



Le fils

Michel Rostain

[Download now](#)

[Read Online ➔](#)

Le fils

Michel Rostain

Le fils Michel Rostain

Le fils Details

Date :

ISBN : 9782361070175

Author : Michel Rostain

Format :

Genre : Fiction, Cultural, France, Drama, Family

 [Download Le fils ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Le fils ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Le fils Michel Rostain

From Reader Review Le fils for online ebook

Trevor says

I loved this book from the first to the last page.

The story of a father coming to terms with the death of his son, told from the perspective of his dead son, is both moving and uplifting at the same time. Though it sounds a morbid story, and it is sad, there is a feeling of the celebration of life through out the story.

On occasions it does feel as if the translation misses something, how good would it be if I could read it in the original French?

I would recommend this to anyone who is looking for a positive story about how good we are as people at over coming tragedy and carrying on to live full lives despite what has happened.

Stephen says

interesting book part memoirs and part novel of a son who passes away and how the family reacts and what the son sees afterwards. written in a humorous and humane way of looking at death

Elinor Rowley says

A thoughtful and loving book about the loss of a child.

Sarah Price says

This was a Waterstones recommended read and, for once, I felt a little let down. It deals with a father's search for explanations after his son dies unexpectedly. It is written from the son's point of view which is interesting but I don't think it worked completely. It's a translated work so maybe some of the emotional punch was lost in translation.

Angela Oliver says

This is a poignant and moving read that deals with the very difficult subject of grief, the grief of parents suddenly and tragically deprived of their only child. Yet this book is not heavy going, nor a hard and sorrow-filled slog - it is, in some ways, a celebration of life and a memoir of hope and remembrance: the narrator's 21 year old son tragically contracts a virulent strain of meningitis. Within a few hours of hospitalization, he

has died and his parents are left to deal with the hole he has left in their lives. This story is the personal journey of Michel and Martine through their initial shock and grief. Through painful bouts of regret - at not spending more time with him in that final week, and cherishing the moments that they did enjoy. Through the recollections of bittersweet memories at his very touching funeral. And the final step of their journey, as they fulfil their Lion's final dream, and "let him go" in a very moving conclusion.

This book is part memoir, part fiction; heart-breaking and beautiful. The father's grief and love shine through in every word. However, the story is enriched not by merely following Michel through his experiences, but in the fact that we follow Michel through the eyes of Lion, watching him from the other side of death. In this manner, we are shown the wretched grief - the clinging to the last vestiges of Lion's life: his scent upon the bedclothes, the little box of ashes. It adds an additional layer of complexity and beauty.

There is also a dash of humour, a light sprinkling to the mood.

Overall, a beautifully written, deeply affective read that, at less than 200 pages, was devoured within a day of receiving it. It makes one think of mortality and loss and leaves you with the feeling that, although losing a child is terrible, it is something that you can live with, even if you never lose the hurt.

Read-to-Review copy provided by Hachette, via Booksellers, NZ.

Chrissi says

I pre-ordered all of the Waterstones 11 books for 2013 from debut authors, without reading what they were about. I wanted to go into reading them with open eyes.

The Son is an incredibly emotional read. It's a short story, but not one that is enjoyable or comfortable to read. It's about a subject that no parent wants to experience. The death of their child. It is such a well written book and I would say that it's an important book for those dealing with a bereavement.

By telling it from Lion's (Michel's son) voice it doesn't come across as too sentimental. The grief is clearly expressed, but Michel uses his son's voice to express the regrets he had as Lion was dying. Michel documents the death and the preparations for the funeral. I found myself feeling very moved by the writing. It just felt so raw and honest. I really respect Michel Rostain for documenting the journey of grief in this way. I'm sure he's helped many individuals suffering from the loss of a loved one.

I thoroughly recommend this book. It's not an easy to read or a light read full of fluff. It's a true, raw, beautiful read.

Rita Moura de Oliveira says

Este livro entrou mesmo dentro de mim, de várias formas.

De forma resumida, é narrado por um jovem de 21 anos que morreu de forma inesperada e que conta e observa o luto dos pais (sobretudo do pai). Desde a análise de cada momento passado com os pais na semana

que antecedeu a sua morte, passando pelo processo em que a mesma aceleradamente aconteceu, pelas cerimónias fúnebres e pela posterior deposição das cinzas.

Não há morbidez, mas uma montanha-russa de emoções, que após muitos altos e baixos de laivos de alegria e tristezas, termina lá no cimo, com a conclusão de que se consegue viver com uma tragédia destas.

Sofri com este livro sob vários prismas. Por um lado, do ponto de vista de uma mãe que não consegue de modo nenhum imaginar a dor que será a morte de um filho. Por outro, do ponto de vista de uma filha que já esteve muito perto da morte e que sofre só de pensar na angústia passada pelos pais. E foi este último ponto que mais me tocou, pensar que a dor que os meus pais e família anteciparam terá sido muito pior do que tudo aquilo que eu possa imaginar.

É um livro que se sente na pele e que nos deixa alguns arranhões.

Nota: Importante realçar que ganhou o Prémio Goncourt Primeiro Romance 2011.

Nuno Simões says

tocante! mesmo para quem não é pai.

Becky says

This is not a book to be read in public; following the unexpected death of their only son, this follows the grieving process in heartbreakingly detail. I can see why this was a best seller in France, anyone who has experienced loss will be able to relate to this, and even if you have not it would take a very hard hearted individual to fail to find this moving. A very raw and emotional read.

Zéro Janvier says

Le Fils est le premier roman de Michel Rostain, un metteur en scènes d'opéra qui a dirigé la Scène Nationale de Quimper de 1995 à 2008. C'est pendant cette période qu'il a perdu son fils âgé d'une vingtaine d'années, expérience à l'origine de ce roman sur le deuil des parents face à la disparition de leur enfant adulte.

Le onzième jour après ma mort, Papa est allé porter ma couette à la teinturerie. Monter la rue du Couédic, les bras chargés de ma literie, le nez dedans. Il se dit qu'il renifle mon odeur. En fait, ça pue, je ne les avais jamais fait laver ces draps ni cette couette. Ça ne le choque plus. Au contraire : subsiste encore quelque chose de moi dans les replis blancs qu'il porte à la teinturerie comme on porteraient le saint sacrement. Papa pleure le nez dans le coton. Il profite. Il sniffe encore un coup la couette, et il pousse enfin la porte du magasin.

Papa ne peut plus traîner. Condoléances, etc. Le teinturier – re-condoléances, etc. – débarrasse papa de la couette. Papa aurait voulu que ça dure, une file d'attente, une livraison, une tempête, juste que ça dure le temps de respirer encore un peu plus des bribes de mon odeur. Papa se

dépouille, il perd, il perd.

Cet extrait, en quatrième de couverture, résume bien le style et le ton de l'ensemble du roman : c'est tendre, émouvant et plein de détails du quotidien qui apportent du « réel » au récit et montrent à quel point ce roman est auto-biographique. Auto-biographique pour l'auteur, car le narrateur a la particularité d'être mort : Michel Rostain a en effet fait le choix – dangereux mais réussi ici – de faire parler le fils décédé. C'est le même procédé que celui qu'avait utilisé Philippe Besson dans *Un garçon d'Italie*, mais l'effet ici m'a beaucoup plus convaincu.

Au fil des cent soixante-dix pages du roman, Michel Rostain nous raconte les derniers jours du fils, ses dernières heures, et les mois de deuil qui ont suivi l'événement tragique. Difficile de ne pas être touché par ce récit simple et plein de tendresse. La vraie réussite de ce roman, c'est son sens de la nuance : le texte est en effet réaliste et poignant sans être oppressant. Il finit même sur une note optimiste, presque d'enthousiasme, comme pour donner raison aux paroles maintes répétées par le père : « Vive la vie ! ».

« Vive la vie ! » résume d'ailleurs parfaitement ce roman, qui constitue un très beau témoignage sur la vie de deux parents frappés par le drame et qui continuent à vivre, car « on peut vivre avec ça ».

Michelle says

Probably too much to take in from just one reading, or maybe even two. A really insightful, and very moving, discourse about death, grief, and the usual existential questions. Recommended for those with strong stomachs - not because it's gory or anything, but because to read this you have to be prepared to accept that, yes, you're going to die and so are the people you love, and also that death might just be the end. The void. See, you're feeling better already... :-)

Beth (bibliobeth) says

The Son is the June selection from the Waterstones Eleven debut authors. It is a highly emotional and moving read that blends memoir and fiction seamlessly, exploring grief and loss through the son's eyes after his death as he watches his parents (specifically his father Michel) come to terms with their loss. Lion dies quite suddenly and unexpectedly after succumbing to the horror that is meningitis, and the story is told by flipping backwards and forwards from just before his death, to his actual death, the funeral, and the time afterwards which can only be described as heart breaking.

I read somewhere that there are no words to describe parents who have lost a child. When we think of the word “orphan,” we automatically picture a child who has lost their parents, but do we use the same word to describe parents who have lost their child? Especially since it is usually expected that parents will die before their children, so to have the tables turned so as to speak, must be a horror that is indescribable. I found the section describing Lion’s illness, especially when it worsened, particularly hard to read and it must have been incredibly difficult to write. The quote below was particularly poignant:

“We don’t yet know when we’ll die, but the unknown is only ever two numerals away.”

Throughout it all, despite the immense grief and suffering, Michel comes across as a strong, talented and admirable individual – the sub-title of the book being: This is not a book about death. It's a book about life.”

I respect the author for the strength it must have taken to write this book, and enjoyed the moments of humour and the richness of the writing. I highly recommend it as a truly thought provoking novel which offers hope and positivity for the future ahead.

Please see my full review at <http://www.bibliobeth.wordpress.com>

Jonath666 says

Un livre qui m'aura fait beaucoup pleurer.

Cette histoire de deuil du père raconté par son fils décédé m'a profondément touché. Le style est un peu déconcertant mais profondément poignant. On navigue entre souvenirs, anecdotes, recherche de sens autour du deuil. Tout ce qui pourrait apparaître comme simples détails ne fait que rendre l'histoire plus personnelle et réaliste.

J'ai trouvé ça tellement juste, tellement touchant. C'est un récit intimiste qui permet de ressentir pleinement l'amour de Michel Rostain pour son fils mais aussi la douleur que sa perte a provoqué.

Le livre est court (170 pages) mais par moments (notamment au début du livre), j'ai vraiment dû faire des pauses tellement je pleurais et tellement j'étais touché.

Tous ceux qui ont connu un deuil se retrouveront dans ce récit. Les questionnements intérieurs, la recherche de sens, les souvenirs partagés qui tournent en boucle.

Bouleversant.

Liz says

This is a very powerful book that is a blending of both fiction and non-fiction. Written by a bereaved father who uses his dead son's voice to narrate it is both insightful, tender but gives enough distance that it is not distressing. The book illustrates beautifully the pull to life after the devastating and sudden loss of a much loved child. Both parents are artists – working in theatre and opera and the book describes their use of both music and prose to articulate their loss and also as an expression of grief. Ultimately it is a tale of trying to find meaning and a means to go on despite their loss. I thought it was inclusive of every aspect of grief and felt it would be a great book for other bereaved parents as well as anyone who works in grief and loss as a way of learning more. Would highly recommend as a general great read as well!

Teresa says

“Um filho que perde um pai chama-se órfão. Como se chama um pai que perde um filho?”

Michel Rostain é encenador de Óperas e estreou-se na escrita com este livro semi-biográfico, com o qual ganhou um prémio Goncourt em 2011.

Apenas na última página, ao ler os agradecimentos, soube que o autor tinha perdido um filho. No entanto, durante a leitura pensei que só alguém que perde um filho poderia descrever a dolorosa experiência desta forma.

São páginas repletas de desespero, dor, angústia quase a roçar a loucura, que se nos entranham no coração, mas sem nunca cair no exagero de nos atirar para a lágrima fácil. O narrador é o filho morto, que nos relata a sua própria morte e o processo de luto dos pais, com o desprendimento e o humor próprios da juventude, o que atenua a carga dramática, fazendo até sorrir - mais do que chorar - apesar do peso no coração...

Um relato de busca pela continuação da vida, mesmo quando o inimaginável, o que nos tira o sentido da vida, acontece. É possível sobreviver à morte de um filho? Embora eu pense que não, comovem-me sempre, e olho como verdadeiros e únicos heróis, os pais que o conseguem.
