

# 《THINGS THAT NEED DOING, THE (ISBN=9780307463241)》

## 书籍信息

版次：1

页数：240

字数：

印刷时间：2010年12月01日

开本：32开

纸张：胶版纸

包装：平装

是否套装：否

国际标准书号ISBN：9780307463241

## 内容简介

“ You keep fighting, okay? ” I whispered. “ We ’ re in this together. You and me. You ’ re not alone. You hear me? You are not alone. ”

5:38 p.m. It was the precise moment Sean Manning was born and the time each year that his mother wished him happy birthday. But just before he turned twenty-seven, their tradition collapsed. A heart attack landed his mom in the hospital and uprooted Manning from his life in New York. What followed was a testament to a family ’ s indestructible bond—a life-changing odyssey that broke a boy and made a man—captured here in Manning ’ s indelible memoir.

## 作者简介

SEAN MANNING is the editor of the nonfiction anthologies *Rock and Roll Cage Match*, *The Show I ’ ll Never Forget*, *Top of the Order*, and *Bound to Last*. He lives in New York.

## 媒体评论

Sean Manning brings a delicate touch to the heaviest details of loss and grief: the late-night drives, the waiting-room magazines, the loneliness, the community. His story of his mother's life and death manages to be both honest and inspirational--not to mention incredibly moving.

-Rob Sheffield, author of *Love is a Mix Tape*

"The Things That Need Doing is a marvelous and heartbreaking book. Manning leads us through the minefield of his mother's illness with grace and tenderness. This is a stunning portrait not just of his brave and loving mother but of the current American system of sickness and death. This odyssey will engross and enchant you and ultimately leave you in tears."

—Anthony Swofford, author of *Jarhead* and *Exit A*

“ At once a son ’ s cry of grief and an ode to the power of familial love, told in the kind of detail that carries the reader into the story, into the hospital room, and into the

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## CHAPTER ONE

I.

I probably should 've left early. She even told me to go. The procedure was scheduled for ten the next morning. I 'd have to be back first thing. But I wanted to say it right at midnight—or, rather, since by then I knew better than to trust the unit 's clocks, at the moment Home Improvement ended and The Fresh Prince began.

I got up from the high-backed chair and went to the side of the bed. A full-on hug was out of the question; jostling the ventilator hose even the slightest bit was liable to set her off on one of those awful coughing fits. Instead, I delicately slipped my left hand behind her neck, steadied myself against the air mattress with my right, leaned down so that our noses practically touched, and smiled.

“ Happy birthday. ”

She smiled herself, mouthed her thanks, and ran a hand trembling from medication and nervousness about the procedure through my hair. Reaching past my temples, it was the longest I 'd worn it since freshman year of college—like my love for basketball, an old proclivity renewed in the eight months since the heart attack and my return home.

I leaned closer still and was kissing her forehead when her nurse came in with the Ambien. (I forget who—being a Wednesday, officially Thursday, most likely Nick, maybe Night Christina.) Before I could step aside and gather my things to go, she clutched my arm.

However shaky, her grasp was still plenty strong. She 'd quit smiling.

“ Don 't say anything, ” she mouthed.

I understood perfectly—she 'd be bummed enough spending her birthday in the hospital without the nurses and aides and other well-wishers among the staff popping in every five minutes to remind her of the fact—and so, before finally leaving to go home and grab a little sleep, promised her I wouldn 't blab.

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