



## A desperate race in the novel *The Da Vinci Code* by Dan Brown

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### Abstract

Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code* has intrigued and thrilled millions of readers around the world. Harvard symbologist Robert Langdon receives an urgent late-night receiver call. The elderly guardian of the Louvre has been murdered inside the museum, a mysterious cipher found near the body. As Langdon and a talented French Cryptologist, Sophie Neveu, sort through the weird riddles, they are amazed to discover a trail of clues hidden in the works of Da Vinci- clues visible for all to see and yet cunningly concealed by the artist. Langdon suspects they are on the hunt for a breathtaking historical furtive, one that has proven through the centuries to be as enlightening as it is dangerous. In a frenzied race through Paris and beyond, Langdon and Neveu find themselves identical wits with a faceless powerbroker appear to anticipate their every move. Unless they can decode the labyrinthine puzzle, the priory's secret and a volatile ancient truth will be lost perpetually.

**Keywords:** *The Da Vinci Code*, Dan Brown, Langdon, mysterious

### Introduction

Deadly Race in the Novel' *The Da Vinci Code*'

Robert Langdon awoke slowly by hearing a tinny, unfamiliar ring. He fumbled for the bedside lamp and turned it on. Squinting at his surroundings he saw a lavish Renaissance bedroom with Louis XVI furniture, hand-frescoed walls and massive mahogany four-poster bed. He saw a dim light filtering through the blinds. Langdon's body felt warm and deeply contented. He had been asleep only an hour, but he felt like the dead. Sitting up leisurely in bed, he now realized what had awoken him the strangest deliberation. For days he had been trying to sort through a inundation of information, but now Langdon found he fixed on something he did not consider before. He remained motionless a long moment. Getting out of bed, he walked to the marble shower. Stepping inside, he let the authoritative jets manipulate his shoulders. Still, the thought enchanted him. Twenty minutes later, Langdon stepped out of the Hotel Ritz into place Vendome.

Night was diminishing. The days of sleep had left him befuddled and yet his mind felt oddly lucid. Walking east on Rue des Petits-champs, Langdon felt a growing anticipation. He turned south onto Rue Richelieu, where the air grew sweet with the fragrance of burgeoning jasmine from the stately precincts of the Palais Royal. He continued south until he saw what he was looking for the famous royal arcade a glistening expanse of sophisticated black limestone. Moving onto it, Langdon scanned the surface underneath his feet. Within seconds, he found what he knew was there several bronze medallions embedded in the ground in a perfectly straight line. Each disk was five inches in thickness and stamped with the letters N and S.

He turned due south, letting his eyes trace the extended line formed by the medallions. He began moving again,

subsequent the trail, watching the roadway as he walked. As he cut transversely the corner of the Comedie-Francaise, another statuette medallion conceded beneath his feet. The streets of Paris, Langdon had learned years ago, were festooned with 135 of these bronze markers, entrenched in sidewalks, courtyards and streets, on a north-south affiliation athwart the city. He had once followed the stripe from Sacre-Coeur, north transversely the Seine and lastly to the ancient Paris Observatory. There he uncovered the connotation of the sacred path it traced. Langdon sudden across Rue de Rivoli, he could feel his objective within accomplish.

*The Holy Grail' neath ancient Roslin waits.*

(Dan Brown- *The Da Vinci Code*- p: 451)

The revelations were imminent now in waves. He broke into a jog, sensation the Rose Line underneath his feet, guiding him, pulling him near his destination. As he entered the long warren of channel, the hairs on his neck began to hackle with anticipation. He knew the end of this tunnel stood the most mysterious of Parision monument conceived and specially made in the 1980s by the Sphinx himself, Francois Mitterrand, a man believed to move in surreptitious circles, a man whose final legacy to Paris was a place Langdon had visited only days before. With an ultimate surge of energy, Langdon burst from the duct into the recognizable square and came to a stop. Gasping, he raised his eyes, slowly, disbelieving, to the gleaming constitution in front of him.

He accepted it only an instant. He was more concerned in what lay to his right. Revolving, he felt his feet again tracing the imperceptible path of the ancient Rose Line, haulage him across the quad to the Carrousel du Louvre the colossal circle of grass delimited by a perimeter of neatly trimmed hedges

once the site of Paris's prehistoric nature worshipping festivals blissful rites to celebrate fecundity and the goddess. Langdon felt as if he were passage into another world as he stepped over the bushes to the verdant area within. This consecrated ground was no discernible by one of the city's mainly bizarre monuments. There in the interior, plunging into the earth like a crystal arroyo, gaped the giant upturned pyramid of glass that he had seen a few nights ago when he entered the Louvre's subterranean entresol.

Tremulous, Langdon walked to the edge and peered down into the Louvre's sprawling underground complex, aglow with amber light. His eye was trained not just on the massive inverted pyramid, but on what lay directly beneath it. There, on the floor of the chamber below, stood the least of structures a configuration Langdon had mentioned in his manuscript. Langdon felt himself arouse fully now to the thrill of ridiculous possibility. Raising his eyes again to the Louvre, he sensed the huge wings of the museum enveloping him hallways that burgeoned with the world's finest art.

*Adorned in masters' loving art, she lies.*

(Dan Brown- *The Da Vinci Code*- p: 454).

Stepping out of the circle, he turned across the courtyard back toward the towering pyramid entrance of the Louvre. The day's last visitors were trickling out of the museum. Pushing through the revolving door, Langdon descended the curved staircase into the pyramid. He could feel the air grow cooler. When he reached the bottom, he entered the long tunnel that stretched beneath the Louvre's courtyard, back toward La Pyramide Inversee.

At the end of the tunnel, he emerged into a large chamber. Directly before him, hanging down from above, gleam the inverted pyramid a breathtaking V- shaped contour of glass. Langdon's eyes traced its narrowing from downward to its tip, suspended only six feet above the floor. There, directly beneath it, stood the tiny structure. A minuscule pyramid only three feet tall. The only structure in this massive multifarious that had been built on a small scale. Langdon's this unpretentious pyramid manuscript, while discussing the Louvre's convoluted collection of goddess art.

*"The miniature structure itself protrudes up through the floor as though it were the tip of an iceberg the apex of an enormous, pyramidal vault, submerged below like a hidden chamber."*

(Dan Brown- *The Da Vinci Code*- p: 454).

Illuminated in the soft lights of the deserted entresol, the two pyramids pointed at one another, their bodies perfectly associated their tips almost pitiful.

*The blade and chalice guarding o'er her gates.*

(Dan Brown- *The Da Vinci Code*- p: 454).

Langdon heard Marie Chauvel's words. He was reputation underneath the ancient Rose Line, surround by the work of masters. Now at last, he sensed he understood the true meaning of the Grand Master's verse. Raising his eyes to heaven, he gazed aloft through the glass to a glorious, star-

filled night.

*She rests at last beneath the starry skies.*

(Dan Brown- *The Da Vinci Code*- p: 456).

Like the murmurs of spirits in the dimness, elapsed words echoed. The expedition for the Holy Grail is the hunt to kneel before the bones of Mary Magdalene. An expedition to entreat at the feet of the pariah one. With a hasty torrent of astonishment, Robert Langdon fell to his knees. For a jiffy, he deliberation he heard a woman's voice the astuteness of the ages whispering up from the chasms of the earth.

### Conclusion

*The Da Vinci Code* is concurrently lightning- paced, gifted and intricately layered with remarkable research and detail. From secrets embedded in the Mono Lisa and The Last Supper, to the symbols of ancient Egypt, to the architecture of landmarks such as the Louvre, Westminster abbey, Rosslyn Chapel, and more this fully illustrated. Dan Brown's spellbinding novel shows the capricious and astonishing conclusion. A European society founded in 1099 is a real organization.

### Reference

1. Dan Brown. *The Da Vinci Code*- Special Illustrated Edition- Published by Doubleday- Printed in United States Of America- printed in 2004 First Edition.