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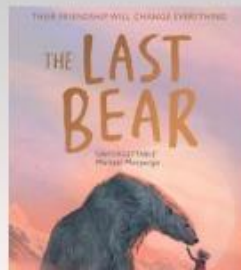
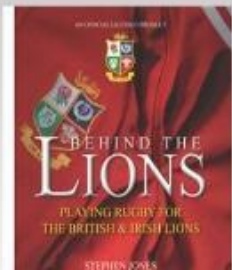
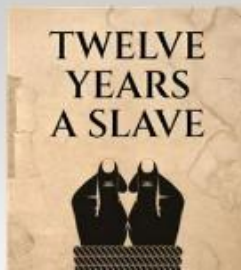
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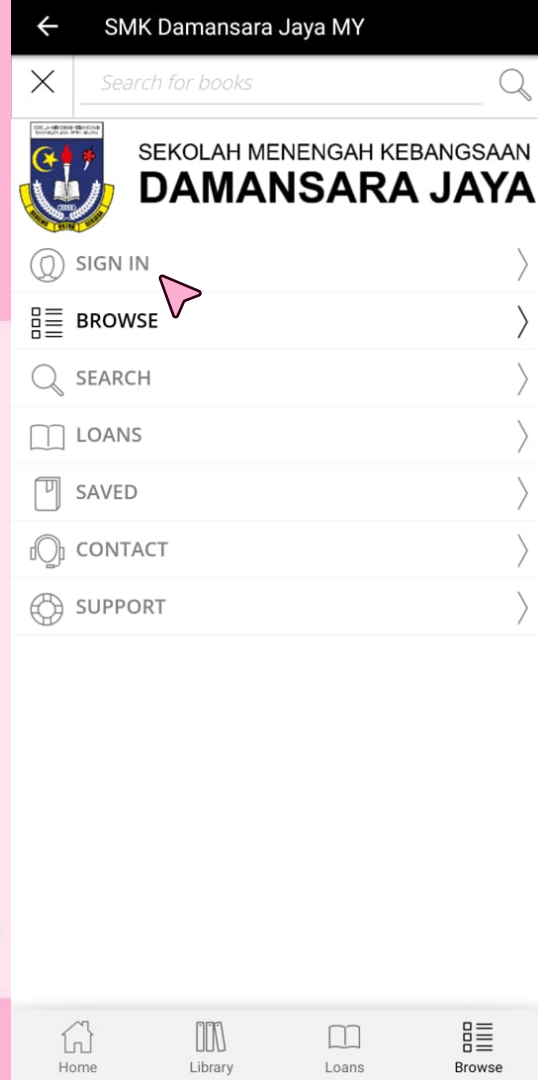
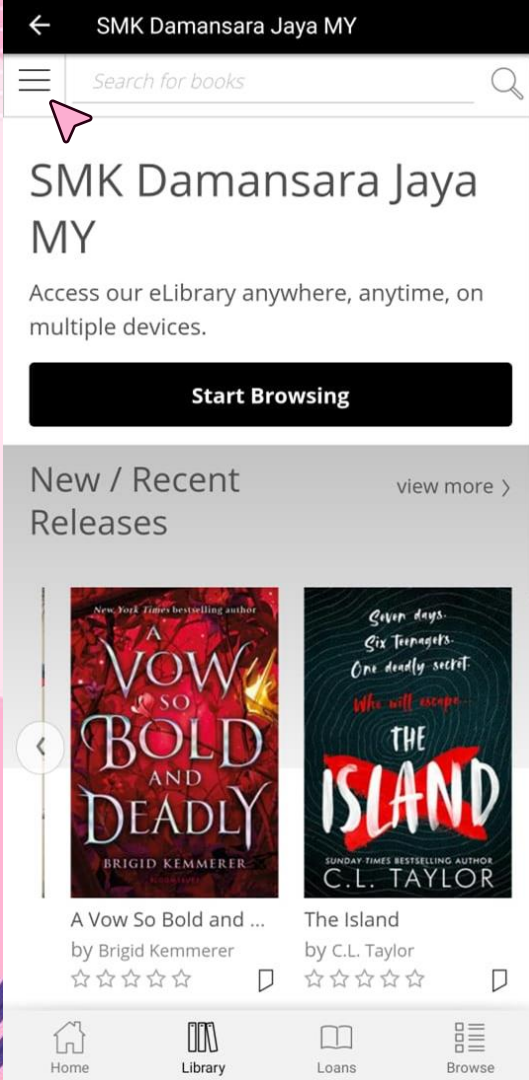
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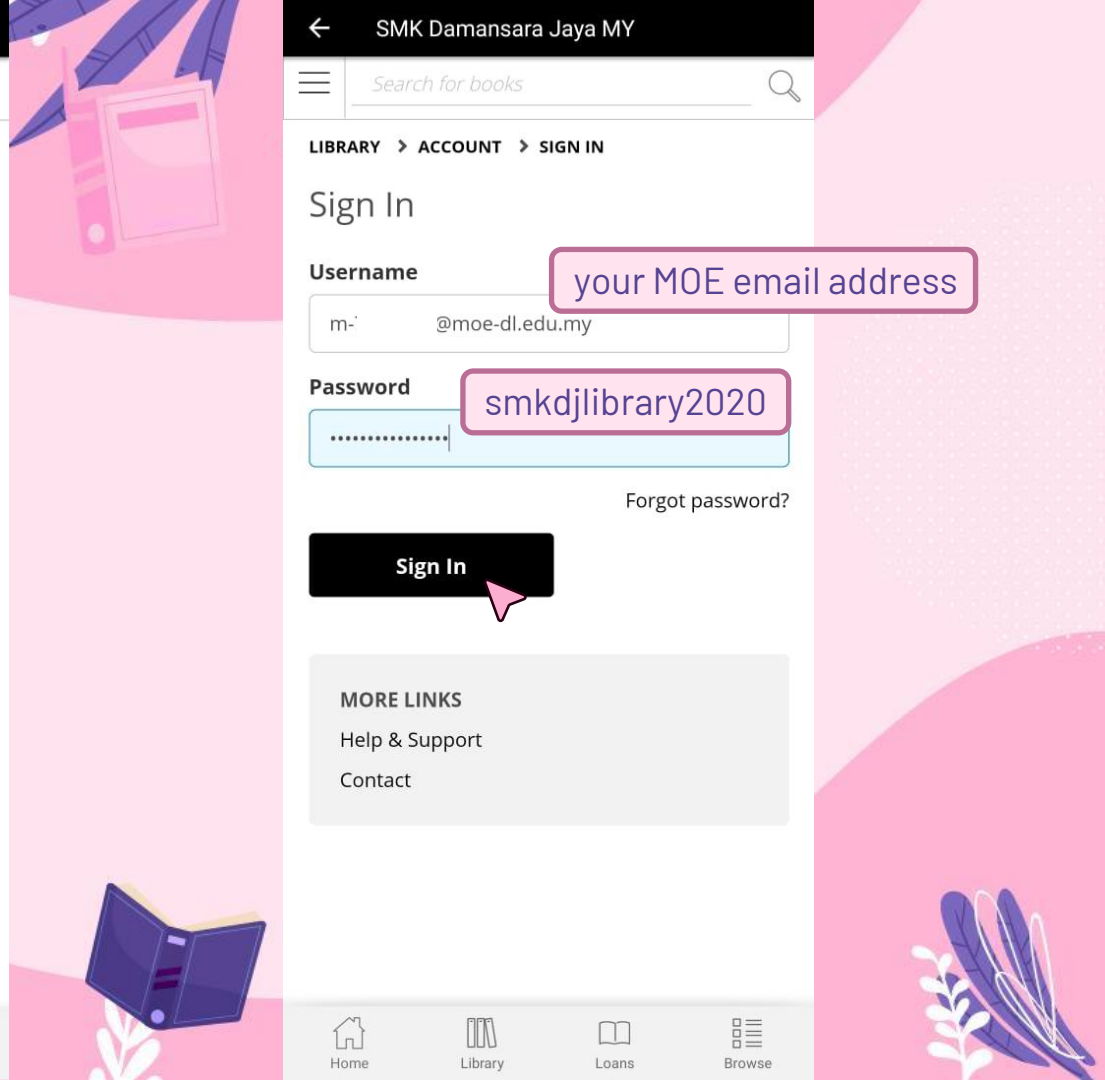
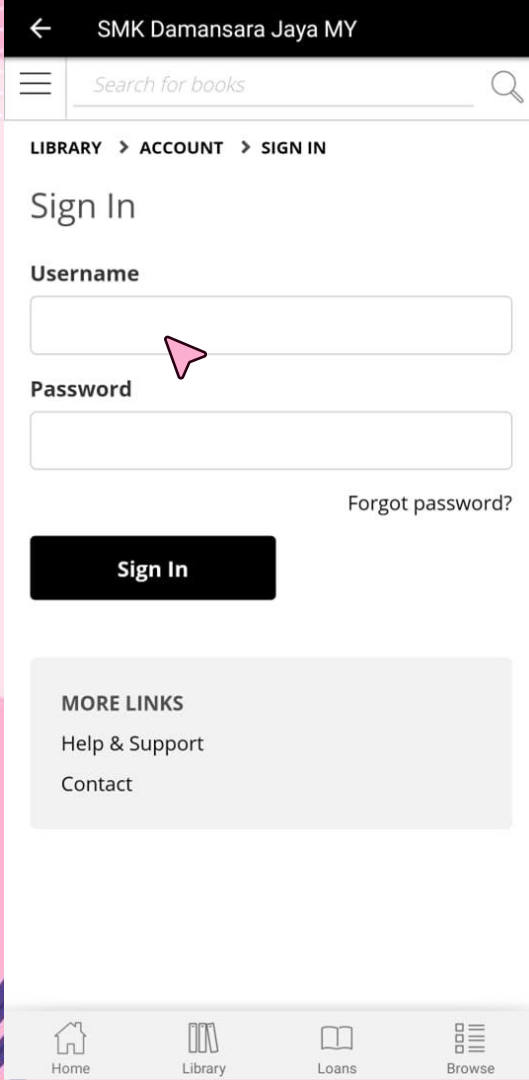
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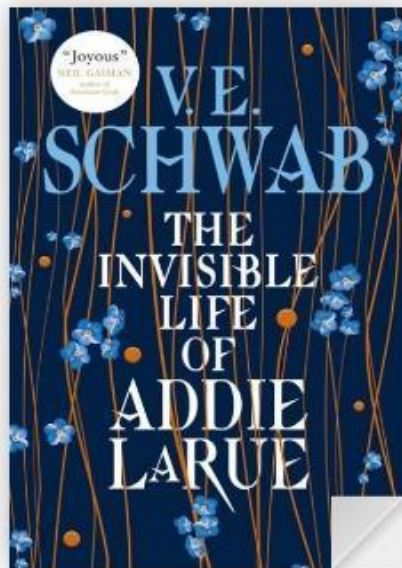
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The Invisible Life of Addie LaRue

By [V.E. Schwab](#)

★★★★★ (4.6/5)

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For someone damned to be forgettable, Addie LaRue is a most delightfully unforgettable character, and her story is the most joyous evocation of unlikely immortality. Neil Gaiman A Sunday Times best-selling, award-nominated genre-defying tour-de-force of Faustian bargains, for fans of *The Time Traveler's Wife* and *Life After Life*, and *The Sudden Appearance of Hope*. When Addie La Rue makes a pact with the devil, she trades her soul for immortality. But there's always a price - the devil takes away her place in the world, cursing her to be forgotten by everyone. Addie flees her tiny home town in 18th-Century France, beginning a journey that takes her across the world, learning to live a life where no one remembers her and everything she owns is lost and broken. Existing only as a muse for artists throughout history, she learns to fall in love anew every single day.

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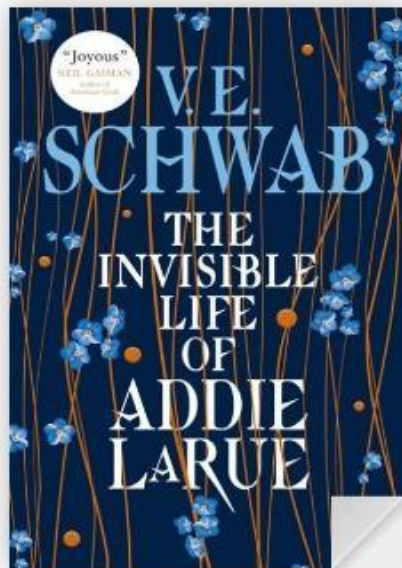
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II

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That date a death, and a rebirth, rolled into one.

Still, it is her birthday, and a birthday deserves a gift.

She pauses in front of a boutique, her reflection ghosted in the glass.

In the broad window, a mannequin poses mid-stride, its head tilted ever so slightly to one side, as if listening to some private song. Its long torso is wrapped in a broad-striped sweater, a pair of oil-slick leggings vanishing into knee-high boots. One hand up, fingers hooked in the collar of the jacket that hangs over one shoulder. As Addie studies the mannequin, she finds herself mimicking the pose, shifting her stance, tilting her head. And maybe it's the day, or the promise of spring in the air, or maybe she's simply in the mood for something new.

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HIGHLIGHT

peter piper picked a peck of pickled peppers

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SEARCH

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fickle

Define



fickle

adjective

1. Quick to change one's opinion or allegiance; insincere; not loyal or reliable.

verb

1. To deceive; flatter.
2. To puzzle; perplex; nonplus.

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II

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[PAGE 23 \(III\)](#)

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[PAGE 23 \(III\)](#)

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Inside, the boutique smells of unlit candles and unworn clothes, and Addie runs her fingers over cotton and silk before finding the striped knit sweater, which turns out to be cashmere. She throws it over one arm, along with the featured leggings. She knows her sizes.

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II

March is such a fickle month.

It is the seam between winter and spring—though *seam* suggests an even hem, and March is more like a rough line of stitches sewn by an unsteady hand, swinging wildly between January gusts and June greens. You don't know what you'll find, until you step outside.

Estele used to call these the restless days, when the gods began to stir, and the cold ones began to secede. They were most prone to bad ideas, and wanderers were most likely to find them.

Addie has always been predisposed to both.

It makes sense then, that she was born on the 10th of March, right along the ragged seam, though it has been so long since Addie felt like celebrating.

For twenty-three years, **she dreaded the marker of time, what it meant: that she was growing up, growing old.** And then, for centuries, a birthday

was a rather useless thing, far less important than the night she signed away her soul.

That date a death, and a rebirth, rolled into one.

Still, it is her birthday, and a birthday deserves a gift.

She pauses in front of a boutique, her reflection ghosted in the glass.

Inside, the mannequin poses mid-stride, its head tilted ever so slightly, as if listening to some private song. Its long torso is clad in a dark sweater, a pair of oil-slick leggings vanishing into the floor. Its hand up, fingers hooked in the collar of the sweater, resting on its shoulder. As Addie studies the mannequin, she notices the pose, shifting her stance, tilting her head. And she wonders if it's the day, or the promise of spring in the air, or maybe she's simply in the mood for something new.

Inside, the boutique smells of unlit candles and unworn clothes, and Addie runs her fingers over cotton and silk before finding the striped knit sweater, which turns out to be cashmere. She throws it over one arm, along with the featured leggings. She knows her sizes.

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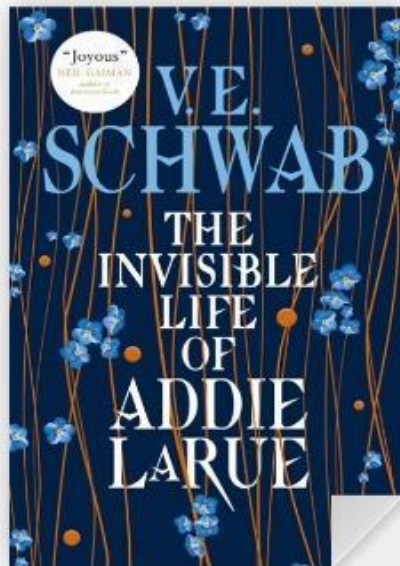
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By [V.E. Schwab](#)



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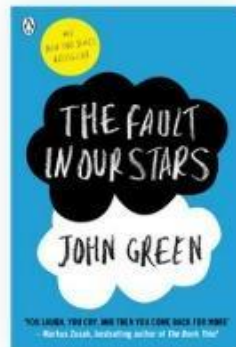
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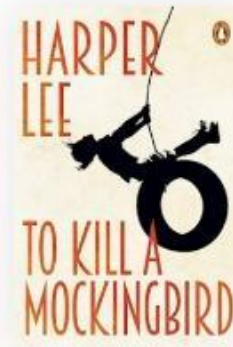
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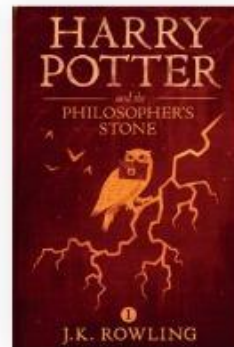
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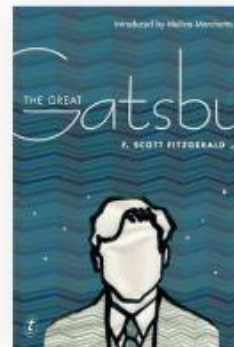
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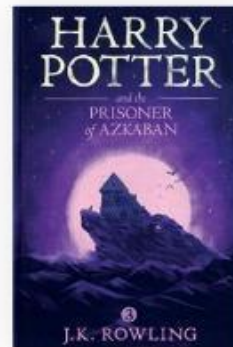
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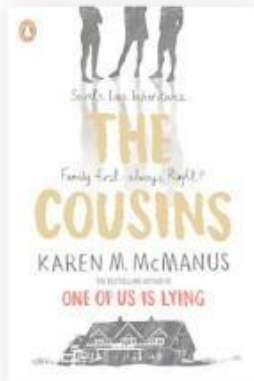
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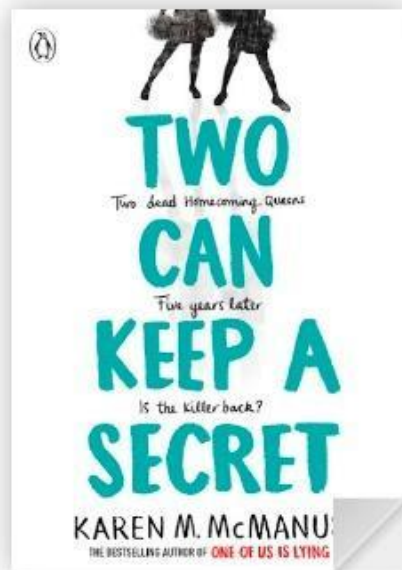


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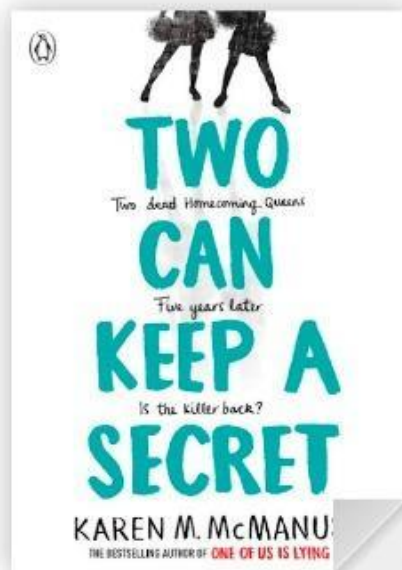
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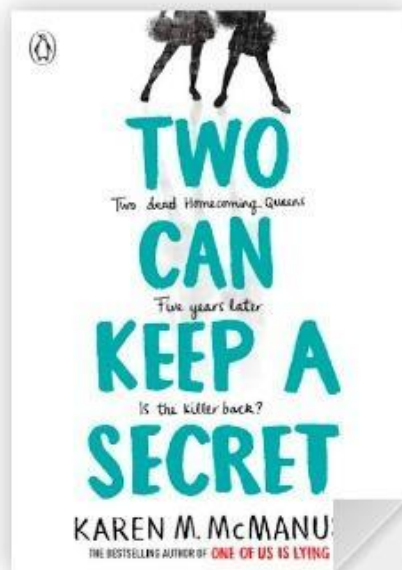
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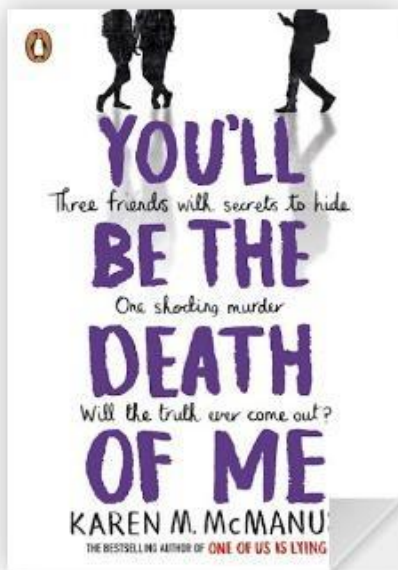
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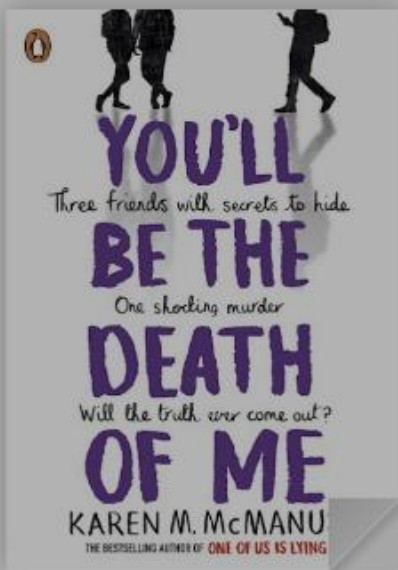
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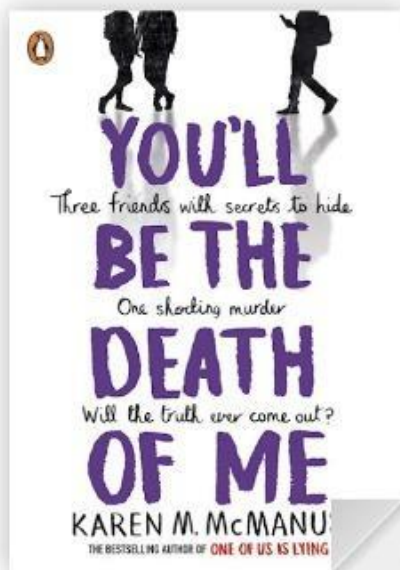
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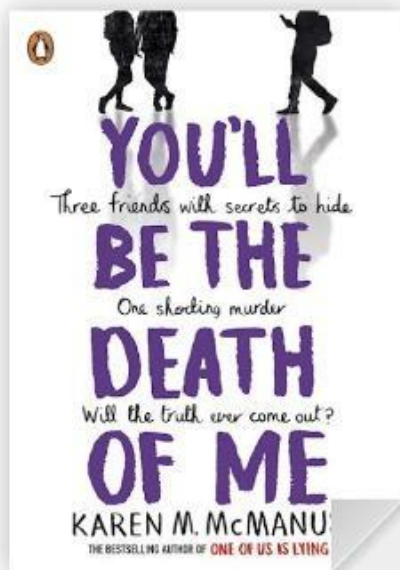
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