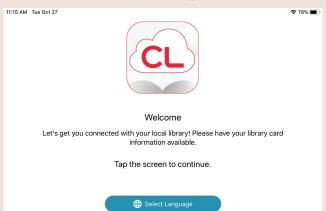
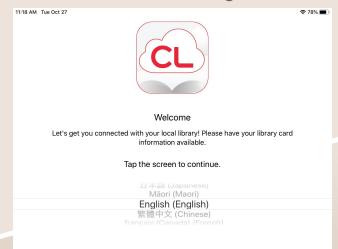
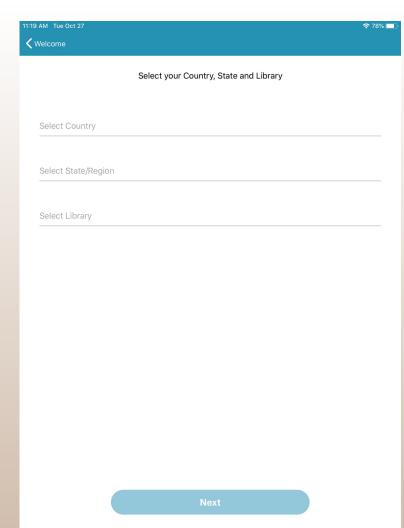
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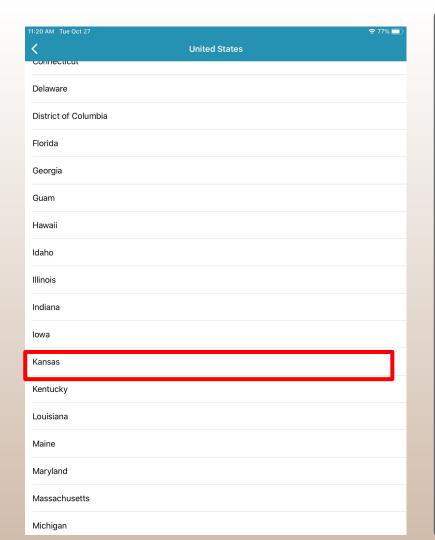
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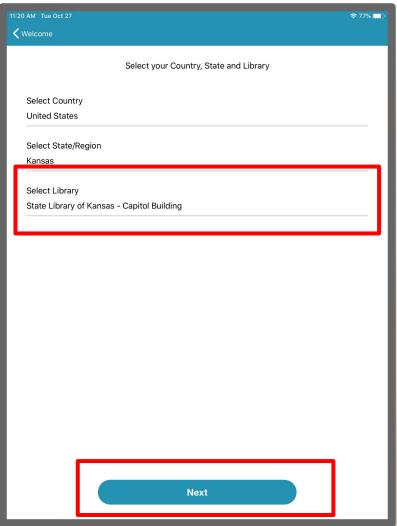


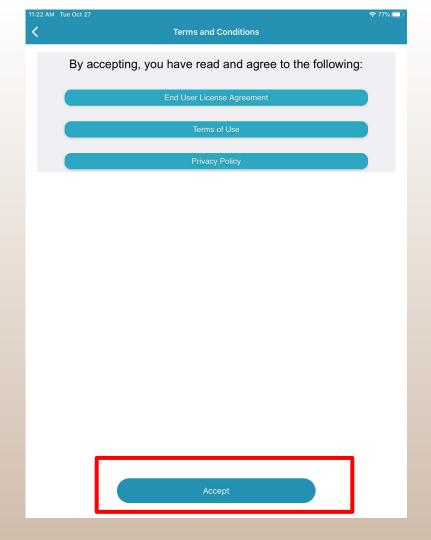




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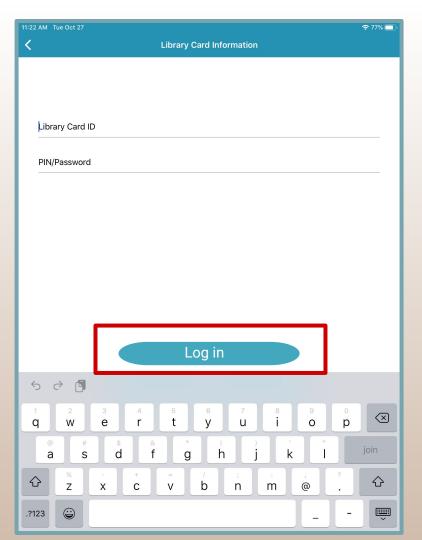
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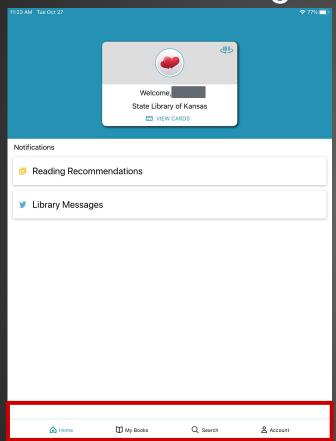
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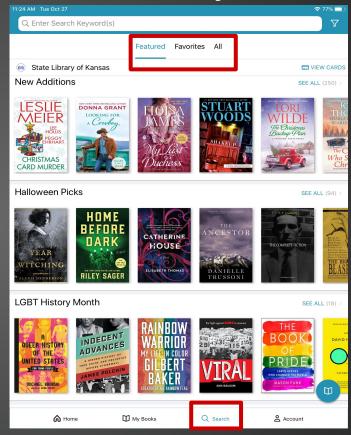
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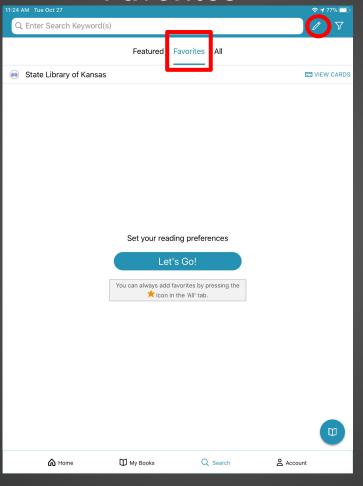


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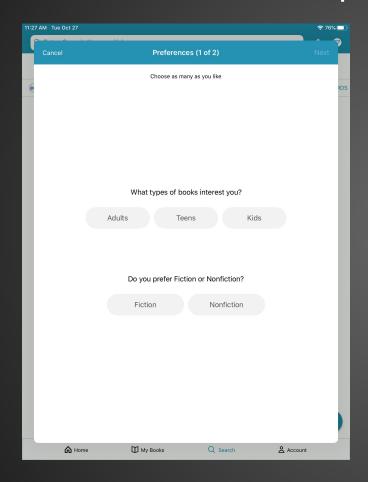


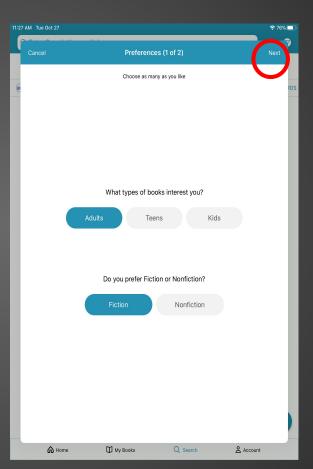


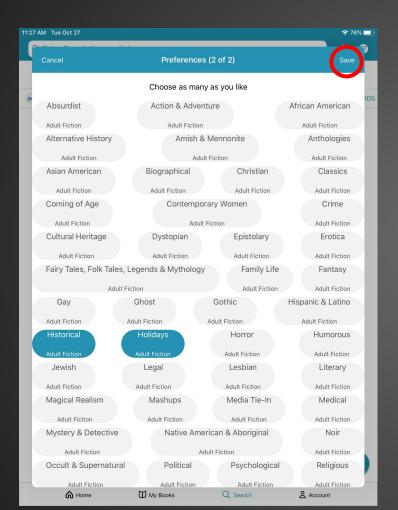
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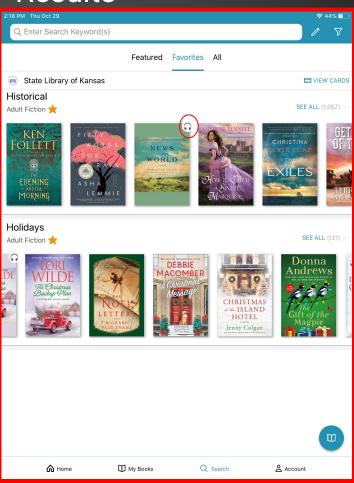
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Results





Fifty Words for Rain

A Novel

Lemmie, Asha

Penguin Publishing Group, 09/01/20 1.23 MB 464 Pages

Available in 6 months

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A Good Morning America Book Club Pick and New York Times Bestseller!

From debut author Asha Lemmie, "a lovely, heartrending story about love and loss, prejudice and pain, and the sometimes dangerous, always durable ties that link a family together."—Kristin Hannah, #1 New York Times bestselling author of The Nightingale

Kyoto, Japan, 1948. "Do not question. Do not fight. Do not resist."

Such is eight-year-old Noriko "Nori" Kamiza's first lesson. She will not question why her mother abandoned her with only these final words. She will not fight her confinement to the attic of her grandparents' imperial estate. And she will not resist the scalding chemical baths she receives daily to lighten her skin.





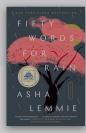


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A Novel

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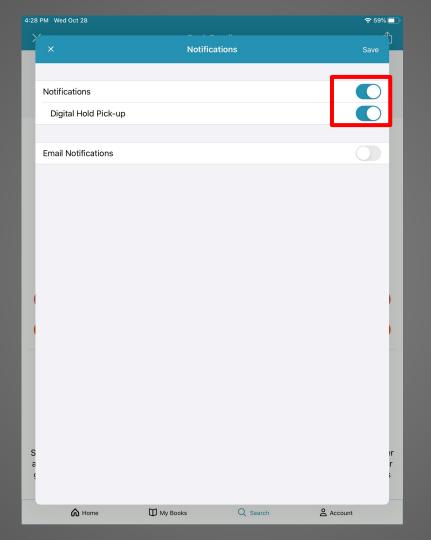
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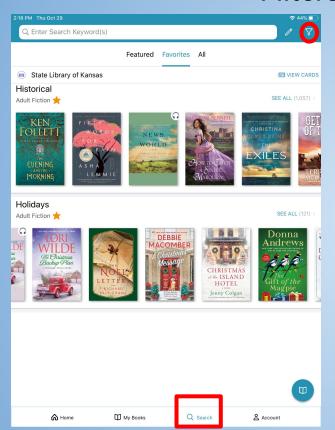


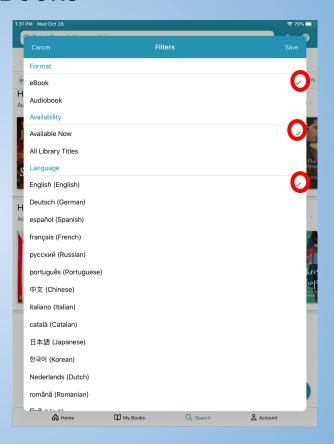


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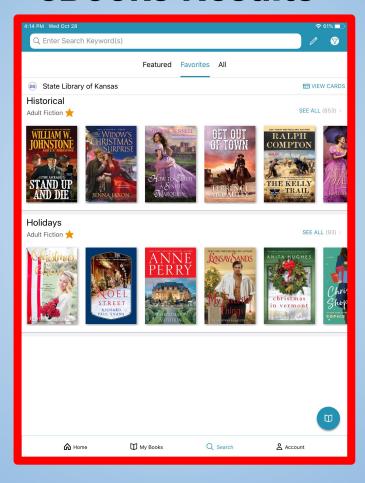


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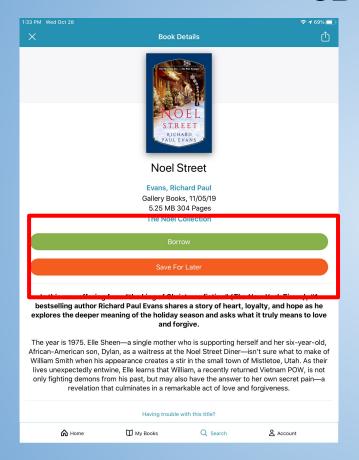


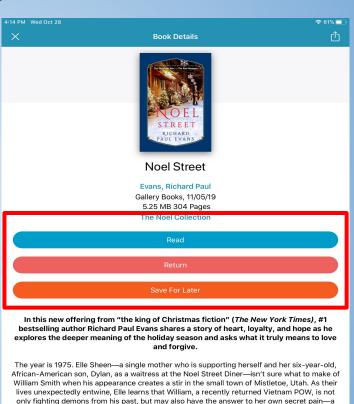


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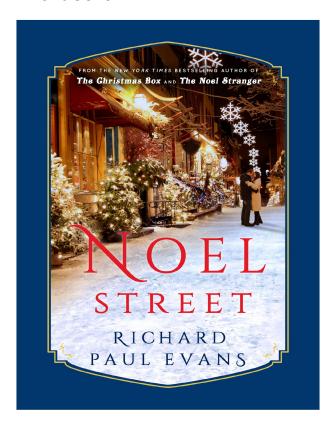
revelation that culminates in a remarkable act of love and forgiveness.

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Nineteen seventy-five was the year Saigon fell and that nightmare of a war ended. At least historically. Parts of it would never die to me, not even now as I write this. But it was that footnote in history that, perhaps, played the most significant part of that winter's story.

While global chess pieces were being moved around the board by the forces that be, my little world was following its own rickety path, which took a major detour that holiday season, starting with, of all things, a burned-out clutch.

Will it ever stop snowing? I wondered as I walked to the car. The snow had piled up to almost six inches in the driveway of our duplex. I hadn't shoveled; I didn't have the time. Besides, it was going to just snow more. I pushed the snow off my car with a broom. "Come on, Dylan. We've got to go."

"Ćoming, Mama."

Dylan, who was tall for his age, came out of the house wearing a red-andgreen stocking cap that one of the waitresses at the diner had knitted for him last year and his new winter coat that, in spite of his size, was still way too large, the sleeves coming down past his knuckles. I had bought it that big out of necessity. He had grown out of his last coat in less than a year, and I didn't have the money to keep up.

"Is the door shut?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then hop in, we're late."

I laid the broom against the house and got in the car. As I backed out of our driveway, the Fairlane backfired, which made Dylan jump.

"Someone just shot at us!" Dylan shouted. He was imaginative.

"No one shot at us," I said. "It's just the car."

"It exploded."

"I'll give you that."

The Fairlane had been left to me in my grandfather's will. It had been a blessing and a curse. It was more than a decade older than Dylan and things on it were starting to go, something I was financially not prepared to handle. I had just replaced the alternator two months earlier.

What now? I thought.

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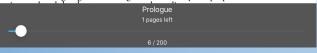
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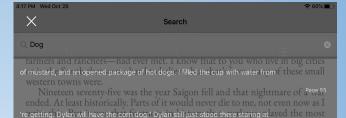
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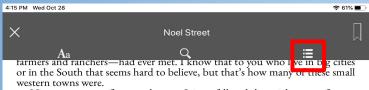
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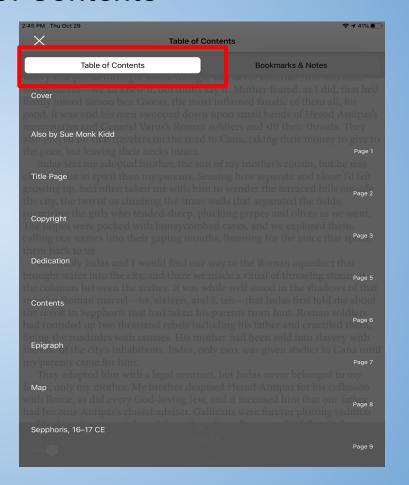
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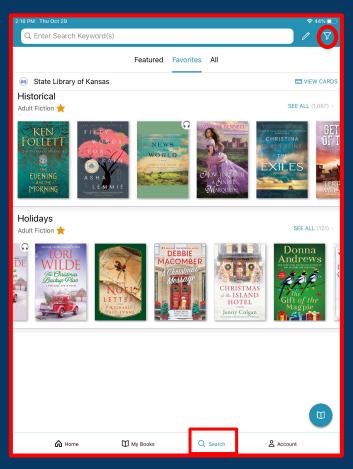
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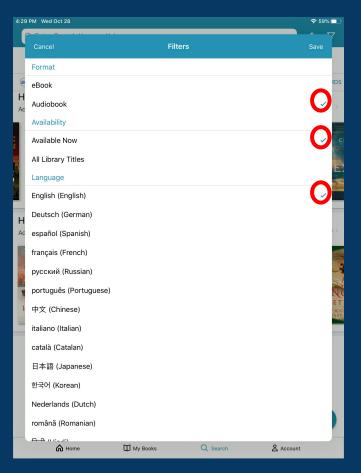
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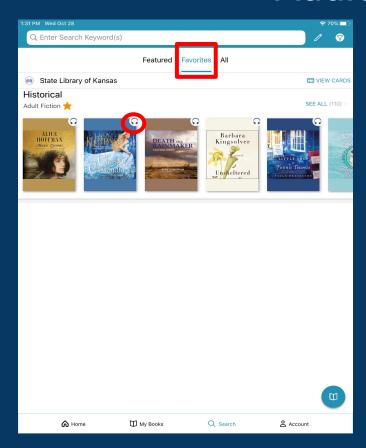
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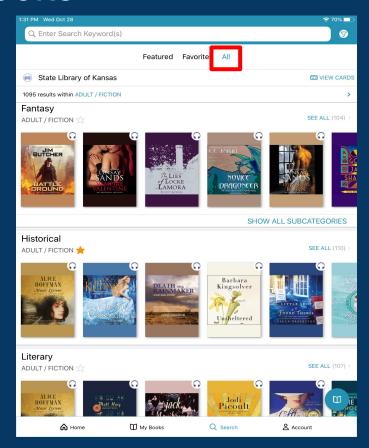
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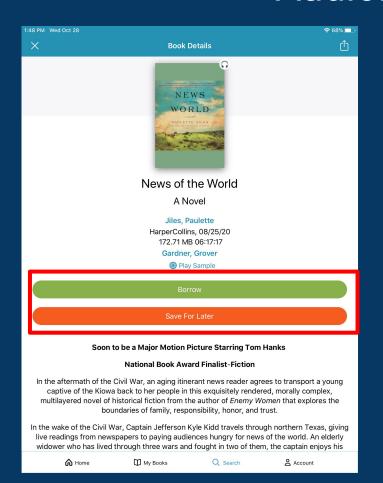


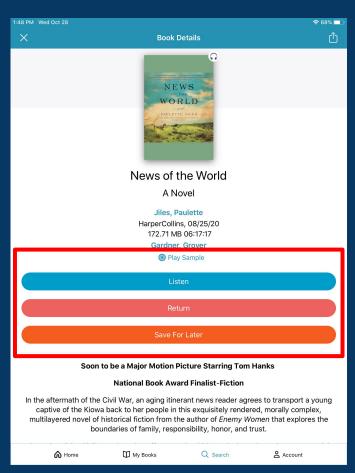
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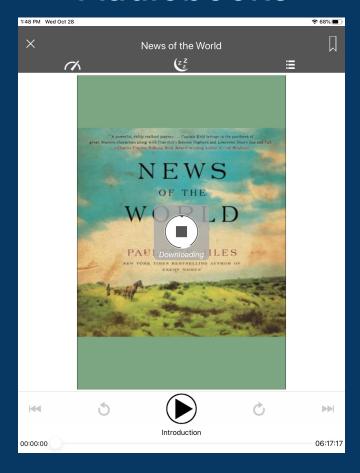


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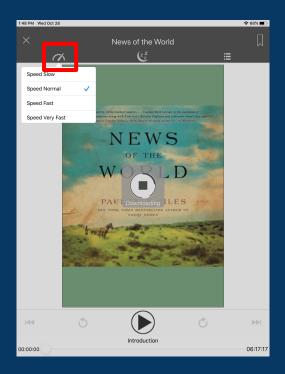




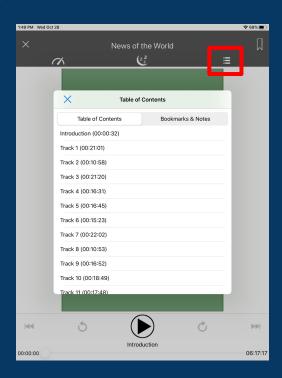
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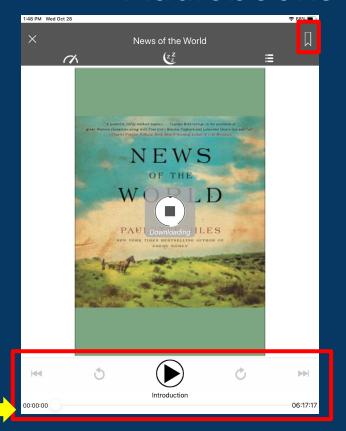
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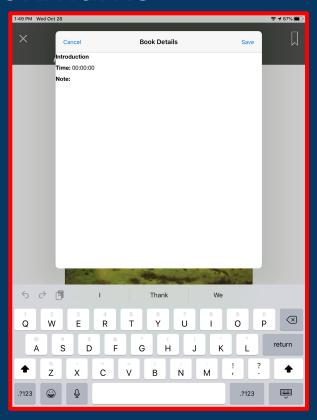




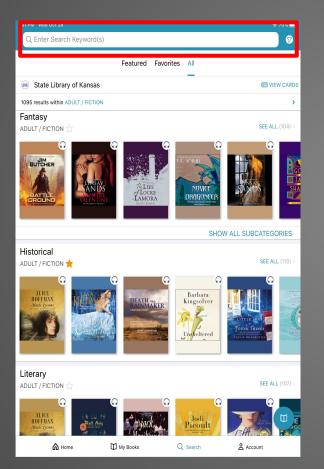


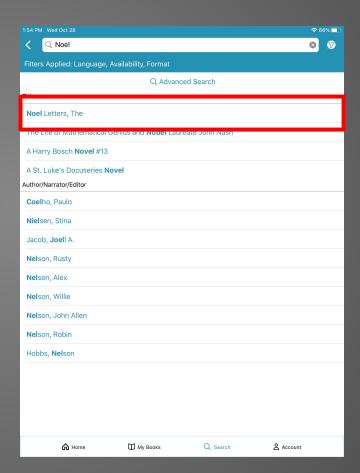
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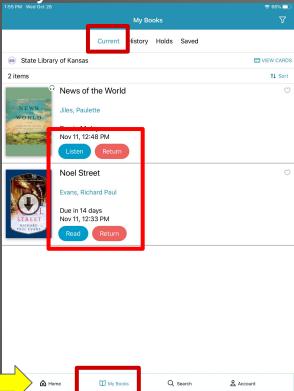


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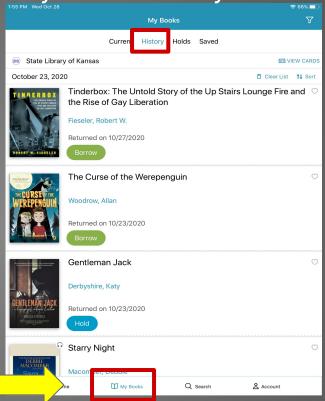




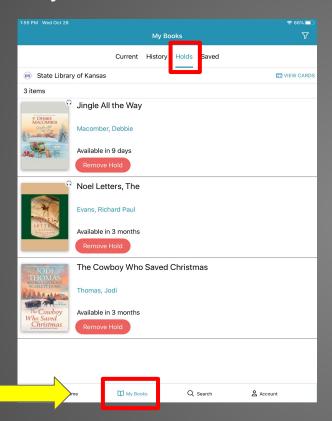
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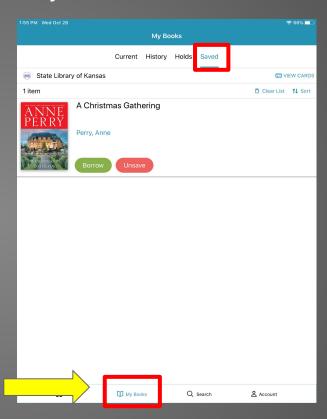
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