

## Chapter 1 : Into the Dim Book Review

*Into the Dim is one of those books that left me absolutely confused and I had no idea at first if I liked the book or if it was just another book in the sea of other books that I will forget about in a month. Writing the review usually helps me sort out my thoughts.*

Taylor Into the Dim by Janet B. March 1st Goodreads Synopsis: When fragile, sixteen-year-old Hope Walton loses her mom to an earthquake overseas, her secluded world crumbles. Agreeing to spend the summer in Scotland, Hope discovers that her mother was more than a brilliant academic, but also a member of a secret society of time travelers. Trapped in the twelfth century in the age of Eleanor of Aquitaine, Hope has seventy-two hours to rescue her mother and get back to their own time. Along the way, her path collides with that of a mysterious boy who could be vital to her mission. This is probably meant for younger YA, and the protagonist annoyed me to pieces. It starts off with Hope Walton, whose mother has just died or well, disappeared when she was supposed to be giving a lecture at a university, and all of a sudden, an earthquake appeared. In order to save Sarah Walton, Hope must venture to the 12th century, during the time of Eleanor of Aquitaine, with siblings Phoebe and Collum. Yes, there were, but how is it that Hope was the perfect time traveler? Doug stood and clapped in admiration, while Phoebe gaped, open-mouthed. The chuckle just popped out. Becket stiffened and turned to me for the first time. She certainly does a lot of things without realizing it. Other things of note - well, the super special snowflake thing carries onto love, because as always, she has never been noticed before by a guy. Never not once, had any boy asked me to go anywhere. Just his way of paying me back for saving his life. I have an uncanny ability to remember pretty girls. The time travel concept, and props to authors who can explain their version of time travel so I can understand, was actually really confusing to me. This is how I came to understand it. The place where the ley lines were in huge concentration create a sort of wormhole - which is nicknamed the Dim. Like making sure you have lodestones - opals, so you can return. The Dim opens every three days. The story as a whole confused me because I was trying to remember all the names thrown down in the beginning. Who was an Alvarez? Who was a MacPhearson? Is that going to be explored in the future? Because it just seemed casually thrown in there. The real life historical figures interacting with time travelers, and the accuracy of the time period seemingly, I enjoyed. I read about Eleanor as I child, and her independence and fierceness carried on here nicely. Her characterization was enjoyable to read. Anyhow, I really wanted to like this book! Time travel is one of my favorite type of book to read, and I could stomach time travel romance well enough. But I disliked this book more than liked.

**Chapter 2 : Book Review: Into the Dim – Dragonflight Dreams**

*Into the Dim was better than I had expected it to be. I was instantly engaged throughout the book. I could not put down this book. I love every little bit of this book.*

Searching for streaming and purchasing options Common Sense is a nonprofit organization. Your purchase helps us remain independent and ad-free. Get it now on Searching for streaming and purchasing options A lot or a little? Educational Value Into the Dim provides a detailed picture of its primary setting, 12th-century England during the rule of Eleanor of Aquitaine. The mechanics of time travel are more mystical than scientific. Positive Messages Fears can be overcome. Violence The few scenes of violence are mostly underplayed in terms of bloody details. Hope saves Rachel from a sexual assault. Phoebe stabs a villain in the throat. A main character kills someone in a climactic encounter. Sex Hope is almost instantly smitten with Bran Cameron, and the two of them flirt throughout the book. They share a passionate embrace, but their physical relationship does not progress very far. Language "Hell" and "damn" are used more than a dozen times each. What parents need to know Parents need to know that Into the Dim is the first volume of a two-book fantasy saga, a kind of young-adult version of Outlander. England in the 12th century is depicted with vivid detail. Violence -- sword fights, a battle on the edge of an abyss, the flogging of a pregnant woman, and the threat of sexual assault -- plays a part in the story but rarely in graphic detail. Strong language includes perhaps a dozen uses of "hell" and "damn" and a few instances each of "tit," "f--k," and "bastard. Teens drink wine rather than risk contracting cholera. Stay up to date on new reviews. Get full reviews, ratings, and advice delivered weekly to your inbox.

**Chapter 3 : Into the Dim Book Review and Ratings by Kids - Janet B. Taylor**

*Parents need to know that Into the Dim is the first volume of a two-book fantasy saga, a kind of young-adult version of theinnatdunvilla.comd in the 12th century is depicted with vivid detail.*

About the Author Janet B. Visit her at janetbtaylor. They came for the show. They came because it was big news. A juicy scandal that jolted our small southern town like spikes of summer lightning. Hometown boy Matthew Walton was finally laying his wife to rest. Though it was only midafternoon, I was already drained. Sweat bled through the back of my shirt, gluing me to the wooden bench. As the inept fan buzzed overhead, a quick, darting movement caught my eye. A small bird flitted among the rafters. I knew exactly how it felt. As the priest droned a pallid eulogy, venomous whispers began to surge from the hushed crowd behind me. The hateful words oozed up to corrode my skin, exposing muscle and tendon and jittery nerve endings. Always thought she was so much better than the rest of us. But the quiet round of chuckles that followed made my teeth shriek, like biting down on tinfoil. My throat ached with the urge to scream. To tell them how they were all vapid, backward simpletons, just like my mom always claimed. Of course she thought she was better than you. She was better than all of you put together. But she was brilliant and brave and. I could almost hear its fragile heart, beating so fast it was bound to rupture. My hands clenched in my lap. My legs strained with the effort of staying in my seat. God, I wanted to see their shocked expressions when I shot to my feet, spun around, and I flinched at a sudden thump. The bird, in a bid for freedom, had crashed into the false security of the stained-glass window. It tumbled to the floor in a heap of floating feathers. My heart stuttered, and the rage dissipated on a wave of exhaustion. The urge to scream subsided as I stared at the crumpled creature lying so still on the ground. A life snuffed out in an instant, just like that. I sidled away, gulping. Pain pinged my temples. An iron band tightened around my scalp. Squinting against the pain, I focused on the details. I struggled to concentrate on something else before the words overwhelmed me. Before they became too big for my skull. I tried to look somewhere else, anywhere else, but my gaze kept drifting back to the flower-draped coffin. She surrounded herself with them at court. The information swelled, marching across my vision in glowing green columns. The words expanded until details of every European monarch since Charlemagne flowed before my eyes in a translucent overlay of glowing green columns. August 12, 30 B. On and on it went, until the chapel and the mourners the real world filtered away. I felt myself swaying, listening only to the symphony of knowledge in my head. A true photographic memory is extremely rare, Hope. It is imperative that we devise a way to keep your mind organized. People with your kind of eidetic abilities must learn to contain all that information, to tamp it down, or it will overwhelm you. Focus only on what is right before you. My training kicked in. In my head, I slammed the door for good measure and glanced over at my dad. That was no surprise. Pasting on a smile, Dad heaved a quiet sigh as curious mourners began to thread their way toward us for handshakes and awkward hugs. The endless line passed, leaving behind a sickly odor. Too many flowers mixed with a crap-ton of cheap cologne. My gut began to rebel as Dad turned to me, brown eyes owlish and distracted behind thick frames. It curled and flapped like a ribbon set loose on the wind. The answer came to hand like a well-trained dog. Reviews "Instantly engaging, constantly suspenseful, ultimately poignant and satisfying. This book immerses readers into a fast-moving, action-packed story with great characters and an excellent historical setting. This is recommended as a wonderful addition to existing science fiction and historical fiction collections. Janet Taylor has woven a story that will capture action seekers and romance lovers and pull them along for the ride. This debut time travel novel captures the imagination and takes the reader on a fascinating journey to 12th century England, deftly weaving historical characters like Eleanor of Aquitaine and Thomas Becket into the drama. Rich with period detail, and an intriguing lead character, this is YA science fiction at its best. A fast-paced, time-travel adventure with rogue Tesla science and Middle Ages history, it will make you want to jump back into the English court, after a proper round of smallpox and typhoid vaccines, of course.

**Chapter 4 : Sparks of Light (Into the Dim, #2) by Janet B. Taylor**

*Into the Dim - Kindle edition by Janet B. Taylor. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets. Use features like bookmarks, note taking and highlighting while reading Into the Dim.*

Visit her at [janetbtaylor.com](http://janetbtaylor.com). Learn More reviews "Instantly engaging, constantly suspenseful, ultimately poignant and satisfying. This book immerses readers into a fast-moving, action-packed story with great characters and an excellent historical setting. This is recommended as a wonderful addition to existing science fiction and historical fiction collections. Janet Taylor has woven a story that will capture action seekers and romance lovers and pull them along for the ride. This debut time travel novel captures the imagination and takes the reader on a fascinating journey to 12th century England, deftly weaving historical characters like Eleanor of Aquitaine and Thomas Becket into the drama. Rich with period detail, and an intriguing lead character, this is YA science fiction at its best. A fast-paced, time-travel adventure with rogue Tesla science and Middle Ages history, it will make you want to jump back into the English court, after a proper round of smallpox and typhoid vaccines, of course. They came for the show. They came because it was big news. A juicy scandal that jolted our small southern town like spikes of summer lightning. Hometown boy Matthew Walton was finally laying his wife to rest. Though it was only midafternoon, I was already drained. Sweat bled through the back of my shirt, gluing me to the wooden bench. As the inept fan buzzed overhead, a quick, darting movement caught my eye. A small bird flitted among the rafters. I knew exactly how it felt. As the priest droned a pallid eulogy, venomous whispers began to surge from the hushed crowd behind me. The hateful words oozed up to corrode my skin, exposing muscle and tendon and jittery nerve endings. Always thought she was so much better than the rest of us. But the quiet round of chuckles that followed made my teeth shriek, like biting down on tinfoil. My throat ached with the urge to scream. To tell them how they were all vapid, backward simpletons, just like my mom always claimed. Of course she thought she was better than you. She was better than all of you put together. But she was brilliant and brave and. I could almost hear its fragile heart, beating so fast it was bound to rupture. My hands clenched in my lap. My legs strained with the effort of staying in my seat. God, I wanted to see their shocked expressions when I shot to my feet, spun around, andâ€” I flinched at a sudden thump. The bird, in a bid for freedom, had crashed into the false security of the stained-glass window. It tumbled to the floor in a heap of floating feathers. My heart stuttered, and the rage dissipated on a wave of exhaustion. The urge to scream subsided as I stared at the crumpled creature lying so still on the ground. A life snuffed out in an instant, just like that. I sidled away, gulping. Pain pinged my temples. An iron band tightened around my scalp. Squinting against the pain, I focused on the details. I struggled to concentrate on something else before the words overwhelmed me. Before they became too big for my skull. I tried to look somewhere else, anywhere else, but my gaze kept drifting back to the flower-draped coffin. She surrounded herself with them at court. The information swelled, marching across my vision in glowing green columns. The words expanded until details of every European monarch since Charlemagne flowed before my eyes in a translucent overlay of glowing green columns. August 12, 30 B. On and on it went, until the chapel and the mournersâ€”the real worldâ€”filtered away. I felt myself swaying, listening only to the symphony of knowledge in my head. A true photographic memory is extremely rare, Hope. It is imperative that we devise a way to keep your mind organized. People with your kind of eidetic abilities must learn to contain all that information, to tamp it down, or it will overwhelm you. Focus only on what is right before you. My training kicked in. In my head, I slammed the door for good measure and glanced over at my dad. That was no surprise. Pasting on a smile, Dad heaved a quiet sigh as curious mourners began to thread their way toward us for handshakes and awkward hugs. The endless line passed, leaving behind a sickly odor. Too many flowers mixed with a crap-ton of cheap cologne. My gut began to rebel as Dad turned to me, brown eyes owlish and distracted behind thick frames. It curled and flapped like a ribbon set loose on the wind. The answer came to hand like a well-trained dog.

**Chapter 5 : Into the Dim (Audiobook) by Janet B. Taylor | [theinnatdunvilla.com](http://theinnatdunvilla.com)**

*Sparks of Light is the sequel to Into the Dim, a book about a secret society of time travelers. I really enjoyed Into the Dim, and Sparks of Light is a worthy sequel. Our heroine, Hope Walton, is recovering from her terrible experiences in 12th century London.*

### Chapter 6 : Review - Into the Dim by Janet B. Taylor | NovelKnight

*Into the Dim has 1 reviews and 1 ratings. Reviewer urbangirlreview wrote: Do you like historical fiction with time traveling and a smidge of romance? If that sounds like you don't bother reading my review any farther and just go pick up Into the Dim and enjoy it.*

### Chapter 7 : Into the Dim : Janet B Taylor :

*"Into the Dim is a time-travel adventure that will leave readers breathless. Janet Taylor has woven a story that will capture action seekers and romance lovers and pull them along for the ride."â€”Joelle Charbonneau - New York Times bestselling author of THE TESTING trilogy.*

### Chapter 8 : Into the Dim | Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

*"Into the Dim is a time-travel adventure that will leave readers breathless. Janet Taylor has woven a story that will capture action seekers and romance lovers and pull them along for the ride." Janet Taylor has woven a story that will capture action seekers and romance lovers and pull them along for the ride."*

### Chapter 9 : Into the Dim by Janet Taylor (English) Hardcover Book Free Shipping! | eBay

*Into the Dim by Janet B. Taylor Into the Dim #1 Published on March 1, by HMH Books for Young Readers Pages: Genres: Fantasy, Historical, Young Adult When fragile, sixteen-year-old Hope Walton loses her mom to an earthquake overseas, her secluded world crumbles.*