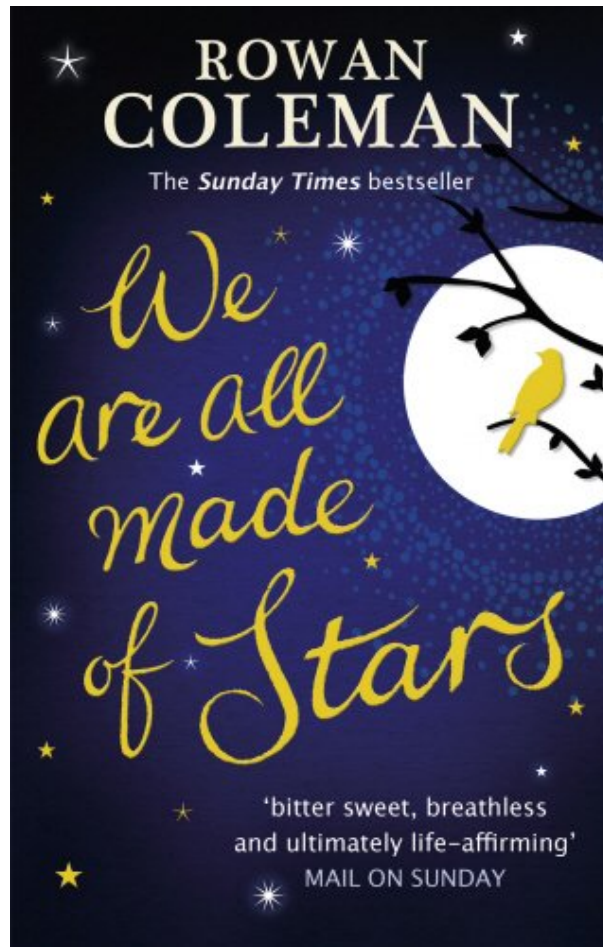


# WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN



DOWNLOAD EBOOK : WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN  
PDF

 Free Download

ROWAN  
COLEMAN

The *Sunday Times* bestseller

We  
are all  
made  
of Stars

'bitter sweet, breathless  
and ultimately life-affirming'

MAIL ON SUNDAY

Click link below and free register to download ebook:  
**WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN**

[DOWNLOAD FROM OUR ONLINE LIBRARY](#)

# WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN PDF

Curious? Obviously, this is why, we intend you to click the web link page to check out, and after that you can enjoy guide *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman downloaded and install up until completed. You can save the soft file of this **We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman** in your device. Obviously, you will bring the device everywhere, won't you? This is why, every single time you have spare time, every time you could enjoy reading by soft duplicate publication *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman

## Review

Praise for *We Are All Made of Stars*

“A beautiful web of a book that reminds us of how we are all connected, and how to die—and live—without regrets. Is that a tear in my eye? No, that’s a tear in your eye.”—Jodi Picoult, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Leaving Time* and *The Storyteller*

“*We Are All Made of Stars* will break your heart and put the pieces back together—fans of Jojo Moyes’s *Me Before You*, this one is right up your alley.”—*Refinery29*

“Coleman uses several voices and perspectives to turn a potentially dark story into one filled with light. Fans of Jojo Moyes will love this beautifully written, deeply engaging novel that understands death and celebrates life.” —*Booklist* (starred review)

“A powerful, emotional read.”—*RT Reviews*

“Fans of Jojo Moyes will love *We Are All Made of Stars*.”—*Good Housekeeping*

“Coleman has written a poignant story that examines the value of life, love, and forgiveness. . . . A tear-jerking but ultimately uplifting story.”—*Kirkus Reviews*

Praise for Rowan Coleman’s *The Day We Met*

“As with *Me Before You*, by Jojo Moyes, I couldn’t put this book down.”—Katie Fforde

“Coleman’s heartbreaking, humorous novel about a family in crisis vividly reminded me about the fierce, resilient core in all kinds of love. Readers of Lisa Genova’s *Still Alice* and Elin Hilderbrand’s *Beautiful Day* will especially savor this book.”—Nancy Thayer

“Coleman executes another incredibly powerful novel that is beautifully written. . . . The tale is so poignant and heartbreaking that readers will be completely engrossed by the characters while experiencing a wide array of emotions.”—*RT Book Reviews*

## About the Author

Rowan Coleman is the New York Times bestselling author of eleven novels, including *The Accidental Mother* and its sequel, *The Accidental Family*, as well as *Another Mother's Life*, *Mommy by Mistake*, and *The Day We Met*. She lives with her husband and children in England.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Dear Len,

Well, if you are reading this, it's happened. And I suppose that I ought to be glad, and so should you. We've both spent such a long time waiting, and I could see how much it was wearing you down, as much as you tried to hide it.

Now, the life insurance policy is in the shoe box in the bedroom, on top of the wardrobe, under that hat I wore to our Dominic's wedding, remember? The one with the veil you said made me look like a femme fatale? You might not, you drank too much beer and four of Dominic's friends had to carry you upstairs, you great oaf. It's not much of a payout, I don't think, but it will be enough for the funeral at least. I don't have any wishes concerning that matter. You know me better than anyone else will. I trust you to get it right.

The washing machine. It's easy really. You turn the round knob clockwise to the temperature you want to wash at, but don't worry about that. Just wash everything at forty degrees. It mostly works out all right. And you put the liquid in the plastic thing in the drum, not in the drawer. I don't even really know why they have those drawers anymore.

You need to eat, and not stuff you can microwave. You need to at least shake hands with a vegetable once a week, promise me. You always made the Sunday night tea, cheese on toast and baked beans on the side, so I'm sure you'll be able to keep body and soul together if you put some effort in. I expect at first lots of people will feed you, but you'll need to get a cookbook. I think there's a Rachael Ray under the bed. I got it for Christmas last year from Susan, and I thought, what a cheek!

Len, do you remember the night we met? Do you remember how you led me onto the dance floor, didn't talk, didn't ask me or anything, you rogue. Just took my hand and led me out there, and how we twirled and laughed and the room became a blur, and when the song stopped, you kissed me. Still hadn't said a word to me, mind you, and you kissed me right off my feet. The first thing you said to me was, "You better tell me your name, as you're the girl I'm going to marry." Cheek of the devil, I thought, but you were right.

It's been a good life, Len, full of love and happiness, just as much—more than—the sadness and the bad times, if you think about it, and I have had a lot of time to think about it lately. A person can't really ask for more. Don't stop because I've stopped. Keep going, Len. Keep dancing, dancing with our grandchildren for me. Make them laugh and spoil them rotten.

And when you think of me, don't think of me in these last few days, think of me twirling and laughing and dancing in your arms.

Remember me this way.

Your loving wife,

Dorothy

prologue

Stella

He was a runner. That was the first thing I knew about Vincent.

One hot July, four years ago, I saw him early each morning, running past me as I walked to work, for almost three weeks in a row.

That summer I'd decided to get up before seven, to enjoy the relative quiet of an early North London morning on my way to start a shift at the hospital. I was a trauma nurse back then, and there was something about the near stillness of the streets, the quiet of the roads that gave me just a little space to exhale before a full eight hours of holding my breath. So I walked to work, sauntered more like, kicking empty coffee cups out of my way, flirting with street sweepers, dropping a strong cup of tea off to the homeless guy who was always crammed up against the railings by the park, working on his never-ending novel. It was my rest time, my respite.

At almost exactly the same time every morning, Vincent ran past me at full pelt, like he was racing some unseen opponent. I'd catch a glimpse of a water bottle, closely cropped dark hair, a tan, nice legs, long and muscular. Every day, at almost exactly the same time, for nearly three weeks. He'd whip by, and I'd think, there's the runner guy, another moment ticked off on my journey. I liked the predictability. The flirty street sweeper. The cup of tea drop. The runner. Sort of like having your favorite song stuck in your head.

Then one morning he slowed down, just a hairsbreadth, and turned his head. For the briefest moment I looked into his eyes, such a bright blue, like mirrors reflecting the sky. And then he was gone, again, but it was already too late, my routine was disturbed, along with my peace of mind. All day that day, in the middle of some life-and-death drama, or in the quiet of the locker room, I found the image of those eyes returning to me again and again. And each time it gave me butterflies.

The next morning I waited for him to run past me again, and for normality to be restored. Except he stopped—so abruptly, a few feet in front of me—and then bent over for a moment, his hands on his knees, catching his breath. I hesitated, sidestepped, and decided to keep walking.

“Wait—please.” He took a breath between words, holding up a hand that halted me. “I thought I wasn't going to stop, and then I thought, Just do it, so I did.”

“Okay,” I said.

“I thought you might like to come for a coffee with me?” He smiled. It was full of charm. It was a smile that was used to winning.

“Did you?” I asked him. “Why?”

“Well, hoped more like,” he said, the smile faltering a little. “My name is Vincent. Vincent Carey. I'm a squaddie, Coldstream Guards. I'm on leave, going back to the desert soon. And you never know, do you, so I thought .??. well, you've got lovely hair, all curls, all down your back. And eyes like amber.”

He had noticed my eyes, perhaps in that same second that I noticed his.

"I'm a very lazy person," I told him. "I never go anywhere fast."

"Is that a weird way of saying no to coffee?" I liked his frown as much as his smile.

"It's a warning," I said. "A warning that I might not be your kind of person."

"Sometimes," he said, "you just know when someone is your sort of person."

"From their hair?" I laughed.

"From their eyes." I couldn't argue with that.

"Mind if I walk part of the way with you?" he asked.

"Okay."

I smiled to myself as he fell in step next to me, and we walked in silence for a while.

"You weren't kidding about being slow," he said eventually.

The second thing I knew about Vincent was that one day I was going to marry him. But the first thing I knew was that he was a runner—which makes him so hard to look at now, his damaged face turned to the wall as he sleeps, and the space where his leg used to be.

1

Hope

I can't sleep. I can never sleep these days, not in here anyway, when they don't let it be truly dark, not ever, but it's not only that, it's because I can't stop thinking about how I came to be here. I know of course. I caught something, a bug, bacterial which is dangerous news when living with cystic fibrosis. I almost died, and now I'm here, in this place where they never really turn the lights out on the long and painful road to recuperation. I know that, but what I don't know—what I want to know—is how. I want to know precisely the second that little cluster of bacteria drifted like falling blossom into my bloodstream. I can't know of course, but that doesn't mean I don't want to or that I can stop thinking about it. The frustrating thing about my condition is that I have a lot of time on my hands to think, but not a lot of time on the clock to live. Time moves slowly and quickly at the very same time, racing and stretching, boring and terrifying and you can live your whole life with the idea of mortality, that one day, it will be the last day, and still never really know or care what it means. Not until the last day arrives, that is.

I was at a party, when death came to find me.

I hate parties, but my best friend Ben made me go.

"You can't stay in all your life," he said, dragging me out of my room, and down the stairs. "You are twenty-one years old, nearly twenty-two. You are in your prime."

"You are in your prime. I'm most likely middle aged," I told him, even though I knew he hates me referring to my life expectancy of something like forty years. "And anyway, I could, I could stay in all my life and

listen to Joni Mitchell and read books, and design book covers, try and work out the solo of “Beat It” on my guitar and I’d be perfectly fine.”

“Mrs. K?” Ben dragged me into the living room, where my parents were watching TV, same old same old, some police detective, who drinks too much and lost his wife in a bitter divorce, chasing down some psycho killer. “Tell your daughter, she’s a twenty-one-year-old woman, she needs to go out and have fun! Remind her that life is for living, and not for sitting alone in her room reading about how other people do it! Plus it’s all the old crew from school, back from college. We haven’t been together in ages, and they are all dying to see you.”

Mum turned in her chair, and I could see the worry in her eyes, despite her smile, but there was nothing new there. She’d been worried about me for every moment of my twenty-one years, constantly. Sometimes I wonder if she’d wished she could change my name, after I was diagnosed as a baby—and the situation was officially hopeless—but it was too late by then. It was a name that already belonged to me, a cruel irony that we both had to live with now. My poor darling mum. She has enough on her plate. It wasn’t fair to make her decide if I went out or not, because she’d spend the rest of the evening worrying either way and later, she would have torn herself to pieces with blame. So, making my own decision—that was one of the things I did right that night. It was just the choice that was wrong.

“Oh fine, I’m coming out. I’ll get changed.”

Ben grinned at me and sat down on the bottom step, and I thought of him there, in his skinny jeans, woman-sweater, sloping off on one shoulder, as I rifled through my wardrobe, looking for something, anything that might even nearly equal his effortless cool. It wasn’t fair, really, that little odd duckling, the boy that the other kids left out or pushed around, had suddenly grown into a sexy hip swan. We used to be lame kids together. That was how we came to be best friends. It was part of the natural process of banding together, like circling our wagons, greater safety—even in our meager number of two—than being alone. Him: the skinny shy kid with the gray collars and worn-down shoes; and me: the sick girl.

I don’t think it was then—when Ben came into the house—though it could have been. He could have left a trace of a germ on the banister, or the damp towel in the downstairs loo. It could have been then, but I don’t think it was because near death by hand towel isn’t even nearly fitting enough.

I dressed all in black, and rimmed my eyes in kohl and hoped that would do the trick.

The moment we walked in through the door, and the wave of heat and sweat and molecules of saliva that I know are in every breath I take hit us, I wanted to go home. I almost turned around right then, but Ben had his hand on the small of my back. There was something protective about it, something comforting—and they were my friends, after all, the people I’ve grown up with, who are always nice to me, and do fun runs in my name, and who I could sit and have a coffee and a laugh with, who would always find something for us to talk about, carefully avoiding those potentially awkward questions like “How’s it going? Still think you’ll be dead soon?”

“Hopey!” Sally Morse, my sort of best female friend from school, ran the length of the hallway to engulf me in a hug. “Oh shit, it’s so good to see you. You look great! How’s it going? What’s new? You’re like an entrepreneur or something, aren’t you?” She hooked her arms through mine, briefly resting her head on my shoulder as she led me into the kitchen, and I noticed the slight pinkness around her nostrils, the remnants of a cold.

“I’m okay,” I told her, accepting a beer. “I started designing book covers for people, and it’s going quite well.”

“That’s so cool,” she said happily. “That’s so totally cool, because you know really university is a huge waste of time. There are no jobs out there, and you end up in loads of debt. It’s a very expensive way to get laid and drunk. Oh god, I emailed you loads, but you’re shit at replying. Too busy I suppose, being a businesswoman.”

She paused for a moment, scanning my face, and then dragged me into a hug, filling my face with lemon and smoke-scented hair, and I hugged her back. I’d thought I didn’t miss any of that, the people I once saw almost every day for most of life. I told myself that anyway, but it turned out that I did. I was happy to see her in that moment; happy I had come. Perhaps it was then, perhaps in the little moment of optimism and nostalgia, in the midst of that hug, I’d inhaled my own assassin. I hope not. Although it would be just like the universe to try and undo you when you are happy, because in my experience the universe is an arse.

# WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN PDF

[Download: WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN PDF](#)

When you are hurried of work target date and have no idea to obtain motivation, **We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman** publication is among your solutions to take. Schedule We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman will certainly offer you the appropriate resource as well as point to get inspirations. It is not only regarding the tasks for politic company, administration, economics, and also various other. Some got works to make some fiction your jobs also need motivations to get rid of the task. As just what you need, this We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman will probably be your option.

Do you ever understand the publication We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman Yeah, this is an extremely interesting e-book to check out. As we informed previously, reading is not sort of commitment task to do when we have to obligate. Checking out should be a routine, an excellent routine. By checking out *We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman*, you can open up the brand-new world and also obtain the power from the globe. Every little thing can be obtained with guide We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman Well in short, book is quite powerful. As just what we supply you here, this We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman is as one of reviewing publication for you.

By reading this e-book We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman, you will certainly obtain the finest thing to get. The new thing that you don't require to spend over money to get to is by doing it on your own. So, just what should you do now? Visit the link web page as well as download the e-book We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman You could get this We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman by on the internet. It's so easy, isn't really it? Nowadays, innovation actually assists you activities, this on-line publication We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman, is as well.

# WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN PDF

“Fans of Jojo Moyes will love *We Are All Made of Stars*,” raves *Good Housekeeping*. Rowan Coleman’s beautiful, life-affirming novel tells an unforgettable story about second chances, the power of words, and the resilience of the heart.

A dedicated nurse, Stella finds comfort at the hospice where she works the late shift, especially since her husband returned from Afghanistan—cold, distant, and shattered by painful memories he refuses to share. The hospice at night is another world, where the dying receive closure by creating the letters that Stella helps them write. The pages are filled with love and humor, sometimes regret, and, occasionally, even instructions for a perplexed husband on how to run appliances. There’s one rule: The letters are mailed only after the patient has passed.

Suddenly Stella is faced with a dilemma: A woman under her care, Grace, has written a confession to the son she abandoned many years before. The letter clearly needs to be read before Grace dies. But if Stella mails it now, she breaks the rule—and risks tampering not only with Grace’s wishes but also with fate.

Navigating passion and grief, loyalty and loss, and a marriage threatened by silence and secrets, Stella discovers that letters hold a special power: granting solace, saving memories, nurturing relationships. As the words endure, love redeems.

Praise for *We Are All Made of Stars*

“A beautiful web of a book that reminds us of how we are all connected, and how to die—and live—without regrets. Is that a tear in my eye? No, that’s a tear in your eye.”—Jodi Picoult, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Leaving Time* and *The Storyteller*

“*We Are All Made of Stars* will break your heart and put the pieces back together—fans of Jojo Moyes’s *Me Before You*, this one is right up your alley.”—*Refinery29*

“Coleman uses several voices and perspectives to turn a potentially dark story into one filled with light. Fans of Jojo Moyes will love this beautifully written, deeply engaging novel that understands death and celebrates life.” —*Booklist* (starred review)

“A powerful, emotional read.”—*RT Reviews*

“Fans of Jojo Moyes will love *We Are All Made of Stars*.”—*Good Housekeeping*

“Coleman has written a poignant story that examines the value of life, love, and forgiveness. . . . A tear-jerking but ultimately uplifting story.”—*Kirkus Reviews*

- Sales Rank: #905990 in Books
- Original language: English

- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 7.80" h x 1.06" w x 5.08" l, .78 pounds
- Binding: Paperback

## Review

### Praise for *We Are All Made of Stars*

“A beautiful web of a book that reminds us of how we are all connected, and how to die—and live—without regrets. Is that a tear in my eye? No, that’s a tear in your eye.”—Jodi Picoult, New York Times bestselling author of *Leaving Time* and *The Storyteller*

“*We Are All Made of Stars* will break your heart and put the pieces back together—fans of Jojo Moyes’s *Me Before You*, this one is right up your alley.”—Refinery29

“Coleman uses several voices and perspectives to turn a potentially dark story into one filled with light. Fans of Jojo Moyes will love this beautifully written, deeply engaging novel that understands death and celebrates life.” —Booklist (starred review)

“A powerful, emotional read.”—RT Reviews

“Fans of Jojo Moyes will love *We Are All Made of Stars*.”—Good Housekeeping

“Coleman has written a poignant story that examines the value of life, love, and forgiveness. . . . A tear-jerking but ultimately uplifting story.”—Kirkus Reviews

### Praise for Rowan Coleman’s *The Day We Met*

“As with *Me Before You*, by Jojo Moyes, I couldn’t put this book down.”—Katie Fforde

“Coleman’s heartbreaking, humorous novel about a family in crisis vividly reminded me about the fierce, resilient core in all kinds of love. Readers of Lisa Genova’s *Still Alice* and Elin Hilderbrand’s *Beautiful Day* will especially savor this book.”—Nancy Thayer

“Coleman executes another incredibly powerful novel that is beautifully written. . . . The tale is so poignant and heartbreaking that readers will be completely engrossed by the characters while experiencing a wide array of emotions.”—RT Book Reviews

## About the Author

Rowan Coleman is the New York Times bestselling author of eleven novels, including *The Accidental Mother* and its sequel, *The Accidental Family*, as well as *Another Mother’s Life*, *Mommy by Mistake*, and *The Day We Met*. She lives with her husband and children in England.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Dear Len,

Well, if you are reading this, it’s happened. And I suppose that I ought to be glad, and so should you. We’ve both spent such a long time waiting, and I could see how much it was wearing you down, as much as you tried to hide it.

Now, the life insurance policy is in the shoe box in the bedroom, on top of the wardrobe, under that hat I

wore to our Dominic's wedding, remember? The one with the veil you said made me look like a femme fatale? You might not, you drank too much beer and four of Dominic's friends had to carry you upstairs, you great oaf. It's not much of a payout, I don't think, but it will be enough for the funeral at least. I don't have any wishes concerning that matter. You know me better than anyone else will. I trust you to get it right.

The washing machine. It's easy really. You turn the round knob clockwise to the temperature you want to wash at, but don't worry about that. Just wash everything at forty degrees. It mostly works out all right. And you put the liquid in the plastic thing in the drum, not in the drawer. I don't even really know why they have those drawers anymore.

You need to eat, and not stuff you can microwave. You need to at least shake hands with a vegetable once a week, promise me. You always made the Sunday night tea, cheese on toast and baked beans on the side, so I'm sure you'll be able to keep body and soul together if you put some effort in. I expect at first lots of people will feed you, but you'll need to get a cookbook. I think there's a Rachael Ray under the bed. I got it for Christmas last year from Susan, and I thought, what a cheek!

Len, do you remember the night we met? Do you remember how you led me onto the dance floor, didn't talk, didn't ask me or anything, you rogue. Just took my hand and led me out there, and how we twirled and laughed and the room became a blur, and when the song stopped, you kissed me. Still hadn't said a word to me, mind you, and you kissed me right off my feet. The first thing you said to me was, "You better tell me your name, as you're the girl I'm going to marry." Cheek of the devil, I thought, but you were right.

It's been a good life, Len, full of love and happiness, just as much—more than—the sadness and the bad times, if you think about it, and I have had a lot of time to think about it lately. A person can't really ask for more. Don't stop because I've stopped. Keep going, Len. Keep dancing, dancing with our grandchildren for me. Make them laugh and spoil them rotten.

And when you think of me, don't think of me in these last few days, think of me twirling and laughing and dancing in your arms.

Remember me this way.

Your loving wife,

Dorothy

prologue

Stella

He was a runner. That was the first thing I knew about Vincent.

One hot July, four years ago, I saw him early each morning, running past me as I walked to work, for almost three weeks in a row.

That summer I'd decided to get up before seven, to enjoy the relative quiet of an early North London morning on my way to start a shift at the hospital. I was a trauma nurse back then, and there was something about the near stillness of the streets, the quiet of the roads that gave me just a little space to exhale before a full eight hours of holding my breath. So I walked to work, sauntered more like, kicking empty coffee cups

out of my way, flirting with street sweepers, dropping a strong cup of tea off to the homeless guy who was always crammed up against the railings by the park, working on his never-ending novel. It was my rest time, my respite.

At almost exactly the same time every morning, Vincent ran past me at full pelt, like he was racing some unseen opponent. I'd catch a glimpse of a water bottle, closely cropped dark hair, a tan, nice legs, long and muscular. Every day, at almost exactly the same time, for nearly three weeks. He'd whip by, and I'd think, there's the runner guy, another moment ticked off on my journey. I liked the predictability. The flirty street sweeper. The cup of tea drop. The runner. Sort of like having your favorite song stuck in your head.

Then one morning he slowed down, just a hairsbreadth, and turned his head. For the briefest moment I looked into his eyes, such a bright blue, like mirrors reflecting the sky. And then he was gone, again, but it was already too late, my routine was disturbed, along with my peace of mind. All day that day, in the middle of some life-and-death drama, or in the quiet of the locker room, I found the image of those eyes returning to me again and again. And each time it gave me butterflies.

The next morning I waited for him to run past me again, and for normality to be restored. Except he stopped—so abruptly, a few feet in front of me—and then bent over for a moment, his hands on his knees, catching his breath. I hesitated, sidestepped, and decided to keep walking.

“Wait—please.” He took a breath between words, holding up a hand that halted me. “I thought I wasn't going to stop, and then I thought, Just do it, so I did.”

“Okay,” I said.

“I thought you might like to come for a coffee with me?” He smiled. It was full of charm. It was a smile that was used to winning.

“Did you?” I asked him. “Why?”

“Well, hoped more like,” he said, the smile faltering a little. “My name is Vincent. Vincent Carey. I'm a squaddie, Coldstream Guards. I'm on leave, going back to the desert soon. And you never know, do you, so I thought .??. well, you've got lovely hair, all curls, all down your back. And eyes like amber.”

He had noticed my eyes, perhaps in that same second that I noticed his.

“I'm a very lazy person,” I told him. “I never go anywhere fast.”

“Is that a weird way of saying no to coffee?” I liked his frown as much as his smile.

“It's a warning,” I said. “A warning that I might not be your kind of person.”

“Sometimes,” he said, “you just know when someone is your sort of person.”

“From their hair?” I laughed.

“From their eyes.” I couldn't argue with that.

“Mind if I walk part of the way with you?” he asked.

“Okay.”

I smiled to myself as he fell in step next to me, and we walked in silence for a while.

“You weren’t kidding about being slow,” he said eventually.

The second thing I knew about Vincent was that one day I was going to marry him. But the first thing I knew was that he was a runner—which makes him so hard to look at now, his damaged face turned to the wall as he sleeps, and the space where his leg used to be.

1

Hope

I can’t sleep. I can never sleep these days, not in here anyway, when they don’t let it be truly dark, not ever, but it’s not only that, it’s because I can’t stop thinking about how I came to be here. I know of course. I caught something, a bug, bacterial which is dangerous news when living with cystic fibrosis. I almost died, and now I’m here, in this place where they never really turn the lights out on the long and painful road to recuperation. I know that, but what I don’t know—what I want to know—is how. I want to know precisely the second that little cluster of bacteria drifted like falling blossom into my bloodstream. I can’t know of course, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to or that I can stop thinking about it. The frustrating thing about my condition is that I have a lot of time on my hands to think, but not a lot of time on the clock to live. Time moves slowly and quickly at the very same time, racing and stretching, boring and terrifying and you can live your whole life with the idea of mortality, that one day, it will be the last day, and still never really know or care what it means. Not until the last day arrives, that is.

I was at a party, when death came to find me.

I hate parties, but my best friend Ben made me go.

“You can’t stay in all your life,” he said, dragging me out of my room, and down the stairs. “You are twenty-one years old, nearly twenty-two. You are in your prime.”

“You are in your prime. I’m most likely middle aged,” I told him, even though I knew he hates me referring to my life expectancy of something like forty years. “And anyway, I could, I could stay in all my life and listen to Joni Mitchell and read books, and design book covers, try and work out the solo of “Beat It” on my guitar and I’d be perfectly fine.”

“Mrs. K?” Ben dragged me into the living room, where my parents were watching TV, same old same old, some police detective, who drinks too much and lost his wife in a bitter divorce, chasing down some psycho killer. “Tell your daughter, she’s a twenty-one-year-old woman, she needs to go out and have fun! Remind her that life is for living, and not for sitting alone in her room reading about how other people do it! Plus it’s all the old crew from school, back from college. We haven’t been together in ages, and they are all dying to see you.”

Mum turned in her chair, and I could see the worry in her eyes, despite her smile, but there was nothing new there. She’d been worried about me for every moment of my twenty-one years, constantly. Sometimes I wonder if she’d wished she could change my name, after I was diagnosed as a baby—and the situation was officially hopeless—but it was too late by then. It was a name that already belonged to me, a cruel irony that

we both had to live with now. My poor darling mum. She has enough on her plate. It wasn't fair to make her decide if I went out or not, because she'd spend the rest of the evening worrying either way and later, she would have torn herself to pieces with blame. So, making my own decision—that was one of the things I did right that night. It was just the choice that was wrong.

“Oh fine, I'm coming out. I'll get changed.”

Ben grinned at me and sat down on the bottom step, and I thought of him there, in his skinny jeans, woman-sweater, sloping off on one shoulder, as I rifled through my wardrobe, looking for something, anything that might even nearly equal his effortless cool. It wasn't fair, really, that little odd duckling, the boy that the other kids left out or pushed around, had suddenly grown into a sexy hip swan. We used to be lame kids together. That was how we came to be best friends. It was part of the natural process of banding together, like circling our wagons, greater safety—even in our meager number of two—than being alone. Him: the skinny shy kid with the gray collars and worn-down shoes; and me: the sick girl.

I don't think it was then—when Ben came into the house—though it could have been. He could have left a trace of a germ on the banister, or the damp towel in the downstairs loo. It could have been then, but I don't think it was because near death by hand towel isn't even nearly fitting enough.

I dressed all in black, and rimmed my eyes in kohl and hoped that would do the trick.

The moment we walked in through the door, and the wave of heat and sweat and molecules of saliva that I know are in every breath I take hit us, I wanted to go home. I almost turned around right then, but Ben had his hand on the small of my back. There was something protective about it, something comforting—and they were my friends, after all, the people I've grown up with, who are always nice to me, and do fun runs in my name, and who I could sit and have a coffee and a laugh with, who would always find something for us to talk about, carefully avoiding those potentially awkward questions like “How's it going? Still think you'll be dead soon?”

“Hopey!” Sally Morse, my sort of best female friend from school, ran the length of the hallway to engulf me in a hug. “Oh shit, it's so good to see you. You look great! How's it going? What's new? You're like an entrepreneur or something, aren't you?” She hooked her arms through mine, briefly resting her head on my shoulder as she led me into the kitchen, and I noticed the slight pinkness around her nostrils, the remnants of a cold.

“I'm okay,” I told her, accepting a beer. “I started designing book covers for people, and it's going quite well.”

“That's so cool,” she said happily. “That's so totally cool, because you know really university is a huge waste of time. There are no jobs out there, and you end up in loads of debt. It's a very expensive way to get laid and drunk. Oh god, I emailed you loads, but you're shit at replying. Too busy I suppose, being a businesswoman.”

She paused for a moment, scanning my face, and then dragged me into a hug, filling my face with lemon and smoke-scented hair, and I hugged her back. I'd thought I didn't miss any of that, the people I once saw almost every day for most of life. I told myself that anyway, but it turned out that I did. I was happy to see her in that moment; happy I had come. Perhaps it was then, perhaps in the little moment of optimism and nostalgia, in the midst of that hug, I'd inhaled my own assassin. I hope not. Although it would be just like the universe to try and undo you when you are happy, because in my experience the universe is an arse.

## Most helpful customer reviews

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

A sweet story

By Chick Lit Central

By Melissa Amster

I've been a fan of Rowan Coleman's novels for almost a decade now. I do have to admit that I missed a few in my efforts to get caught up on my TBR (and also because someone else at my blog was reviewing them). However, I received an opportunity to read *We Are All Made of Stars* and after hearing great things about it, decided to dive right in. It reminded me why I need to go back and read the novels of Rowan's that I missed!

The premise of this story might turn some people away, as it is about death...for the most part. A lot of the scenes take place in a hospice and one of the characters, Stella, writes letters for the patients to give to whomever they have intended, upon their death. However, one patient's letter is begging to be given to the recipient prior to their death, so Stella doesn't follow their request to wait like she normally would. It affects the life of another character in ways they never would have dreamed. In the meantime, Stella is grappling with the potential end of her marriage after her husband survives a terrible ambush attack. There's also Hope, who is struggling with Cystic Fibrosis and is at the hospice because it is a rehabilitation facility, as well. Should she step out of her comfort zone, knowing the end might not yet be in store?

Told mainly from the perspectives of Stella, Hope, and Hugh, the scenes weave seamlessly through the book. The story flows nicely and all the characters are sympathetic. There isn't really a villain, unless you count death itself. It's just stories about people struggling with relationships, health, finding themselves, etc.

The letters from various patients are fun to read and some have a humorous edge. There is one that is a tearjerker though, so be prepared. Overall, it is a sweet story and I'm glad I got to read it, thanks to Ballantine (via NetGalley).

Here is my ideal movie cast:

Ben: Jordan Gavaris (The way he was physically described reminded me of Felix from *Orphan Black*)

Hugh: Benedict Cumberbatch

Sarah: Lily Collins

Hope: Alice Englert

Stella: Claire Foy

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

*We Are All Made of Stars*

By Jennifer @ Bookish Devices

A beautiful, heartwarming story.

Stella works nights as a nurse at a hospice facility. She's married to Vincent, a war veteran who has returned from Afghanistan brutally injured. Vincent is battling PTSD and the marriage is suffering. Events at home lead Stella to write letters for her patients at the hospice and mail them to the patients loved ones after their death. The letters Stella writes are interspersed throughout the book. They take nothing from the story but add so much to it. The letters are beautiful. They made me laugh and made me cry. They touched my heart. The readers also see Stella and Vincent trying to find their way back to each other. Their story is heartbreaking but gave this reader a glimpse into what military families must deal with once a soldier returns home. I had the biggest smile on my face when I read the final letter that Stella writes.

We are also introduced to Hope, a cystic fibrosis patient, and her best friend Ben. For awhile Hope is a patient at the hospice for which Stella works. But what readers will see is Hope leaving her fear of living behind and finding a way to live her life to the fullest despite her illness. I enjoyed Hope's and Ben's story.

Then there are Hugh, Sally and Mikey. Sally and Mikey are Hugh's new neighbors. I love the interaction between them. For most of the book I couldn't figure out where Hugh fit in. How did he connect? I actually gasped out loud when I realized how Hugh was tied in. Heartbroken is what I was.

And finally, the cat. What's his name? Who does he really belong to? A small part of the story but I really, really loved it.

To sum up ... read this book! It's heartwarming, encouraging and filled with love. Have a box of tissues nearby.

Copy provided by NetGalley in exchange for my honest review.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

Captivating story that celebrates the human spirit and power of love

By Karen R

"I learned that what people say has a thousand times more meaning when it's written down. Words become immortal, beautiful, personal, heartfelt and special. A letter is a memory that will never be lost, will never fade or be forgotten." Stella.

Stella is a nurse who is currently working the night shift at Marie Francis Community Hospice and Rehabilitation Center. She is a caring, selfless woman who goes beyond her nursing responsibilities by writing letters for patients approaching death to someone in their lives, framing special moments. Like other books I have read such as "Letters from Skye" Letters from Skye by Jessica Brockmole by Jessica Brockmole in which letters are central in capturing people's spirit this is what stood out for me. Don't get me wrong; there was strength in all featured characters that have dedicated chapters laid out in this '7-night' book. Their struggles and relationships were meaty. However, I think the beautiful letters took this book to a higher level.

Stella is my favorite and a hero, a woman of strength and character. She is someone who is around sadness at work and in her private life. Stella chose to work night shift, as her life with her husband began to unravel. Her husband has been in a very dark place for months after returning from war having lost his leg and best friend.

I lament the lost art of letter writing and appreciate their inclusion in books, if well written well. This was well written. The prologue alone got me good, tugged at my heart as did many parts of the book. This is a captivating story that celebrates the human spirit and power of love.

See all 30 customer reviews...

# WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS BY ROWAN COLEMAN PDF

Be the initial to download this publication *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman as well as let reviewed by surface. It is really easy to read this e-book *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman since you do not require to bring this printed *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman everywhere. Your soft documents publication can be in our gizmo or computer so you could enjoy checking out anywhere and every single time if required. This is why lots varieties of people also check out the publications *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman in soft fie by downloading and install the e-book. So, be just one of them who take all benefits of checking out the book **We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman** by on the internet or on your soft documents system.

## Review

Praise for *We Are All Made of Stars*

“A beautiful web of a book that reminds us of how we are all connected, and how to die—and live—without regrets. Is that a tear in my eye? No, that’s a tear in your eye.”—Jodi Picoult, New York Times bestselling author of *Leaving Time* and *The Storyteller*

“*We Are All Made of Stars* will break your heart and put the pieces back together—fans of Jojo Moyes’s *Me Before You*, this one is right up your alley.”—Refinery29

“Coleman uses several voices and perspectives to turn a potentially dark story into one filled with light. Fans of Jojo Moyes will love this beautifully written, deeply engaging novel that understands death and celebrates life.” —Booklist (starred review)

“A powerful, emotional read.”—RT Reviews

“Fans of Jojo Moyes will love *We Are All Made of Stars*.”—Good Housekeeping

“Coleman has written a poignant story that examines the value of life, love, and forgiveness. . . . A tear-jerking but ultimately uplifting story.”—Kirkus Reviews

Praise for Rowan Coleman’s *The Day We Met*

“As with *Me Before You*, by Jojo Moyes, I couldn’t put this book down.”—Katie Fforde

“Coleman’s heartbreaking, humorous novel about a family in crisis vividly reminded me about the fierce, resilient core in all kinds of love. Readers of Lisa Genova’s *Still Alice* and Elin Hilderbrand’s *Beautiful Day* will especially savor this book.”—Nancy Thayer

“Coleman executes another incredibly powerful novel that is beautifully written. . . . The tale is so poignant and heartbreaking that readers will be completely engrossed by the characters while experiencing a wide array of emotions.”—RT Book Reviews

## About the Author

Rowan Coleman is the New York Times bestselling author of eleven novels, including *The Accidental*

Mother and its sequel, *The Accidental Family*, as well as *Another Mother's Life*, *Mommy by Mistake*, and *The Day We Met*. She lives with her husband and children in England.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Dear Len,

Well, if you are reading this, it's happened. And I suppose that I ought to be glad, and so should you. We've both spent such a long time waiting, and I could see how much it was wearing you down, as much as you tried to hide it.

Now, the life insurance policy is in the shoe box in the bedroom, on top of the wardrobe, under that hat I wore to our Dominic's wedding, remember? The one with the veil you said made me look like a femme fatale? You might not, you drank too much beer and four of Dominic's friends had to carry you upstairs, you great oaf. It's not much of a payout, I don't think, but it will be enough for the funeral at least. I don't have any wishes concerning that matter. You know me better than anyone else will. I trust you to get it right.

The washing machine. It's easy really. You turn the round knob clockwise to the temperature you want to wash at, but don't worry about that. Just wash everything at forty degrees. It mostly works out all right. And you put the liquid in the plastic thing in the drum, not in the drawer. I don't even really know why they have those drawers anymore.

You need to eat, and not stuff you can microwave. You need to at least shake hands with a vegetable once a week, promise me. You always made the Sunday night tea, cheese on toast and baked beans on the side, so I'm sure you'll be able to keep body and soul together if you put some effort in. I expect at first lots of people will feed you, but you'll need to get a cookbook. I think there's a Rachael Ray under the bed. I got it for Christmas last year from Susan, and I thought, what a cheek!

Len, do you remember the night we met? Do you remember how you led me onto the dance floor, didn't talk, didn't ask me or anything, you rogue. Just took my hand and led me out there, and how we twirled and laughed and the room became a blur, and when the song stopped, you kissed me. Still hadn't said a word to me, mind you, and you kissed me right off my feet. The first thing you said to me was, "You better tell me your name, as you're the girl I'm going to marry." Cheek of the devil, I thought, but you were right.

It's been a good life, Len, full of love and happiness, just as much—more than—the sadness and the bad times, if you think about it, and I have had a lot of time to think about it lately. A person can't really ask for more. Don't stop because I've stopped. Keep going, Len. Keep dancing, dancing with our grandchildren for me. Make them laugh and spoil them rotten.

And when you think of me, don't think of me in these last few days, think of me twirling and laughing and dancing in your arms.

Remember me this way.

Your loving wife,

Dorothy

prologue

Stella

He was a runner. That was the first thing I knew about Vincent.

One hot July, four years ago, I saw him early each morning, running past me as I walked to work, for almost three weeks in a row.

That summer I'd decided to get up before seven, to enjoy the relative quiet of an early North London morning on my way to start a shift at the hospital. I was a trauma nurse back then, and there was something about the near stillness of the streets, the quiet of the roads that gave me just a little space to exhale before a full eight hours of holding my breath. So I walked to work, sauntered more like, kicking empty coffee cups out of my way, flirting with street sweepers, dropping a strong cup of tea off to the homeless guy who was always crammed up against the railings by the park, working on his never-ending novel. It was my rest time, my respite.

At almost exactly the same time every morning, Vincent ran past me at full pelt, like he was racing some unseen opponent. I'd catch a glimpse of a water bottle, closely cropped dark hair, a tan, nice legs, long and muscular. Every day, at almost exactly the same time, for nearly three weeks. He'd whip by, and I'd think, there's the runner guy, another moment ticked off on my journey. I liked the predictability. The flirty street sweeper. The cup of tea drop. The runner. Sort of like having your favorite song stuck in your head.

Then one morning he slowed down, just a hairsbreadth, and turned his head. For the briefest moment I looked into his eyes, such a bright blue, like mirrors reflecting the sky. And then he was gone, again, but it was already too late, my routine was disturbed, along with my peace of mind. All day that day, in the middle of some life-and-death drama, or in the quiet of the locker room, I found the image of those eyes returning to me again and again. And each time it gave me butterflies.

The next morning I waited for him to run past me again, and for normality to be restored. Except he stopped—so abruptly, a few feet in front of me—and then bent over for a moment, his hands on his knees, catching his breath. I hesitated, sidestepped, and decided to keep walking.

“Wait—please.” He took a breath between words, holding up a hand that halted me. “I thought I wasn't going to stop, and then I thought, Just do it, so I did.”

“Okay,” I said.

“I thought you might like to come for a coffee with me?” He smiled. It was full of charm. It was a smile that was used to winning.

“Did you?” I asked him. “Why?”

“Well, hoped more like,” he said, the smile faltering a little. “My name is Vincent. Vincent Carey. I'm a squaddie, Coldstream Guards. I'm on leave, going back to the desert soon. And you never know, do you, so I thought .??. well, you've got lovely hair, all curls, all down your back. And eyes like amber.”

He had noticed my eyes, perhaps in that same second that I noticed his.

“I'm a very lazy person,” I told him. “I never go anywhere fast.”

“Is that a weird way of saying no to coffee?” I liked his frown as much as his smile.

“It’s a warning,” I said. “A warning that I might not be your kind of person.”

“Sometimes,” he said, “you just know when someone is your sort of person.”

“From their hair?” I laughed.

“From their eyes.” I couldn’t argue with that.

“Mind if I walk part of the way with you?” he asked.

“Okay.”

I smiled to myself as he fell in step next to me, and we walked in silence for a while.

“You weren’t kidding about being slow,” he said eventually.

The second thing I knew about Vincent was that one day I was going to marry him. But the first thing I knew was that he was a runner—which makes him so hard to look at now, his damaged face turned to the wall as he sleeps, and the space where his leg used to be.

1

Hope

I can’t sleep. I can never sleep these days, not in here anyway, when they don’t let it be truly dark, not ever, but it’s not only that, it’s because I can’t stop thinking about how I came to be here. I know of course. I caught something, a bug, bacterial which is dangerous news when living with cystic fibrosis. I almost died, and now I’m here, in this place where they never really turn the lights out on the long and painful road to recuperation. I know that, but what I don’t know—what I want to know—is how. I want to know precisely the second that little cluster of bacteria drifted like falling blossom into my bloodstream. I can’t know of course, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to or that I can stop thinking about it. The frustrating thing about my condition is that I have a lot of time on my hands to think, but not a lot of time on the clock to live. Time moves slowly and quickly at the very same time, racing and stretching, boring and terrifying and you can live your whole life with the idea of mortality, that one day, it will be the last day, and still never really know or care what it means. Not until the last day arrives, that is.

I was at a party, when death came to find me.

I hate parties, but my best friend Ben made me go.

“You can’t stay in all your life,” he said, dragging me out of my room, and down the stairs. “You are twenty-one years old, nearly twenty-two. You are in your prime.”

“You are in your prime. I’m most likely middle aged,” I told him, even though I knew he hates me referring to my life expectancy of something like forty years. “And anyway, I could, I could stay in all my life and listen to Joni Mitchell and read books, and design book covers, try and work out the solo of “Beat It” on my guitar and I’d be perfectly fine.”

“Mrs. K?” Ben dragged me into the living room, where my parents were watching TV, same old same old, some police detective, who drinks too much and lost his wife in a bitter divorce, chasing down some psycho killer. “Tell your daughter, she’s a twenty-one-year-old woman, she needs to go out and have fun! Remind her that life is for living, and not for sitting alone in her room reading about how other people do it! Plus it’s all the old crew from school, back from college. We haven’t been together in ages, and they are all dying to see you.”

Mum turned in her chair, and I could see the worry in her eyes, despite her smile, but there was nothing new there. She’d been worried about me for every moment of my twenty-one years, constantly. Sometimes I wonder if she’d wished she could change my name, after I was diagnosed as a baby—and the situation was officially hopeless—but it was too late by then. It was a name that already belonged to me, a cruel irony that we both had to live with now. My poor darling mum. She has enough on her plate. It wasn’t fair to make her decide if I went out or not, because she’d spend the rest of the evening worrying either way and later, she would have torn herself to pieces with blame. So, making my own decision—that was one of the things I did right that night. It was just the choice that was wrong.

“Oh fine, I’m coming out. I’ll get changed.”

Ben grinned at me and sat down on the bottom step, and I thought of him there, in his skinny jeans, woman-sweater, sloping off on one shoulder, as I rifled through my wardrobe, looking for something, anything that might even nearly equal his effortless cool. It wasn’t fair, really, that little odd duckling, the boy that the other kids left out or pushed around, had suddenly grown into a sexy hip swan. We used to be lame kids together. That was how we came to be best friends. It was part of the natural process of banding together, like circling our wagons, greater safety—even in our meager number of two—than being alone. Him: the skinny shy kid with the gray collars and worn-down shoes; and me: the sick girl.

I don’t think it was then—when Ben came into the house—though it could have been. He could have left a trace of a germ on the banister, or the damp towel in the downstairs loo. It could have been then, but I don’t think it was because near death by hand towel isn’t even nearly fitting enough.

I dressed all in black, and rimmed my eyes in kohl and hoped that would do the trick.

The moment we walked in through the door, and the wave of heat and sweat and molecules of saliva that I know are in every breath I take hit us, I wanted to go home. I almost turned around right then, but Ben had his hand on the small of my back. There was something protective about it, something comforting—and they were my friends, after all, the people I’ve grown up with, who are always nice to me, and do fun runs in my name, and who I could sit and have a coffee and a laugh with, who would always find something for us to talk about, carefully avoiding those potentially awkward questions like “How’s it going? Still think you’ll be dead soon?”

“Honey!” Sally Morse, my sort of best female friend from school, ran the length of the hallway to engulf me in a hug. “Oh shit, it’s so good to see you. You look great! How’s it going? What’s new? You’re like an entrepreneur or something, aren’t you?” She hooked her arms through mine, briefly resting her head on my shoulder as she led me into the kitchen, and I noticed the slight pinkness around her nostrils, the remnants of a cold.

“I’m okay,” I told her, accepting a beer. “I started designing book covers for people, and it’s going quite well.”

“That’s so cool,” she said happily. “That’s so totally cool, because you know really university is a huge waste of time. There are no jobs out there, and you end up in loads of debt. It’s a very expensive way to get laid and drunk. Oh god, I emailed you loads, but you’re shit at replying. Too busy I suppose, being a businesswoman.”

She paused for a moment, scanning my face, and then dragged me into a hug, filling my face with lemon and smoke-scented hair, and I hugged her back. I’d thought I didn’t miss any of that, the people I once saw almost every day for most of life. I told myself that anyway, but it turned out that I did. I was happy to see her in that moment; happy I had come. Perhaps it was then, perhaps in the little moment of optimism and nostalgia, in the midst of that hug, I’d inhaled my own assassin. I hope not. Although it would be just like the universe to try and undo you when you are happy, because in my experience the universe is an arse.

Curious? Obviously, this is why, we intend you to click the web link page to check out, and after that you can enjoy guide *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman downloaded and install up until completed. You can save the soft file of this **We Are All Made Of Stars By Rowan Coleman** in your device. Obviously, you will bring the device everywhere, won't you? This is why, every single time you have spare time, every time you could enjoy reading by soft duplicate publication *We Are All Made Of Stars* By Rowan Coleman