. You don't have to be a GMM fan to get out . . . The Lost Cause of Bleak Creek, Will It Awesome Book? F@*# yes! —Kurt Sutter, author of Sons of Anarchy Most people don't read books, let alone write them. That puts Rhett and Link in the top 1% of the world's smartest people. Read this book. —Rachel Bloom, co-author of Crazy Ex-GirfriendThen scary, so exciting, and it's a hellish festival trip. —Kirkus Reviews Post Tagged with:the lost cause of bleak creek He's getting fainter and faint. Can't faint. Just get to the fence. He heard his pursuers screaming. They sounded as panicked as he felt. He did not know whether the dizziness was caused by blood loss or shock at what had just happened. They're going to kill me. He knew the place had been twisted from day one, when they had stripped him of everything, including his own name. But even with all the strange, disturbing things he has seen, he still argues that brutal punishments are designed to intimidate. No extermination. That is why he is so calm, ready for them to guide him together blindfolded and blindfolded, right until they cut off the palm of his hand. What if this particular experiment isn't different? Maybe he did exactly what they wanted him to do, run through the trees like a war pet. They just cut off his hand. No arteries. Plus, he will surprise himself, getting rid of two men holding him, one of them very large, much larger than any adult he has seen there. Did they deliberately let him go? No, he shouldn't sell himself short. He fought like hell. He felt a glimmer of pride. All those hours of remembering Jean-Claude Van Damme's move were worth it. Can't wait to review Kickboxer. He can't move at a full clip, like twigs, rocks, and logs sneaking up on him in meager moonlight. He dodged obstacles, hoping he had gone a straight line. Where's the fucking fence? He saw it just before he collided with it, the meadow's meadow on the other side of the chain glowing a dull grey under the night sky. He began to climb without thinking, the pain exploded when the rope kind of slipped into your open wound. He suppresses a scream, hoping to hide his exact escape point. While squeezing his jaw to summon the determination to crane himself up ten Hurdle, he sees it: a cut-off part of the fence does five steps away. Lucky. As he pushes his way through the lid and stands up in the meadow, he hears the roar of an engine to his left. A pickup truck was injured in the meadow in his direction. They're trying to get his head off. He breaks into a sprint towards the edge of a tree on the grassy side, seeing his own shadow in front of him as the headlights shine on his back. He's confident in his speed. Ninety-nine percent in the President's Shuttle Run Challenge. He passed out on his own. But they narrowed the gap quickly. To the trees. You know there's going to be a barbed wire bull fence on the edge of the field. He's going to have to clean it up. In just a few seconds, they were above him. He was stepping from the tree. The headlights lit the short fence, which helped him assess his distance. He stammered steps to set his leap, then threw his lead foot in the air. A clean jump. He heard the truck sliding to a stop on the wet grass behind him, the door open. Men screaming. He knew this section of the forest well; barely a patch of nature around town he didn't explore on his own. Another 100 feet and he'll go to the open ground. He broke into the wide lane that cuts through the forest, a grass corridor that follows the sewage line to the water treatment plant. He heard cymous men moving through the forest, crashing into branches and grunting at themselves. Morons. Randomly choosing one direction, he plunged into the clearance, reaching a manhole in less than fifty steps. He grabbed a stick nearby and stuck it to the notch on the cover, just as he did a thousand times before, no longer thinking about his throbbing hand. The heavy metal disc lifted, at which point he grabbed the underside and lifted the lid on its edge, released a symous smell. He quickly stepped down to the shadows ranked below, skittering down the iron vibration as quickly as possible. The man burst out of the tree ten seconds after he dropped the manhole cover in place. The boy listens as their cursing voice passes over him. He waited until he could no longer hear them, and then sat for another five minutes. He cranes the cover, emerging into the muggy night air. The boy fled deeper into the woods. NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER - Stranger Things meets the South. Cold, hilarious and suspense - I love it --Felicia Day From the authors of Rhett & Link's Book of Mythicality and creators of Good Mythical Morning . . . 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