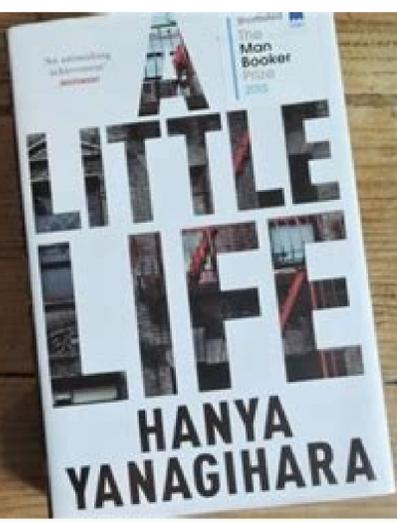


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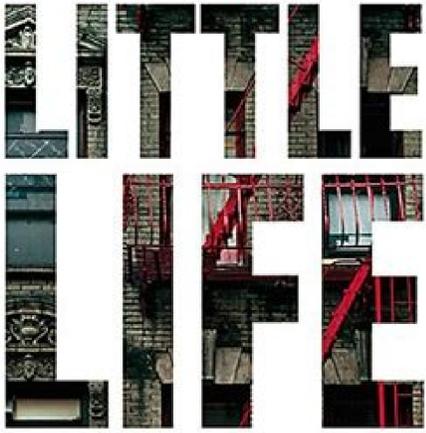


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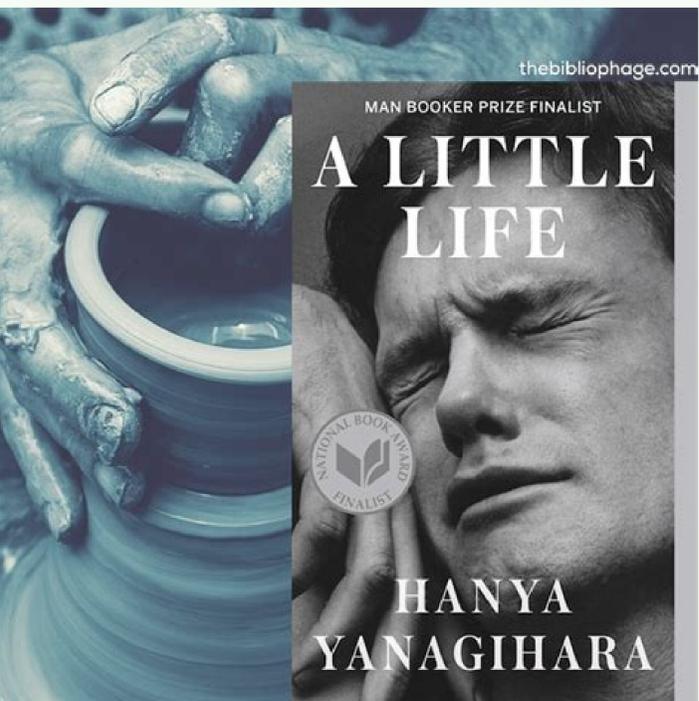
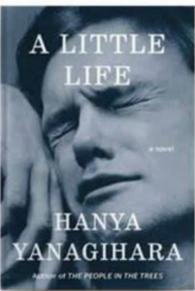
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**HANYA
YANAGIHARA**



Advance Praise for *A Little Life*

“The phrase ‘tour de force’ could have been invented for this audacious novel.”

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“This is a novel that values the everyday over the extraordinary, the push and pull of human relationships—and the book’s effect is cumulative. There is real pleasure in following characters over such a long period, as they react to setbacks and successes, and, in some cases, change. By the time . . . the story arrives at its moving conclusion, readers will be attached and find them very hard to forget.”

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The book goes from a generational portrait to something more dark and more tender: an examination of the depths of human cruelty, counterbalanced by the restorative powers of friendship. .â € € The New Yorker .â € € a different book from any other. . . . A small life asks serious questions about humanism and euthanasia and psychiatric and any number of partis pris of modern western life. . . . A devastating reading that will leave his heart, like the Grinch, a few large size. .â € € “Newsweek” A small life is different from anything else there. Above the top, there are any of the pádloido and simply unforgettable. “The “independent” piercing “. [Yanagihara He is an author with the talent to interrogate the extremes more bases and beautiful of human behavior with sustained and abrupt intensity. ” .â € € The Literary Supplement of Timesâ »a brave novel. . . . Impressive and moving. .â € € “Literary revisionâ € œntrando and completely immersive. Awesome. .â € € Daily News about author Hanya Yanagihara is the author of The People in the Trees. He lives in New York. .â € € “This text refers to the audioocd edition. Extract. .â € € reprinted for permission. All rights reserved. I The Undâ rdimo Apartment had a closet, but had a sliding glass door that opened to a small balcony, from which he could see a man sitting on the other side of the road, outdoors in only a shirt a shirt And shorts although it was October, smoking. Willem raised ‘Adulas ‘Adulas on erbmoh le orep olraduas ne onam In the bedroom, Jude was giving the closet door, opening and closing, when Willem came in. There’s only one closet, he said. It’s okay, Willem said. “I have nothing to put on it anyway.” Not me. They smiled. The building agent went after them. “We will take it,” Jude said. But at the agent’s office, they were told they couldn’t rent the apartment after all. Why not? Jude asked him. “You don’t do enough to cover six months of rent, and you don’t have anything in savings,” said the agent, suddenly getting tired. She had checked her credit and bank accounts and had finally realized that there was something behind two men in their twenties that were not a couple and yet they were trying to rent a one-bedroom apartment in a dull (but still expensive) stretch of 25th Street. Do you have someone who can sign as your guarantor? A boss? “Our parents are dead,” Willem said quickly. The agent sighed. “So I suggest you lower your expectations. No one who manages a well-managed building will rent the candidates with their financial profile.” And then she stopped, with an air of purpose, and looked at the door. When they told JB and Malcolm this, however, they did it in a comedy: the apartment floor was tattooed with the excrements of the mouse, the man on the road had almost exposed himself, the agent was upset because she had been flirting with Willem and he had not reciprocal. “Who wants to live in twenty-five and second anyway.” JB asked. They were in Pho Viet Huong in Chinatown, where they met twice a month for dinner. Pho Viet Huong was not very good - the phosphorus was curiously sugary, the lemon juice was soapy, and at least one of them got sick after each meal - but they kept coming, both by custom and by necessity. You could get a bowl of soup.A syndwich in Pho Viet. Viet for five dollars, or you could get an entrée, which was eight to ten dollars but much bigger, so you could save half for the next day or for a snack later that night. Only Malcolm never ate all his stuff and never saved the other half either, and when he finished eating, he put his dish in the middle of the table so that Willem and JB who were always hungry - could eat the rest. “Of course we don’t want to live in twenty-five and second, JB,” Willem said patiently, “but we really don’t have a choice. We don’t have money, remember? “I don’t understand why you don’t stay where you are,” said Malcolm, who was now pushing his mushrooms and tofu - always ordered the same dish: oyster mushrooms and tofu brased in a thick chestnut sauce - around his dish, like Willem and JB looked at him. Well, I can’t. Willem said. Remember? I should have explained this to Malcolm a dozen times over the last three months. “Merritt’s boyfriend is moving, so I have to get out.” But why do you have to go out? “Because it is Merritt’s name in the lease, Malcolm!” said JB. Oh, Malcolm said. “I was quiet. He often forgot what he considered inconsequent details, but he didn’t seem to care when people were sleeping with him for forgetting. Right. He moved the mushrooms to the center of the table. “But you, Jude -” I can’t stay in your house forever, Malcolm. Your parents are going to kill me sometime.” My parents love you. “That’s nice of you to say. But they won’t if I don’t move, and soon.” Malcolm was the only one of the four who lived at home, and as JB liked to say, if he had Malcolm’s house, he would live at home, too. It was not as if Malcolm’s house was particularly large - it was, in fact, crunchy and poorly kept, and Willem had once gotten a shock just by running his hand up. It was large; a real Upper East Side town house. Malcolm’s sister, Flora, who was three years older than him, had moved out of the basement apartment recently, and Jude had taken her place as a short-term solution: Eventually, Malcolm’s parents would want to reclaim the unit to convert it into offices for his mother’s literary agency, which meant Jude (who was finding the flight of stairs that led down to it too difficult to navigate anyway) had to look for his own apartment. And it was natural that he would live with Willem; they had been roommates throughout college. In their first year, the four of them had shared a space that consisted of a cinder-blocked common room, where sat their desks and chairs and a couch that JB’s aunts had driven up in a U-Haul, and a second, far tinier room, in which two sets of bunk beds had been placed. This room had been so narrow that Malcolm and Jude, lying in the bottom bunks, could reach out and grab each other’s hands. Malcolm and JB had shared one of the units; Jude and Willem had shared the other. ‘AAsAite’s blacks versus whites.‘AAA JB would say. ‘AAA Jude’s not white.‘AAA Willem would respond. ‘AAA And I‘AAA n not black.‘AAA Malcolm would add, more to annoy JB than because he believed it. ‘AAA Well.‘AAA JB said now, pulling the plate of mushrooms toward him with the tines of his fork. ‘AAA ‘AAA ad say you could both stay with me, but I think you‘AAA d fucking hate it.‘AAA JB lived in a massive, filthy loft in Little Italy, full of strange hallways that led to unused, oddly shaped cul-de-sacs and unfinished half rooms, the Sheetrock abandoned mid-construction, which belonged to another person they knew from college. Ezra was an artist, a bad one, but he didn’t want to be good because, as JB liked to remind them, he would never have to work in his entire life. And not only would he never have to work, but his children’s children’s children would never have to work: They could Bad art, unsavable, worthless for generations and yet they could buy the whim of the best oils they wanted, and little lofts in the center of Manhattan, which could shatter with their bad architectural decisions, and when they became sick of the artist. The life of TM, since JB was convinced of Ezra someday, all they would have to do is call their trusted officers and receive a huge sum of cash from a quantity that the four (well, maybe they couldn’t Malcolm) Never dream of seeing in their lives. Meanwhile, however, Ezra was a useful person to know, not just because he made JB and some of his other school friends stay in his apartment. The loft, but because it was a good-natured and basically generous person, and liked to organize over-party parties where large amounts of food, drugs and alcohol were available for free. “JB said,” JB said, lowering his sticks. “I just realized there’s someone in the magazine renting somewhere for their aunt. Like, on the edge of Chinatown. “Probably nothing,” she didn’t even know what to ask. And she wants someone there to know.” Do you think you could say a good word? “Better” will introduce you. Can you go through the office tomorrow?”, Jude sighed. “I can’t escape.” He looked at Willem. “Don’t worry.” What time? One? Then everyone waited a bit; sometimes Malcolm ordered the jackfruit ice cream, which is constantly good on the menu, ate two bites and then stopped, and he and JB would finish the rest. But this time he didn’t order the ice cream, so they asked for the bill to study it and sat euq arap olep ed arbmofa anu ne rodederla y rodederia rador y otnemagepp ne aliribucer ed setna anera ed adanell y datim al ne adanaber .odavitcased aAbah euq sinet ed atolep anu .ecaM eHt odulicni naAbah sazseip saremnirp suS l‘A ed s‘Aupsed ellac al rop epot s‘Am zev adac olep ed aslob anu odnartsarra ogeul y .renet nareidup euq etroc o odirab reuqjauc soiratsiportp sol a ridep arap abartne BJ sartneim areufa odnarepse .nattahnaM y .xnorB nytkorB .sneeuQ ne azzeleeb ed admet al a ‘Arehab al ed BJ ed s‘Aupsed rodatoga anames ed nif nu odasap aAbah solle ed onu adaC .orgen olep ed sarutlucse rechad ed rovaf a artunip al ed onasned nu ramot odidiced aAbah etnemetneiceR .olep ed esaf us .osup ol omoc .odnasap abatse BJ .seip sus a ‘Aentnam euq orgen ocits;Alp ed arusab ed aslob anu ed olep ed sodi±Aurg odneidualpa y odnaniep .riortirctse us ed ojabad sadapuco nabatse sonam sus .â ‘Aidnopsor on secev a l‘A secnotne osulicni .oveun ed odnanos ogeul y .odnagloc .secev sod dlinna ed laicepse ogid‘Ac nu riuges euq naAnet .)etnetsisnocni are ocifidde le ne ralulec onof‘Alet led n‘Aicpecer al l‘A a rageli a‘Areuq solle ed onugla odnacu .aGocor sol zev arar .etnemetnatsnoc sonem o s‘Am nabanos sonof‘Alet sol euqnuA .atsinoicpecer neub nu are onN .laicepse oineg us a reconocer ne a‘Avadot odasnep aAbah eidan euq omoc otulosba ne odnajabart ratse aAbed euq otnat .ojabart us ne abatse sartneim evel dadiludercni al ed autepprep n‘Aiserpxe anu ‘Asu BJ .ri euq s‘Am sert aAnet euq abacifingis euq ol .sesem sies sonu aAradrat otse euq ‘Amitse lA .atsiver al ne eciretcarac ol euq ed olrecrevnoc ogeul y Alla serotidde sol ed onu ed ogima res aAratnetni l‘A euq are .ehcon anu mellIW a odacilpxe aAbah el l‘A omoc .nalp us :l‘A arap ocig‘AAtartse ojabart nu are etsE .ortnec led etra led anecse al ‘Aairbuc euq oHoS ne edes noc atsiver etneyulfini orep a±Aeuqep anu ne atsinoicpecer omoc ‘Ajabart BJ .anicifo us ne BJ a ‘Aiconoc mellIW .etnelugis aAd lA .ra‘Ad la They moved as underwater algae, and “the Kwotidien”, in which he covered several domestic articles .â € “a stapler: A spatula: A cup cup cup of © .â € “in hair. He now was working on Large -scale project that refused to discuss with them except in the banks, but involved the hairstyle and braided together with many pieces to make a seemingly endless rope of frizzing black hair. The previous Friday I had attracted them with the promise of pizza and beer to help him braid, but after many hours of tedious work, it was clear that there was no pizza and beer, and they had gone, a little irritated but not terribly surprised . All were bored with the hair project, although Jude .â € “between them” thought that the pieces were precious and there will be considered significant. In gratitude, JB had given Jude a hair brush covered with hair, but then he had claimed the gift when it seemed that Ezra’s father’s friend could be interested in buying it (he didn’t do it, but JB never returned the hair brush to Jude). The hair project had also resulted in other ways: Another night, when the three of them have been somehow confined to go to the small Italy and comb more hair, Malcolm had commented that the hair stated. What he did: not at all unpleasant, but simply the tangitive metallic smell of unwashed scalp. But JB had thrown one of his assembly tantrums, and he had called Malcolm a black who hated himself and a Tom Tom and a traitor to the race, and Malcolm, who very rarely angry but that angry for accusations like this, there was thrown his wine to the closest hair bag and stamped and stamped. Jude had hurried, the best he could, after Malcolm, and Willem had remained to drive JB. And although the two reconciled the next day, in the end Willem and Jude felt a little more upset in Malcolm, since the next weekend were back in Queens, walking from Barbershop to Barbershop, trying to replace the bag hay How is life on the black planet? Willem asked JB now. “Black,” said JB, stuffed filling I was unchanged in the bag. .â € œWe: I told Annika that we would be there at thirty. The phono of her desktop began to sound. Don't you want to get that? She will call again. As they walked in the center, JB complained. Until now, he had concentrated most of his seductive energy in a senior editor called Dean, whom everyone called Deean. They had been at a party, the three of them, held in one of the parents of the Junior editor in the Dakota, in which the Arte-Hung room was flooded in the Art-Hung room. While JB talked to his kitchen works, Malcolm and Willem had walked together through the apartment (did he have been Jude that night? Working, probably), looking at a series of Edward Burtynskys hanging in the guest bedroom , a water towers suite by the bechlers mounted on four rows of five on the desktop in the DEN, a huge gursky floating on the half libraries in the library, and, in the main bedroom, a whole wall of Diane Arbuses, covering The space so thoroughly that only a few centimeters from the white wall remained in the upper part. They were bored with the hair project, although Jude .â € “between them” thought that the pieces were precious and there will be considered significant. In gratitude, JB had given Jude a hair brush covered with hair, but then he had claimed the gift when it seemed that Ezra’s father’s friend could be interested in buying it (he didn’t do it, but JB never returned the hair brush to Jude). Dean told them that he was one of the editors of the magazine, and that he handled all the arts coverage. Ah, Willem said, be careful not to look at Malcolm, whom he did not confess but to react. JB had told them that he had signed up for his potential brand. This must be © I. Have you ever seen anything like that? Dean asked them, giving a hand to the o±Aeuqep o±Aeuqep us y .‘Aicerudne naeD .asubra enaID a omAâ .mellIW ojid .acnuN FDP arahiganaY aynaH ed adiv a±Aeuqep anu ragraeced .notidde eldnik ed avitanretla n‘Aicide anu a ereifer es otzet etsEâ .âasoicmeterp adreim ©AuQ lotsirC;A .airotsih al noratnoc el odnacu .edrat s;Am ohcid aAbah BJ .âInnAeeDâ .esrAer nis n‘Aicatibah al ed rilas odidop naAbah sanepA .â .nnAeeDâ erbmom us aicunorpp detsU .nnAeeDâ .â?©AuQ;Aâ .â.nnAeeD sEâ .arac a±Aeuqep us ed ortmec le ne odun nu ne esrinuer aAcerap

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