

Who wrote the best first line? News-Telegram readers to decide what arts editor reviews

Written by BY TERRY MATHEWS, News-Telegram Arts Editor
Monday, 05 November 2012 11:00



Books arrive at my desk on a daily basis. Some come via my request. Some just show up. There will never be enough time to review them all.

So, gentle readers, I'm printing the first line or so of my current "to be read" stack and will let you decide which two I should review.

I do plan on covering "The Forgotten," the new David Baldacci novel set for release later this month.

I'm also interviewing Bill Roorbach, author of the dazzling new book, "Life Among Giants." Roorbach is receiving rave reviews for the story of David "Lizard" Hochmeyer, a Gatsby-like kid who comes of age in the mid 1960s.

Here are your choices. (An * indicates books I've begun, but have not completed.)

A Deceit to Die For* - by Luke Montgomery

Outside of Murcia, Spain, 1612. Ibrahim twisted violently, straining every last sinew in a desperate, but futile effort to free his arms and legs from the battle-hardened hands of two burly Spanish soldiers who had pinned him down on the floor of the blacksmith's shop.

City of Dark Magic - by Magnus Flyte

Sarah picked up the envelope and sniffed it. She had an especially sensitive nose, and something about the thick stationery was odd.

In a Fix - by Linda Grimes

The ideal vantage point for observing a half-naked man was definitely across the rim of a crystal champagne flute.

Seven Days - by Deon Meyer

Whatever happened, he just didn't want to make a complete idiot of himself.

Cocktail Waitress - by James M. McCain

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I first met Tom Barclay at my husband's funeral, as he recalled to me later, though he made so little impression on me at the time that I had no recollection of ever having seen him before.

Jonathan Strange & Mr. Norrell* - by Susanna Clark

Some years ago there was in the city of York a society of magicians.

The Red Chamber* - by Pauline A. Chen

Lin Daiyu crushes apricot kernels and black sesame seeds in a marble mortar.

Memoir of the Sunday Brunch - by Julia Pandl

I thought my dad was just like every other dad, until the day I worked my first Sunday brunch.

Low Pressure* - by Sandra Brown

The rat was dead, but no less horrifying than if it had been alive.

The Art Forger* - by B.A. Shapiro

I step back and scrutinize the paintings. There are eleven, although I have hundreds, maybe thousands.

Comet's Tale: How The Dog I Rescued Saved My Life* - by Steven D. Wolf with Lynette Padwa

It was just past 8:00 a.m. and the road winding through the foothills north of Flagstaff was deserted.

The Earth Moved: On the Remarkable Achievements of Earthworms - by Amy Stewart

The first time I held a worm in my hand, I was surprised at how light it was, how harmless.

The Nature Principal: Reconnecting with Life in a Virtual Age - by Richard Louv

We traveled down a dirt road through the melting adobe village of Puerto de Luna, New Mexico, crossed a low bridge over the shallow Pecos River and entered a valley of green chili

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fields held by red sandstone bluff. Jason, our older son, then three, was asleep in the backseat.

The Aleppo Codex - by Matti Friedman

The first limousines pulled up beside bare trees and a grove of flagpoles at Flushing Meadow, on the outskirts of New York City, discharging their passengers into a gray building that had once housed a skating rink.

Send an email with your recommendations to tmathews@ssecho.com. I'll review the top two vote-getters. Deadline is 11:59 p.m. Nov. 18.