

(Read and download) File size: 53.Mb

Wild: A Journey from Lost to Found



Par Cheryl Strayed
*ebooks / Download PDF / *ePub /*
DOC / audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #5529 dans eBooksPubli le: 2012-05-01Sorti le: 2012-05-01Format: Ebook Kindle

(Read and download) Wild: A Journey from Lost to Found

Par Cheryl Strayed : Wild: A Journey from Lost to Found before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Wild: A Journey from Lost to Found:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurSelected to be read on Radio Four's Book of the Week. 'One of the best books I've read in the last five or ten years... Wild is angry, brave, sad, self-knowing, redemptive, raw, compelling, and brilliantly written, and I think it's destined to be loved by a lot of people, men and women, for a very long time.' --Nick HornbyAt twenty-six, Cheryl Strayed thought she had lost everything. In the wake of her mother's rapid death from cancer, her family disbanded and her marriage crumbled. With nothing to lose, she made the most impulsive decision of her life: to walk eleven-hundred miles of the west coast of America - from the Mojave Desert, through California and Oregon, and into Washington state - and to do it alone. She had no experience of long-distance hiking and the journey was nothing more than a line on a map.

But it held a promise - a promise of piecing together a life that lay in ruins at her feet. Strayed's account captures the agonies - both mental and physical - of her incredible journey; how it maddened and terrified her, and how, ultimately, it healed her. Wild is a brutal memoir of survival, grief and redemption: a searing portrayal of life at its lowest ebb and at its highest tide.

Extrait THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS

My solo three-month hike on the Pacific Crest Trail had many beginnings. There was the first, flip decision to do it, followed by the second, more serious decision to actually do it, and then the long third beginning, composed of weeks of shopping and packing and preparing to do it. There was the quitting my job as a waitress and finalizing my divorce and selling almost everything I owned and saying goodbye to my friends and visiting my mothers grave one last time. There was the driving across the country from Minneapolis to Portland, Oregon, and, a few days later, catching a flight to Los Angeles and a ride to the town of Mojave and another ride to the place where the PCT crossed a highway. At which point, at long last, there was the actual doing it, quickly followed by the grim realization of what it meant to do it, followed by the decision to quit doing it because doing it was absurd and pointless and ridiculously difficult and far more than I expected doing it would be and I was profoundly unprepared to do it. And then there was the real live truly doing it. The staying and doing it, in spite of everything. In spite of the bears and the rattlesnakes and the scat of the mountain lions I never saw; the blisters and scabs and scrapes and lacerations. The exhaustion and the deprivation; the cold and the heat; the monotony and the pain; the thirst and the hunger; the glory and the ghosts that haunted me as I hiked belevn hundred miles from the Mojave Desert to the state of Washington by myself. And finally, once Id actually gone and done it, walked all those miles for all those days, there was the realization that what Id thought was the beginning had not really been the beginning at all. That in truth my hike on the Pacific Crest Trail hadnt begun when I made the snap deci- sion to do it. It had begun before I even imagined it, precisely four years, seven months, and three days before, when Id stood in a little room at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, and learned that my mother was going to die. I was wearing green. Green pants, green shirt, green bow in my hair. It was an outfit that my mother had sewnshd made clothes for me all of my life. Some of them were just what I dreamed of having, others less so. I wasnt crazy about the green pantsuit, but I wore it anyway, as a penance, as an offering, as a talisman. All that day of the green pantsuit, as I accompanied my mother and stepfather, Eddie, from floor to floor of the Mayo Clinic while my mother went from one test to another, a prayer marched through my head, though prayer is not the right word to describe that march. I wasnt humble before God. I didnt even believe in God. My prayer was not: Please, God, take mercy on us. I was not going to ask for mercy. I didnt need to. My mother was forty-five. She looked fine. For a good number of years shed mostly been a vegetarian. Shed planted marigolds around her garden to keep bugs away instead of using pesticides. My siblings and I had been made to swallow raw cloves of garlic when we had colds. People like my mother did not get cancer. The tests at the Mayo Clinic would prove that, refut- ing what the doctors in Duluth had said. I was certain of this. Who were those doctors in Duluth anyway? What was Duluth? Duluth! Duluth was a freezing hick town where doctors who didnt know what the hell they were talking about told forty-five-year-old vegetarian-ish, garlic-eating, natural-remedy-using nonsmokers that they had late-stage lung cancer, thats what. Fuck them. That was my prayer: Fuckthemfuckthemfuckthem. And yet, here was my mother at the Mayo Clinic getting worn out if she had to be on her feet for more than three minutes. You want a wheelchair? Eddie asked her when we came upon a row of them in a long carpeted hall. She doesnt need a wheelchair, I said. Just for a minute, said my mother, almost collapsing into one, her eyes meeting mine before Eddie wheeled her toward the elevator. I followed behind, not allowing myself to think a thing. We were finally on our way up to see the last doctor. The real doctor, we kept call- ing him. The one who would gather everything that had been gathered about my mom and tell us what was true. As the elevator car lifted, my mother reached out to tug at my pants, rubbing the green cotton between her fingers proprietarily. Perfect, she said. I was twenty-two, the same age she was when shed been pregnant with me. She was going to leave my life at the same moment that I came into hers, I thought. For some reason that sentence came fully formed into my head just then, temporarily blotting out the Fuck them prayer. I almost howled in agony. I almost choked to death on what I knew before I knew. I was going to live the rest of my life without my mother. I pushed the fact of it away with everything in me. I couldnt let myself believe it then and there in that elevator and also go on breathing, so I let myself believe other things instead. Such as if a doctor told you that you were going to die soon, youd be taken to a room with a gleaming wooden desk. This was not so. We were led into an examining room, where a nurse instructed my mother to remove her shirt and put on a cotton smock with strings that dangled at her sides. When my mother had done so, she climbed onto a padded table with white paper

stretched over it. Each time she moved, the room was on fire with the paper ripping and crinkling beneath her. I could see her naked back, the small curve of flesh beneath her waist. She was not going to die. Her naked back seemed proof of that. I was staring at it when the real doctor came into the room and said my mother would be lucky if she lived a year. He explained that they would not attempt to cure her, that she was incurable. There was nothing that could have been done, he told us. Finding it so late was common, when it came to lung cancer. But she's not a smoker, I countered, as if I could talk him out of the diagnosis, as if cancer moved along reasonable, negotiable lines. She only smoked when she was younger. She hasn't had a cigarette for years. The doctor shook his head sadly and pressed on. He had a job to do. They could try to ease the pain in her back with radiation, he offered. Radiation might reduce the size of the tumors that were growing along the entire length of her spine. I did not cry. I only breathed. Horribly. Intentionally. And then for- got to breathe. I'd fainted once furious, age three, holding my breath because I didn't want to get out of the bathtub, too young to remember it myself. What did you do? What did you do? I'd asked my mother all through my childhood, making her tell me the story again and again, amazed and delighted by my own impetuous will. She'd held out her hands and watched me turn blue, my mother had always told me. She'd waited me out until my head fell into her palms and I took a breath and came back to life. Breathe. Can I ride my horse? my mother asked the real doctor. She sat with her hands folded tightly together and her ankles hooked one to the other. Shackled to herself. In reply, he took a pencil, stood it upright on the edge of the sink, and tapped it hard on the surface. This is your spine after radiation, he said. One jolt and your bones could crumble like a dry cracker. We went to the women's restroom. Each of us locked in separate stalls, weeping. We didn't exchange a word. Not because we felt so alone in our grief, but because we were so together in it, as if we were one body instead of two. I could feel my mother's weight leaning against the door, her hands slapping slowly against it, causing the entire frame of the bathroom stalls to shake. Later we came out to wash our hands and faces, watching each other in the bright mirror. We were sent to the pharmacy to wait. I sat between my mother and Eddie in my green pantsuit, the green bow miraculously still in my hair. There was a big bald boy in an old man's lap. There was a woman who had an arm that swung wildly from the elbow. She held it stiffly with the other hand, trying to calm it. She waited. We waited. There was a beautiful dark-haired woman who sat in a wheelchair. She wore a purple hat and a handful of diamond rings. We could not take our eyes off her. She spoke in Spanish to the people gathered around her, her family and perhaps her husband. Do you think she has cancer? my mother whispered loudly to me. Eddie sat on my other side, but I could not look at him. If I looked at him we would both crumble like dry crackers. I thought about my older sister, Karen, and my younger brother, Leif. About my husband, Paul, and about my mother's parents and sister, who lived a thousand miles away. What they would say when they knew. How they would cry. My prayer was different now: A year, a year, a year. Those two words beat like a heart in my chest. That's how long my mother would live. What are you thinking about? I asked her. There was a song coming over the waiting room speakers. A song without words, but my mother knew the words anyway and instead of answering my question she sang them softly to me. Paper roses, paper roses, oh how real those roses seemed to be, she sang. She put her hand on mine and said, I used to listen to that song when I was young. It's funny to think of that. To think about listening to the same song now. I would've never known. My mother's name was called then: her prescriptions were ready. Go get them for me, she said. Tell them who you are. Tell them you're my daughter. I was her daughter, but more. I was Karen, Cheryl, Leif. Karen Cheryl Leif. Karen Cheryl Leif. Our names blurred into one in my mother's mouth all my life. She whispered it and hollered it, hissed it and crooned it. We were her kids, her comrades, the end of her and the beginning. We took turns riding shotgun with her in the car. Do I love you this much? she'd ask us, holding her hands six inches apart. No, we'd say, with sly smiles. Do I love you this much? she'd ask again, and on and on and on, each time moving her hands farther apart. But she would never get there, no matter how wide she stretched her arms. The amount that she loved us was beyond her reach. It could not be quantified or contained. It was the ten thousand named things in the Tao Te Ching's universe and then ten thousand more. Her love was full-throated and all-encompassing and unadorned. Every day she blew through her entire reserve. She grew up an army brat and Catholic. She lived in five different states and two countries before she was fifteen. She loved horses and Hank Williams and had a best friend named Babs. Nineteen and pregnant, she married my father. Three days later, he knocked her around the room. She left and came back. Left and came back. She would not put up with it, but she did. He broke her nose. He broke her dishes. He skinned her knees dragging her down a sidewalk in broad daylight by her hair. But he didn't break her. By twenty-eight she managed to leave him for the last time. She was alone, with Karen Cheryl Leif riding shotgun

in her car. By then we lived in a small town an hour outside of Minneapolis in a series of apartment complexes with deceptively upscale names: Mill Pond and Barbary Knoll, Tree Loft and Lake Grace Manor.

She had one job, then another. She waited tables at a place called the Norseman and then a place called Infinity, where her uniform was a black T-shirt that said go for it in rainbow glitter across her chest. She worked the day shift at a factory that manufactured plastic containers capable of holding highly corrosive chemicals and brought the rejects home. Trays and boxes that had been cracked or clipped or misaligned in the machine. We made them into toysbeds for our dolls, ramps for our cars. She worked and worked and worked, and still we were poor. We received government cheese and powdered milk, food stamps and medical assistance cards, and free presents from do-gooders at Christmastime. We played tag and red light green light and charades by the apartment mail-boxes that you could open only with a key, waiting for checks to arrive. We aren't poor, my mother said, again and again. Because we're rich in love. She would mix food coloring into sugar water and pretend with us that it was a special drink. Sarsaparilla or Orange Crush or lemonade. She'd ask, Would you like another drink, madam? in a snooty British voice that made us laugh every time. She would spread her arms wide and ask us how much and there would never be an end to the game. She loved us more than all the named things in the world. She was optimistic and serene, except a few times when she lost her temper and spanked us with a wooden spoon. Or the one time when she screamed FUCK and broke down crying because we wouldn't clean our room. She was kindhearted and forgiving, generous and naive. She dated men with names like Killer and Doobie and Motorcycle Dan and one guy named Victor who liked to downhill ski. They would give us five-dollar bills to buy candy from the store so they could be alone in the apartment with our mom. Look both ways, she'd call after us as we fled like a pack of hungry dogs. When she met Eddie, she didn't think it would work because he was eight years younger than she, but they fell in love anyway. Karen and Leif and I fell in love with him too. He was twenty-five when we met him and twenty-seven when he married our mother and promised to be our father; a carpenter who could make and fix anything. We left the apartment complexes with fancy names and moved with him into a rented ramshackle farmhouse that had a dirt floor in the basement and four different colors of paint on the outside. The winter after my mother married him, Eddie fell off a roof on the job and broke his back. A year later, he and my mom took the twelve-thousand-dollar settlement he received and with it bought forty acres of land in Aitkin County, an hour and a half west of Duluth, paying for it outright in cash. There was no house. No one had ever had a house on that land. Our forty acres were a perfect square of trees and bushes and weedy grasses, swampy ponds and bogs clotted with cattails. There was nothing to differentiate it from the trees and bushes and grasses and ponds and bogs that surrounded it in every direction for miles. Together we repeatedly walked the perimeter of our land in those first months as landowners, pushing our way through the wilderness on the two sides that didn't border the road, as if to walk it would seal it off from the rest of the world, make it ours. And, slowly, it did. Trees that had once looked like any other to me became as recognizable as the faces of old friends in a crowd, their branches gesturing with sudden meaning, their leaves beckoning like identifiable hands. Clumps of grass and the edges of the now-familiar bog became landmarks, guides, indecipherable to everyone but us. We called it up north while we were still living in the town an hour outside of Minneapolis. For six months, we went up north only on weekends, working furiously to tame a patch of the land and build a one-room tarpaper shack where the five of us could sleep. In early June, when I was thirteen, we moved up north for good. Or rather, my mother, Leif, Karen, and I did, along with our two horses, our cats and our dogs, and a box of ten baby chicks my mom got for free at the feed store for buying twenty-five pounds of chicken feed. Eddie would continue driving up on weekends throughout the summer and then stay come fall. His back had healed enough that he could finally work again, and he'd secured a job as a carpenter during the busy season that was too lucrative to pass up. Karen, Cheryll, Leif were alone with our mother again just as we'd been during the years that she'd been single. Waking or sleeping that summer, we were scarcely out of one another's sight and seldom saw anyone else. We were twenty miles away from two small towns in opposite directions: Moose Lake to the east; McGregor to the northwest. In the fall we'd attend school in McGregor, the smaller of the two, with a population of four hundred, but all summer long, aside from the occasional visitor far-flung neighbors who stopped by to introduce themselves it was us and our mom. We fought and talked and made up jokes and diversions in order to pass the time. Who am I? we'd ask one another over and over again, playing a game in which the person who was it had to think of someone, famous or not, and the others would guess who it was based on an infinite number of yes or no questions: Are you a man? Are you American? Are you dead? Are you Charles Manson? We played it while planting and maintaining a garden that would sustain us through

the winter in soil that had been left to its own devices throughout millennia, and while making steady progress on the construction of the house we were building on the other side of our property and hoped to complete by summers end. We were swarmed by mosquitoes as we worked, but my mother forbade us to use DEET or any other such brain-destroying, earth-polluting, future-progeny-harming chemical. Instead, she instructed us to slather our bodies with pennyroyal or peppermint oil. In the evenings, we would make a game of counting the bites on our bodies by candlelight. The numbers would be seventy-nine, eighty-six, one hundred and three. You'll thank me for this someday, my mother always said when my siblings and I complained about all the things we no longer had. We'd never lived in luxury or even like those in the middle class, but we had lived among the comforts of the modern age. There had always been a television in our house, not to mention a flushable toilet and a tap where you could get yourself a glass of water. In our new life as pioneers, even meeting the simplest needs often involved a grueling litany of tasks, rigorous and full of boondoggle. Our kitchen was a Coleman camp stove, a fire ring, an old-fashioned icebox Eddie built that depended on actual ice to keep things even mildly cool, a detached sink propped against an outside wall of the shack, and a bucket of water with a lid on it. Each component demanded just slightly less than it gave, needing to be tended and maintained, filled and unfilled, hauled and dumped, pumped and primed and stoked and monitored. Karen and I shared a bed on a lofted platform built so close to the ceiling we could just barely sit up. Leif slept a few feet away on his own smaller platform, and our mother was in a bed on the floor below, joined by Eddie on the weekends. Every night we talked one another to sleep, slumber-party style. There was a skylight window in the ceiling that ran the length of the platform bed I shared with Karen, its transparent pane only a few feet from our faces. Each night the black sky and the bright stars were my stunning companions; occasionally I'd see their beauty and solemnity so plainly that I'd realize in a piercing way that my mother was right. That someday I would be grateful and that in fact I was grateful now, that I felt something growing in me that was strong and real. It was the thing that had grown in me that I'd remember years later, when my life became unmoored by sorrow. The thing that would make me believe that hiking the Pacific Crest Trail was my way back to the person I used to be. On Halloween night we moved into the house we'd built out of trees and scrap wood. It didn't have electricity or running water or a phone or an indoor toilet or even a single room with a door. All through my teen years, Eddie and my mom kept building it, adding on, making it better. My mother planted a garden and canned and pickled and froze vegetables in the fall. She tapped the trees and made maple syrup, baked bread and carded wool, and made her own fabric dyes out of dandelions and broccoli leaves. I grew up and left home for college in the Twin Cities at a school called St. Thomas, but not without my mom. My acceptance letter mentioned that parents of students could take classes at St. Thomas for free. Much as she liked her life as a modern pioneer, my mother had always wanted to get her degree. We laughed about it together, then pondered it in private. She was forty, too old for college now, my mother said when we discussed it, and I couldn't disagree. Plus, St. Thomas was a three-hour drive away. We kept talking and talking until at last we had a deal: she would go to St. Thomas but we would have separate lives, dictated by me. I would live in the dorm and she would drive back and forth. If our paths crossed on campus she would not acknowledge me unless I acknowledged her first. All this is probably for nothing, she said once we'd hatched the plan. Most likely I'll flunk out anyway. To prepare, she shadowed me during the last months of my senior year of high school, doing all the homework that I was assigned, honing her skills. She replicated my worksheets, wrote the same papers I had to write, read every one of the books. I graded her work, using my teachers marks as a guide. I judged her a shaky student at best. She went to college and earned straight As. Sometimes I hugged her exuberantly when I saw her on campus; other times I sailed on by, as if she were no one to me at all. We were both seniors in college when we learned she had cancer. By then we weren't at St. Thomas anymore. We'd both transferred to the University of Minnesota after that first year she went to the Duluth campus, I to the one in Minneapolis and, much to our amusement, we shared a major. She was double majoring in women's studies and history, I in women's studies and English. At night, we'd talk for an hour on the phone. I was married by then, to a good man named Paul. I'd married him in the woods on our land, wearing a white satin and lace dress my mother had sewn. After she got sick, I folded my life down. I told Paul not to count on me. I would have to come and go according to my mother's needs. I wanted to quit school, but my mother ordered me not to, begging me, no matter what happened, to get my degree. She herself took what she called a break. She only needed to complete a couple more classes to graduate, and she would, she told me. She would get her BA if it killed her, she said, and we laughed and then looked at each other darkly. She'd do the work from her bed. She'd tell

me what to type and I'd type it. She would be strong enough to start in on those last two classes soon, she absolutely knew. I stayed in school, though I convinced my professors to allow me to be in class only two days each week. As soon as those two days were over, I raced home to be with my mother. Unlike Leif and Karen, who could hardly bear to be in our mother's presence once she got sick, I couldn't bear to be away from her. Plus, I was needed. Eddie was with her when he could be, but he had to work. Someone had to pay the bills. I cooked food that my mother tried to eat, but rarely could she eat. She'd think she was hungry and then she'd sit like a prisoner staring down at the food on her plate. It looks good, she'd say. I think I'll be able to eat it later. I scrubbed the floors. I took everything from the cupboards and put new paper down. My mother slept and moaned and counted and swallowed her pills. On good days she sat in a chair and talked to me. There was nothing much to say. She'd been so transparent and effusive and I so inquisitive that we'd already covered everything. I knew that her love for me was vaster than the ten thousand things and also the ten thousand things beyond that. I knew the names of the horses she had loved as a girl: Pal and Buddy and Bacchus. I knew she'd lost her virginity at seventeen with a boy named Mike. I knew how she met my father the next year and what he seemed like to her on their first few dates. How, when she'd broken the news of her unwed teen pregnancy to her parents, her father had dropped a spoon. I knew she loathed going to confession and also the very things that she'd confessed. Cursing and sassing off to her mom, bitching about having to set the table while her much younger sister played. Wearing dresses out the door on her way to school and then changing into the jeans she'd stashed in her bag. All through my childhood and adolescence I'd asked and asked, making her describe those scenes and more, wanting to know who said what and how, what she'd felt inside while it was going on, where so-and-so stood and what time of day it was. And she'd told me, with reluctance or relish, laughing and asking why on earth I wanted to know. I wanted to know. I couldn't explain. But now that she was dying, I knew everything. My mother was in me already. Not just the parts of her that I knew, but the parts of her that had come before me too. It wasn't long that I had to go back and forth between Minneapolis and home. A little more than a month. The idea that my mother would live a year quickly became a sad dream. We'd gone to the Mayo Clinic on February 12. By the third of March, she had to go to the hospital in Duluth, seventy miles away, because she was in so much pain. As she dressed to go, she found that she couldn't put on her own socks and she called me into her room and asked me to help. She sat on the bed and I got down on my knees before her. I had never put socks on another person, and it was harder than I thought it would be. They wouldn't slide over her skin. They went on crooked. I became furious with my mother, as if she were purposely holding her foot in a way that made it impossible for me. She sat back, leaning on her hands on the bed, her eyes closed. I could hear her breathing deeply, slowly. God damn it, I said. Help me. My mother looked down at me and didn't say a word for several moments. Honey, she said eventually, gazing at me, her hand reaching to stroke the top of my head. It was a word she used often throughout my childhood, delivered in a highly specific tone. This is not the way I wanted it to be, that single honey said, but it was the way it was. It was this very acceptance of suffering that annoyed me most about my mom, her unending optimism and cheer. Let's go, I said after I'd wrestled her shoes on. Her movements were slow and thick as she put on her coat. She held on to the walls as she made her way through the house, her two beloved dogs following her as she went, pushing their noses into her hands and thighs. I watched the way she patted their heads. I didn't have a prayer anymore. The words fuck them were two dry pills in my mouth. Bye, darlings, she said to the dogs. Bye, house, she said as she followed me out the door. It hadn't occurred to me that my mother would die. Until she was dying, the thought had never entered my mind. She was monolithic and insurmountable, the keeper of my life. She would grow old and still work in the garden. This image was fixed in my mind, like one of the memories from her childhood that I'd made her explain so intricately that I remembered it as if it were mine. She would be old and beautiful like the black-and-white photo of Georgia O'Keeffe I'd once sent her. I held fast to this image for the first couple of weeks after we left the Mayo Clinic, and then, once she was admitted to the hospice wing of the hospital in Duluth, that image unfurled, gave way to others, more modest and true. I imagined my mother in October; I wrote the scene in my mind. And then the one of my mother in August and another in May. Each day that passed, another month peeled away. On her first day in the hospital, a nurse offered my mother morphine, but she refused. Morphine is what they give to dying people, she said. Morphine means there's no hope. But she held out against it for only one day. She slept and woke, talked and laughed. She cried from the pain. I camped out during the days with her and Eddie took the nights. Leif and Karen stayed away, making excuses that I found inexplicable and infuriating, though their absence didn't seem to bother my mom. She was preoccupied with nothing but eradicating her pain, an impossible task in

the spaces of time between the doses of morphine. We could never get the pillows right. One after-noon, a doctor I'd never seen came into the room and explained that my mother was actively dying. But it's only been a month, I said indignantly. The other doctor told us a year. He made no reply. He was young, perhaps thirty. He stood next to my mother, a gentle hairy hand slung into his pocket, looking down at her in the bed. From this point on, our only concern is that she's comfortable. Comfortable, and yet the nurses tried to give her as little morphine as they could. One of the nurses was a man, and I could see the outline of his penis through his tight white nurses trousers. I wanted desperately to pull him into the small bathroom beyond the foot of my mother's bed and offer myself up to him, to do anything at all if he would help us. And also I wanted to take pleasure from him, to feel the weight of his body against me, to feel his mouth in my hair and hear him say my name to me over and over again, to force him to acknowledge me, to make this matter to him, to crush his heart with mercy for us. When my mother asked him for more morphine, she asked for it in a way that I have never heard anyone ask for anything. A mad dog. He did not look at her when she asked him this, but at his wristwatch. He held the same expression on his face regardless of the answer. Sometimes he gave it to her without a word, and sometimes he told her no in a voice as soft as his penis in his pants. My mother begged and whimpered then. She cried and her tears fell in the wrong direction. Not down over the light of her cheeks to the corners of her mouth, but away from the edges of her eyes to her ears and into the nest of her hair on the bed. She didn't live a year. She didn't live to October or August or May. She lived forty-nine days after the first doctor in Duluth told her she had cancer; thirty-four after the one at the Mayo Clinic did.

But each day was an eternity, one stacked up on the other, a cold clarity inside of a deep haze. Leif didn't come to visit her. Karen came once after I'd insisted she must. I was in heartbroken and enraged disbelief. I don't like seeing her this way, my sister would offer weakly when we spoke, and then burst into tears. I couldn't speak to my brother where he was during those weeks was a mystery to Eddie and me. One friend told us he was staying with a girl named Sue in St. Cloud. Another spotted him ice fishing on Sheriff Lake. I didn't have time to do much about it, consumed as I was each day at my mother's side, holding plastic pans for her to retch into, adjusting the impossible pillows again and again, hoisting her up and onto the potty chair the nurses had propped near her bed, cajoling her to eat a bite of food that she'd vomit up ten minutes later. Mostly, I watched her sleep, the hardest task of all, to see her in repose, her face still pinched with pain. Each time she moved, the IV tubes that dangled all around her swayed and my heart raced, afraid she'd disturb the needles that attached the tubes to her swollen wrists and hands. How are you feeling? I'd coo hopefully when she woke, reaching through the tubes to smooth her flattened hair into place. Oh, honey, was all she could say most times. And then she'd look away. I roamed the hospital hallways while my mother slept, my eyes darting into other people's rooms as I passed their open doors, catching glimpses of old men with bad coughs and purpled flesh, women with bandages around their fat knees. How are you doing? the nurses would ask me in melancholy tones. We're holding up, I'd say, as if I were a we. But it was just me. My husband, Paul, did everything he could to make me feel less alone. He was still the kind and tender man I'd fallen for a few years before, the one I'd loved so fiercely I'd shocked everyone by marrying just shy of twenty, but once my mother started dying, something inside of me was dead to Paul, no matter what he did or said. Still, I called him each day from the pay phone in the hospital during the long afternoons, or back at my mom and Eddie's house in the evenings. We'd have long conversations during which I'd weep and tell him everything and he would cry with me and try to make it all just a tiny bit more okay, but his words rang hollow. It was almost as if I couldn't hear them at all. What did he know about losing anything? His parents were still alive and happily married to each other. My connection with him and his gloriously unfractured life only seemed to increase my pain. It wasn't his fault. Being with him felt unbearable, but being with anyone else did too. The only person I could bear to be with was the most unbearable person of all: my mother. In the mornings, I would sit near her bed and try to read to her. I had two books: *The Awakening*, by Kate Chopin, and *The Optimist's Daughter*, by Eudora Welty. These were books we'd read in college, books we loved. So I started in, but I could not go on. Each word I spoke erased itself in the air. It was the same when I tried to pray. I prayed fervently, rabidly, to God, any god, to a god I could not identify or find. I cursed my mother, who'd not given me any religious education. Resentful of her own repressive Catholic upbringing, she'd avoided church altogether in her adult life, and now she was dying and I didn't even have God. I prayed to the whole wide universe and hoped that God would be in it, listening to me. I prayed and prayed, and then I faltered. Not because I couldn't find God, but because suddenly I absolutely did: God was there, I realized, and God had no intention of making things happen or not, of saving my mother's life. God was not a granter of wishes. God was a ruthless bitch. The last couple of days of her life, my mother was not

so much high as down under. She was on a morphine drip by then, a clear bag of liquid flowing slowly down a tube that was taped to her wrist. When she woke, shed say, Oh, oh. Or shed let out a sad gulp of air. Shed look at me, and there would be a flash of love. Other times shed roll back into sleep as if I were not there. Sometimes when my mother woke she did not know where she was. She demanded an enchilada and then some apple- sauce. She believed that all the animals shed ever loved were in the room with her and there had been a lot. Shed say, That horse darn near stepped on me, and look around for it accusingly, or her hands would move to stroke an invisible cat that lay at her hip. During this time I wanted my mother to say to me that I had been the best daughter in the world. I did not want to want this, but I did, inexplicably, as if I had a great fever that could be cooled only by those words. I went so far as to ask her directly, Have I been the best daughter in the world? She said yes, I had, of course. But this was not enough. I wanted those words to knit together in my mothers mind and for them to be delivered, fresh, to me. I was ravenous for love. My mother died fast but not all of a sudden. A slow-burning fire when flames disappear to smoke and then smoke to air.

She didnt have time to get skinny. She was altered but still fleshy when she died, the body of a woman among the living. She had her hair too, brown and brittle and frayed from being in bed for weeks. From the room where she died I could see the great Lake Superior out her window. The biggest lake in the world, and the coldest too. To see it, I had to work. I pressed my face sideways, hard, against the glass, and Id catch a slice of it going on forever into the horizon. A room with a view! my mother exclaimed, though she was too weak to rise and see the lake herself. And then more quietly she said: All of my life Ive waited for a room with a view. She wanted to die sitting up, so I took all the pillows I could get my hands on and made a backrest for her. I wanted to take her from the hospital and prop her in a field of yarrow to die. I covered her with a quilt that I had brought from home, one shed sewn herself out of pieces of our old clothing. Get that out of here, she growled savagely, and then kicked her legs like a swimmer to make it go away. I watched my mother. Outside the sun glinted off the sidewalks and the icy edges of the snow. It was Saint Patricks Day, and the nurses brought her a square block of green Jell-O that sat quivering on the table beside her. It would turn out to be the last full day of her life, and for most of it she held her eyes still and open, neither sleeping nor waking, intermittently lucid and hallucinatory. That evening I left her, though I didnt want to. The nurses and doctors had told Eddie and me that this was it. I took that to mean she would die in a couple of weeks. I believed that people with cancer lingered. Karen and Paul would be driving up together from Minneapolis the next morning and my mothers parents were due from Alabama in a couple of days, but Leif was still nowhere to be found. Eddie and I had called Leif s friends and the parents of his friends, leaving pleading messages, asking him to call, but he hadnt called. I decided to leave the hospital for one night so I could find him and bring him to the hospital once and for all. Ill be back in the morning, I said to my mother. I looked over at Eddie, half lying on the little vinyl couch. Ill come back with Leif. When she heard his name, she opened her eyes: blue and blazing, the same as theyd always been. In all this, they hadnt changed. How can you not be mad at him? I asked her bitterly for perhaps the tenth time. You cant squeeze blood from a turnip, shed usually say. Or, Cheryl, hes only eighteen. But this time she just gazed at me and said, Honey, the same as she had when Id gotten angry about her socks. The same as shed always done when shed seen me suffer because I wanted something to be different than it was and she was trying to convince me with that single word that I must accept things as they were. Well all be together tomorrow, I said. And then well all stay here with you, okay? None of us will leave. I reached through the tubes that were draped all around her and stroked her shoulder. I love you, I said, bending to kiss her cheek, though she fended me off, in too much pain to endure even a kiss. Love, she whispered, too weak to say the I and you. Love, she said again as I left her room. I rode the elevator and went out to the cold street and walked along the sidewalk. I passed a bar packed with people I could see through a big plate-glass window. They were all wearing shiny green paper hats and green shirts and green suspenders and drinking green beer. A man inside met my eye and pointed at me drunkenly, his face breaking into silent laughter. I drove home and fed the horses and hens and got on the phone, the dogs gratefully licking my hands, our cat nudging his way onto my lap. I called everyone who might know where my brother was. He was drinking a lot, some said. Yes, it was true, said others, hed been hanging out with a girl from St. Cloud named Sue. At midnight the phone rang and I told him that this was it. I wanted to scream at him when he walked in the door a half hour later, to shake him and rage and accuse, but when I saw him, all I could do was hold him and cry. He seemed so old to me that night, and so very young too. For the first time, I saw that hed become a man and yet also I could see what a little boy he was. My little boy, the one Id half mothered all of my life, having no choice but to help my mom all those times shed been away at work. Karen and I were three years apart, but wed been raised as if we were practically

twins, the two of us equally in charge of Leif as kids. I cant do this, he kept repeating through his tears. I cant live without Mom. I cant. I cant. I cant. We have to, I replied, though I couldnt believe it myself. We lay together in his single bed talking and crying into the wee hours until, side by side, we drifted off to sleep. I woke a few hours later and, before waking Leif, fed the animals and loaded bags full of food we could eat during our vigil at the hospital. By eight oclock we were on our way to Duluth, my brother driving our mothers car too fast while U2s Joshua Tree blasted out of the speakers. We listened intently to the music without talking, the low sun cutting brightly into the snow on the sides of the road. When we reached our mothers room at the hospital, we saw a sign on her closed door instructing us to check in at the nurses station before entering. This was a new thing, but I assumed it was only a procedural matter. A nurse approached us in the hallway as we walked toward the station, and before I spoke she said, We have ice on her eyes. She wanted to donate her corneas, so we need to keep the ice. What? I said with such intensity that she jumped. I didnt wait for an answer. I ran to my mothers room, my brother right behind me. When I opened the door, Eddie stood and came for us with his arms outstretched, but I swerved away and dove for my mom. Her arms lay waxen at her sides, yellow and white and black and blue, the needles and tubes removed. Her eyes were covered by two surgical gloves packed with ice, their fat fingers lolling clownishly across her face. When I grabbed her, the gloves slid off. Bouncing onto the bed, then onto the floor. I howled and howled and howled, rooting my face into her body like an animal. Shed been dead an hour. Her limbs had cooled, but her belly was still an island of warm. I pressed my face into the warmth and howled some more. I dreamed of her incessantly. In the dreams I was always with her when she died. It was me who would kill her. Again and again and again. She commanded me to do it, and each time I would get down on my knees and cry, begging her not to make me, but she would not relent, and each time, like a good daughter, I ultimately complied. I tied her to a tree in our front yard and poured gasoline over her head, then lit her on fire. I made her run down the dirt road that passed by the house wed built and then ran her over with my truck. I dragged her body, caught on a jagged piece of metal underneath, until it came loose, and then I put my truck in reverse and ran her over again. I took a miniature baseball bat and beat her to death with it, slow and hard and sad. I forced her into a hole Id dug and kicked dirt and stones on top of her and buried her alive. These dreams were not surreal. They took place in plain, ordinary light. They were the documentary films of my subconscious and felt as real to me as life. My truck was really my truck; our front yard was our actual front yard; the miniature baseball bat sat in our closet among the umbrellas. I didnt wake from these dreams crying. I woke shrieking. Paul grabbed me and held me until I was quiet. He wetted a washcloth with cool water and put it over my face. But those wet washcloths couldnt wash the dreams of my mother away. Nothing did. Nothing would. Nothing could ever bring my mother back or make it okay that she was gone. Nothing would put me beside her the moment she died. It broke me up. It cut me off. It tumbled me end over end. It took me years to take my place among the ten thousand things again. To be the woman my mother raised. To remember how she said honey and picture her particular gaze. I would suffer. I would suffer. I would want things to be different than they were. The wanting was a wilderness and I had to find my own way out of the woods. It took me four years, seven months, and three days to do it. I didnt know where I was going until I got there. It was a place called the Bridge of the Gods. 2SPLITTING If I had to draw a map of those four-plus years to illustrate the time between the day of my mothers death and the day I began my hike on the Pacific Crest Trail, the map would be a confusion of lines in all directions, like a crackling Fourth of July sparkler with Minnesota at its inevitable center. To Texas and back. To New York City and back. To New Mexico and Arizona and Nevada and California and Oregon and back. To Wyoming and back. To Portland, Oregon, and back. To Portland and back again. And again. But those lines wouldnt tell the story. The map would illuminate all the places I ran to, but not all the ways I tried to stay. It wouldnt show you how in the months after my mother died, I attempted and failed to fill in for her in an effort to keep my family together. Or how Id struggled to save my marriage, even while I was dooming it with my lies. It would only seem like that rough star, its every bright line shooting out. By the time I arrived in the town of Mojave, California, on the night before I began hiking the PCT, Id shot out of Minnesota for the last time. Id even told my mother that, not that she could hear. Id sat in the flowerbed in the woods on our land, where Eddie, Paul, my siblings, and I had mixed her ashes in with the dirt and laid a tombstone, and explained to her that I wasnt going to be around to tend her grave anymore. Which meant that no one would. I finally had no choice but to leave her grave to go back to the weeds and blown-down tree branches and fallen pinecones. To snow and whatever the ants and deer and black bears and ground wasps wanted to do with her. I lay down in the mother ash dirt among the crocuses and told her it was okay. That Id surrendered.

That since she died, everything had changed. Things she couldn't have imagined and wouldn't have guessed. My words came out low and steadfast. I was so sad it felt as if someone were choking me, and yet it seemed my whole life depended on my getting those words out. She would always be my mother, I told her, but I had to go. She wasn't there for me in that flowerbed anymore anyway, I explained. I'd put her somewhere else. The only place I could reach her. In me. The next day I left Minnesota forever. I was going to hike the PCT. It was the first week of June. I drove to Portland in my 1979 Chevy Luv pickup truck loaded with a dozen boxes filled with dehydrated food and backpacking supplies. I'd spent the previous weeks compiling them, addressing each box to myself at places I'd never been, stops along the PCT with evocative names like Echo Lake and Soda Springs, Burney Falls and Seiad Valley. I left my truck and the boxes with my friend Lisa in Portland and she'd be mailing the boxes to me throughout the summer and boarded a plane to Los Angeles, then caught a ride to Mojave with the brother of a friend. We pulled into town in the early evening, the sun dipping into the Tehachapi Mountains a dozen miles behind us to the west. Mountains I'd be hiking the next day. The town of Mojave is at an altitude of nearly 2,800 feet, though it felt to me as if I were at the bottom of something instead, the signs for gas stations, restaurants, and motels rising higher than the highest tree. You can stop here, I said to the man who'd driven me from LA, gesturing to an old-style neon sign that said Whites Motel with the word television blazing yellow above it and vacancy in pink beneath. By the worn look of the building, I guessed it was the cheapest place in town. Perfect for me. Thanks for the ride, I said once we'd pulled into the lot. You're welcome, he said, and looked at me. You sure you're okay? Yes, I replied with false confidence. I've traveled alone a lot. I got out with my backpack and two oversized plastic department store bags full of things. I'd meant to take everything from the bags and fit it into my backpack before leaving Portland, but I hadn't had the time. I'd brought the bags here instead. I'd get everything together in my room. Good luck, said the man. I watched him drive away. The hot air tasted like dust, the dry wind whipping my hair into my eyes. The parking lot was a field of tiny white pebbles cemented into place; the motel, a long row of doors and windows shuttered by shabby curtains. I slung my backpack over my shoulders and gathered the bags. It seemed strange to have only these things. I felt suddenly exposed, less exuberant than I had thought I would. I'd spent the past six months imagining this moment, but now that it was herenow that I was only a dozen miles from the PCT itself it seemed less vivid than it had in my imaginings, as if I were in a dream, my every thought liquid slow, propelled by will rather than instinct. Go inside, I had to tell myself before I could move toward the motel office. Ask for a room. It's eighteen dollars, said the old woman who stood behind the counter. With rude emphasis, she looked past me, out the glass door through which I'd entered moments before. Unless you've got a companion. It's more for two. I don't have a companion, I said, and blushed. It was only when I was telling the truth that I felt as if I were lying. That guy was just dropping me off. It's eighteen dollars for now, then, she replied, but if a companion joins you, you'll have to pay more. A companion won't be joining me, I said evenly. I pulled a twenty-dollar bill from the pocket of my shorts and slid it across the counter to her. She took my money and handed me two dollars and a card to fill out with a pen attached to a bead chain. I'm on foot, so I can't do the car section, I said, gesturing to the form. I smiled, but she didn't smile back. Also I don't really have an address. I'm traveling, so I write down the address you'll be returning to, she said. See, that's the thing. I'm not sure where I'll live afterwards because your folks, then, she barked. Wherever home is. Okay, I said, and wrote Eddie's address, though in truth my connection to Eddie in the four years since my mother died had become so pained and distant I couldn't rightly consider him my stepfather anymore. I had no home, even though the house we built still stood. Leif and Karen and I were inextricably bound as siblings, but we spoke and saw one another rarely, our lives profoundly different. Paul and I had finalized our divorce the month before, after a harrowing yearlong separation. I had beloved friends whom I sometimes referred to as family, but our commitments to each other were informal and intermittent, more familial in word than in deed. Blood is thicker than water, my mother had always said when I was growing up, a sentiment I'd often disputed. But it turned out that it didn't matter whether she was right or wrong. They both flowed out of my cupped palms. Here you are, I said to the woman, sliding the form across the counter in her direction, though she didn't turn to me for several moments. She was watching a small television that sat on a table behind the counter. The evening news. Something about the O. J. Simpson trial. Do you think he's guilty? she asked, still looking at the TV. It seems like it, but it's too soon to know, I guess. We don't have all the information yet. Of course he did it! she shouted. When she finally gave me a key, I walked across the parking lot to a door at the far end of the building, unlocked it and went inside, and set my things down and sat on the soft bed. I was in the Mojave Desert, but the room was strangely dank, smelling of wet carpet and Lysol. A

vented white metal box in the corner roared to life a swamp cooler that blew icy air for a few minutes and then turned itself off with a dramatic clatter that only exacerbated my sense of uneasy solitude. I thought about going out and finding myself a companion. It was such an easy thing to do. The previous years had been a veritable feast of one-and two-and three-night stands. They seemed so ridiculous to me now, all that intimacy with people I didn't love, and yet still I ached for the simple sensation of a body pressed against mine, obliterating everything else. I stood up from the bed to shake off the longing, to stop my mind from its hungry whir: I could go to a bar. I could let a man buy me a drink. We could be back here in a flash. Just behind that longing was the urge to call Paul. He was my ex-husband now, but he was still my best friend. As much as I'd pulled away from him in the years after my mother's death, I'd also leaned hard into him. In the midst of my mostly silent agonizing over our marriage, we'd had good times, been, in oddly real ways, a happy couple. The vented metal box in the corner turned itself on again and I went to stand before it, letting the frigid air blow against my bare legs. I was dressed in the clothes I'd been wearing since I'd left Portland the night before, every last thing brand-new. It was my hiking outfit and in it I felt a bit foreign, like someone I hadn't yet become. Wool socks beneath a pair of leather hiking boots with metal fasts. Navy blue shorts with important-looking pockets that closed with Velcro tabs. Underwear made of a special quick-dry fabric and a plain white T-shirt over a sports bra. They were among the many things I'd spent the winter and spring saving up my money to buy, working as many shifts as I could get at the restaurant where I waited tables. When I'd purchased them, they hadn't felt foreign to me. In spite of my recent forays into edgy urban life, I was easily someone who could be described as outdoorsy. I had, after all, spent my teen years roughing it in the Minnesota northwoods. My family vacations had always involved some form of camping, and so had the trips I'd taken with Paul or alone or with friends. I'd slept in the back of my truck, camped out in parks and national forests more times than I could count. But now, here, having only these clothes at hand, I felt suddenly like a fraud. In the six months since I'd decided to hike the PCT, I'd had at least a dozen conversations in which I explained why this trip was a good idea and how well suited I was to the challenge. But now, alone in my room at Whites Motel, I knew there was no denying the fact that I was on shaky ground. Perhaps you should try a shorter trip first, Paul had suggested when I told him about my plan during one of our should-we-stay-together-or-get-divorced discussions several months before. Why? I'd asked with irritation. Don't you think I can hack it? It isn't that, he said. It's only that you've never gone backpacking, as far as I know. I've gone backpacking! I'd said indignantly, though he was right: I hadn't. In spite of all the things I'd done that struck me as related to backpacking, I'd never actually walked into the wilderness with a backpack on and spent the night. Not even once. I've never gone backpacking! I thought with a rueful hilarity now. I looked suddenly at my pack and the plastic bags I'd toted with me from Portland that held things I hadn't yet taken from their packaging. My backpack was forest green and trimmed with black, its body composed of three large compartments rimmed by fat pockets of mesh and nylon that sat on either side like big ears. It stood of its own volition, supported by the unique plastic shelf that jutted out along its bottom. That it stood like that instead of slumping over onto its side as other packs did provided me a small, strange comfort. I went to it and touched its top as if I were caressing a child's head. A month ago, I'd been firmly advised to pack my backpack just as I would on my hike and take it on a trial run. I'd meant to do it before I left Minneapolis, and then I'd meant to do it once I got to Portland. But I hadn't. My trial run would be tomorrow my first day on the trail. I reached into one of the plastic bags and pulled out an orange whistle, whose packaging proclaimed it to be the world's loudest. I ripped it open and held the whistle up by its yellow lanyard, then put it around my neck, as if I were a coach. Was I supposed to hike wearing it like this? It seemed silly, but I didn't know. Like so much else, when I'd purchased the world's loudest whistle, I hadn't thought it all the way through. I took it off and tied it to the frame of my pack, so it would dangle over my shoulder when I hiked. There, it would be easy to reach, should I need it. Would I need it? I wondered meekly, bleakly, flopping down on the bed. It was well past dinnertime, but I was too anxious to feel hungry, my aloneness an uncomfortable thunk that filled my gut. You finally got what you wanted, Paul had said when we bade each other goodbye in Minneapolis ten days before. What's that? I'd asked. To be alone, he replied, and smiled, though I could only nod uncertainly. It had been what I wanted, though alone wasn't quite it. What I had to have when it came to love was beyond explanation, it seemed. The end of my marriage was a great unraveling that began with a letter that arrived a week after my mother's death, though its beginnings went back further than that. The letter wasn't for me. It was for Paul. Fresh as my grief was, I still dashed excitedly into our bedroom and handed it to him when I saw the return address. It was from the New School in New York City. In another lifetime only three months before, in the days before I learned my

mother had cancer. I helped him apply to a PhD program in political philosophy. Back in mid-January, the idea of living in New York City had seemed like the most exciting thing in the world. But now, in late March, he ripped the letter open and exclaimed that he'd been accepted, as I embraced him and in every way seemed to be celebrating this good news. I felt myself splitting in two. There was the woman I was before my mom died and the one I was now, my old life sitting on the surface of me like a bruise. The real me was beneath that, pulsing under all the things I used to think I knew. How I'd finish my BA in June and a couple of months later, off we'd go. How we'd rent an apartment in the East Village or Park Slope, places I'd only imagined and read about. How I'd wear funky ponchos with adorable knitted hats and cool boots while becoming a writer in the same romantic, down-and-out way that so many of my literary heroes and heroines had. All of that was impossible now, regardless of what the letter said. My mom was dead. My mom was dead. My mom was dead. Everything I ever imagined about myself had disappeared into the crack of her last breath. I couldn't leave Minnesota. My family needed me. Who would help Leif finish growing up? Who would be there for Eddie in his loneliness? Who would make Thanksgiving dinner and carry on our family traditions? Someone had to keep what remained of our family together. And that someone had to be me. I owed at least that much to my mother. You should go without me, I said to Paul as he held the letter. And I said it again and again as we talked throughout the next weeks, my conviction growing by the day. Part of me was terrified by the idea of him leaving me; another part of me desperately hoped he would. If he left, the door of our marriage would swing shut without my having to kick it. I would be free and nothing would be my fault. I loved him, but I'd been impetuous and nineteen when we'd wed; not remotely ready to commit myself to another person, no matter how dear he was. Though I'd had attractions to other men since shortly after we married, I'd kept them in check. But I couldn't do that anymore. My grief obliterated my ability to hold back. So much had been denied me, I reasoned. Why should I deny myself? My mom had been dead a week when I kissed another man. And another a week after that. I only made out with them and the others that followed, vowing not to cross a sexual line that held some meaning to me but still I knew I was wrong to cheat and lie. I felt trapped by my own inability to either leave Paul or stay true, so I waited for him to leave me, to go off to graduate school alone, though of course he refused. He deferred his admission for a year and we stayed in Minnesota so I could be near my family, though my nearness in the year that followed my mother's death accomplished little. It turned out I wasn't able to keep my family together. I wasn't my mom. It was only after her death that I realized who she was: the apparently magical force at the center of our family who'd kept us all invisibly spinning in the powerful orbit around her. Without her, Eddie slowly became a stranger. Leif and Karen and I drifted into our own lives. Hard as I fought for it to be otherwise, finally I had to admit it too: without my mother, we weren't what we'd been; we were four people floating separately among the flotsam of our grief, connected by only the thinnest rope. I never did make that Thanksgiving dinner. By the time Thanksgiving rolled around eight months after my mom died, my family was something I spoke of in the past tense. So when Paul and I finally moved to New York City a year after we had originally intended to, I was happy to go. There, I could have a fresh start. I would stop messing around with men. I would stop grieving so fiercely. I would stop raging over the family I used to have. I would be a writer who lived in New York City. I would walk around wearing cool boots and an adorable knitted hat. It didn't go that way. I was who I was: the same woman who pulsed beneath the bruise of her old life, only now I was somewhere else. During the day I wrote stories; at night I waited tables and made out with one of the two men I was simultaneously not crossing the line with. We'd lived in New York only a month when Paul dropped out of graduate school, deciding he wanted to play guitar instead. Six months later, we left altogether, returning briefly to Minnesota before departing on a months-long working road trip all across the West, making a wide circle that included the Grand Canyon and Death Valley, Big Sur and San Francisco. At trip's end in late spring, we landed in Portland and found restaurant jobs, staying first with my friend Lisa in her tiny apartment and then on a farm ten miles outside the city, wherein exchange for looking after a goat and a cat and a covey of exotic game hens we got to live rent-free for the summer. We pulled the futon from our truck and slept on it in the living room under a big wide window that looked out over a filbert orchard. We took long walks and picked berries and made love. I can do this, I thought. I can be Paul's wife. But again I was wrong. I could only be who it seemed I had to be. Only now more so. I didn't even remember the woman I was before my life had split in two. Living in that little farmhouse on the edge of Portland, a few months past the second anniversary of my mother's death, I wasn't worried about crossing the line anymore. When Paul accepted a job offer in Minneapolis that required him to return to Minnesota midway through our exotic hen-sitting gig, I stayed behind in Oregon and fucked the ex-boyfriend of the woman who owned the

exotic hens. I fucked a cook at the restaurant where I'd picked up a job waiting tables. I fucked a massage therapist who gave me a piece of banana cream pie and a free massage. All three of them over the span of five days. It seemed to me the way it must feel to people who cut themselves on purpose. Not pretty, but clean. Not good, but void of regret. I was trying to heal. Trying to get the bad out of my system so I could be good again. To cure me of myself. At summer's end, when I returned to Minneapolis to live with Paul, I believed I had. I thought I was different, better, done. And I was for a time, sailing faithfully through the autumn and into the new year. Then I had another affair. I knew I was at the end of a line. I couldn't bear myself any longer. I had to finally speak the words to Paul that would tear my life apart. Not that I didn't love him. But that I had to be alone, though I didn't know why. My mom had been dead three years. When I said all the things I had to say, we both fell onto the floor and sobbed. The next day, Paul moved out. Slowly we told our friends that we were splitting up. We hoped we could work it out, we said. We were not necessarily going to get divorced. First, they were in disbelief, then seemed so happy, they all said. Next, they were mad at us, but at me. One of my dearest friends took the photograph of me she kept in a frame, ripped it in half, and mailed it to me. Another made out with Paul. When I was hurt and jealous about this, I was told by another friend that this was exactly what I deserved: a taste of my own medicine. I couldn't rightfully disagree, but still my heart was broken. I lay alone on our futon feeling myself almost levitate from pain. Three months into our separation, we were still in a torturous limbo. I wanted neither to get back together with Paul nor to get divorced. I wanted to be two people so I could do both. Paul was dating a smattering of women, but I was suddenly celibate. Now that I'd smashed up my marriage over sex, sex was the furthest thing from my mind. You need to get the hell out of Minneapolis, said my friend Lisa during one of our late-night heartbreak conversations. Come visit me in Portland, she said. Within the week, I quit my waitressing job, loaded up my truck, and drove west, traveling the same route I'd take exactly one year later on my way to hike the Pacific Crest Trail.

Revue de presse A rich, riveting true story . . . During her grueling three-month journey, Strayed circled around black bears and rattlesnakes, fought extreme dehydration by drinking oily gray pond water, and hiked in boots made entirely of duct tape. Reading her matter-of-fact take on love and grief and the soul-saving quality of a Snapple lemonade, you can understand why Strayed has earned a cult following as the author of *Dear Sugar*, a popular advice column on therumpus.net. . . . With its vivid descriptions of beautiful but unforgiving terrain, *Wild* is a cinematic story, but Strayed's book isn't really about big, cathartic moments. The author never finds herself or gets healed. When she reaches the trail's end, she buys a cheap ice cream cone and continues down the road. . . . It's hard to imagine anything more important than taking one step at a time. That's endurance, and that's what Strayed understands, almost 20 years later. As she writes, There was only one [option], I knew. To keep walking. Our verdict: A. Melissa Maerz, *Entertainment Weekly* Strayed's journey was as transcendent as it was turbulent. She faced down hunger, thirst, injury, fatigue, boredom, loss, bad weather, and wild animals. Yet she also reached new levels of joy, accomplishment, courage, peace, and found extraordinary companionship. Marjorie Kehe, *Christian Science Monitor* It's not very manly, the topic of weeping while reading. Yet for a book critic tears are an occupational hazard. Luckily, perhaps, books don't make me cry very often. Turning pages, I'm practically Steve McQueen. Strayed's memoir, *Wild*, however, pretty much obliterated me. I was reduced, during her book's final third, to puddle-eyed cretinism. I like to read in coffee shops, and I began to receive concerned glances from matronly women, the kind of looks that said, Oh, honey. To mention all this does Strayed a bit of a disservice, because there's nothing cloying about *Wild*. It's uplifting, but not in the way of many memoirs, where the uplift makes you feel that you're committing mental suicide. This book is as loose and sexy and dark as an early Lucinda Williams song. It's got a punk spirit and makes an earthy and American sound. . . . *Wild* recounts the months Strayed spent when she was 26, hiking alone on the Pacific Crest Trail from the Mojave Desert through California and Oregon to Washington State. There were very frightening moments, but the author was not chewed on by bears, plucked dangling from the edge of a pit, buried by an avalanche or made witness to the rapture. No dingo ate anyone's baby. Yet everything happened. The clarity of Ms. Strayed's prose, and thus of her person, makes her story, in its quiet way, nearly as riveting an adventure narrative as Jon Krakauer's *Into the Wild* and *Into Thin Air*. . . . Her grief, early in this book, is as palpable as her confusion. Her portrait of her mother, who died of cancer at 45, is raw and bitter and reverent all at once. . . . *Wild* is thus the story of an unfolding. She got tougher, mentally as well as physically [and she] tells good, scary stories about nearly running out of water, encountering leering men and dangerous animals. . . . The lack of ease in her life made her fierce and funny; she hammers home her hard-won sentences like a box of nails. The cumulative welling up I experienced during *Wild* was partly a response to

that too infrequent sight: that of a writer finding her voice, and sustaining it, right in front of your eyes.

Dwight Garner, *The New York Times* One of the most original, heartbreaking and beautiful American memoirs in years. . . . The unlikely journey is awe-inspiring, but it's one of the least remarkable things about the book. Strayed, who was recently revealed as the anonymous author of the Dear Sugar advice column of the literary website *The Rumpus*, writes with stunningly authentic emotional resonance Wild is brutal and touching in equal measures, but there's nothing forced about it. She chronicles sorrow and loss with unflinching honesty, but without artifice or self-pity. There are no easy answers in life, she seems to be telling the reader. Maybe there are no answers at all. It's fitting, perhaps, that the writer chose to end her long pilgrimage at the Bridge of the Gods, a majestic structure that stretches a third of a mile across the Columbia, the largest river in the Pacific Northwest. We think of bridges as separating destinations, just as we think of long journeys as the price we have to pay to get from one place to another. Sometimes, though, the journey is the destination, and the bridge connects more than just dots on a map it joins reality with the dream world, the living with the dead, the tame with the wild. Michael Schaub, *NPR Books* Brilliant. . . pointedly honest . . . Part adventure narrative, part deeply personal reflection, Wild chronicles an adventure born of heartbreak. . . . While it is certain that the obvious dangers of the trail are real the cliffs are high, the path narrow, the ice slick, and the animal life wild the books greatest achievement lies in its exploration of the authors emotional landscape. With flashbacks as organic and natural as memory itself, Strayed mines the bedrock of her past to reveal what rests beneath her compulsion to hike alone across more than one thousand primitive miles: her biological fathers abuse and abandonment, her mothers diagnosis and death, and her familys unraveling. Strayed emerges from her grief-stricken journey as a practitioner of a rare and vital vocation. She has become an intrepid cartographer of the human heart. Bruce Machart, *Houston Chronicle* Strayed writes a crisp scene; her sentences hum with energy. She can describe a trail-parched yearning for Snapple like no writer I know. She moves us briskly along the route, making discrete rest stops to parcel out her backstory. It becomes impossible not to root for her. Karen R. Long, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* [A] vivid, touching and ultimately inspiring account of a life unraveling, and of the journey that put it back together. . . . The darkness is relieved by self-deprecating humor as [Strayed] chronicles her hiking expedition and the rebirth it helped to inspire. . . . Wild easily transcends the hiking genre, though it presents plenty of details about equipment ordeals and physical challenges. Anyone with some backpacking experience will find Strayed's chronicle especially amusing. Her boots prove too small. The trail destroys her feet. Then there is the possibility of real mortality: She repeatedly finds herself just barely avoiding rattlesnakes. Strayed is honest about the tedium of hiking but also alert to the self-discovery that can be stirred by solitude and self-reliance. . . . Pathos and humor are her main companions on the trail, although she writes vividly about the cast of other pilgrims she encounters. Finding out what it was like to walk for miles, Strayed writes, was a powerful and fundamental experience. And knowing that feeling has a way of taming the challenges thrown up by modern life. Michael J. Ybarra, *The Wall Street Journal* Strayed's journey is the focal point of Wild, in which she interweaves suspenseful accounts of her most harrowing crises with imagistic moments of reflection. Her profound grief over her mothers death, her emotional abandonment by her siblings and stepfather, and her personal shortcomings and misadventures are all conveyed with a consistently grounded, quietly pained self-awareness. On the trail, she fends of everything from loneliness to black bears; we groan when her boots go tumbling off a cliff and we rejoice as she transforms from a terrified amateur hiker into the Queen of the PCT. In a style that embodies her wanderlust, Strayed transports us with this gripping, ultimately uplifting tale. Catherine Straut, *ELLE* Spectacular. Wild is at once a breathtaking adventure tale and a profound meditation on the nature of grief and survival. . . . Strayed's load is both literal and metaphorical also heavy that she staggers beneath its weight. . . . Often when narratives are structured in parallel arcs, the two stories compete and one dominates. But in Wild, the two tales Strayed tells, of her difficult past and challenging present, are delivered in perfect balance. Not only am I not an adventurer myself, but I am not typically a reader of wilderness stories. Yet I was riveted step by precarious step through Strayed's encounters with bears, rattlesnakes, mountain lion scat, ice, record snow and predatory men. She lost six toenails, suffered countless bruises and scabs, improvised booties made of socks wrapped in duct tape, woke up one time covered in frogs, and met strangers who were extraordinarily kind to her. Perhaps her adventure is so gripping because Strayed relates its gritty, visceral details not out of a desire to milk its obviously dramatic circumstances, but out of a powerful, yet understated, imperative to understand its meaning. We come to feel how her actions and her internal struggles intertwine, and appreciate the lessons she finds embedded in the natural world. . . . Strayed is a clearheaded, scarred, human, powerful and

enormously talented writer who is secure enough to confess she does not have all the answers. . . Wild isn't a concept-generated book, that is, one of those great projects that began as a good, salable idea. Rather, it started out as an experience that was lived, digested and deeply understood. Only then was it fashioned into a book one that is both a literary and human triumph. Dani Shapiro, *The New York Times Book Review* What should you do when you have truly lost your way? A. Go to rehab. B. Find God. C. Give up. D. Strap on an 80-pound backpack and hike 1,100 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail by yourself. Few of us who would even come up with D, much less do it. Yet that is exactly what Strayed did at age 26, though she had no serious experience backpacking or hiking. Within days of beginning her trek already bruised, bloodied and broke it occurred to her that this whimsical choice was the hardest thing she'd ever done. . . . What she does have is brute persistence, sheer will and moxie, and her belief that there is only one option: To keep walking. . . . In her journey from the most hapless hiker on Earth to the Queen of the PCT, Strayed offers not just practical and spiritual wisdom, but a blast of sheer, ferocious moral inspiration. Marion Winik, *Newsday* When a book has this kind of velocity, when a narrative is enriched by the authority and raw power of a voice like Strayed's, it barely needs a plot to pull the reader into its vortex. But this first memoir by the author of the well-received novel *Torch* does indeed have a tightly loaded trajectory. Wild is a poetically told tale of devastation and redemption that begins with the death of Strayed's mother when Strayed was 22, and ends four years later, after she writes herself an unusual prescription in hopes of saving her own life. . . . Although Wild is the story of an exceptional young woman who takes exceptional measures to ease an exceptional amount of pain, the universality of Strayed's emotions, paired with the searing intimacy of her prose, convince us that she's more like than unlike us, and that she did something most of us would never do, but for reasons we can all understand. . . . And so we relate to her and root for her as she walks, through searing heat and trail-blurring snow, wearing boots that don't fit, with inadequate supplies of money, food, water and experience, escaping the clutches of scary wildlife and scary men along the way. For three months. Alone. She keeps going even when her feet are shredded and her water runs out and an unseasonal blizzard blocks her way. Reading a travelogue of a long hike could be as thrilling as watching a faucet drip. But Strayed is a formidable talent, a woman in full control of her emotions, her soul, and her literary gift, and in Wild she's parlayed her heartache and her blisters into an addictive, gorgeous book that not only entertains, but leaves us the better for having read it. Meredith Maran, *The Boston Globe* [Wild] is really two books in one. Initially it's a story of grief and a chronicle of the loss of her mother, her marriage, even the loss of her last name. . . . And in this way, Wild is much more than a book about grief and loss. [But] it's also about change and transformation, an adventure story full of hope, friendship, and second chances at life. From all appearances, this is a woman who has found her place in the world, both on the home front and in literary circles, where the buzz about her new memoir has steadily grown into a roar. Leslie Schwartz, *Poets Writers* A long-distance hike through the wilds of the West is a perfect metaphor for someone seeking to draw a new line from past to future, and it's with such self-awareness that Strayed sets out with woeful preparation to hike the Pacific Crest Trail from the Mojave Desert to the California-Oregon border. The journey's purpose is to correct the trajectory of her life and lead her to a better version of herself. Flashbacks to her childhood in northern Minnesota, to the collapse of her marriage, and, most of all, to her mother's death and the subsequent dissolution of her family, give us a troubled and complex figure whose lostness is palpable. . . . It's a fearless story, told in honest prose that is wildly lyrical as often as it is physical. Scott Parker, *The Minneapolis Star Tribune* We readers love memoirs for the most selfish of reasons: As we encounter the writer's decisions, collisions, the chances taken or missed, some part of our brain is simultaneously revisiting the things in our own lives that got us this far. Strayed's Wild is one of the best examples of this phenomenon to come along since *Poser* by Clare Dederer last year and *Bird by Bird*, Anne Lamott's classic. . . . Anyone who has read a lot of this genre in recent years can't help but brace herself for the sordid details of a downward spiral. Strayed, however, takes to a different trail. The Pacific Crest Trail, to be precise. . . . Wild will appeal to readers who dream of making such a hike, and Strayed's descriptions of the landscape will not disappoint. They are as frank and original as the rest of the book. . . . This isn't Cinderella in hiking boots, it's a woman coming out of heartbreak, darkness and bad decisions with a clear view of where she has been. She isn't inoculated against all future heartbreak, but she suspects she can make it through what comes next. Wild could slide neatly into predictability, but it doesn't. There are adventures and characters aplenty, from heartwarming to dangerous, but Strayed resists the temptation to overplay or sweeten such moments. Her pacing is impeccable as she captures her impressive journey. She deftly revisits the mix of bravado and introspection inside the head of a wounded young woman. Her honesty never flags.

Kimberly Marlowe Hartnett, *The Seattle Times* Brave and beautiful. Antonia Crane, *ZYZZYVA* In Wild, Strayed recounts the road to redemption a road buried in snow, crawling with rattlers, and patrolled by bears with humor and irrefutably hard-won wisdom. Elissa Schappell, *Vanity Fair* Wild seamlessly intercuts Strayed's occasionally harrowing adventures on the PCT from bear sightings to the hot bartender she picks up in a trailside town with recollections of her childhood and family, as well as postcard panoramas of the deserts, forests, and snowfields she traverses. Wild is a memoir that's light on epiphany, but heavy on the importance of keeping moving even when it's hard. Even when your toenails keep falling off. . . . beautifully told. Alison Hallett, *Portland Mercury* How long is the journey to happiness? For Strayed, it was 1,100 miles. . . . Layered between tales of the trail are painful yet beautiful remembrances of the experiences that led her there: the heart-wrenching days spent at her dying mother's bedside; the sadness and guilt she carried about her subsequent unraveling, which led to a divorce; and the attempts she made to escape these emotions through drugs, alcohol and men. . . . Though it's easy to get lost among the cacophony of voices competing for attention in today's memoir market, Wild rises above the clatter. Strayed is a brilliant storyteller with an extraordinary gift not only for language but also for sharing the wisdom she earned with each and every step.

Spectacular. Kim Schmidt, *American Way* After her mother died and her marriage fell apart, novelist Strayed impulsively decided to hike the Pacific Crest Trail, from the Mexican border to just below Canada, in a desperate attempt to regain her footing. With no hiking experience, too-small boots and a too-large backpack (she dubs it Monster), she soloed for three months, encountering rattlers and battling her terror of bears and mountain lions by singing Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Strayed persevered through punishing loneliness, coping by digging deeper into her own psyche. . . . With grace, wild humor and transcendent insights, she describes her dawning awareness that hiking was making the pain in her life the tiniest bit less hard, and as she begins to heal, she also discovers just how strong she really is. Strayed's language is so vivid, sharp and compelling that you feel the heat of the desert, the frigid ice of the High Sierra and the breathtaking power of one remarkable woman finding her way and herself one brave step at a time. Four stars. Caroline Leavitt, *People* [A] poignant, no-holds-barred, kick-ass memoir that will grab you by the throat and shake you to your core. . . . Strayed seamlessly weaves events on the trail with memories, good and bad, that explain why this hike had to be. And so it goes, for 1,100 miles and three arduous months through injuries, hunger, thirst, strangers met, kindnesses shown, ice and snow, some hilarity, much suffering, almost quitting and much learning. . . . this powerful and raw, deeply felt, often humorous, and beautifully written memoir turns hiking into an act of redemption and salvation. Shelf Awareness Strayed has enjoyed acclaim as an extraordinary essayist for 15 years. . . . Wild tells how, when she was 22 with her life in disarray, she impulsively decided to hike the Pacific Crest Trail alone, from the Mojave Desert through California and Oregon. The idea was that it might help her put things back together. Like the Adrienne Rich poem Power that bolsters Strayed after the trail nearly breaks her on her first day out, Strayed has power in reserve. It used to take her younger self by surprise like so many of her encounters and revelations along the trail. Strayed reclaimed herself with she claimed that power on the Pacific Crest Trail. Today, she owns it, and she knows how to use it. We're feeling it now. Brian Juvenemann, *The Register-Guard* Ardent. . . it is voice-fierce, billowing with energy, precise that carries Wild. By turns both devastating and glorious, Strayed uses it to narrate her progress and setbacks on the trail and within herself, occasionally flashing back to fill in the events that brought her to this desperate traverse. . . . By laying bare a great unspoken truth of adulthood that many things in life don't turn out the way you want them to, and that you can and must live through them anyway Wild feels real in ways that many books about finding oneself do not. The hike, rewarding though it is, doesn't heal Strayed. . . . Strayed waited close to 20 years to publish her story, and it shows. Though many of the things that happen to her are extreme at one point she hikes in boots made entirely of duct tape she never writes from a place of desperation in the kind of semi-edited purge state that has marred so many true stories in recent years. Such fine control over so many unfathomable, enormous experiences was no doubt hard-won. When she finally reaches her destination, she's completed her hike, but her mother is still dead, her marriage is still over, her family and home still lost forever. She spends \$1.80 of her last \$2 on an ice cream cone. The ice cream is wonderful, but it's not the answer to anything, and she knows it. . . . Strayed is someone you want to listen to as she walks on. What she offers up are many, many new questions far more valuable than any platitudes about self-discovery, and it's in these that the heart of her story lies. Melanie Rehak, *Slate* Cheryl Strayed was a novice hiker when she decided to embark on a solo trek along the Pacific Crest Trail (PCT), a scenic footpath that zigzags over the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains for 2,650 miles between Mexico and Canada. Her poetic memoir Wild opens with the impetus for

her journey: the sudden death of her mother just 49 days after being diagnosed with lung cancer. Despondent and disoriented in the wake of her loss, Strayed self-destructs. . . . Not sure what she is in search of, she sets off for the PCT with a guidebook, a collection of poems and an ice ax she doesn't yet know how to use.

During the harrowing three-month journey that ensues, she starts to make sense of her loss. . . . In this compelling chronicle, she does just that, meeting kindhearted fellow travelers along the way as well as two terrifying hunters, several rattlesnakes, a bull and, in the end, someone she can finally begin to admire: herself. Liz Welch, *More Raw*, heartbreaking, humorous, *Wild* is an apt title in many ways evoking not just the pristine ruggedness of [Strayed's] 1,100-mile hike from the Mojave Desert in California to the Columbia River on Oregon's northern edge, but also the untamed emotional landscape that Strayed is desperately trying to escape. In flashbacks along the trail, she relives the jagged memories she is fighting to outrun: abuse, adultery, and the death of her mother a loss that left her so grief-stricken she once broke down and ate her mother's cremated remains. . . . If the emotional baggage isn't enough, there is the actual bag Strayed struggles to carry: a ridiculously enormous backpack so overloaded with nonessentials she dubs it *Monster* and can hoist it only by finding ways to get her legs underneath it. Such bursts of levity come just often enough to blunt *Wild*'s darkest moments. *Wild* succeeds in reminding us that there's always something to be learned from anyone who, however lost, keeps putting one foot in front of the other. Brian Barker, *Portland Monthly Magazine* Strayed recounts her experience hiking the PCT after her mother's death and her own subsequent divorce. . . . She takes readers with her on the trail, and the transformation she experiences on its course is significant: she goes from feeling out of her element with a too-big backpack and too-small boots to finding a sense of home in the wilderness and with the allies she meets along the way. Readers will appreciate her vivid descriptions of the natural wonders. Karen McCoy, *Library Journal* Shattered by the death of her mother and the breakup of her marriage in her mid-twenties, Strayed attempted to hike 1,000 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail alone as a way to piece herself back together after so much loss. . . . The portrait of her mother, a free spirit once married to an abusive man, is heartbreaking. As are her accounts of the extraordinary bonds that sprung up among hikers sharing provisions and offering help. *Whole Living* At 26, Cheryl Strayed realized she was lost. Divorced, still reeling from the sudden death of her mother, she made the radical decision to hike 1,100 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail from the Mojave Desert through California and Oregon to Washington state by herself. Her account of that journey is one of the most thrilling memoirs in years. Why is *Wild* such a standout? For starters, there's the tale's sheer ballsiness: Strayed was an inexperienced hiker when she set out alone, unsure of how to read a compass. When she lost her boots, she wrapped duct tape around her feet and kept hiking. It's fascinating to imagine Strayed taking on black bears and rattlesnakes and impassable snowfall (to say nothing of sexy, dark-haired guitar players and lecherous rednecks with knives). But more impressive is Strayed's writing. *Wild* will undoubtedly be compared to Krakauer's *Into the Wild*, but unlike its tragic cousin, *Wild* is not about an idealistic young person trying to escape the world. It's about an idealistic young person learning to live within it. Reading *Wild*, you think: Here is a woman speaking in her own voice about trying to heal her soul by getting her ass kicked in the woods. . . . Clear, honest, and quietly riveting. Kimberly Cutter, *Marie Claire* After the untimely death of her beloved mother from cancer, Cheryl Strayed, 22 at the time, was left with an all-encompassing grief and a disintegrating marriage. Directionless and searching, an impromptu decision set her compass north. North from the Mojave Desert through California, north across Oregon, and north still through Washington state across the vast, beautiful, and unforgiving stretches of the Pacific Crest Trail. Having never gone backpacking before, Strayed embarked on an 1,100-mile, three-month solo hike that tested both her physical and mental endurance, and ultimately restored her sense of self. A deeply honest memoir about mother and daughter, solitude and courage, and regaining footing one step at a time. Antonina Jędrzejczak, *Vogue* Cheryl Strayed's memoir, *Wild*, proves she's fearless: in life and in her writing. . . . This book isn't just a travel memoir: it's a no-holds-barred account of what inspired a novice hiker to undertake such a grueling journey in the first place. Using the chronological framework of the trek to examine her life up to that point (she was 26), Strayed explores the aftermath of her 45-year-old mother's death from cancer four years earlier. Writing takes one into all the dark places, Strayed says, describing the evolution of *Wild* as starting out as a personal essay for a planned collection that expanded into a memoir because she finally felt that she had to tell the whole story of the hike, including its backstory. Searing . . . powerful . . . mesmerizing. Claire Kirch, *Publishers Weekly* Gripping. *Esquire* Echoing the ever popular search for wilderness salvation by Chris McCandless and other modern-day disciple[s] of Thoreau, Strayed tells the story of her emotional devastation after the death of her mother and the seeks she spent hiking the 1,100-mile Pacific Crest Trail. . .

. Woefully unprepared (she fails to read about the trail, buys boots that fit, or pack practically), she relies on the kindness and assistance of those she meets along the way . . . Clinging to the books she lugs along Faulkner, Flannery O'Connor, Adrienne Rich Strayed labors along the demanding trail, documenting her bruises, blisters, and greater troubles. Hiker wannabes will likely be inspired. . . . This chronicle, perfect for book clubs, is certain to spark lively conversation. Colleen Mondor, Booklist In the summer of 1995, at age 26 and feeling at the end of her rope emotionally, Strayed resolved to hike solo the Pacific Crest Trail . . . In this detailed, in-the-moment re-enactment, she delineates the travails and triumphs of those three grueling months. Living in Minneapolis, on the verge of divorcing her husband, Strayed was still reeling from the sudden death four years before of her mother; the ensuing years formed an erratic, confused time like a crackling Fourth of July sparkler. Hiking the trail helped decide what direction her life would take, even though she had never seriously hiked or carried a pack before. . . . Eventually she began to experience a kind of strange, abstract, retrospective fun, meeting the few other hikers along the way, all male; jettisoning some of the weight from her pack and burning books she had read; and encountering all manner of creature and acts of nature, from rock slides to snow. Her account forms a charming, intrepid trial by fire, as she emerges from the ordeal bruised but not beaten, changed, a lone survivor. Publishers Weekly (starred review) Unsentimental memoir of the authors solo hike from California to Washington along the Pacific Crest Trail. Following the death of her mother, Strayed's life quickly disintegrated. . . . While waiting in line at an outdoors store, [she] read the back cover of a book about the Pacific Crest Trail. Initially, the idea of hiking the trail became a vague apparition, then a goal. Woefully underprepared for the wilderness, out of shape and carrying a ridiculously overweight pack, the author set out from the small California town of Mojave, toward a bridge (the Bridge of the Gods) crossing the Columbia River at the Oregon-Washington border. Strayed's writing admirably conveys the rigors and rewards of long-distance hiking. Along the way she suffered aches, pains, loneliness, blistered, bloody feet and persistent hunger. Yet the author also discovered a newfound sense of awe . . . stunned by how the trail both shattered and sheltered her. Most of the hikers she met along the way were helpful, and she also encountered instances of trail magic . . . A candid, inspiring narrative of the authors brutal physical and psychological journey through a wilderness of despair to a renewed sense of self. Kirkus (starred review) No one can write like Cheryl Strayed. Wild is one of the most unflinching and emotionally honest books I've read in a long time. It is about forgiveness and grief, bravery and hope. It is unforgettable. Ann Hood, author of The Knitting Circle While reading Cheryl Strayed's stunning book about her arduous solo journey along the Pacific Crest Trail, I kept asking myself what would I do if I were stripped bare of everything money, job, community, even family and love? Thoreau once said, In wildness is the preservation of the world. For Strayed, it is clear that in wildness was the preservation of her soul. She reminds us, in her lyrical and courageous memoir Wild, of what it means to be fully alive, even in the face of catastrophe, physical and psychic hardship, and loss." Mira Bartok, author of The Memory Palace Cheryl Strayed can sure tell a story. In Wild, she describes her journey from despair to transcendence with honesty, humor, and heart-cracking poignancy. This is a great book. Mary Pipher, author of Reviving Ophelia and Seeking Peace A courageous and transforming journey spirit and body. Ursula Hegi, author of Stones from the River Arresting . . . So many heal-myself memoirs are available that initially I hesitated about [Wild]. Then I considered the source: Cheryl Strayed, the author of a lyric yet tough-minded first novel [called] Torcha Great Lakes Book Award finalist. . . Wild [is] Strayed's account of her 1,100-mile solo hike along the Pacific Crest Trail, from the Mojave Desert to Washington State. Shattered at 26 by her mother's death, her family's fragmenting, and the end of her marriage, Strayed upped and decided to do something way out of the realm of her experience; here she confronts snowstorms and rattlesnakes even as she confronts her personal pain. Wish I had her guts! Barbara Hoffert, LibraryJournal.com This is a big, brave, break-your-heart-and-put-it-back-together-again kind of book. Cheryl Strayed is a courageous, gritty, and deceptively elegant writer. She walked the PCT to find forgiveness, came back with generosity and now she shares her reward with us. I snorted with laughter, I wept uncontrollably; I don't even want to know the person who isn't going to love Wild. This is a beautifully made, utterly realized book. Pam Houston, author of Contents May Have Shifted and Cowboys Are My Weakness Spectacular! Elizabeth McCracken, author of The Giants House Cheryl Strayed is one of the most exciting writers I've come across in a long time. Hope Edelman, author of Motherless Daughters Smart, funny, and often sublime, Wild has something for everyone a fight for survival in the wilderness, a bad girl's quest for redemption all in the hands of a brilliant and evocative writer. Chelsea Cain, author of Heartsick Stunning . . . An incredible journey, both inward and

outward. Garth Stein, author of *The Art of Racing in the Rain*