



The Sound

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When aspiring music journalist Ren Kingston takes a job nannying for a wealthy family on the exclusive island of Nantucket, playground for Boston's elite, she's hoping for a low-key summer reading books and blogging about bands. Boys are firmly off the agenda.

What she doesn't count on is falling in with a bunch of party-loving private school kids who are hiding some dark secrets, falling (possibly) in love with the local bad boy, and falling out with a dangerous serial killer...

The gripping new stand-alone novel from the author of Hunting Lila. Out August 2013

The Sound Details

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Author : Sarah Alderson

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From Reader Review The Sound for online ebook

liv says

I've had this book for a long time now, I picked it up because it was cheap and part of a deal (I know..) it had been sitting on my shelf since then with no motivation to pick it up and start it. I honestly thought I was never going to read it and it would stay on there until I got rid of it. But my English class got told we HAD TO READ A BOOK FROM THE SCHOOL LIBRARY over the two weeks off. Whilst browsing the shelves and finding nothing I fancied or could finish in that period of time I saw this book, knowing it was on my TBR shelf at home I picked it up (smart idea for once). And I loved it, if wasn't for that I wouldn't have read it. I loved the humor and setting, the main character was funny and connecting, sometimes she was annoying but that wasn't a lot, I loved Ren as a character, she wasn't that dumb protagonist we always read about she knew what to do and used common sense. The mystery part was intriguing (view spoiler) I loved this book and I'm so happy I got around to it, I have to read her other books after reading this I wanted another book just like it. I could write more about this book, but I don't know how to put my feelings into words except I loved ALL OF IT, CHARACTERS PLOT, WRITING, HUMOR,EVERYTHING. I recommend this and I want to re-read it like RIGHT NOW. This is probably a new favorite. I'm going to stop now.

Emily says

I loved this book *so much* ohmygod.

The first few pages..

A few chapters in..

As the plot thickened..

At the end..

Breanne says

Ah! Okay. I was so excited for this book to come out. I had the highest expectations for it--and for Jesse.

For the first 35-40 percent of this book, it held my interest. I love Sarah Alderson's writing style and the way she creates her worlds and her characters. However, I was a little bit . . . bored. It held my interest and I

didn't want to stop because it was very, very good. I just . . . I wanted to see more of Jesse in those beginning chapters. But after the first bit? Everything was happening and Jesse was there and so were other characters and secrets were coming out and everything was coming together and the drama began and the love started and it was just so good and I'm not even going to apologize for this run-on sentence because I regret nothing about not putting in a period or a comma or a semicolon or a dash to separate my ideas.

Instead, we got to see Jeremy, Parker, and Tyler. Ugh. Those boys. Absolutely disgusting. Yup. Nope.

The mysteries in *The Sound* were awesome. As were the plot twists! I have to admit, I knew what Jesse's secret was and the reasoning behind his actions. However, I was still surprised by everything that unfolded and the way in which it did. Sarah Alderson has a way of laying everything out slowly, letting everything unravel in the sexiest way. It's completely consuming.

Ren. I liked her very much. While there were things she did that I felt were not justified, I understood where she was coming from. I could relate to her. Her fire and her attitude and the way she just . . . is, is admirable. I am in no way disappointed with her.

Jesse. Swooooooooooon. At first we see him as this dark, shielded person. He's afraid and angry and vulnerable. But he fights his fear and his anger and his vulnerability. He's protective and so not who anyone thinks he is. He's sweet and gentle. Oh, and did I mention protective? Oh. And sexy. Yes. He's definitely that. His bad boy exterior is caused by the gentleness of his heart. Ironic? Yes. Sexy as hell? Most definitely. I loved Jesse. Mmhmm. I did.

All of the secondary characters were also loveable (aside from the douche-baggy ones, of course). There were some that I wouldn't mind seeing more of like Matt and Sophie and Paige.

What I also wish? We could have seen the sexy time between Jesse and Ren. In no way am I ashamed to admit that. Maybe it's the NA thing speaking, but maaaan. I do wish that, I do.

Overall? So, so, so, so, SO FREAKING GOOD. 5/5. I will definitely be reading this again!

Donna {Book Passion for Life} says

The Sound is fantastic! I'm in such awe by Sarah Alderson's work that I've come to this conclusion; anything she writes I'm going to love and *The Sound* just proves my point.

Following a 17-year-old British girl, Ren moves to Nantucket for the summer nannying for a wealthy family. While there, she tries to mend her broken heart and move on with her life, so when the rich and popular kids take interest in her, Ren's happy to have some friends in a country where she knows no-one. However, while renting a bike, she bumps into Jesse - the local town's bad boy, but is he really as bad as everyone says? Ren tries her best to keep out of trouble but in a town full of hidden secrets, a serial killer on the loose and trying to deny her growing attraction to Jesse, staying out of trouble is harder than it seems.

If you've read any of Sarah's previous work, then you'll notice that *The Sound* is not a paranormal story, it's a YA Contemporary. I love both genres so I was super excited to see where Sarah would take her first contemporary story, and looking back on the books I've read this year, *The Sound* is easily my favourite contemporary story for 2013!

As a British girl myself, I loved that Ren was British (there just isn't enough British protagonists in my opinion) and what I loved even more was how much Nantucket appealed to me as a reader. It is written beautifully, the sunsets and the views are to die for, and it made me really want to hop on a plane, and go a visit - minus the serial killer though. The story is jam-packed full of heat and swoon-worthy moments, it's exciting and so mysterious. Not only that but it's a fun story, but also one that deals with some serious issues too. There's nothing better when a story ticks all the right boxes, and *The Sound* did just that.

In all good stories you need good characters that are true to themselves, that have faults and stand up for what they believe in, and this is what you get with the characters from *The Sound*. Ren is a great girl, she's taken a huge step moving from England to Nantucket (even if it's only for the summer) she's taking on a job she knows nothing about, and anyone who has children knows how hard they can be at times, and most importantly, she's just trying to enjoy her summer. Her relationship with Braiden and Brodie is very cute at times and you can see how much she's taken to them. And making friends with the 'rich and popular' kids helps her to fit in but, she's determined to find out their hidden secrets and then, of course, we have Jesse. Jesse really does give Alex (from the Lila series) a run for his money and I'm honestly torn between the two. Sarah writes Jesse so freaking hot, it's impossible to not fall for him. All the way through the story, I was sticking my little page markers in, so I can re-visit my favourite Jesse moments/quotes. He's strong, broody and so misunderstood. He's full of good intentions and so very, very protective of Ren, that he just made me swoon pretty much all of the time.

Here are some of my favourite Jesse quotes;

"Did someone eat a thesaurus for breakfast? One adjective there would have sufficed. I like cocky. The way you say it has a nice ring to it."

"You know", he says in the softest, lowest voice imaginable....."you have the most incredible eyes. They're beautiful. As blue as the Sound and just as deadly."

"I can't think about anything but kissing you... about being with you..." He shrugs. 'There, I said it. Need me to say it one more time?'

See, you need to read this book, if not just for the awesome story but for the Jesse moments you get!

In all, *The Sound* is a story that oozes with teenage romance, deadly situations and hot and steamy moments. It's a fantastic summer read and another cracking novel by a fabulous writer!

Sarah says

I'm a huge fan of **Sarah Alderson's** writing style and particularly loved her action packed (and totally swoon worthy!) Lila series so when I found out she was writing a stand alone thriller / romance set on Nantucket it went straight to the top of my wish list. Once again she has hit the ball out of the park and created a story that will have you hooked from the very first page and reading from the edge of your seat.

After a nasty split from her ex Ren is looking forward to getting away for the summer and a job nannying in Nantucket is the perfect way for her to get out of England. She has dreams of becoming a music journalist so she plans to spend her time off listening to music and working on her music blog, considering how her last relationship ended the last thing she wants is a summer fling. That may change when she catches the eye of not just one but two very sexy boys though. First there is Jeremy, the son of a wealthy family that are friends

with the people she is working for, he invites her to hang out with him and his friends and gives her the opportunity to see more of the Island. Then there is Jesse, the local bad boy who everyone keeps warning her away from but won't tell her the reason why, he shares her passion for music and she can't help feeling drawn to him even though she knows she should keep her distance. As if juggling the attentions of two very different boys wasn't enough she also has to try and avoid catching the attention of a serial killer, one who seems to be targeting foreign nannies who are working on the island. What if she becomes the next target?

I've already mentioned how much I love **Sarah Alderson's** writing style and that was no different in **The Sound**. I thought Ren was a fabulous character and I loved seeing a British character in an American setting and how uncomfortable she was surrounded by the wealth of the families she came into contact with. She was obviously completely out of her comfort zone and didn't know quite what to make of the rich kids and their attitudes to the locals. I appreciated the fact that she didn't immediately fit in and her clumsiness was highly amusing to watch. She does make mistakes and I was irritated by the way she was drawn to both Jeremy and Jesse but to be honest I think most of us would be flattered by the attention of two hot boys and would find it hard to make a choice between them.

I took an instant dislike to the majority of Jeremy's friends, it was obvious that most of them looked down on Ren and weren't happy to have them as part of their group. I have to say I wasn't a fan of Jeremy either, he came across as far too smarmy and I always worried that he had some kind of ulterior motive. My favourite character would have to be Jesse, I wasn't so sure about him at first because he has quite an attitude problem when Ren first meets him but as you get to know him and learn the reason why he really grew on me. I didn't always agree with Jesse's actions but when you find out exactly what happened I could understand why he did what he did and I think in his situation I'd probably have had a very similar reaction. He is incredibly protective of his family and you can't fault him for that.

I'll admit that there were some things I figured out well before Ren did but there were still a few surprising twists that I hadn't expected. I loved watching her figure out exactly what was happening and the fact that she was brave enough to confront the person she thought was behind the attacks. There is a fine line between bravery and stupidity but it's one I don't think she crossed - particularly considering she took backup with her. **The Sound** is another great story from **Sarah Alderson** and one I'm sure fans of her Lila series will love. I can't wait to see what she comes up with next!

Braiden says

My namesake is in this book – an eight-month old baby – so you better read it with me!

Louisa says

"I refuse to be a cliche. I refuse, point blank, to fall for the hot moody guy with anger issues. Is my name Bella Swan? Am I the protagonist of every paranormal romance lining the shelves of Waterstones? No. I am not.

Also, unlike Edward Cullen, the voice in my head pipes up, Jesse most certainly hasn't fallen in insta-love with me and isn't torturing himself over the fact that he can't be with me in case he eats me."

(That is a buuurn!)

Sadly, I found the book itself somewhat lacking. I thoroughly enjoyed Sarah Alderson's Lila series (*Hunting Lila* was one of my favourite YAs of last year), but *The Sound* lags far behind. The last quarter was enough to warrant four stars (who can forget yummy Jesse too?), only the rest felt rather monochrome. The Nantucket Nanny Serial Killer? Ehhh... I don't know what to think about Ren too. I liked her bookish and music journalist sides, but she made some pretty silly decisions. Pretty much the whole Jesse-Tyler plotline was the only thing keeping me interested.

Read this if you like contemporary YA mysteries, maybe? There are better written ones. At least Jesse's loyalty and outcast Abercrombie bod can totally get it.

Khanh, first of her name, mother of bunnies says

I lie down beside her and try to absorb everything she's just told me about dead nannies, and about Tyler and Jesse almost killing each other over nothing. I'm glad I want to be a music journalist because I think I would suck at being an investigative one.

No shit. The main character is so fucking passive it drives me fucking nuts. It is NOT ok to play a victim, it is NOT ok to take shit just because your mama told you to. You do NOT have to be polite to someone who treats you like crap. Fuck what this book tries to sell.

Despite how rude he's just been to me I have been conditioned by my mother to be polite at all times and so I smile at him in apology. He notices but doesn't smile back at me, rather his eyebrows raise a fraction as though he's taking my apology and wringing it by its neck before handing me back its broken corpse.

This book represents all that is wrong with YA contemporaries. The plot (a murder mystery) is bland, the character is the dullest hipster in the world. The characters are nowhere near realistic. There is ample slut shaming, terribly clichéd characters, a love triangle, complete with endlessly cringe-inducing observations about US culture and teens from the POV of someone who has clearly not lived here for very long. It mocks *Twilight*...

You want unicorns and rainbows and Care Bears in the sky and Twilight-style declarations of eternal love? Well— newsflash— it ain't gonna happen, Ren.

...while falling right into the eternal luuurve and purity trap that made *Twilight* what it is.

Also, unlike Edward Cullen, the voice in my head pipes up, Jesse most certainly hasn't fallen in insta-love with me and isn't torturing himself over the fact that he can't be with me in case he eats me.

This book has unrealistic, utterly stereotyped character, and truly atrocious writing (from the narrative POV of a girl who wants to be a writer, no less). For example, the description of a character.

He has dark, quiffy hair and wide-spaced eyes, though his skin is tanned as opposed to diamond sparkly white. He has a very square jaw with a dimple in the center of his chin but alas no jet pack. I note that his eyebrow is cocked and the smile on his face is half sneer, half

smirk as if he's laughing at Eliza but she doesn't seem to realize.

Oh, and in case you're confused about the "jet pack" thing, it's because the guy being described looks like...

Robert Pattinson—if you genetically spliced him with Buzz Lightyear.

This book tries so ridiculously hard to be "hip," complete with numerous references to Facebook.

"I guess you could call it that. They hook up every summer, but it's not like it's Facebook official or anything."

Urban Dictionary.

There are guys with attitude, and then there's this guy. He needs his own special category in Urban Dictionary.

and several instances of **extremely painful txtng** to name-dropping Perex Hilton (who is so 2000s), to teenagers abusing the use of "like." Which is so America. **Cause, we, like, always, like, use "like" here, in like, every other, like, sentence. You know, like?**

"Like, what are you doing?"

"Like, I'm renting a bike," I answer. I'm still vaguely amused by the overuse of the word like. I thought it was something that Hollywood scriptwriters used to emphasize vacuity in female characters. Turns out that's actually the way Sophie speaks.

That's really cute, making references to a stereotype only to use it yourself in a book.

This book is about a British music hipster/nanny (who does very little nannying) who takes every single opportunity to remind us of how utterly British she is, from reminding us that "nicked" means "steal," to telling us that she shops at Topshop and Oxfam, and that "college" is "university." This book is about a British girl who goes to America, only to discover that every single fucking stereotype about the United States is true. From beefy, red-necked men, to slutty size-0 girls who are terrified of carbs. CAAAAAAAARBS.

Don't get me wrong, I love the Brits. I am a self-professed Anglophile, but this book just tries too hard to portray a British girl. It doesn't feel authentic.

From extreme slut shaming, to girl-on-girl hate, to complete and utter failure of the Bechdel Test, to a **four-year old girl with a mouth fouler than a sailor** (or me).

"Did you make out with Jeremy last night?" she asks from her position perched on the bath. "So you didn't make it to first base? Or second? If you get to fourth base on a first date that makes you a dirty skanky ho."

You heard me. **Four years old.** I'm not sure about you, but when I was 4, I was reading the Vietnamese equivalent of the alphabet book and I wouldn't know what a skank is if one bit me in the ass. A **FOUR YEAR OLD.** Goodness gracious me.

The Bechdel Test: For those who don't know, the **Bechdel Test** "asks whether a work of fiction features at least two women who talk to each other about something other than a man." This book fails so hard. Every single conversation between two female character has to be about a guy. This book didn't work. **Every single girl is shallow (except for the virginal main character). Every girl in this book wants to talk about guys...**

"Did you and Tyler hook up last night?"

"What?" Paige says. "It looked like you were about to bone him right there and then."

...guys...

"No. He's hooked up with Summer one time I think and maybe a few local girls—they put out way more: total skanks. But last summer he was dating this college girl. Total cougar. He got major props."

...guys...

"Tyler's the biggest player on the whole East Coast," Eliza adds. "As if I'd get with that." She rolls onto her back and wriggles her hips into the sand. "And anyway, I don't do sloppy seconds."

...and more guys.

*With trepidation I open up my e-mail. Megan has sent me about a thousand messages all asking a variation of **did you pull Jeremy?***

Pull, is of course, British slang for kissing. Yet another reminder that she is soooooooo British.

The Skinny Bitches: There is nary a positive female presence in the book. It is cliché to end all mean slutty Queen Bee clichés. The main character is refreshingly size 10.

I'm a size ten to twelve with normal-size boobs—not ginormous, but not flat either. I have an average body with curves that, according to Will, are sexy.

While the rest of the characters in the book are **mean, skinny bitches** who are terrified of carbs. Of course, the main character is SO NORMAL because she has the nerve to eat bread. BREAD.

Eliza stares at it sitting on my plate and I realize that I must have committed some monumental carb faux pas. I reach for the butter and start to slather the bread with it, thinking bite me.

She keeps bringing up the fear of carbs. I don't get it. Is this a thing now? I mean, I confess that I watch my own food intake like a hawk, but I'm not gonna judge anyone for not eating what I eat. And the mean girls in this book just do not eat. Unlike the refreshingly plump and normal main character, who just gobble it all up.

For lunch Matt went and bought up half the supermarket—dumping a pile of crisps (they call them chips just to confuse me), cans of Coke (no diet), and sandwiches onto a towel between us, which all the girls complained about and refused to eat (carbs).

The Slut Shaming: From the hideous examples of a potty-mouthed four-year old, we now have the utter slut shaming of almost every single girl in the book. Even girls who are going to **Yale can act like sluts.**

Eliza spins to face him and starts wriggling her way down him as though he's a greased pole.

Even her best friend, back in the UK, is a slut (but she's a self-professed slut, so it's all good, right?).

Megan thinks anything with a Y chromosome is hot. She's perpetually in heat. Even she admits as much (with a tonguelolling emoticon for emphasis).

Girls gyrate and slither all over guys, not the other way around. The guys are just innocents in all this. It's all the girls' fault, with their seductiveness.

She holds her hair over her shoulder and starts gyrating her hips and butt against a guy who has stepped into the ring of light. His hands, feeling their way along Eliza's sides, are moving fluidly, but he isn't groping at her.

Of course, the virginal heroine thinks the slutty girls are so fucking dumb.

Eliza then wraps her arms around his neck and leans pouting toward him, but the bottle is in the way and she clashes her nose against it.
Classy move, I think to myself, smirking.

The girls in the book all hate each other, they call each other names, even though they are friends.

"Eliza's perfecting her Ice Queen routine." Summer laughs, trying to break the tension.
"Better than perfecting a skanky ho routine," Eliza snaps back, looking in Paige's direction.

And breasts are to be shamed.

She is short and not as skinny as the other three, but her boobs are quite enormous, which I imagine makes her exceedingly popular with the boys.

How dare girls show their boobs.

Her breasts are having their own conversation with him, one hand rests on her jutting hip bone and the other plays with a loose lock of hair.

Unless they're the main character. Then it's totally OK to wear a bathing suit and show off your ass and have a cute guy rub sunscreen on you when you're in a bathing suit.

"Do you want me to put some sunscreen on your back?" he asks instead.

Clichéd Characters: There is not a single character in this book that felt realistic. They are all "lobotomised zombies" (spelled with an S because she's British!). The men are big. American big.

He's in his forties and big in that way I imagine only American men can be, with a tanned face, thick graying hair and teeth so white they shine like headlights.

American couples dress alike!

Carrie and Mike are both wearing tan trousers—I didn't think they were the type of couple to

go in for matching, but they're American and what do I know about how Americans dress?

Girls are bitches, boys are mindless idiots. Preppy slackers who drink beer and tequila and go to parties every single fucking night. Where were these people when I was a teen?

The Romance: Clichéd as all freaking hell. This book is not a contemporary, it is a fantasy. **A fantasy in which the ordinary, plain girl get the attention of AAAAAALLL THE BOYS.** From the golden, gorgeous pre-med Harvard boy to the grease-streaked asshole "serial killer" type (but he has a heart of gold).

"The mysterious, messed-up, bad boy with secrets. If I didn't love him myself, I think I'd have to kill him for being such a cliché."

You know, when someone **looks like he's going to fucking kill you, you should probably not fall in love with him.**

I glance upward. He's still glaring at me, but not with irritation. He looks instead like he wants to kill me. His fingers twitch around the wrench. Unconsciously I have edged back toward the door.

When there is a serial killer killing nannies, you should probably stay away. When someone is rumored to have beaten up a kid so badly he had to have his mouth wired shut, you should probably stay away. Even if you constantly notice how hot his body looks when it's stained with grease. Of course there's a fucking **love triangle**.

But Jesse is so off-limits that if he were a place, he'd be a nuclear testing site. And Jeremy doesn't make me not quiver. He kind of does. Is that enough? I'm so confused right now.

The Writing: The main character wants to be a writer, and **her thoughts in this book are all sorts of atrocious.** We have narratives like this, for the grease-stained-killer-wannabe-love-interest.

He is wearing jeans that fit well, but he swaggers a little in them and I wonder if he learned that in prison. He's also wearing a white T-shirt that has a few grease marks smeared across it but which shows his muscles to obscene perfection. His whole attitude screams do not mess with me.

This book is all sorts of terrible. I wanted a nice romance with a mystery, all I got was a headache.

All quotes taken from an uncorrected galley proof subject to change in the final edition.

Sarah Alderson says

Eeeeeek. I'm so excited that it's less than three months until The Sound hits bookshelves (at least in the UK, Can and Australia). It's out in the US in summer 2014. This is possibly my fave book yet. I spent a month nannying in Nantucket when I was 17 and I based bits of the book on that (other than the serial killer part...obviously).

Hope everyone likes Jesse as much as they like Alex! :)

We just made a trailer for the book and it was so much fun (especially the part in the garage with Jesse!) :)

check it out: click [here](#) to watch

Rayne says

This is not my first taste of Alderson's writing. I read Hunting Lila about a year ago, and though I was bored out of my mind, I recognized it was more of a 'it's not you, it's me' situation. I knew writing was not the problem and neither was her plotting, for, in both of my attempts at reading her novels, there has always been a truly fantastic story at the core of the book. Sadly, that potential usually gets overshadowed by a very unhealthy and bordering on pathetic obsession with boys by the protagonist. I could handle it somewhat in Hunting Lila, but here, it came with offensive stereotypes, girl hating and an appalling amount of slut-shaming.

I loath this YA trend of putting girls against each other and reducing any other female save the protagonist to jealous mean girls, sluts/sexual deviants/ or girls that throw themselves at guys to suffer the humiliation of being brushed aside like they are garbage, or the nice but gossipy, silly, loose and stupid ally. Those are the only three types of girls in this novel. Of course, minus the protagonist, who is the different, special snowflake that's simply better than every other girl in that place. When the hell is this going to end? Why do authors keep doing this, making their protagonists special at the expense of every other female character in their story? Where's the need to sink and deem worthless every other woman around and prolong this ridiculous competition between women? For what, a guy? Looks? This is all so shallow and demeaning! I'm not saying this doesn't happen, because of course it does! But why do you think that is? Because wherever they turn, girls get the message that to be special, every other woman around them is an enemy and competitor that must be devalued, especially if she dares to have some control of her sexual life.

Have you any idea of how much slut-shaming there is in this novel? Not two pages went by without someone being called or thought of a slut, a skank or a ho. Even a freaking 4 year-old was throwing 'skanky ho' and talking about bases like there's absolutely nothing wrong with that. It came to the point that even some new terms were thrown in there to mix it up a bit, like 'skanktron' and 'slutbag'. Every girl that came along was treated this way, and the protagonist had a lovely tendency to just separate all women between virgins (her group) and definitely not virgins (the witches that even dare to look at Jesse - the bad boy and preferred love interest of the required love triangle).

Ren, our protagonist, is self-centered, disgustingly judgmental, and generally annoying. She gives this speech to Jesse about not judging people or labeling them when she's the first one to make fun of the preppies and 'bitchfaces' in the novel as soon as she met them and being all shocked when she discovered Jesse liked to read, because apparently, guys do not read and if they do, they are god-send ultra good guys completely incapable of harming a fly. Furthermore, she is whining for half of the book about how her ex dumped her for not wanting to have sex and not having the right body, indulging in speeches about how penises are evil and all men are the same, but when a girl tries to warn her about how her new group of friends is made up of some asshole guys, she immediately says that the chick is only saying that because one of the guys just dumped her and she's mad about that. Her hypocrisy doesn't stop there. She is so outraged that her ex dumped her for another, and yet she has no trouble two-timing the two guys in the story. Ren could've been a really awesome protagonist, but her judgmental self, her intense slut-shaming, her ridiculous obsession with guys, her selfishness and hypocrisy, - not to mention her constant references to Twilight -, made her a truly unlikable lead that ruined the whole story for me.

By the way, don't believe for a second that this book is truly about the mysterious deaths on the island. The

killings don't come into the story until way past the 50% mark, and even then, they are nothing more than an afterthought. The story is so deeply centered on Ren's obsession with these two guys, that the whole mystery is absolutely irrelevant to the novel. They are mentioned twice, and at the end, when only a few pages remain, then the killer is revealed and it came from absolutely nowhere purely for shock value. The rest of the story is about how all men are evil and will use you for sex except for 'the one', for whom you have to save the only thing worthwhile in a woman: her v-card.

Ren's narration is repetitive, the writing juvenile, and the story is downright insubstantial and silly when you really think about it. The book makes an effort to send a message about no meaning no, but whatever appreciation I had for it crumbled down before the staggering amount of girl-hating and slut-shaming in the novel.

The Sound had a lot of potential. Had the novel focused more on the mystery and not on its ridiculous desire to be Mean Girls: Summer Time Edition, the novel would've actually been fantastic. But it didn't, and here's where I call it quits in my relationship with Alderson's books. This time, it is definitely you and not me.

Melanie says

See more reviews at YA Midnight Reads

Thank you Simon and Schuster Australia for sending me this copy. No compensation was given or taken to alter this review.

After reading Dangerous Girls by Abigail Haas, I never really expected any other murder mystery to 'wow' me. Because quite simply, *Dangerous Girls* threw my future expectations for this sub-genre sky-high. So, I can't really leave the full blame on *The Sound*, saying that this was a horrible book but I never really found my enjoyment in here.

We start off with a potentially relatable main character, Ren Kingston. She's an aspiring music journalist from England, and has decided to take up a nannying job on an island just close by to Boston in America. Instead of just relaxing, listening to music and writing her blog, Ren finds herself stuck between a dangerous place and a rock. Because there have been reports of dead foreign nannies just on the shore of the beach. Who is the murderer? And is Ren the next target? For something that seemed so suspenseful and crazily hectic turned out to be a love story, to be honest. Here we are again, ladies and gents; yet another good potential gone splat.

Originally, I was going to list what I liked and didn't like about *The Sound*. Truth be told, I can't think of much to say in what I liked so I have just listed what did not work. This is not to say that everything was bad, it's just more helpful and efficient to list out flaws.

The characters:

I was swimming in a sea of clichés. They were absolutely everywhere and pissed me off to no end. I'm sure that this would have been a better read if the characters were actually somewhat bearable. Ren, is thankfully one of the okay ones. She questions most things and isn't as naive as I expected, I liked her curiosity but her curiosity and skepticism lead to her being awfully judgemental and having prejudice towards other members

of the cast she's only just met. The 'friends', I won't say their names (because I have forgotten them already) but they were typical. We have the girls, giggly and only appearing to want to get in people's pants--guys particularly. And what shocked me more was that we have a four year old who swore and called people 'sluts' and 'hos'. We also have the best friend calling Ren a slut so frequently I almost threw the book across the room. What's more superficial about the best friend is that she kept on obsessing over 'The One'. Ugh. The male characters are no better. Majority of them wanted just wanted to hook up with girls, a different one each night. Did I mention that everyone on the island is dirty rich and beautiful?

The romance:

The Sound was powdered with romance. It was not only suffocating me, but also the book. About halfway through and the plot was practically non-existent due the romance being so over-powering. More reasons to not like the romance: love triangle. Angst. Insta-love. Jealousy. Obsessiveness. *head desk times 1000* I opened up this book for a murder mystery, not a romance with two typical love interests. One dark, mysterious and violent and one just trying to have fun and cute. JUST NO. But I must admit, I liked Jesse (the bad guy), he may have been stereotypically mysterious but his mystery is a touching one, which was the only main drive that made me read onwards. If not for the interest of wanting to know Jesse's past, I would have DNFed this early on.

The plot:

BORING. I was waiting it to come and when it finally did, I was already detached from the novel. Additionally, the culprit? I called it. Easy. Too easy because I normally suck at finding out who the culprit was.

To sum up:

Avoid. There are better murder mysteries in this world. If you're looking for a light romance-y but slightly thriller-y novel, this is the one for you. Other than that, like I say and will keep on saying, avoid. Avoid.

Aly's Bookish Wonderland says

"And that," she says, still pointing, "is the Sound."

"The what?"

"The ocean," Brodie says, still pointing. I squint at the thin strip of blue that I can see glimmering invitingly just beyond the flats. "It's called the Sound," Brodie repeats, and then turning to me she adds solemnly, "People die there all the time."

Aye, papi. When I picked this book up, I expected **mystery, romance, a little bit of terror and a**

conclusion that would rock my socks off. Unfortunately, I was repeatedly slapped in the vagina with a **vapid, passive, silly main character, party-hard boys that follow their dicks and a hint of mystery.**

A *hint* of mystery, which makes me sad. The Nantucket Nanny Murders is mentioned in passing, and doesn't do much for the story whatsoever. Instead, we're given an explosion of *HORMONEZZZZ!!11!* Because at seventeen, if you're a virgin it means you're probably a nun and have cobwebs down below. And if you *do* have sex, you're a slut or a "skanktron" (I love that insult!). If this was marketed as a romance, then I would probably have liked it more... but a mystery?

The Story:

Aspiring music journalist Ren Kensington takes a job nannying for a wealthy family on the exclusive island of Nantucket. She goes there with the idea of getting away from a sleazebag ex-boyfriend, so boys are totally off the cards...

... partying is a big no-no, because Ren must absolutely concentrate on working on her blog...

... and, of course, she must stay **far, far away from the local bad boy, without judging him first.**

Ren doesn't like to judge. In fact, she's the definition of *non-judgemental*.

You should come. If you think you can cope with slumming it with townies." I frown up at him. What is that supposed to mean? Is it because he saw me with Sophie? **Does he think I'm one of them? A preppie rah?** Immediately I feel my hackles rise. It makes me mad. It's like when people think you're an emo or an indie kid or a trancehead - **why this need to classify?** Why can't you like all types of music, and hang out with all different types of people (**OK, except the tranceheads?**)?

She is *not* a Mary Sue, *AT ALL!*

I look in the other direction. He's hit a nerve. But I don't want him to know it.

"What?" Jeremy asks, sitting up.

I shake my head. "Nothing."

"No, tell me," he says gently, his hand brushes my knee.

I take a deep breath and look up, feeling my cheeks starting to flare. "I'm just being self conscious. I know I'm not small and cute like a bird."

"Says who?"
"Just someone."
"Someone blind?"
"My ex-boyfriend. He said I had fat thighs."

Girl, you got bigger things to worry about than fat thighs. Nannies are getting murdered, sweetcheeks. And, you know, you're sort-of seeing a guy who put some other guy in a coma, who pleaded *guilty* for this crime? The one everyone is telling you to stay away from?

Look, this book isn't the worst book I've ever read in my life, and it's not bad, but the priorities are completely messed up, and there is enough hypocrisy to make your eyes bleed.

Here's what I wanted:

- mystery
- answers!
- little to no romance.

I don't mind romance in my mysteries but when every other page is Ren making out with Jeremy, or Ren thinking about sexing up Jesse? That's where we've got a problem. Nannies are being murdered (okay, two nannies have been killed, with a year separating them, but whatever) but all Ren worries about is Jesse's "hard, *hard* chest" and Jeremy's "dazzling, sweet smile".

The Characters:

They are so typical of your average YA, I doubt I even need to describe them. We have:

- Ren. Vapid, dumb, messed up priorities. She's a Mary Sue who trounces every other Mary Sue in the stratosphere. In fact...

I refuse to be a cliché. I refuse, point blank, to fall for the hot, moody guy with anger issues. Is my name Bella Swann? Am I the protagonist of every paranormal romance lining the shelves of Waterstones? No. I am not.

Also, unlike Edward Cullen, the voice in my head pipes up, Jesse most certainly hasn't fallen in insta-love with me and isn't torturing himself over the fact that he can't be with me in case he eats me.

This book's saving grace is the humour, I swear. And the irony. And the hypocrisy. It's all pretty hilarious.

- A four-year-old kid called Brodie who acts more like an eight/nine year old. How many four year olds know what "bases" are and who say...

"What?" He asks. "I'm totally down with the kids."

"No, really you are not," Carrie says.

"No, Dad," Brodie pipes up beside me, "you really aren't down with the kids."

"Put in my place by a four-year-old!"

Would a four year old even know what "down with the kids" means?

- Jeremy Thorne. The Ivy League, sweet, intelligent, hot guy who somehow cannot *resist* Ren's "fat thighs" or "frigid virginity". He is the image of a dickhead and the representative of "convenient personality swap."

"I want to go home," I say, feeling suddenly stone cold sober and overwhelmingly tired.

Jeremy studies me, pressing his lips together. His expression is hard, quite a way removed from his expression ten minutes ago.

"Can you take me?" I say, hating having to ask.

"I've been drinking," he answers, a small smile at the side of his mouth.

I grind my teeth. He knew I needed a ride home but he still drank. I can't believe it.

- Jesse somethingorother, who apparently likes to beat people up with no reasons, but... hey! I ain't judging, said Ren.

The characters are the biggest stereotypes you will find in YA. You have the "like, omg, like" Sophie who is described as a "preppie rah" (whilst Ren, of course, scorns those who label people), one boy is described as...

Robert Pattinson—if you genetically spliced him with Buzz Lightyear.

And is, of course, an asshole. Then you have the love triangle between Edward Jeremy, Bella Ren and Jacob Jesse, freely sprinkled with **an abundance of slut-shaming, more stereotyping, back-stabbing, bitching and talk about sexsexsexsexsex.**

Seriously, this book is like an overly long episode of *90210* and definitely not a murder mystery/crime book. It makes me sad because it takes *everything that is wrong with society* nowadays, rolls them all up into one big, gloopy mess and hands it to you on bound paper with a pretty cover.

Another thing I didn't quite understand was that, apparently, Jesse's sister was raped the year before... but because the guy's dad is an amazing attorney, they had "no proof".

For someone who watches a lot of crime shows, I find this hard to believe. The police would've done a rape kit on Hannah (Jesse's sister), and it would've come up with the guy's DNA. That would be enough to lock

him up. But *no*, JESSE HAS TO TAKE THINGS INTO HIS OWN HANDS!!! He's so cool, because he's going to *kill* the guy and go to prison, but it's *t0tes* worth it, yo!

The clichés, the plot conveniences (fucking hell, I saw that "serial killer" from a mile off), the stereotyping and the slut-shaming were almost too much to bear. It was predictable from the get-go. Of COURSE Jeremy turns into a douchecanoe and Ren realises that Jesse is actually a sweetheart. Of COURSE everything is solved within the last 5 pages, leaving ample time for Jesse and Ren to snog like there's no tomorrow. OF COURSE OF COURSE OF COURSE.

Whatever.

R.Grewal says

Ahhhhhhhhh

This was such a great book, and as cliché as it sounds I really *could not* put it down. The intense plot and ~~swoon-worthy~~ intriguing characters left me wanting more. One of the things I really liked about this book was that, unlike many other YA novels, there was an air of mystery throughout the whole story and it wasn't exactly predictable either.

Overall I rate this book a 5, and would definitely recommend it to anyone who is a fan of action packed thrillers with romance on the side!

Maria Kaye says

FIVE OUT OF FIVE SOUND STARS. MUST READ FOR LOVERS OF YOUNG ADULT/CONTEMPORARY READERS

Just a tease of the opening sentences of the book below hehe.

"I'm running, running blind. Into the dark. Into the woods. Ricocheting off branches, tripping over tangled tree roots, gripping my arm as I stumble on, sobbing. Are those his footsteps coming after me or is it the wind? A bird? An animal?..."

The Sound by Sarah Alderson takes place on a very exclusive island in America. Our main character 17-year-old Ren Kingston is from the UK. Shes just got out of a bad break-up with her douche of an ex-boyfriend and her mom arranges a babysitting gig for the summer to babysit for the Tripp's family. The island is basically for the very elite classed people to vacation on. A summer on an island far, far away from stupid ex-boyfriends, sounds like a good deal right? Ren expects this trip to be very quiet with no drama, e.g reading books and chilling by the beach with some music. Alone time. What she doesn't expect is to meet and befriend some elite teenagers and a very, very swoon-worthy local island boy. After spending time on

the island she finds out that last summer a foreign nanny like her was murdered on The Sound aka (what the locals call the sea/beach) and during her stay another murder occurs, and the victim is yet another nanny. With a serial-nanny-killer on the loose Ren has more problems on her hands when the tension between the elites and locals escalate and turn destructive. No one on this island is what they seem like. **No one.**

What I thought (spoiler-FREE) : Well basically I loved this book. Love love loved it! I was recommended this book by a friend so if you're reading this, thanks Sonny! ;). Anyway moving on everything was well written especially the characters. I loved them! (even the baddies). I really loved the way she did them especially, it's as if you're viewing all of them through a foggy glass window. You see the basic outline of them and what they are on the outside, but you can't really 'see' see them for what they truly are clearly until the end. The writing style is fantastic. I thought that Sarah Alderson did a great job on the mystery aspect, dropping the subtle hints here and there. There's not much to be said about this without spoiling the plot line except it is worth reading. And you won't regret it! It also wasn't heavy read, I picked it up then set it down before but picked it up again yesterday and finished it.

The only thing that annoyed me was the one-track-mindset that Ren had it was either *jeremy jeremy jeremy, no jesse jesse jesse no jeremy no wait je...* and the boy talk between the all the girls in this book. Boy talk 24/7 gets annoying as hell!

Side note: When the book begins in the prologue it starts with events that occur towards the end of the book, so you won't know why that scene is there until you reach towards the last few chapters of the book. I was confused while reading it since it started with that particular scene then switched to a different setting in chapter one. Just a heads up to anyone thinking of reading it (Yes you should read it)!

♥ Innocent Lamb ~ Forever Reading ♥ - AKA Smarties says

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeep!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I think. my jaw. just hit. the ground.

Confession: I am a massive fan of Sarah Alderson's Lila series.

I'm so excited!!!!!!! I'm kinda just tempted to just give this book a 5 out of 5 and save myself the trouble of doing it later but... I'll be fair and wait until after I get this book to read it before I change this to a 5 star rating.

pout

You should however, probably know that I shall be crossing my fingers and anything else I can possibly cross and hoping that I'll win this book in the giveaway going on. That means that I'm going to cross my feet, my toes, my fingers, my arms, my hair (can you do that?) and I'd say I'd cross my eyes too... but I sooo can't do that.

Nevertheless, I neeeeeeeeeeeeeed this book. So I'm just seriously going to hope I get this book in the giveaway because I'm gonna tell you a secret: My parents probably won't let me buy this book (NOOO!!!) because they think I should concentrate on other stuff *cough*homework*cough* but I. really. need. this. book!!!!!!!

If I can't get this book via the giveaway, I think I'll just resort to bugging my parents until they agree to get me a copy of this book... MUA HA HA!!!

Okay... so maybe I'll list that as plan Z... YOu never know...
