

### Chapter 1 : Dear John by Nicholas Sparks

*Dear John is a romance novel by American writer Nicholas Sparks released in Its plot is an adaptation to present day's American culture of three plays Marius, Fanny and C sar, called la Trilogie Marseillaise written by French author Marcel Pagnol c.*

In a voice-over, he recalls a childhood trip to the US Mint and compares himself to a coin in the United States military before stating that the last thing he thought of before he blacked out was "you. He meets Savannah Curtis, a college student building homes with a group of co-eds for Habitat for Humanity while on spring break, when he fetches her purse from the ocean. She invites him to a bonfire party where he meets her neighbor, Tim Wheddon, and his son, Alan. Over the course of two weeks, they go on several dates and fall in love. This upsets John, who storms off. Savannah sees the commotion, and stops speaking to John. John later apologizes to Tim, who offers to give Savannah a message. John and Savannah continue their relationship through letters, and John visits her in her hometown to meet her family while on a future leave. John and Savannah makes plans to start a life together after John is discharged from the army in December. However, when the September 11 attacks occur, John chooses to re-enlist. Their time apart start as weeks and turn into months and years. Savannah begins to spend more time with Tim, and decides that she wants to work with autistic children; she plans to build a farm and horse stables where they can enjoy the outdoors and animals. One turns out to be a literal " Dear John " letter, in which Savannah breaks up with John, saying that, while she still loves him, she has developed feelings for someone else - she does not reveal that the "other man" is Tim. John is later wounded and encouraged to return home, but he re-enlists for a second time. Four years pass, and John is informed that his father has had a stroke - instead of being deployed with the rest of his unit, John is being sent home to be with his dad. When John arrives at the hospital, he learns that his father is alive, but in grave condition. Soon afterward, his father dies. She talks to Tim on the phone and tells John that Tim would like to see him. She takes John to the hospital, and Tim tells John that Savannah still loves John; she loves him Tim , too, but not in the same way she loves John - and Tim can see that. John takes her back to her house and they enjoy a quiet evening together, eating dinner, and are tempted to pick up where they left off years earlier, but do not go through with their feelings and, upset, John leaves. He receives a letter from Savannah telling him that Tim died after two months of treatment. John, now a civilian, eventually returns home; while riding his bike in town one day, he sees Savannah at a coffee shop, and they hug.

Chapter 2 : Dear John: Nicholas Sparks: [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com): Books

*Dear John by Nicholas Sparks is one of those books I've developed a love/hate relationship with. I love, love, love the first part of the book, and I immediately fell for the main character, John Tyree.*

No further action is required. Provide your email below to join the list. Submit We will not share your email address with anyone and you can unsubscribe at anytime. For more information, please view our privacy policy Register Synopsis An angry rebel, John dropped out of school and enlisted in the Army, not knowing what else to do with his life—until he meets the girl of his dreams, Savannah. Their mutual attraction quickly grows into the kind of love that leaves Savannah waiting for John to finish his tour of duty, and John wanting to settle down with the woman who has captured his heart. John feels it is his duty to re-enlist. And sadly, the long separation finds Savannah falling in love with someone else. Returning home, John must come to grips with the fact that Savannah, now married, is still his true love—and face the hardest decision of his life. And no matter what the future brings, you will always be, and I know that my life is better for it. Regrets about journey, maybe, but not the destination. The problem, however, is that such novels are exceedingly difficult to conceive, let alone write. A hundred years ago, stories like these were much easier to craft. Yes, prejudice still exists and in small pockets of society, such issues might still predominate, but as a general rule, prejudice is frowned upon, and I strive to write novels that feel universal to the majority of people. What causes the bittersweet ending? Yet, I have a problem with that obstacle as well. Nor does my wife. Rich in naval history, Wilmington is a modern city with so much to see and do; from a WWII battleship to a Hollywood movie production studio, cobblestone streets with horse-drawn carriages to music festivals, history museums to contemporary art galleries, elegant restaurants to welcoming nightspots, Wilmington has something for everyone. This is where, of course, I found myself when conceiving the idea for Dear John. How could I make that idea at least somewhat original? How can I make it feel universal to the majority of readers? Lovers are kept apart because of marriage, and yet no adultery occurred. In the end, I was proud of the novel. It is, in many ways, one of my favorites. It is also one that I think will resonate with readers long after the final page is turned. Dear John - audio excerpt.

**Chapter 3 : Detailed Review Summary of Dear John by Nicholas Sparks**

*Eleven of Nicholas Sparks's novels--The Choice, The Longest Ride, The Best of Me, Safe Haven, The Lucky One, The Last Song, Dear John, Nights in Rodanthe, The Notebook, A Walk to Remember, and Message in a Bottle--have been adapted into major motion pictures.*

This is the story of a couple who fall madly in love and are separated, yet they never stop loving each other. It is a story of unconditional love and faith. John falls in love one summer with a girl named Savannah, in North Carolina. They are madly in love, yet John has to leave town to attend military service. Having dropped out of school, he enlisted in the U. Armed Forces as a way to find meaning to his life. His dad has difficulty carrying normal conversations with him and he has an obsession with coin collecting, and John suspects something is wrong with his father but refuses to face this fact and go see a doctor. [Click here to see the rest of this review](#) John leaves for the military, leaving Savannah behind but they decide to maintain a long-distance relationship as he loves her more than anything - and is looking forward to seeing her again. John and Savannah decide to stay together and continue to write to each other. Eventually, however, Savannah, being away to college, falls in love with another man and she send John a letter telling him that she has stopped waiting for him as she feels that are growing apart, and she now wants a real life with a real relationship. John is heartbroken and they stop exchanging letters. He comes home and then looks for Savannah and that is when he sees her with another man - her husband. They talk and even though she still has feelings for him - and him her, she wants to leave their story in the past. John decides to let Savannah go as he loves her more than anything and wants her to be happy. The man Savannah married is her childhood best friend Tom who John had become friends with when dating her the summer they first met. Savannah tells John that Tom has Melanoma and that he is going to die, unless he receives better treatments at another hospital - which she cannot afford. Tom goes to the hospital to speak with Tom who tells him that should something happen to him, he wants John to take care of Savannah. John then goes back to Iraq and never speaks to Savannah again and continues living his life in the army. Best part of story, including ending: I love this story as this is a story of unconditional love. Best scene in story: John knew how much the coins meant to his father and that was all he had left from him. He acted out of love for Savannah and found better use to those coins. Opinion about the main character: I like that he is selfless. The review of this Book prepared by Mary G.

**Chapter 4 : READ ONLINE Dear John pdf by Nicholas Sparks for free. Book available for free download.**

*Directed by Lasse Halstr m and based on the novel by best-selling author Nicholas Sparks, Dear John tells the story of John Tyree (Channing Tatum), a young soldier home on leave, and Savannah Curtis (Amanda Seyfried), the idealistic college student he falls in love with during her spring vacation. Over the next seven tumultuous years, the.*

What does it mean to truly love another? There was a time in my life when I thought I knew the answer: She once told me that the key to happiness was achievable dreams, and hers were nothing out of the ordinary. Two or three kids, she was never clear on that, but my hunch is that when the time came, she would have suggested that we let nature take its course and allow God to make the decision. She was like thatâ€”religious, I meanâ€”and I suppose that was part of the reason I fell for her. When two people love each other? In the army, you learn to blend into your surroundings, and I learned well, because I had no desire to die in some backward foreign dump in the middle of the Iraqi desert. But I had to come back to this small North Carolina mountain town to find out what happened. But of this I am certain: Part of me aches at the thought of her being so close yet so untouchable, but her story and mine are different now. If hers are stars in the nighttime sky, mine are the haunted empty spaces in between. Why did I do it? And would I do it again? It was I, you see, who ended it. On the trees surrounding me, the leaves are just beginning their slow turn toward the color of fire, glowing as the sun peeks over the horizon. Birds have begun their morning calls, and the air is perfumed with the scent of pine and earth; different from the brine and salt of my hometown. Despite the distance between us, I find myself holding my breath as she steps into the dawn. She stretches before descending the front steps and heads around the side. Beyond her, the horse pasture shimmers like a green ocean, and she passes through the gate that leads toward it. A horse calls out a greeting, as does another, and my first thought is that Savannah seems too small to be moving so easily among them. But she was always comfortable with horses, and they were comfortable with her. A half dozen nibble on grass near the fence post, mainly quarter horses, and Midas, her whitesocked black Arabian, stands off to one side. I rode with her once, luckily without injury, and as I was hanging on for dear life, I remember thinking that she looked so relaxed in the saddle that she could have been watching television. Savannah takes a moment to greet Midas now. She rubs his nose while she whispers something, she pats his haunches, and when she turns away, his ears prick up as she heads toward the barn. She vanishes, then emerges again, carrying two pailsâ€”oats, I think. She hangs the pails on two fence posts, and a couple of the horses trot toward them. When she steps back to make room, I see her hair flutter in the breeze before she retrieves a saddle and bridle. To me, she will always be twenty-one and I will always be twenty-three. The army has become the only life I know. At least, those are the rumors around base. I fell in love with her when we were together, then fell deeper in love with her in the years we were apart. Our story has three parts: I reflect on these things, and as always, our time together comes back to me. I find myself remembering how it began, for now these memories are all I have left. I was born in , and I grew up in Wilmington, North Carolina, a city that proudly boasts the largest port in the state as well as a long and vibrant history but now strikes me more as a city that came about by accident. The city is located on a relatively thin spit of land bounded by the Cape Fear River on one side and the ocean on the other. Highway 17â€”which leads to Myrtle Beach and Charlestonâ€”bisects the town and serves as its major road. When I was a kid, my dad and I could drive from the historic district near the Cape Fear River to Wrightsville Beach in ten minutes, but so many stoplights and shopping centers have been added that it can now take an hour, especially on the weekends, when the tourists come flooding in. Wrightsville Beach, located on an island just off the coast, is on the northern end of Wilmington and far and away one of the most popular beaches in the state. The homes along the dunes are ridiculously expensive, and most of them are rented out all summer long. Like all cities, Wilmington is rich in places and poor in others, and since my dad had one of the steadiest, solid-citizen jobs on the planetâ€”he drove a mail delivery route for the post officeâ€”we did okay. Not great, but okay. There was a big oak tree in the backyard, and when I was eight years old, I built a tree house with scraps of wood I collected from a construction site. My dad and I were as different as two people could possibly be. Where he was passive and introspective, I was always in motion and hated to be alone; while he placed a high value on

education, school for me was like a social club with sports added in. He had poor posture and tended to shuffle when he walked; I bounced from here to there, forever asking him to time how long it took me to run to the end of the block and back. I was taller than him by the time I was in eighth grade and could beat him in armwrestling a year later. Our physical features were completely different, too. While he had sandy hair, hazel eyes, and freckles, I had brown hair and eyes, and my olive skin would darken to a deep tan by May. As I grew older, I sometimes heard them whispering about the fact that my mom had run off when I was less than a year old. Though I later suspected my mom had met someone else, my dad never confirmed this. I think my dad was happy. I phrase it like this because he seldom showed much emotion. Hugs and kisses were a rarity for me growing up, and when they did happen, they often struck me as lifeless, something he did because he felt he was supposed to, not because he wanted to. I know he loved me by the way he devoted himself to my care, but he was forty-three when he had me, and part of me thinks my dad would have been better suited to being a monk than a parent. He asked few questions about what was going on in my life, and while he rarely grew angry, he rarely joked, either. He lived for routine. He scheduled visits to the dentist two months in advance, paid his bills on Saturday morning, did the laundry on Sunday afternoon, and left the house every morning at exactly 7: He was socially awkward and spent long hours alone every day, dropping packages and bunches of mail into the mailboxes along his route. When it did ring, it was either a wrong number or a telemarketer. I know how hard it must have been for him to raise me on his own, but he never complained, even when I disappointed him. I spent most of my evenings alone. With the duties of the day finally completed, my dad would head to his den to be with his coins. That was his one great passion in life. He was most content while sitting in his den, studying a coin dealer newsletter nicknamed the Greysheet and trying to figure out the next coin he should add to his collection. Actually, it was my grandfather who originally started the coin collection. His collection rivaled, if not surpassed, the collection at the Smithsonian, and after the death of my grandmother in , my grandfather became transfixed by the idea of building a collection with his son. During the summers, my grandfather and dad would travel by train to the various mints to collect the new coins firsthand or visit various coin shows in the Southeast. In time, my grandfather and dad established relationships with coin dealers across the country, and my grandfather spent a fortune over the years trading up and improving the collection. Even so, every extra dollar went into coins. Like father, like son, as the old saying goes. When the old man finally passed away, he specified in his will that his house be sold and the money used to purchase even more coins, which was exactly what my dad probably would have done anyway. By the time my dad inherited the collection, it was already quite valuable. But neither my grandfather nor my dad had been into collecting for the money; they were in it for the thrill of the hunt and the bond it created between them. There was something exciting about searching long and hard for a specific coin, finally locating it, then wheeling and dealing to get it for the right price. My dad hoped to share the same passion with me, including the sacrifice it required. Growing up, I had to sleep with extra blankets in the winter, and I got a single pair of new shoes every year; there was never money for my clothes, unless they came from the Salvation Army. The only picture ever taken of us was at a coin show in Atlanta. A dealer snapped it as we stood before his booth and sent it to us. In the photo, my dad had his arm draped over my shoulder, and we were both beaming. In my hand, I was holding a D buffalo nickel in gem condition, a coin that my dad had just purchased.

## Chapter 5 : Dear John by Nicholas Sparks - Baroness' Book Trove

*Besides the crying bits Dear John by Nicholas Sparks is a great book. John Tyree and Savannah Curtis met one summer and in a week the two fell in love. We follow John through this whole thing with Savannah and hoping that things will work out in the end.*

## Chapter 6 : Dear John (Audiobook) by Nicholas Sparks | [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com)

*Dear John is trademark Nicholas Sparksâ€™romantic, sappy, sad, and redeeming. The book revolves around the love*

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*story of an army sergeant who falls in love shortly before 9/ The book revolves around the love story of an army sergeant who falls in love shortly before 9/*

### Chapter 7 : Dear John ( film) - Wikipedia

*Dear John has , ratings and 10, reviews. Arlene said: Dear John by Nicholas Sparks is one of those books I've developed a love/hate relationship.*

### Chapter 8 : BookClub: Summary of Dear John

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### Chapter 9 : Dear John (novel) - Wikipedia

*Dear John is fully written in exquisite detail and give vivid images of how Savannah and John truley feel about eachother. This is a bittersweet love novel that kept me at the edge of my seat throughout the whole journey.*