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# Unti Crichton Novel Unabridged CD



## Synopsis

In the vein of Jurassic Park, this high-concept thriller follows a group of graduate students lured to Hawaii to work for a mysterious biotech companyâ€”only to find themselves cast out into the rain forest, with nothing but their scientific expertise and wits to protect them. An instant classic, Micro pits nature against technology in vintage Crichton fashion. Completed by visionary science writer Richard Preston, this boundary-pushing thriller melds scientific fact with pulse-pounding fiction to create yet another masterpiece of sophisticated, cutting-edge entertainment. --This text refers to the Mass Market Paperback edition.

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

Exclusive: ["Micro is Anything But Small" by James Rollins](#) An avid spelunker and scuba enthusiast, James Rollins holds a doctorate in veterinary medicine and is the author of the New York Times best-selling Sigma Force series, the most recent of which is The Devil Colony. First I have to admit, Michael Crichton is why I write. In fact, if not for his books, Iâ€™d probably still be a practicing veterinarian in Northern California, dealing with flea allergies, ear infections, and all manner of medical maladies. It was Crichtonâ€™s stories of wild adventures, his explorations into the strange frontiers of science, and his truly ripped-from-the-headlines plotting that inspired me to set down my own scalpel and stethoscope and pick up pen and paper. But his influence went beyond mere heady inspiration. His books also served as a tutorial into the practicalities of storytelling. When I tackled my first novel (a deep-earth adventure titled Subterranean), I continually kept a copy of Jurassic Park on the shelf above my desk. That book became my roadmap on how to

build a story's structure: who dies first and when, at what point do we see the first dinosaur, how do you fold science into a novel without stagnating the flow? That old copy of Jurassic Park remains dog-eared and heavily highlighted, and it still holds a cherished place on my bookshelf. So I dove into Crichton's latest novel, *Micro*, with some trepidation, fearing how a collaborative effort might tarnish his great body of work. Now, to be fair, I'd also read Richard Preston's nonfiction masterpiece of scientific horror and intrigue, *The Hot Zone*. That book was as brilliant as it was terrifying. But still I wondered, could Preston take Crichton's story and truly do it justice? In a word: YES. In two words, HELL YES. *Micro* is pure Crichton. Dare I say, vintage Crichton, harkening back to the scientific intrigue of *Andromeda Strain*, to the exploration of the natural world covered in Congo, and to the adventure and thrills of *The Lost World*. As only Crichton can, he has taken a scientific concept as wild as the one he tackled in *Timeline* and exceeded in making it chillingly real. It took a clever quirk of genetics and cloning to give rise to the dinosaurs in Jurassic Park. Likewise, a twist of science in *Micro* calls forth a new horror out of the natural world—but not just one line of threat. In this book, the entire biosphere becomes a vast and deadly playground. Its depiction is both darkly beautiful and stunningly dreadful. It is a terrain as foreign as any hostile planet, yet as close as our own backyard. To tell more would ruin a great adventure that will have you looking out your window with new eyes. Similarly, this lethal and toxic terrain must be traversed by a band of gutsy heroes. But in typical Crichton style, these are not elite commandos or a highly trained black ops team. They're simply a group of graduate students—each uniquely talented and flawed—gathered from various scientific disciplines: entomology, toxicology, botany, biochemistry. They must learn to combine resources and ingenuities to survive and ultimately thwart a danger threatening to break free into the world at large, all the while pursued by a sociopath as cunning as he is sadistic. In the end, *Micro* has everything you'd expect in a Crichton novel—and so much more. But the greatest achievement here is a simple and profound one: with this novel, the legacy of a true master continues to shine forth in all its multifaceted glory. And someone somewhere will read this novel, turn the last page, and in a great aura of awe and inspiration, come to a realization: I want to try to write stories like that. And they will. --This text refers to the Mass Market Paperback edition.

Praise for Michael Crichton: 'One of the most ingenious, inventive thriller writers around ... Prey sees him doing what he does best - taking the very latest scientific advances and showing us their potentially terrifying underbelly. Another high-concept treat ... written in consummate page-turning style' *Observer* 'This is Crichton on top form, preying on our fears about new technology and

convincing us that we aren't half as afraid as we should be' The Times on Prey'Mixing cutting-edge science with thrills and spills, this is classic Crichton' Daily Mirror on Prey'A satirical black-comedy thriller... Crichton writes like Tom Wolfe on speed... completely brilliant... Crichton's treatise on how breakthroughs in genetic science have been hijacked by science is anything but dull... top form' Daily Mail on Next'The pages whip by. Does exactly what you want the prose in a thriller to do' Telegraph on State of Fear --This text refers to the Mass Market Paperback edition.

I've always felt this to be the last great Michael Crichton novel, even though he never finished it. The idea of shrinking people has always been a Hollywood staple (i.e. The Incredible Shrinking Man & Fantastic Voyage come to mind), but it was Crichton that helped give it scientific credence. To me, that's what makes a Crichton novel so memorable: the possibility that it could eventually be done, despite what modern science claims. I'm looking at you Jurassic Park. Richard Preston has done a remarkable job of translating and finishing Crichton's manuscript after his untimely death, but you can tell it doesn't have the meat of a typical Crichton novel. The characters are one-dimensional and many wear their emotions and characteristics on their sleeves, but it works. The action and circumstances work. Crichton's characters are meant to represent the pros and cons of the science being practiced and, in my opinion, helps drive the story forward. Crichton exemplifies scientific advancements, but also their dangers. Not since Prey has Crichton's writings interested me in the science being exploited. And I urge that same curiosity on you. So pick up this book and get lost in the adventure.

I've enjoyed most of Crichton's novels and expected to enjoy this, too.Perhaps because I listened to it on my Kindle, rather than read it, I was not as captivated by the characters and the story as I usually am.One problem was the "science" behind shrinking. The atoms and molecules are said to be reduced in size, causing questions of the chemistry of respiration and nutrition and toxicology and of the physics...how much do they weigh? They supposedly nearly float when they jump or fall, but at 100-200 pounds, they would drop like rocks and be too heavy for their insect-size muscles to propel. Oh, well, perhaps one should not inspect too closely.Except for the villain, I had trouble caring a lot about these characters. Maybe I was recalling too many graduate students from my past.

Sadly I found this to be a fairly poor work. The characters are thrown at you in the beginning in such a way that you don't get to know them before the author starts describing the next one. Because of

that I didn't develop a relationship or sense of concern with any of them. Key points where an emotional attachment can be made are skimmed over. It's as though the author has a passion for describing the micro world and considers character development as a necessary evil which should be addressed only enough to get his micro world published. I felt like I was in the old TV show, "Land of the Giants", with all the camp and simplicity of that show 50 years ago. At about the 60% mark I had picked up enough about the characters to actually start caring about them, but then one page they're there, the next something happened to them and time to move on. The ending was also unfulfilling but right in line with the lack of concern for the audiences relationship with the characters as was the beginning.

The idea of micro-worlds and those which inhabit them is a fascinating one. If it had been written by Crichton alone, it would no doubt had been one of his best. Unfortunately, Crichton hadn't finished it at the time of his death, and while it was a very good story, the writing itself is somewhat sophomoric. It was hard for me to get past the first quarter of the book, but knowing it came from Crichton's imagination kept me hopeful. It would probably be a good stand-alone book for anyone not used to the way Crichton wrote, but for me, it just didn't work the way I hoped. That isn't the fault of Mr. Preston, I don't think. I was just really hoping for one last bit more from Crichton. Overall, it's a great idea, and there's a sequel that probably won't be written you're going to wish could be.

I'm a long-time fan of Michael Crichton so naturally I was devastated by his death and yet thrilled to learn that two manuscripts, one complete and one incomplete, were discovered on his computer. The first was *Pirate Latitudes*, a fun but not a particularly deep pirate adventure that was more of a historical adventure akin to Crichton's earlier works such as *The Great Train Robbery* and *Eaters of the Dead* than his techno-thrillers of recent times. The second was *Micro* which was only a third complete. Crichton's widow and his editor selected Richard Preston, an author who was known to write novels about infectious disease epidemics and bioterrorism, to complete the book. I went into the book apprehensive because I was unfamiliar with Preston's work and I wasn't sure if I would be able to tell Crichton's work and from Preston's. Unfortunately, it became far too easy to tell. The book plays out like *Jurassic Park* meets *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, and even though this premise was more ludicrous than Crichton's normal fare, and I could tell where the book was playing with his ideas. Preston's side of the book stuck out painfully: Rarely have I read such horrible prose and poorly written dialogue in a published work. The prose constantly broke the simple writing rule of "show, don't tell" that it became hard for me not to throw the book across the room. The dialogue felt

unnatural and clumsy, while the narration often repeated itself within several pages or even with single paragraphs. With all this in mind, it's no surprise that the characters themselves had nothing going for them. Almost all of them were cyphers and merely played out roles for the needs of the story instead acting out their own motivations. Everything each character did was predictable and boring and the only shocking moment of the whole story was when the lead character was abruptly killed. If this book was so bad, why did I keep reading? I've read every single Crichton fiction novel (with the exception of State of Fear) so I suppose kept with it out of some sense of loyalty. I wanted so badly to enjoy this book. Granted Crichton's work declined somewhat in recent years (his last great novel, in my opinion, was Timeline) but I always at least enjoyed reading his books. Micro had some interesting ideas but Preston did an absolutely appalling job in presenting them and even worse job maintaining the spirit of Crichton's work.

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