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Pierre Oscar Lévy (Scenario) , Frederik Peeters (Illustrator)

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It's a perfect beach day, or so thought the family, young couple, a few tourists, and a refugee who all end up in the same secluded, idyllic cove filled with rock pools and sandy shore, encircled by green, densely vegetated cliffs.

But this utopia hides a dark secret.

First there is the dead body of a woman found floating in the crystal-clear water.

Then there is the odd fact that all the children are aging rapidly. Soon everybody is growing older—every half hour—and there doesn't seem to be any way out of the cove. Levy's dramatic storytelling works seamlessly with Peeters's sinister art to create a profoundly disturbing and fantastical mystery.

Praise for *Sandcastle*:

"Begins like a murder mystery, continues like an episode of *The Twilight Zone*, and finishes with a kind of existentialism that wouldn't be out of place in a Von Trier film." —*Publishers Weekly*, starred review

"*Sandcastle* is a fast 112-page read you won't be able to put down." —Cleveland.com

"Peeters and Lévy convey some profound, if profoundly unsubtle, truths about the human condition. Weighty stuff, expertly told." —*The Comics Bulletin*

Sandcastle Details

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Author : Pierre Oscar Lévy (Scenario) , Frederik Peeters (Illustrator)

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Download and Read Free Online Sandcastle Pierre Oscar Lévy (Scenario) , Frederik Peeters (Illustrator)

From Reader Review Sandcastle for online ebook

Shonna Froebel says

This graphic novel starts with a young man waking near a beach located in a small cove. He sees a young woman arrive to swim and tries to leave to give her privacy, but finds himself injured.

Soon a family arrives with two small children and the father regards the young man suspiciously. As more people arrive, the people on the beach begin to realize that something is wrong.

Each realization by each person is different. Some are intrigued by the science behind it, some are scared by what they see, some try to escape the situation, and others react in denial. As they all begin to admit that something is seriously wrong, they also come to terms with it in different ways.

Because the menace here is unseen and the cause is unknown, it makes it more scary. The randomness of the people being here to experience this horror is also an element that adds to the terror it evokes.

An idyllic scene, with random victims, of a horrific and unassailable fate, enacted by unknown forces. Scary, indeed.

Sam Quixote says

A man hiding on the cliff face of a beach watches a young woman skinny dip in the sea. A couple of families show up early to the beach to set up their stuff before the crowds appear and one of them discovers the young woman floating face down in the sea - or at least she was young, not now. Slowly as more people appear on the beach they notice strange things happening to the kids. The three year old boy suddenly looks much older, at least six, while his five year old sister is taller and beginning puberty. They realise that the beach is somehow making them all age incredibly quickly but find that they can't leave - they're enclosed in some kind of force field. And at the rate they're aging, it looks like everyone's going to die there.

"Sandcastle" is a fascinating and strange sci-fi/Twilight Zone-type story with plenty of mystery that'll keep you reading until the end, never guessing where it's going. This is Pierre Oscar Levy's first comic book and he writes it very well with the surprises coming thick and fast with interesting characters making up this small band of doomed people. There are elements in the story that aren't explained, added to the overall mystery of what the beach was/is. Some kind of government experiment gone wrong? A dream? Is the beach a portal to a parallel dimension? Are the people somehow metaphors for sandcastles, that appear on the beach and disappear over the span of a day? Small events in the book point to different explanations but ultimately it's up to the reader to decide what it means to them.

Frederik Peeter's art is of the same high standard as his last book, the excellent "Blue Pills" which I highly recommend. He does a brilliant job of showing each of the characters age rapidly, panel by panel.

"Sandcastle" is a weird and interesting comic book that's definitely good fun to read and has a thought provoking, well written story at its heart. One to pick up if you see it.

Maria Cecília Misco says

w t f

Sr?an Vidri? says

Vrhunski strip sa fantasti?nom poentom!

Raina says

Dude. It's hard to describe this book without spoiling it. Daytrippers arrive at a lake and find a body in the water. Feels like a movie, including some Lostie stuff. Some interesting character studies. And the cover is just stunning (assuming you're good with nips).

It's very European. For amerikans, it's transgressive. It would make a fantastic short film or play, if you could pull off the special effects. In fact, it would make a great acting exercise for a class or somesuch. Hmmm... I wanted more resolution, but that's probably more about me than about the piece.

Koen Claeys says

Wat lijkt te beginnen als een thriller evolueert redelijk vlug tot ... een unieke leeservaring.

Dank aan Uitgeverij Sherpa om deze stripparel zo'n verzorgde Nederlandstalige editie te gunnen. Misschien kan 'Lupus' ook eens onder handen genomen worden ?

David Schaafsma says

I really liked this. Peeters, the author of the memoir, Blue Pills, which is about making a baby when one partner is HIV-Positive, a really a fine book, here works with a fictional fable written by Pierre Oscar Levy, about a group of people who find themselves on a beach together, trapped in a kind of bubble, and age a lifetime in a day. What do you do with a life time? What do you try to accomplish in a short time? It's strange and at times disturbing, but really good and strangely moving!

Maximiliano Sales says

O livro fala de duas famílias que chegam a uma praia e de repente começam a envelhecer muito rapidamente - por algum motivo que não nos é dito. Apesar de ter gostado, realmente acho que poderia ser melhor. A história não me foi muito convincente, não houve nenhum momento em que eu tivesse conseguido me inserir totalmente na narrativa a ponto de acreditar nela. Alguns diálogos são um pouco forçados, quase um "mais do mesmo". O que gosto é da interpretação que se pode ter do livro e a subjetividade bonita do título, além da arte que é belíssima. Tendo uma premissa tão incrível (que aponta na cara da gente e fala "você vai morrer quase amanhã"), acho que poderia ser melhor esmiuçado - apesar de compreender que a falta de informação é proposital, pra mim não funcionou muito bem porque me deixou um pouco perdido e (novamente) descrente a respeito do que acontecia.

Marta says

Creepy, mysterious and beautifully drawn.

Tar Buendía says

Maravilloso. He disfrutado cada página y siendo yo una persona a la que se compra con los finales he terminado mucho más que satisfecha.

Este primer acercamiento a Peeters no podía haber ido mejor.

Nicola Mansfield says

May contain spoilers, though I've tried to keep it cryptic.

I'm going to start by saying I absolutely *hated* the ending which has brought my rating down to a four. Otherwise, up until that point, I was absolutely mesmerized with this book! Such a unique, gripping story and completely spellbinding. It's up to the reader to make sense of the story and figure out the meaning for themselves. The genre is either science fiction (which is actually mentioned in the story) or magical realism (an old myth/fairy tale is related to give this impression). The story comes full circle expressing to me the theme of people building walls around themselves, to protect them from the possible evils of life, but then only succumbing to a unfulfilled life that ends in death. I was greatly fascinated by the story, attentive to the end to find out what would happen. But was disappointed with the conclusion as I had really felt that the youngest boy's question about what happens after death was going to lead to a profound examination of death not being the end, or only the beginning or eternal life, etc. (I'm Catholic) I find these themes often come out similar to the Catholic view of death in many stories even when the author hasn't set out to do so. But instead, we got a silly abrupt, death is death, myth and an ending that shows life continuing but rather without any hope. The book is for mature readers as it does show full frontal nudity of both sexes, however it is in natural circumstances and not gratuitous at all. Certainly worth reading! Very well done.

Seth T. says

I'm not a fan of poetry. Never have been. There's always been some obstacle between me and my enjoyment of what so many others seem to dig on. That said, there are a couple bits here and there that I've enjoyed. A line, a stanza, an idea. I liked a poem an English professor friend of mine wrote because it mentioned Bubo, the mechanical owl from *Clash of the Titans*. I liked bits of "To His Coy Mistress" because it was absurd and, so, funny. And I liked bits of Shelley's "Ozymandias." You know, "two vast and trunkless legs of stone" and all that. I heard the poem in seventh grade and the whole idea resonated with me—the fragility of kingdoms, the temporary nature of everything we are and do.

I grew up on the beach. We moved to the coast when I was three. I stayed near the sand until I was thirty-two. In those nearly three decades, I built a lot of castles, sometimes in the traditional sense, packing sand

into shapes and then carving out everything that wasn't "castle" from the mass. More often though, I crafted what my dad (our master craftsman to whom we were apprenticed) had termed *dib-dab castles*.^[1] And of course, the greatest tragedy of each of our creations was their limited duration. Not one single fortress survived the night and the rising tides. No matter the strength, value, or beauty of the castle. Time and tides swept flat every kingdom. By comparison, Ozymandias' kingdom was particularly tenacious, leaving those two stone trunks.

Books about the mortality of the race are not rare. In fact, most stories can in some sense be read as an exploration of our perishable nature, of our inevitable expiration. The fact that we will all die pretty much sooner than we'd prefer motivates (even if only subconsciously) so much of our narrative displays—and of course our real-world actions as well. One of the saving graces of the human experience is that without the intervention of some terrible accident (injury or disease or murder), we all get at least six decades to gradually make sense of the whole tragic mess. Those years and years of intermittent contemplation may bring us to peace or push us toward existential horror, and that's what centuries of literature helps us explore. *Sandcastle* is no different, and by collapsing those decades and years and months and days and hours of potential meditation into the span of a day or less, authors Frederik Peeters and Pierre Oscar Lévy force the issue rather neatly.

Sandcastle, like most *Twilight Zone* episodes, is heavily plot driven. The reader's first pass is going to almost inevitably be wholly invested in the question of Holy Crap What Is Happening?! The book is written and drawn with judicious tension. Lévy and Peeters grab hold of one's attention deftly and don't show any concern with offering relief until the book's final curtain draws closed. It's an exhilarating ride and well worth the ticket paid.

Partway through, however, readers will begin to sense that the plot, the story, the mystery, and whatever climax awaits is probably beside the point. *Sandcastle* is thoroughly invested in the human dilemma—that bit of story that takes place in between plot points. Lévy and Peeters offer a neat entry into their discussion of the human end, lubricating the conversation by its relevancy and immediacy. The characters are rather typical, but that allows us to investigate the typicality of their conundrum.

Throughout *Sandcastle's* paces, it's never quite clear whether the nature of the book's MacGuffin is founded in science fiction or magic—though various clues point toward some sort of fantasy sci-fi. Visitors to a secluded lagoon in (probably) Spain find themselves trapped there by mysterious means. More alarmingly, they rather quickly find themselves aging with alacrity—at something like a rate of one year in fifteen minutes. The elderly begin to expire, the children hit puberty early, and the younger adults try to figure out what to do. The authors use the generic character tropes as a means to more immediately bridge the gap between the reader and the question that hangs over each of our lives: What do we do with the fact of our limited time in this sphere?

[He was going to say: without riding a pony]

Even as *Sandcastle* is itself a grand parable for those with ears to hear, Lévy and Peeters have seen fit to include a couple smaller interior parables for easy lessons and digestion. One is in the nature of the sandcastle itself, titular and obvious, finding itself expressed through several iterations over the course of the tale. Another is a swansong fable about a king who so feared death that he entombed himself to keep the spectre at bay. The careful (or lucky!) reader may discover more breadcrumbs and trails that the authors have laid out, all to the end of better engaging their subject.

[Biology *is* cool!]

The dialogue is simple and maybe sometimes a little awkward. This may be an artifact of translation or it may issue from vacationing foreigners all trying to speak in a common tongue. In the growing children's case, it may show that while their minds mature and they acquire *some* of the intelligence natural to their age,[2] there's still a bit of social awkwardness attached to the absence of experience. The personalities, too, seem immune to aging. The petulant teenage girl still lives to frustrate her parents even at the age of thirty. The five-year-old girl still loves her parents with wide-eyed affection, even well into her newfound adulthood. And the three-year-old boy is as detached from the immediacy of his situation as an adult as he was as a child. And all of the children will sit bound and tight for a good story, even in the midst of imminent death.

[Everybody loves a story!]

Peeters, whose art is full and lively, describes the book as a parable. And it is. *Sandcastle* is one more opportunity to prompt our thoughts toward consideration of our mortality and if there can be any meaning in it. These parables surround us, whether in Shelley in junior high or in the kingdoms we build as children in the sand, but we are—as a species or as a culture—so prone to forgetfulness and distraction that reminders, even obvious ones, can be welcome. Even for those who believe they know about life and death and afterlife and afterdeath, the privilege to reconsider the limits we're born with is a gift that should not be squandered or abdicated. We are already, as a people, so very arrogant. Why not take the opportunity to take on the humiliation of mystery?

[Review courtesy of Good Ok Bad.]

Footnotes

1) I've since learned from Wikipedia that these are probably more commonly called *drip castles*, though a good number call them dribbled castles. These are constructed by taking a fistful of very wet sand (a slurry) and letting it drip in a controlled manner from the hand. The castles are wonderful and organic and amazing when well-produced. Here's a basic tutorial:

And yes, dad, I know that if I held the sand so high above it would demolish the castle below. I drew the large space between to illustrate the 3 steps: 1) the hand holding the slurry, 2) the wet sand dripping down, and 3) the drops of sand solidifying into a castle. Window included, just like I was taught (by example).

2) Such as the five-year-old girl who, after having sex well after puberty (a.k.a. lunchtime), discovers bleeding and explains it to her partner as either the natural result of their intercourse or perhaps her period. Not the usual information for five-year-old to have at a ready hand.

Adam says

I'm not really sure what to make of this one to be honest. Is it a sci-fi, a mystery or a meditation on mortality and the nature of humanity? Bit of all three, but mostly the latter, I guess. The illustration is excellent anyway, with the depiction of facial expressions and of characters ageing being particularly good. As far as

the plot's concerned, I'm unconvinced though. You have to buy in to the premise for any science fiction piece to really work, and with this one I didn't. But having said that, while the concept wasn't satisfactorily fleshed out as far as I'm concerned, its ramifications certainly were. An enjoyable read.

Andrés Santiago says

Superb! One of the best graphic novels I've read all year. A bit reminiscent of Bunuel's "Exterminating Angel". Tragic and gripping to the last page. Highly recommended.

Elizabeth A says

This is an interesting graphic novel to read as the weather turns crisper in these northern climes. You know that feeling when you're walking outside in the fall and your breath catches as you glimpse something out the corner of your eye, and then realize it is only falling leaves?

This story is like that, only there is no relief to be had. It is hard to talk about this book without giving away the fun of discovering what it is about, so all I'll say is that it'll make you think about beach days very differently after you read this one. The black and white sketchy art wonderfully evokes the right mood for the story.

If you decide to read this, do not read the book blurbs, just pick it up and read it.
