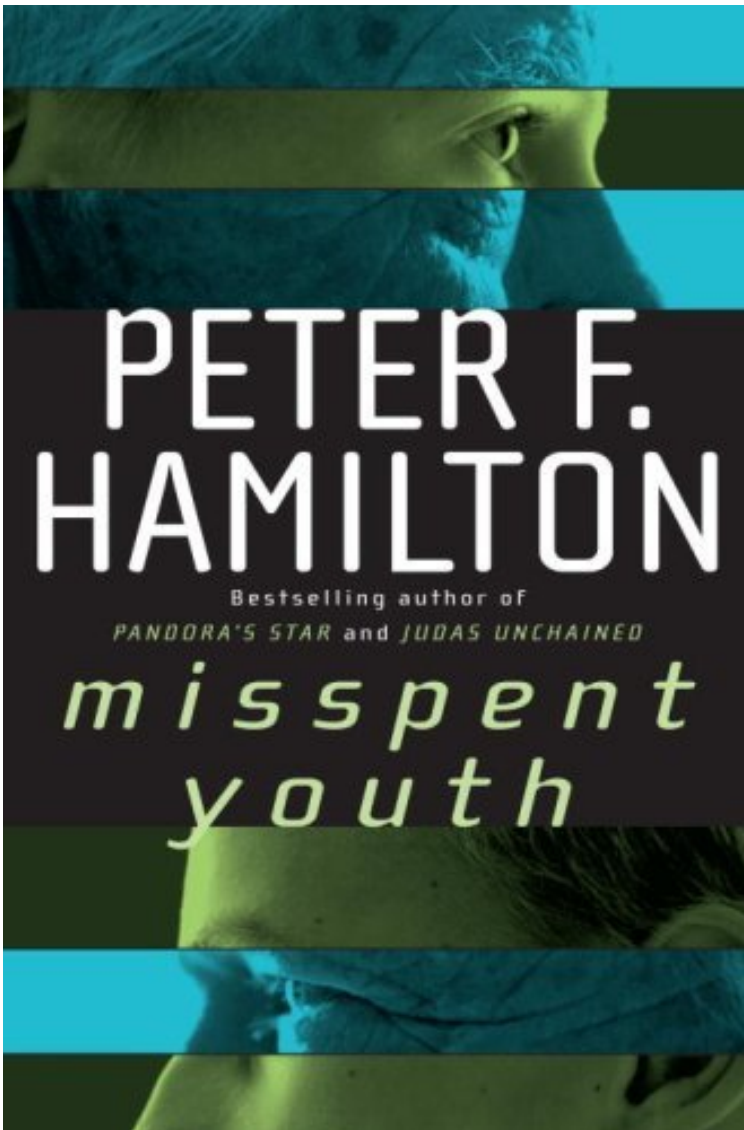


[Pdf free] File size: 59.Mb

Misspent Youth



Par Peter F. Hamilton
ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub |
DOC | audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les
ventes : #447302 dans eBooksPubli
le: 2008-09-15Sorti le: 2008-09-
16Format: Ebook Kindle

[Pdf free] Misspent Youth

Par Peter F. Hamilton : Misspent Youth before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Misspent Youth:

 Download

 Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurReaders have learned to expect the unexpected from Peter F. Hamilton. Now the master of space opera focuses on near-future Earth and one most unusual family. The result is a coming-of-age tale like no other. By turns comic, erotic, and tragic, Misspent Youth is a profound and timely exploration of all that divides and unites fathers and sons, men and women, the young and the old.2040. After decades of concentrated research and experimentation in the field of genetic engineering, scientists of the European Union believe they have at last conquered humankind's most pernicious foe: old age. For the first time, technology holds out the promise of not merely slowing the aging process but actually reversing it. The ancient dream of the Fountain of Youth seems at hand.The first subject for treatment is seventy-eight-year-old philanthropist Jeff Baker. After eighteen months in a rejuvenation tank, Jeff emerges looking like a

twenty-year-old. And the change is more than skin deep. From his hair cells down to his DNA, Jeff is twenty with a breadth of life experience. But while possessing the wisdom of a septuagenarian at age twenty is one thing, raging testosterone is another, as Jeff discovers when he attempts to pick up his life where he left off. Suddenly his oldest friends seem, well, old. Jeff's trophy wife looks better than she ever did. His teenage son, Tim, is more like a younger brother. And Tim's nubile girlfriend is a conquest too tempting to resist. Jeff's rejuvenated libido wreaks havoc on the lives of his friends and family, straining his relationship with Tim to the breaking point. It's as if youth is a drug and Jeff is wasted on it. But if so, it's an addiction he has no interest in kicking. As Jeff's personal life spirals out of control, the European Union undergoes a parallel meltdown, attacked by shadowy separatist groups whose violent actions earn both condemnation and applause. Now, in one terrifying instant, the personal and the political will intersect, and neither Jeff nor Timor the Union itself will ever be the same again. From the Hardcover edition. .co.uk Peter Hamilton is famed for SF blockbusters of far-future interstellar adventure. By contrast *Misspent Youth* is a social comedy set in the year 2040 in England. When gene therapy rewinds Jeff Baker's age back to his early 20s he finds that wisdom and experience are no match for hormones... The rejuvenation treatment, developed by federal Europe to impress laggard America, is so complex and expensive that only one person every 18 months can receive it. Jeff is the first because he's a celebrity inventor, father of the "datasphere" which superseded the Internet. Family upheavals follow. An "arrangement" with his much younger, still beautiful wife Sue lets her enjoy lovers while the aged Jeff turns a blind eye: now things are different. Meanwhile their 18-year-old son Tim is struggling ineptly with teenage sexual pangs and the impossibility of understanding girls. All part of growing up, but Jeff's renewed youth brings farcical complications. It's not just that Jeff now fancies Sue again. He can't resist even younger women. An early one-night stand is publicised all over the datasphere. Embarrassment escalates when he's seduced by the granddaughter of a long-time pub companion. Worse, several of Tim's ravishing female schoolmates are interested in Jeff the celebrity stud. The dishiest of all is Tim's latest, most hopelessly adoring girlfriend. Can it be coincidence that the action mostly happens in Rutland? This comedy of embarrassments and revelations has a darker background: Europe is plagued by separatist movements whose terrorist habits make the old IRA look like pussycats. The turning point in Jeff's tangled relationships comes when he attends a London conference surrounded by protest that breeds riot--with Tim among the protesters. A foreshadowed twist leads to a finale that mixes cynicism with sentiment. En route *Misspent Youth* is a lot of fun. --David

Langford

Extrait 1

MAGIC MEMORIES

There was a particular day that Timothy Baker always remembered whenever he thought back to his childhood: the air tattoo at RAF Cottesmore when he was six years old. It was one of the rare events his parents attended together, which to his young mind made a perfect, happy family outing. The Euro Air Defense Force had assigned a good number of both combat and transport aircraft to the open day, always eager to show the bolshie English how worthwhile and relevant the unified European squadrons were. It was also well attended by international aerospace companies, as well as senior air staff from more than thirty foreign air forces. Elaborate company pavilions lined half the taxiway, their tiered seating giving patrons and customers an excellent view of the flying exhibition, while static displays of combat aircraft, transports, tankers, radar cars, and missile batteries stretched along the entire three kilometers of the parking lot. Over ninety thousand people were expected during the weekend, stretching Rutland's rural transport infrastructure to the limit. By midmorning on Saturday Timothy was convinced that most of them had turned up already; he'd never seen so many people in one place before. He walked along between his parents, sometimes managing to hold hands with both of them at once as they roamed around the husky, lethal hardware. It was a typical late-August day, the incendiary sun glaring down out of a cloudless turquoise sky. The GM tuber grass was still green, if somewhat dry and wiry, after seven straight weeks without rain. The Baker family walked the entire length of the lot in the morning, with Timothy and Jeff, his father, stopping to admire most of the aircraft along the way. Sue, his mother, tagged along gamely as her two enthusiastic boys quizzed the smiling, polite aircrews for facts and squadron stickers. Timothy managed to plead and entreat his way into the cockpits of several helicopters. They reached the end of the hot parking lot and began the long walk back, this time through the circus of commercial stalls and mobile shops that had set up camp behind the aircraft. Timothy had spotted several ice cream vans and doughnut sellers earlier, and was already putting his case for visiting several of them to his tolerant yet unmoved parents. A middle-aged couple walked past, the squat man glancing at the Bakers longer than was strictly polite. "Now that," the man said emphatically, "is a Viagra kid if ever I saw one." His voice trailed off into a dirty chuckle. His wife gave him a sharp nudge. Timothy twisted around to look at him, but the couple was already

vanishing into the crowd. He wasn't quite sure what a Viagra kid was, although he'd heard the phrase a few times now. It was always used in a mocking way. And he was fairly sure it was something to do with his parents. When he looked up at them for reassurance, his mother was looking straight ahead with her blank smile beaming bright; his father was frowning faintly. Timothy knew his mother was utterly beautiful. When she was younger, she had appeared on datasphere ads helping to sell perfume and clothes, and her looks hadn't faded; after all, she wasn't thirty yet. His father, as he was now uncomfortably aware, was older.

Timothy wasn't sure how old exactly, but he had white hair and skin that was wrinkled despite the genoprotein treatments he took every few months. Jeff caught his son staring up curiously, and smiled. "Let's go get you that ice cream." "Yes please!" Timothy was given a cash card for a hundred euros, and shot off to the nearest van. "What's that?" Sue asked suspiciously when he returned with a triple cone dripping sticky brown and yellow blobs onto his hand. "Double chocolate chip with banana," Timothy said cheerfully. "Only fifteen E's." He thrust it upward. "Want some?" "No thank you, dear." Timothy couldn't see his mother's eyes behind her wide gold-mirror sunglasses, but he knew from her tone that she was disappointed again. It was always so hard to please her. He licked at the cone, delighted by the weird taste mix. There was a long row of hangars behind the stalls, modern stealth composite bubbles lurking between huge old concrete and corrugated iron structures. The new dark gray hemispheres were sealed against curious eyes, like lead mushrooms bursting out of the grass. They contained the latest European Aerospace Corporation automated attack fighters, which operated from Cottesmore. In contrast to the secrecy of the new structures, the tall rusty panel doors on the older buildings were wide open. Large banners outside advertised the service companies that had taken over the hangars for the weekend. The Bakers went into the first hangar. Few people were inside. Timothy moved along the company stands. None of them captured his interest. It was all test equipment and maintenance tools. Dull stuff compared to what was outside. Not even the vast array of intricate parts from a dismantled high-speed turbine held his attention for more than a few seconds. Then the stand right at the end made him come to a complete halt. The company was promoting its fuselage vibration analysis software, but it was using an eternal tap as part of its advertising. Three slender nylon fishing lines had been tied to the iron rafters of the hangar's gloomy roof high overhead, holding a big old brass tap four meters off the floor. From that, a fat column of water splashed continually into a bowl on a table at the end of the stand. Timothy stared at it in perplexity. The bowl never filled, yet the water splashing into it never stopped. And when he squinted up at the tap he couldn't see any kind of pipe attached. For a moment he thought the tiny nylon lines might be miniature pipes, but there were only three of them, and they were way too small to feed such a big tap. What he was seeing simply wasn't possible. It was like some special effect from a cable show. "Dad!" Jeff Baker looked up from the pieces of high-speed turbine he was inspecting. "Dad, how do they do this? Dad!" "Do what?" "This!" Timothy pointed urgently at the tap and its impossible flow of water. "How, Dad, how?" "Oh, that." Jeff managed to sound completely disinterested. "It's magic, son. That's all." Timothy pulled an annoyed face. "No it's not! Do they teleport the water, or something?" "Teleport!" Jeff shook his head in faint exasperation. "You watch far too much cable, don't you?" "No!" "This is an old hangar; the past is still alive in here. There are lots of pockets of magic left over from olden times, scattered all across the country." He gestured at the tap. "And this is one of them. Right, dear?" Sue raised an eyebrow. "I think it's lunchtime now." Jeff was nonplussed by the reply. "Guess we'd better eat, then," he told Timothy. "What are you having, three puddings?" "Yeah!" "No!" Sue said quickly. "Honestly, you're worse than he is." Jeff pulled a face behind her back. Timothy giggled. He couldn't resist one last look at the magic tap as they walked back out into the scorching sunlight. The Bakers headed for one of the biggest pavilions lining the taxiway. They weren't on the admission list, but Jeff was insistent with the uniformed steward at the gate. Timothy waited impatiently while a senior company official was summoned from the pavilion; aircraft were taking off from the runway, and the pavilion blocked his view. When he arrived, the official was effusive in his greeting. The company would be greatly honored to have the Bakers lunch with them, he said with a wide, eager smile. Timothy and his parents wound up eating with two members of the board in a glassed-off enclosure at the end of the pavilion. Their table gave him a grand view out across the airfield, and if he did miss any of the exciting aircraft flashing past, a private TV feed to a pair of three-meter screens allowed him to see the planes twisting and diving at all times. It was great. His mother even let him have more ice cream for dessert, with strawberries. A lot of visitors stopped by their table, corporate executives from across Europe, all of whom were eagerly introduced to Jeff Baker by the ever-smiling board members. Timothy didn't pay much attention to the adults; he was captivated by the sleek flying cruciforms, which were the newly declassified AiF-080 USAF pilotless interceptors. The machines

were less than half the size of the old Hurricanes flown by the European Silver Sky display team, and a lot more nimble. Timothy asked to be excused while his parents were enjoying coffee and liqueurs. It was very boring in the dining room, although in truth he couldn't stop thinking about that strange tap. The aircraft were only temporary distractions. He was overwhelmed by the idea that magic could still exist. Such a revelation meant that anything was possible. Anything! His mother checked that he was wearing his tracker bracelet and let him down from the table. "You're not to go more than two hundred meters," she warned as he sped away. As soon as he was outside, Timothy headed straight for the hangar--it was only a little more than two hundred meters, after all. Well...sort of. The tap was still there. He stood in front of it, his head cocked to one side as he followed the stream of falling water, his brow furrowed in puzzlement. It couldn't be real. Yet here it was, happening right in front of him. "It always looks good, doesn't it?" Timothy glanced around. One of the saleswomen behind the stall was smiling at him. "Yes," he said, then, suddenly bold, he asked: "How did you know the magic was here?"quot...