

[Ebook pdf] By Any Other Name (English Edition)

By Any Other Name (English Edition)

Von Kathryn Loch

audiobook / *ebooks / Download PDF / ePub / DOC



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

Produktinformation -Verkaufsrang: #922002 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2012-09-01Erscheinungsdatum: 2012-09-01File Name: B00951B2XE | File size: 26.Mb

Von Kathryn Loch : By Any Other Name (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised By Any Other Name (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Great story, poor writingVon Miss HI personally liked the book, mostly because I liked the characters a lot. They exhibit what I respond to in people: kindness and inner strength. The love story is difficult because the circumstances are difficult. The lead characters overcame their emotional turmoil rather quickly, which I appreciated. If I was to give a rating based on my reading experience, I would give it 4 stars.I do however think the book itself leaves much to be desired. While they overcame the problems quickly, the plots seem unlikely. Nobody overcomes betrayals just like that. I think the writer wanted to push the story forward at the cost of plot development.I read many reviewers say this is how you write a medieval romance. I tend to agree. It is a sweet knight in the shining armor kind of story with a damsel in distress. It's soothing in a way but I can imagine more demanding readers might find it boring and lack of

depth. Hence the 3 stars. I did not mind the story so much but I can relate to the characters very well and that saved the book for me. If you like feisty heroines, do pass it up. Kate is a damsel in serious crap and Micah is the perfect knight. There is much tenderness and soft emotions which I like. I think that helped me through this book. The writing is not great, but Kathryn Lock writes characters and relationships that I gravitate toward to. The raving reviews seem to be all of similar minds but I think most chose to overlook the not-so-great writing. The story though, makes up for it if this is your kind of story.

Kurzbeschreibung Micah's thoughts scrambled just as his body fought to maintain his balance. He sensed the man's hatred, like an icy blanket threatening to smother him. Steel rang against steel as Micah continued to block each blow, backing away. He had to go on the offensive, he had to turn the rhythm of the fight away from Robert's advantage and to his own. But Robert's sword continued to dictate Micah's moves. A building detonated in a firestorm beside them. Hot embers struck Micah's face and he battled to suck in a breath but inhaled only smoke. He recoiled and gagged. Robert's sword slammed into his right arm, destroying his armor, cutting flesh and cracking bone. Micah roared in agony, launching himself backward just as he lost his grip on his sword. Suddenly he found himself flat on his back, behind the buildings, away from the heat and smoke, with Robert standing over him, his sword raised for the death stroke. Micah rolled and heard a muted thud of steel plowing into rock. But the ground canted away from him and he started to slide. Micah blinked his blurred vision clear. The ravine! Dear God he had made a foolish error. He had lost his position on the battlefield and would now pay the price. He clawed at the earth with his left hand, stopping his fall. His legs dangled over the edge. Micah battled to pull himself forward but his injured arm was useless. He snarled in pain and fury. Robert hesitated, a slow smile tugging at his lips. Now this is interesting. He stepped forward, methodically, and raised his sword. Micah's throat went dry, he urgently cast for a way to escape, but his only choice was to hold on and face Robert's sword, or let go and plunge into the ravine. His gaze stopped on a large root protruding from the ravine wall. It was about four feet down and two feet to his left. It was as thick as his arm and below it the ground thrust outward slightly forming a small ledge. It would be a desperate gamble that had little chance of succeeding. He looked back at Robert who continued his death march. Micah's gaze returned to the root. He took a deep breath and jumped.

Kurzbeschreibung Micah's thoughts scrambled just as his body fought to maintain his balance. He sensed the man's hatred, like an icy blanket threatening to smother him. Steel rang against steel as Micah continued to block each blow, backing away. He had to go on the offensive, he had to turn the rhythm of the fight away from Robert's advantage and to his own. But Robert's sword continued to dictate Micah's moves. A building detonated in a firestorm beside them. Hot embers struck Micah's face and he battled to suck in a breath but inhaled only smoke. He recoiled and gagged. Robert's sword slammed into his right arm, destroying his armor, cutting flesh and cracking bone. Micah roared in agony, launching himself backward just as he lost his grip on his sword. Suddenly he found himself flat on his back, behind the buildings, away from the heat and smoke, with Robert standing over him, his sword raised for the death stroke. Micah rolled and heard a muted thud of steel plowing into rock. But the ground canted away from him and he started to slide. Micah blinked his blurred vision clear. The ravine! Dear God he had made a foolish error. He had lost his position on the battlefield and would now pay the price. He clawed at the earth with his left hand, stopping his fall. His legs dangled over the edge. Micah battled to pull himself forward but his injured arm was useless. He snarled in pain and fury. Robert hesitated, a slow smile tugging at his lips. Now this is interesting. He stepped forward, methodically, and raised his sword. Micah's throat went dry, he urgently cast for a way to escape, but his only choice was to hold on and face Robert's sword, or let go and plunge into the ravine. His gaze stopped on a large root protruding from the ravine wall. It was about four feet down and two feet to his left. It was as thick as his arm and below it the ground thrust outward slightly forming a small ledge. It would be a desperate gamble that had little chance of succeeding. He looked back at Robert who continued his death march. Micah's gaze returned to the root. He took a deep breath and jumped.