

*Linger, by Angela Pelster*

Book Review by Golzar Meamar

*Linger*, a collection of essays by Angela Pelster, tells stories that are beautifully woven together by concepts of earth, decay, trees and much more. The essays tell pieces of her life, but also expand on pieces of lives she has heard about or seen, and her storytelling style is distinct and precious to the tone of the book. *Limber* is Angela Pelster's first collection of essays after a children's book, and is already an award-winning nonfiction book.

Pelster pushes forward the history of the world in a story of trees, giving the reader different elements of her stories to chew on. She establishes elements of time in the form of tree rings, talking about the age of trees in terms of being cut open. Pelster elaborates on the everlasting concept of large oaks and different types of trees by embedding them into stories about decay and human involvement in natural affairs. Throughout her essays, there is this common thread of trees being destroyed by time, but also by the effects of humans.

Pelster uses trees throughout the piece to show the elaborate and complex relationship of humanity, technology and nature. In some stories, there are iron rods in trees, allowing them to remain upright, an obsession of human nature to keep everything alive regardless of how often it might decay. She talks about mines and mountains, the implosions that create the great to fall. Nothing is impenetrable.

Magic and myth are braided into these nonfictional essays, all based on some form of history in relation to the natural and trees. There are simple concepts of creating wonders of the natural that Pelster emphasizes and wraps into her stories. Pelster is keen on establishing this link in the human mind between the mythical and the real, and how those things affect day to day human life. Pelster weaves young boys fishing at a river into a nuclear waste site, and examines the decay of a whole town, the breaking open of a human ribcage in surgery to find the impossible: a tree. There is no end to the myth and magic she ties into everyday life, and how she strives to find reasoning for the impossible and the awful in an outside world.

Pelster successfully braids together the natural, the beautiful, the real, and the awful all together in this collection of essays. Outside of a specific disregard of genre, Pelster tells beautifully realistic and reflective stories about the moon, the earth, and humanity.