

# IGNOU Books, IGNOU Result, IGNOU Solved Assignment, IGNOU

Home

Undeadly

Survival of the Fittest and How the Lost Boy Survived It All

No Strings Attached

T.I.T.O.R.

Walker's Vale

Gertrude & Grace

codename shortfall

Manner of the Sundog

The Bone Season

Waiting for Paint to Dry

Pillar of Fire

The Decontamination of Grey Matter

Fenian's Trace

Fer

Blurred

The Trouble with Playing Cupid

Posted on 05 November 2019 By Nico Walker

## `READ BOOK ? Cherry ? PDF eBook or Kindle ePUB free

DNF 13%Here s the thing If you read Catcher in the Rye at the right age you think Holden Caulfield is great, you don t and you think he s unbearable Ditto here, and the writing wasn t

engaging The blurb promised nonstop excitement ah, no I m bored I need than obvious observations and drug use to be entertained Great cover is not enough. Life s too short Outta here Bye. Not bad It s written well enough, and the story is compelling, but yeesh, what a groveling, complaining, myopic narrator Let s call a spade a spade here, this is an autobiography with the names changed This is Nico Walker s story And although it is well told, it is a dismal story of decline that is hard to empathize with In a way it s existential Like Meursault from *The Stranger*, our self loathing protagonist doesn t really care about anything or anybody but himself, and even then, not so much Why try Why be loyal Why be courageous or caring or considerate Having not found satisfying answers to these questions, Nico decides to take the path of least resistance to gratification without regard to the wellbeing of any other human. Overall I liked it It was like a nonfiction version of *Catch 22* We live in an absurd world, and Mr Walker captures that well, albeit with a pretty bad attitude. I have a lot in common with Nico Walker, author of the recently released debut novel, *Cherry* We both partied too hard and failed out of college in the early 2000 s, both then enlisting in the wartime army at twenty years old After basic training we were both stationed at Fort Hood, Texas We didn t know each other but it is possible we rubbed shoulders in one of the nightclubs in Killeen or at the 24 hour gas station near the entrance of post where you could buy liquor and smokes at any hour of the day or night We would have appeared as two pissed off looking kids, sunburned in desert camo, waiting in line after work to buy some relief from boredom and toil No one in a position to make such judgments would have pegged us as budding literary novelists. It would have been in 2005 that our paths unknowingly crossed in Texas, if they did I would have been just returned from Iraq, and Walker would have been on his way Each of us was deployed as part of a combat arms unit at a time when the war was particularly deadly for U.S troops He spent a year as a medic with an infantry company in the Triangle of Death, and I made my bones as a tank gunner in Sadr City We both saw and did our share of awful shit From the descriptions I ve read, Walker saw and did Neither of us did than one tour over there One was plenty Neither of us had kids We had options. After we left Texas our lives maintained surface similarities even as they began diverging in radical ways I went back to school on the G.I Bill, studied English, and this time did well, grade wise, though the transition to civilian life was not always smooth Walker also went back to school on the G.I Bill, studied English, and did even worse than he had before much worse, in fact He became addicted to heroin and robbed ten banks before crashing his car while eluding police Around the same time that was happening, I was a graduate student publishing short stories in literary journals I kept at the writing game and hustled my butt off for the decade it took me to land a book deal Nico Walker has one, too, but not much else He is a convict who resides in a federal prison in Kentucky. When I first heard of him and his autobiographical novel, I confess my reaction to it was not so gentle bemusement Oh great, I thought An Iraq veteran junkie bank robber novelist We have truly jumped the shark in this genre Blame our

sensationalistic media culture, which often functions to seek out and reward the very worst people I feared the rest of us, in the wake of his book, would now have to deal with its confirmation of a damaging stereotype about this generation of veterans that we are no than mindless thugs who, by virtue of our participation in a criminal war, are criminals at heart, if not by the letter of the law. On top of that, it seemed to me a dizzying moral abdication that so many literary journalists and book critics had taken it upon themselves to celebrate work by a convicted violent criminal from an affluent background, in a cultural moment when any number of male authors and editors have been lately accused of inappropriate behavior, which may not rise to the level of criminal offense, but which is nevertheless deemed toxic enough to warrant the ruination of their careers. Meanwhile, some of the same institutions and people most responsible for tearing down these shitty men in literature were now elevating Walker to literary celebrity, his career launched precisely because of his outrageously bad behavior. The genesis of *Cherry* has its roots in a 2013 BuzzFeed profile on his robberies and military service. After reading this piece, a book editor reached out to Walker, writing him letters in prison and eventually soliciting a novel from the inmate. In the acknowledgements section at the end of *Cherry*, Walker claims he had to be convinced and encouraged by his editor to start writing the book in the first place. If we take him at his word, it would not exist otherwise. Needless to say, most first time novelists cannot expect this kind of treatment. They struggle for years to get a foot in the gatekeepers door. Even the talented give up and fail. Walker joined the army and robbed a string of banks, and the gatekeepers came to him. It felt unseemly, unfair, and hypocritical, and I know it's difficult these days to find objective moral standards we would all agree on. But perhaps we might agree it's fundamentally wrong to stick a pistol in a pregnant woman's face and demand money from her to fund one's drug habit. Walker did just that in real life, yet most of the discussion surrounding his book is not about his victims. I can't help but wonder, if he had made a lewd comment to that woman or exposed himself to her while robbing her, would that have been enough to preclude glowing reviews? What are the standards here, anyway? Why condemn one variety of toxic masculinity while celebrating another? Is there something especially romantic for Americans about bank robbers and broken veterans so long as they're clean cut and white? The answer of course is yes. And all of that is to say how I came to *Cherry*. Sceptically, to say the least. Moved by annoyance as much as curiosity, I sat down to read, finding within its clipped cadences something even offensive than I'd expected: a litany of selfishness, sexism, casual racism, cruelty, pointless graphic violence, squalor, perversion, self abuse, nihilism or less all the bad things in contemporary American life. To my surprise, I enjoyed reading it very much. Not because I always revel in bad things, but Walker's telling of them struck me as remarkably truthful. At one point in the book the unnamed narrator is in a college classroom, attempting to explicate Keats' famous lines "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" and while his interpretation fails to convince a jaded English professor, it revealed to me the animating purpose behind this

book Simply, to tell the truth No matter how brutal and awful it was, especially then, to tell the truth Cherry succeeds admirably well in this project, insofar as it makes a pleasing form out of one man's particularly ugly truth It's a solipsistic book with a narrow perspective, but it intends to be, and the chapters set at war read like a honest accounting of what an Iraq deployment circa 2005 felt like to a lower enlisted grunt in a bad spot than almost anything else I have read on the subject It's miles closer to the truth of that experience than anything written by the generals and most of what's been produced so far by journalists and historians Some people will not want to admit that They won't like hearing that significant numbers of American soldiers were huffing Dust Off in Baghdad, were watching the vilest kinds of pornography on duty, were pilfering, were abusing detainees, were smuggling illegal drugs into theater, and generally speaking, cared as much about killing Iraqis as they did about helping them. Uncomfortable or not, nasty or not, those are truths of how it was over there, no denying If there's a flaw in the Iraq chapters it's that they are so unrelentingly bleak that civilians with little first hand experience of the military may get the wrong idea Not everything was darkness and depravity, even in a warzone There was lightness and tenderness there, too Compassion, self sacrifice, nobility of spirit fathers and mothers trying to do right by their families and country None of that was enough to tip the scales, though The darkness predominated by a long shot In this way, Walker's vision of war is correct. The second thing about Cherry that subverted my expectations in a good way was how poorly it conforms to the simplistic narratives others are trying to impose on it What I mean may best be shown by example Here's one where the editors of Esquire, while introducing an excerpt from the novel, frame it in these terms In Nico Walker's Cherry a young veteran returns home from Iraq with PTSD and turns to drugs in order to cope with his demons When his money runs out, he turns to robbing banks On a similar note but with sophistication, in her author profile for the New York Times Alexandra Alter writes Cherry is a raw coming of age story in reverse a young man drops out of college, enlists in the Army and goes to war, but rather than maturing in the crucible of combat, he comes home shattered, unable to function He becomes addicted to opiates and starts robbing banks almost on a whim. These descriptions of the book which I am reproducing because they are representative, not extraordinary imply a strong link between Walker's PTSD, his addiction, and the robberies he committed That link could be strong and real in his case, but maybe not, and it could be that there are relationships between these problems, though not so direct a line from one to the other as some might assume According to the Department of Veteran's Affairs, PTSD correlates with but cannot be said to cause an increased risk of violence among those who suffer from it When studies on this question control for alcohol and drug abuse, however, PTSD no longer associates with violence at all. Alcohol and drug abuse, it turns out, are much greater predictors of violent behavior than PTSD is It should be said that the vast majority around 90% of post 9 11 veterans who suffer from the disorder are nonviolent, and that all veterans, including recent ones, are on average less likely to be incarcerated than

civilians The association of PTSD and criminal violence is problematic, to say the least, though you wouldn't know any of that by reading any of the big reviews or promotional materials for *Cherry*, which fail to mention these complex interrelationships. Thankfully, they are at the heart of Walker's story. It's a descent, a dissolution, yes, but one that begins from an already low place. The narrator's drug use, thrill seeking and criminality predate his PTSD. They predate even his enlistment in the army, perhaps by years; his problems begin long before the war. They begin for us on the first page of the first chapter as he tells us he was going through a blotters phase, in other words, doing large quantities of LSD. So much so, he shows up to class and to his job at a shoe store while tripping on acid. He drinks heavily. He does cocaine. Ecstasy. Pharmaceuticals. He sells drugs to his classmates. But it wasn't like I was bad or anything, he tells us wryly. I wasn't bothering anybody. I didn't even eat meat. Along with his relationship to a young woman, drug abuse is one of the major through lines that connects the before war, war, and after war sections of the novel. Though he doesn't get hooked on heroin until after he returns from Iraq, Walker's narrator is most definitely an addict at every stage of his development in the book. It follows a progression of addiction that includes war, is complicated by war, but is not fundamentally a result of going to war. It would be correct to say Nico Walker went to war because he was an addict, not the other way around. At any rate, the relationship between trauma, addiction, and self destruction is not so cut and dry as some might think. He tells us so himself. I had to take James Lightfoot to the police station in Linddale. James Lightfoot was a good guy but he was also fucked in the head. I don't know the details of exactly why or how he was fucked in the head or if there were any such exact details. Probably he was just born fucked in the head. And I guess I'd been born that way too and it was only a coincidence that I had been to a war and the war probably hadn't had much to do at all with my being fucked in the head. We might add that the war sure didn't help matters, and that his participation in the fighting could be than a coincidence, that maybe being fucked in the head predisposes a certain kind of reckless young person to want to join up during wartime. And to heroin use. And in extreme cases, to bank robbery. Because I was born that way might be the truth, but it won't be a satisfying one for many readers who have been raised on characters that are supposed to ooze with agency, the ability to make a clear bold choice that changes their world. In this novel, Walker suggests we may not have as much of a choice as we think. External forces, substances and genetics shape the lives of these characters as much as choices do. This underlying logic to the novel places it in a tradition of literary naturalism, including work by writers like Zola and Frank Norris, both of whom also tended to chronicle the seamier side of life. From contemporary book critics, Walker's voice has drawn comparisons to Hemingway and Salinger, and while his terse prose recalls the former, and his youthful disaffection the latter, to my mind he has in common with Bukowski or Burroughs. With its themes of meanness, degeneracy, intoxication, and its lacerating black humor, *Cherry* ranks up there with *Junkie* or *Post Office*. Fans of those books will almost

certainly appreciate this one, but if readers are looking for a heist novel, they may be disappointed. This is much a story about drugs and war than about robbing banks; those crimes form the crux of Cherry's marketing materials, but only a small fraction of its pages. This feels right to me, though Walker was not an effective thief, taking on average only a few thousand dollars at each of the banks he hit. The way these crimes are described in the novel feels, again, truthful than we usually get in fiction about such things. His robberies come off as impulsive acts of desperation, little than smash and grab jobs, doomed to fail. He was no master criminal, and his take was far from lucrative, given the risks. Not lucrative, that is, unless we count Cherry as part of his haul. If he hasn't already, he will soon make money from royalties than he ever took from a teller's drawer. It's been reported that he has used some of his publishing advance to make restitution to the banks he robbed. I wonder which of his human victims might also want a cut. While lawyers from Knopf have expressed their opinion that the novel does not conflict with laws prohibiting convicts from profiting off depictions of their crimes, that opinion could be challenged in court, perhaps successfully. It might well be challenged if Walker sells enough copies. To paraphrase John Dillinger, people seem to know where the money is. Despite my initial skepticism and some lingering extra-textual reservations about how and why this book is being sold, I hope it is widely read. I hope its author keeps writing and that he keeps his nose clean when he is released from prison in a couple years. By all rights, his debut should have then become widely known. It's got all the ingredients for a bestseller: a love story albeit a twisted one, vivid yet accessible writing, enough suspense to keep you going, and that based on a true story quality of authenticity that is hard to duplicate. It's an especially timely read on the opioid epidemic. Those who have had a loved one go down that terrible road may see his or her despair in this book. For those of us who fought in Iraq, you will recognize that place, too. It's mostly a destroyed place, and we were the ones to destroy it; we finished the job, anyway. Cherry tells us something bitterly important about how, if not why that happened. It reveals, in one man's process of self-destruction, a nation's. In this case, I mean ours. We've heard these war stories before, in superb fiction and nonfiction by other soldiers. But Nico Walker, 33, brings a raw and casual brutality to the narrative of battle. His rambling collection of chaotic anecdotes involve drugs and porn, acts of cruelty and kindness, unending boredom pierced by spikes of terror. These juxtapositions convey the fundamental disorder of the American mission and its deleterious effect on the young people forced to implement it. His language, relentlessly profane but never angry, simmers at the level of morose disappointment, something like Holden Caulfield. Goes to War. I'm glad I missed the battle because it was probably bullshit and the Army just murdered your dog anyway. But Walker also channels an even older novelist who saw the carnage of war. His prose echoes Ernest Hemingway's cadences to powerful effect. Like To read the rest of this review, go to The Washington Post <https://www.washingtonpost.com/entertainment/nico-walker-is-currently-serving-time-in-prison-for-bank-robbery-his-debut-novel-cherry-is-essentially-his-fictionalized-autobiography-in-which>

the unnamed narrator dispassionately recounts dropping out of college, enlisting in the army, shipping out to Iraq, serving as an army medic, returning home, and developing PTSD as well as an opioid addiction. *Cherry* is a deeply uncomfortable book to read on just about every level. The war scenes and depictions of drug abuse are graphic, the language is relentlessly profane, the narrator's pervasive misogyny goes unchallenged. This is not a book about redemption or remorse or lessons learned or new beginnings; it's about waste and abuse and mutually destructive relationships and squandered potential. This narrator hits rock bottom so many times that rock bottom loses all meaning, and as he isn't guided by any kind of recognizable moral compass, you aren't even sure if you should be rooting for him in the first place. You're just kind of along for this ride that figuratively culminates in a train wreck. Probably the most noteworthy thing about this book, aside from the author's background, is its unique narrative voice. Walker blends his disaffected staccato with an urgency that keeps you turning pages, devouring the horror and humor and unexpected moments of tenderness. This is the kind of book that you feel a bit guilty for loving, but at the same time, you can't deny that there's something special about it.

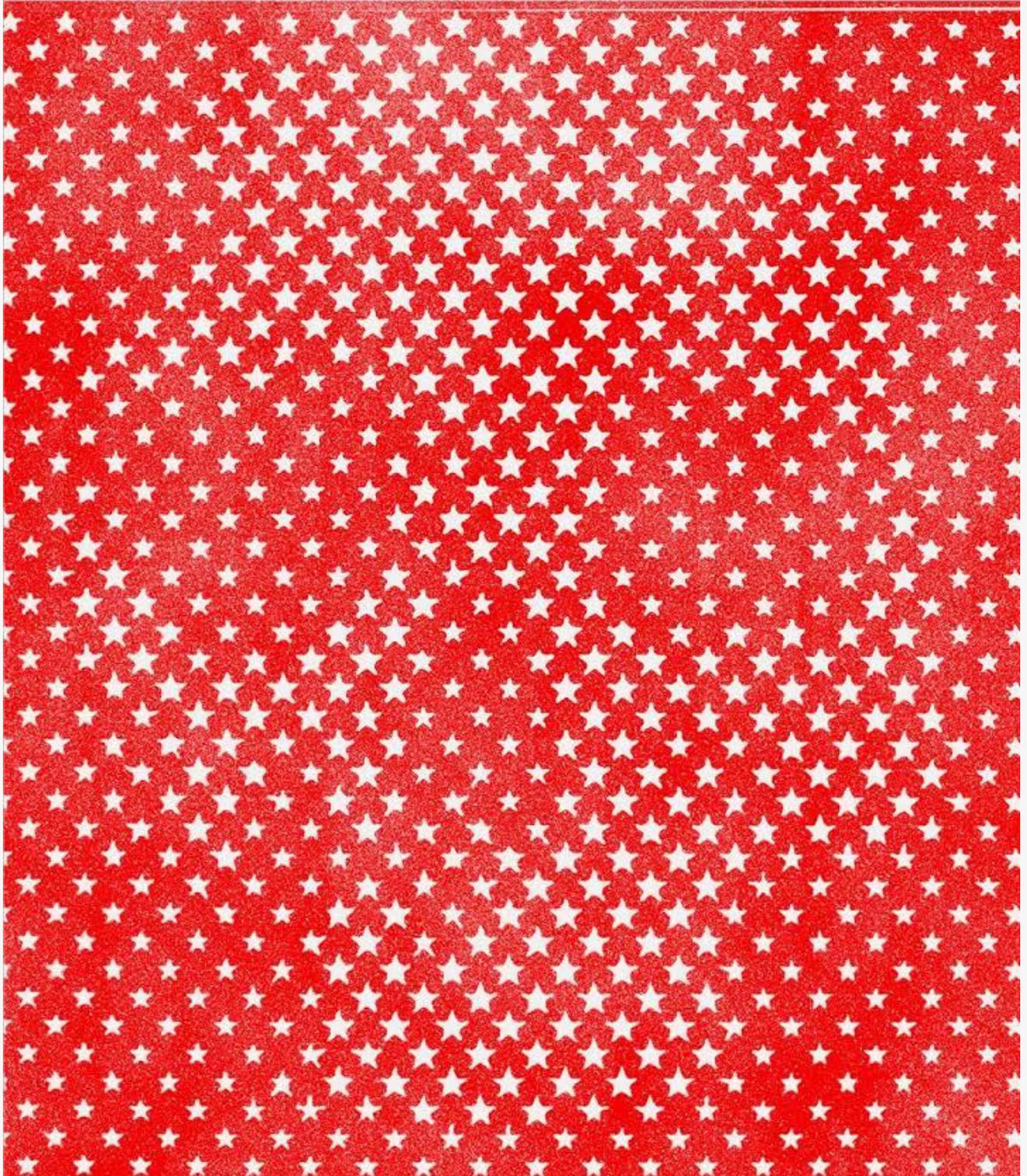
Nico Walker isn't your typical novelist. For one, he wrote his debut novel, *Cherry*, in prison. Not only that, but he remains in prison to this day. In his expletive-ridden, Hunter S. Thompson-esque, Ernest Hemingway-ish, autobiographical novel, he tells us the story of how he got there. In this starkly honest middle-American romp, Walker truly impresses with his ability to put words to the images of his memory. The prose is not sophisticated, flowery, or complex; it's better than all that. Reading this book feels like the underbelly of my childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood. All the twisted characters and questionable motives and justifications ring true. I knew people like Nico, and I still know people like Nico. Nico hails from Cleveland and gets involved in drugs at a very early age; in other words, a very typical Midwestern young man of the late 90s and early 00s. The novel takes a detour to Iraq, where Walker served as an Army Medic. He continued his drug habit to the best of his ability while overseas and returns home to become a full-blown opiate addict. As his life devolves into a never-ending search for heroin, OxyContin, and virtually anything else he can get his hands on, he has to come up with increasingly risky ways to finance his habit. He also makes friends with increasingly shady people, of which he is among the shadiest, and eventually begins brazenly robbing banks all over the Cleveland area. The novel stops short of his apprehension and eventual conviction because this novel is about the crime, not the punishment. I can confidently recommend Nico Walker's debut novel. When I set out to read the advanced copy I received from Knopf, I hoped it would deliver, because I very much wanted to support Walker's post-prison life. He has two years to go by helping him sell a few copies, because convicted felons are treated like garbage people in our society unless you're Martha Stewart. I commend Knopf for taking a chance on this brilliant young writer. He has the life experience and the talent to tell his truth. Many will find fellowship with him. On a Highway to Hell: Red hot, Raw and Howling tour de force of Demoralization and Descent into

the early 21st century Abaddon and Beelzebul of many young American men war and opioids the most powerful of which is heroin. Reminiscent of a roughcut Denis Johnson Jesus Son and of a shorter, a little less bitter C line s Journey to the End of Night. Will flesh out this review to give this outstanding debut novel its due. This debut novel is advertised as a work of fiction, but it is clearly at least partly autobiographical it s pretty hard to find out how big the overlap between the unnamed narrator and the author is though, as Nico Walker is still in jail, serving an eleven year sentence for bank robbery That s also where he wrote this novel about a guy who dropped out of college, joined the army, served as a medic in Iraq, consequently suffered from severe PTSD, self medicated with heroin, and, short of money and with an expensive addiction to support, became a bank robber all of this happened to Nico Walker himself The fact that the protagonist is also the narrator gives it an even memoir ish feel Long before Walker wrote the book, some media outlets reported on the author s life story, and it s very interesting to read especially Scott Johnson s article from 2013, because readers of Cherry will recognize parts of the book in it, as well as some people who are mentioned, and even some of the instances and environments documented in the various photos Walker s book combines different themes, but all of them are closely connected to a spiritually numbing sense of futility and alienation Teenage angst, what soldiers experienced in Iraq and what this did and still does to them, the failure to help people with mental problems, and the raging opioid epidemic, in which people try to escape only to get trapped in the most rigid and dehumanizing system of self harm Addiction Another important aspect of the book is the narrator s relationship to women While I wouldn t say that he is misogynistic, it is striking that his girlfriend wife, who plays a major role in the book, does not quite come together as a character and mostly works as a reflection of himself which makes sense in the context of the depiction of the main character Which brings us to the narrator s personality. His unreliability is part of why this book is so interesting During the different stages of his life, it feels like we are in his head then, meaning he reflects his limited and tainted cognitive experiences while dropping out of college, being in Iraq, being on heroin and robbing banks plus there s the question how honest he is to us as his readers Everything feels slightly off, which is understandable, because we meet the narrator in extreme situations that would mess with anyone s mind This does not necessarily mean that the narrator is a nice dude, but it s easy to empathize with him nonetheless At the same time, Walker finds a distinctive voice, with short, sharp sentences, colloquial language, and humor than you might expect in such a story While this isn t Trainspotting , there s a parallel when it comes to finding a recognizable voice talking about tragedy in an often nonchalant way. I was drawn into this story due to its distinct and somewhat hypnotic language, and I was amazed how Walker combines emotional urgency and alienation but maybe those two are intertwined, because the sadness that comes with alienation is rooted in the longing for connection and a purpose, a feeling that haunts the narrator from very early on I d love to see this book in the brackets of the Tournament of

Books 2019 , for which it is currently longlisted.

# CHERRY

A NOVEL BY NICO WALKER



These sentences come at you like rapid fire and it took several pages for me to fall into the cadence This is a story of love, war, drug addiction and crime A fictionalized account of the author s life written while in prison, it is deeply depressing although not without flashes of humor The author s back story makes me wonder how he survived to write this novel Walker took part in over 250 missions as a combat medic and is highly decorated The publicist has a lot to work with here. The war scenes are gruesome and the agonizing PTSD inevitable The unnamed main character is unable to find his footing as a civilian and turns to drugs to ease his anguish The life of a drug addict is a never ending cycle of scrounging for money, buying drugs, administering drugs rinse and repeat Robbing banks became a way of procuring money as well as placing himself in the comforting and familiar situation of heightened risk and insecurity This novel is fearless I thank you, Mr Walker, for writing it and thank you for your service. `READ BOOK ? Cherry ? Cleveland, Ohio, A Young Man Is Just A College Freshman When He Meets Emily They Share A Passion For Edward Albee And Ecstasy And Fall Hard And Fast In Love But Soon Emily Has To Move Home To Elba, New York, And He Flunks Out Of School And Joins The Army Desperate To Keep Their Relationship Alive, They Marry Before He Ships Out To Iraq But As An Army Medic, He Is Unprepared For The Grisly Reality That Awaits Him His Fellow Soldiers Smoke They Huff Computer Duster They Take Painkillers They Watch Porn And Many Of Them Die He And Emily Try To Make Their Long Distance Marriage Work, But When He Returns From Iraq, His PTSD Is Profound, And The Drugs On The Street Have Changed The Opioid Crisis Is Beginning To Swallow Up The Midwest Soon He Is Hooked On Heroin, And So Is Emily They Attempt A Normal Life, But With Their Money Drying Up, He Turns To The One Thing He Thinks He Could Be Really Good At Robbing Banks Hammered Out On A Prison Typewriter, Cherry Marks The Arrival Of A Raw, Bleakly Hilarious, And Surprisingly Poignant Voice Straight From The Dark Heart Of America

## New Post

Letters to a Young Madman: A Memoir

Under the Wide and Starry Sky

Caramelo

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Heir to the Glimmering World  
The Great Fire  
You Are Not a Stranger Here  
Bury the Lead  
Raising Fences: A Black Man's Love Story  
Shadow Baby  
Paradise Alley  
The Breathtaker  
Disappearance  
Undeadly

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The History of Love  
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The Known World  
Hotel on the Corner of Bitter and Sweet  
The Host  
Walden  
The Confessions of Max Tivoli  
The Emperor of Ocean Park  
This Is Your Captain Speaking: My Fantastic Voyage Through Hollywood, Faith and Life  
The Dogs of Babel  
The Way the Crow Flies  
The Light of Asteria: Kailmeyra's Last Hope  
Then There's Tomorrow  
More Book Lust: Recommended Reading for Every Mood, Moment, and Reason  
The Dew Breaker  
Broken for You  
How to Crush Social Media in Only 2 Minutes a Day: Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Kred, Goodreads, LinkedIn

Three Day Road

Drinking Coffee Elsewhere

The Photograph

Letters to a Young Madman: A Memoir

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