

Chapter 1 : Quote by John Greenleaf Whittier: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest"

*It Might Have Been What He Said: A Novel [Eden Collinsworth] on calendriordelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Isabel was able to remember the precise moment when she tried to kill her husband.*

Excerpt Isabel could remember the precise moment she tried killing her husband. When that happens, I depend on my intelligence to keep everything in perspective. She appeared in control. She stared unflinchingly at this one and " despite his years of professional training " made him feel uncomfortable. The doctor hoped it appeared otherwise. He continued the interview. Why murder when there were other choices? It was the simple and complicated truth. Like a camera, her eye captured images of what she had seen; like a photo album, her mind enabled her to recollect her past in exact detail. Isabel was just as confounded by her dire situation as the psychiatrist. Neither understood they were chasing false leads. It would be found at the end of a trail of words. Isabel did in fact place trust in the one part of herself that was her analytic intelligence. She had always imagined it living in a separate place, away from overreaching sentiments and appetites. Explain, step by step, how you retain everything you read or see. If I ask you about a certain clause in a document, what happens? First comes the designated page; and then the paragraph; then the specific clause. What Isabel omitted telling the psychiatrist was far more revealing: The night before her wedding, Isabel had a dream that lasted the brief time it took to convey a simple scene: It was a short dream, taking only a few conscious seconds, but its details refracted like distinctly colored shards of glass. What was odd was its vantage point, as though whatever happened was being witnessed from above. She woke with such foreboding, she was sure the dream would become real. Fifteen years later, just as it was in the dream, her husband left her standing on the curb of a street as he was driven away. The car pulled away, exactly as it had in the dream. The street on which she was left, unrecognizable at the time of the premonition, was the street in front of their New York apartment where " two floors above " their son was watching from the window. It was starkly final. Her husband had left her. Isabel denied it, but their twelve-year-old son knew. He saw it from the window in his room. Isabel witnessed exactly what her son had, but her entire being rejected the fact of it. By then, Isabel no longer consisted of three equal parts. Immeasurable despair had reduced her to only one " a disabled heart. Not satisfied with consuming her by grief from within, her unmoored heart became dead matter pressing down on her chest from the outside. Whatever was left of Isabel was struggling to escape from beneath its crushing weight. Forced to choose between what she felt and what she knew, Isabel decided her ability to reason was her sole source of rescue. In the only way she understood to find her bearings, Isabel reconstructed their relationship in sequence, from background to foreground: They had a child together. They made a life together. What had happened next? What went so abruptly wrong that she would try to kill him? They were then, as they had always been, the most intimate lovers. She loved him unquestionably at the time she tried killing him. No one part of her seemed responsible. Isabel was sure that if she could accurately remember what happened in that murderous moment, it would explain what preceded and followed. Her brain " utterly dependable until now " offered Isabel nothing. There was no delineated shape of what had happened. There was no vivid color to her memory. Isabel had seen what she had seen at the time it happened " she was sure of that. Pictures had been snapped, but for some unknown reason her brain refused to develop them. After great effort, Isabel brought forth one clear image. She started with his expression of disbelief and worked backward to remember the rest. Tracking the glamorous couple in Manhattan, the Amazon, L. Collinsworth is the master of the tart put-down, near Austen-like in her keen analysis of the strange ways of the upper crust, and an ace tweaker of the conventions of the romance novel. Twelve years earlier, Isabel was an ambitious publisher propelled by a childhood spent with a suicidal mother and a wealthy but unsympathetic father. Having already achieved success that belies her young age, Isabel seeks out irascible writer James Willoughby after stumbling upon his impressively written article describing his childhood home. Determined to put his talent to work for her, Isabel ignores his reputation for being insufferable and catches up with him for lunch-only to find his reputation well-earned. Her portrait of a marriage devastated me. Gripping, readable and shimmering with glamorous details. This is a story which takes up where *The Great Gatsby* left off.

Collinsworth is a confident and gifted storyteller who can balance self-conscious cleverness with the thrills of pure entertainment. A tale building force as it moves along to a particularly fine and quiet ending. But in the end, this is a truly original tale of ultimate undoing.

Chapter 2 : Kavanaugh says he "might have been too emotional" at hearing | Northwest Herald

To ask other readers questions about It Might Have Been What He Said, please sign up. Be the first to ask a question about It Might Have Been What He Said In the first sentence, the main character tells us that she tried to kill her husband. The rest of the book attempts to unravel the reasons why.

Making their lives a prayer. The Mantle of St. The Chapel of the Hermits; comparable to Mrs. Browning, Aurora Leigh, Book vii Better heresy of doctrine than heresy of heart. Others shall sing the song, Others shall right the wrong," Finish what I begin, And all I fail of win. Compare Browning, Pippa Passes. Their right colored Americans, like that of their white fellow-citizens, dates back to the dread arbitrament of war. Their bones whiten every stricken field of the Revolution; their feet tracked with blood the snows of Jersey; their toil built up every fortification south of the Potomac; they shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge, and the pestilential horrors of the old Jersey prison ship. Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth Of simple beauty and rustic health. So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on, And Maud was left in the field alone. But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, When he hummed in court an old love-tune. He wedded a wife of richest dower, Who lived for fashion, as he for power. A manly form at her side she saw, And joy was duty and love was law. Then she took up her burden of life again, Saying only, "It might have been". Weary lawyers with endless tongues. Alas for maiden, alas for Judge, For rich repiner and household drudge! God pity them both! Judge Jenkins" in which the Judge marries Maud, and which he ends with the lines: If, of all words of tongue and pen, The saddest are, "It might have been," More sad are these we daily see: Thou the Master, we Thy keys, The anthem of the destinies! The minor of Thy loftier strain, Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain "Thy will be done!"

Chapter 3 : It Might Have Been What He Said. (eBook,) [calendrierdelascience.com]

It Might Have Been What He Said is the debut novel for Eden Collingsworth who is no stranger to the publishing world. Like the heroine of her novel, Collingsworth is a former president of a publish company and an active member of a rapidly changing literary scene.

Chapter 4 : Sorry, this content is not available in your region.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WHAT HE SAID is a story of the crashing down of the psyche, of love, of marriage. There are shades of obsession, like in THE ENGLISH PATIENT, and.

Chapter 5 : John Greenleaf Whittier - Wikiquote

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Chapter 6 : It Might Have Been What He Said | Eden Collinsworth

"It Might Have Been What He Said delivers one off-center zinger after another and renders two quirky people credible. I couldn't put it down it is an.

Chapter 7 : It Might Have Been What He Said (Audiobook) by Eden Collinsworth | calendrierdelascience.com

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Chapter 8 : It Might Have Been What He Said by Eden Collinworth

It might have been what he said by Eden Collinworth, , Arcade Pub., Distributed by Time Warner Book Group edition, in English - 1st ed.

Chapter 9 : Kavanaugh says he 'might have been too emotional' at hearing | Boston Herald

Collinworth's promising debut novel tells the story of a couple madly in love and just plain mad: it opens with protagonist Isabel Simpson at the psychiatrist discussing her murder attempt on her hus.