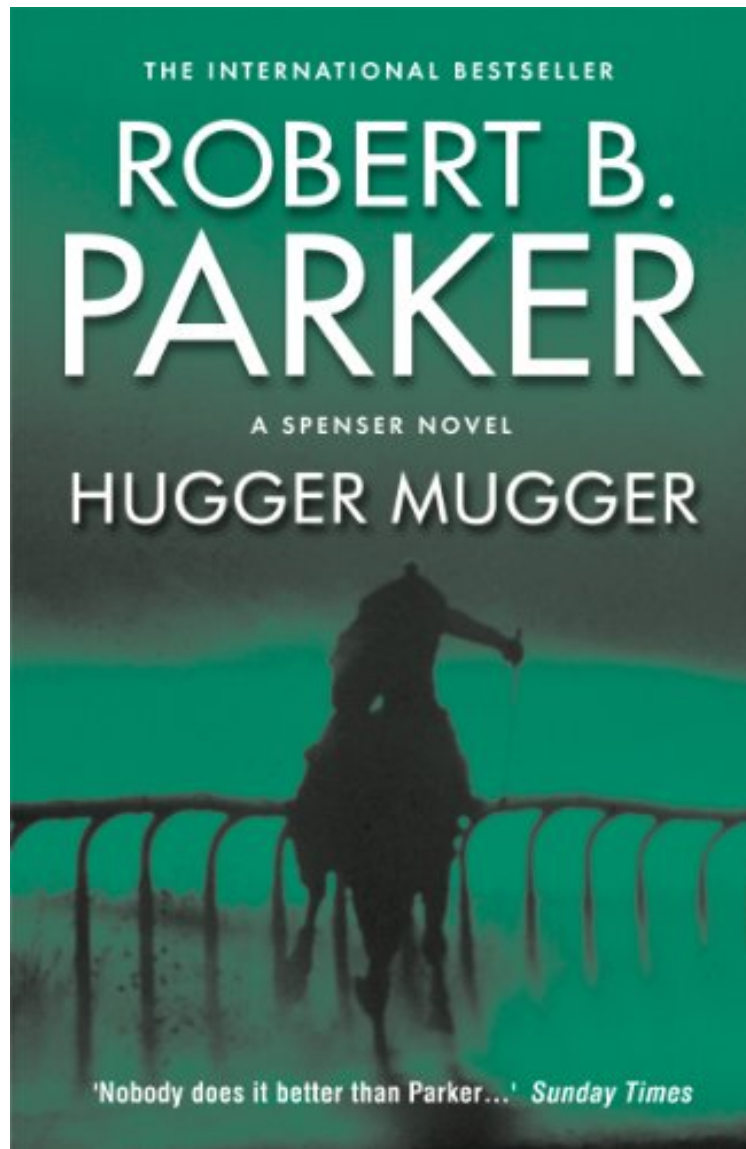


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Von Robert B. Parker

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Von Robert B. Parker : Hugger Mugger (The Spenser Series Book 27) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Hugger Mugger (The Spenser Series Book 27) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. This really needed workVon Stephanie BI have read all the Spenser Novels and this has to be the worst one I have read. There was no plot and it was BORING. I finished the book but I was very dissappointed.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die

folgende Rezension hilfreich. Spencer out of his element Von Doug Vaughn It's hard not to like a Spencer novel. Those who have read any of Robert B. Parker's Spencer series would recognize any page of this book as being cut from the same mold that readers have come to expect from him; the wisecracks, the irreverent inner musings, the terse dialogue, the comfort with confronting violence. But something seems missing in this book, which takes Spencer into the deep south to solve the mystery of who is shooting a racing aristocrat's horses and why. What he finds is a dysfunctional family of wealthy neurotics, a small town that conspires to keep their secrets, and a bigger, darker mystery when the head of the family is himself murdered. Much of this is as good as any Spencer book. I sometimes wonder if Parker can write this stuff in his sleep - it seems so easy but works so well. But the reader will miss certain things that give punch to other Spencer books which this one seems to lack. They will miss Hawk, who is reported to be in France and plays no part in the story. They will miss any excitement from Spencer being away from Susan. He meets more than one attractive and interested temptress but remains faithful. This is quite noble but as story telling it is really boring. I think it's time for Spencer to show a little male failing; the monogamous life limits the options for both plot complications and character revelation. On the issues of plot and character, it has to be said that this book has some interesting twists in both that I personally enjoyed, but on the whole found the characters to be less than well rounded and the plot basically unresolved. That said, I still enjoyed the book. Whatever Parker has, it works, even when he doesn't put his best foot forward. If you are a Spencer fan there is no way you would fail to read this book and enjoy it, even if you find yourself wishing for more. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. One of Parker's worst efforts Von Jonathan Bernstein Being a somewhat rabid fan of Robert B. Parker, I had been eagerly awaiting his latest effort. After finally receiving it, and finishing it a few short hours later, I felt cheated, like a kid at Christmas who thinks he is getting the best present ever, only to find packages of socks and underwear. This book may be 320 pages, but they're the kind of pages you write when you have a 20 page essay due, and only 10 pages worth of information to put into it. Wide margins, double spacing, and I wouldn't be surprised if the point size was bigger than normal. As for the content - on any other day, I'd say that Parker's worst effort was still engaging reading, but now I'm not so sure. This book has no interesting characters, not one interesting twist, and seems to end abruptly, as though Parker is simply acknowledging that he has nowhere left to go. Having read each of his other books at least twice, it is truly appalling how much of the old material is recycled. This is fine if you're new to the series, and sometimes is a nice way to keep the Spenser universe real, but now I just find myself moaning at how much Parker overdoes it. Other than the notable exception of *Small Vices*, the entire series has been slipping in quality in the last few years. My advice to Mr. Parker would be to take some time, and think of an interesting story before putting pen to paper for your next attempt. Spenser fans will be more than willing to wait. Clunkers like these only cheapen the wonderful universe that you've built up over the last quarter century.

Kurzbeschreibung Spenser is back and embroiled in a deceptively dangerous and multi-layered case: someone has been killing racehorses at stables across the south, and the Boston P.I. travels to Georgia to protect the two-year old destined to become the next Secretariat. When Spenser is approached by Walter Clive, president of the Three Fillies Stables, to find out who is threatening his horse Hugger Mugger, he can hardly say no: he's been doing pro bono work for so long his cupboards are just about bare. Disregarding the resentment of the local Georgia law enforcement, Spenser takes the case. Though Clive has hired a separate security firm, he wants someone with Spenser's experience to supervise the operation. Despite the veneer of civility, Spenser encounters tensions beneath the surface southern gentility. The case takes an even more deadly turn when the attacker claims a human victim, and Spenser must revise his impressions of the Three Fillies organization - and watch his own back as well. de Why is somebody shooting Walter Clive's horses at Three Fillies Stables in Lamarr, Georgia? That's what toothy, patrician Walter wants the droll, hulking Boston detective Spenser to find out. Walter worries that his racetrack phenomenon Hugger Mugger, worth millions, is next. So Spenser goes south to a place where "the heat felt like it could be cut into squares and used to build a wall," as he puts it in the crisp Chandleresque lingo that made him famous in dozens of novels. The Clive clan is one weird bunch. Take Walter's daughters, his three "fillies." Penny is like her dad, all impeccable looks and icy efficiency. Stonie and Sue take after their sinister mom, who left the family to live with a guitarist in San Francisco and changed her name to Sherry Lark. Penny helps Dad run the business, while her soused sisters cheat on their pathetic husbands, Cord and Pud. (Pud's short for Puddle; his dad was named Poole.) As unsightly family secrets spill, Spenser feels like he's in a Tennessee Williams play. Then someone on two legs takes a bullet, and the mystery gets tense. Spenser gets plenty of sarcastic mileage out of upper-class horse-country twits, crooked security guards, dumb jocks gone to seed, and wily Southern lawyers, and the story saunters well. What's best are the endless wisecracks, the unflattering thumbnail character sketches, and sharp sentences like this one: "Like all jockeys, he was about the size of a ham sandwich, except for his hands, which appeared to be those of a stonemason." --Tim Appelo.com Why is somebody shooting Walter Clive's horses at Three Fillies Stables in Lamarr, Georgia? That's what toothy, patrician Walter wants the droll, hulking Boston detective Spenser to find out. Walter worries that his racetrack phenomenon Hugger Mugger,

worth millions, is next. So Spenser goes south to a place where "the heat felt like it could be cut into squares and used to build a wall," as he puts it in the crisp Chandleresque lingo that made him famous in dozens of novels. The Clive clan is one weird bunch. Take Walter's daughters, his three "fillies." Penny is like her dad, all impeccable looks and icy efficiency. Stonie and SueSue take after their sinister mom, who left the family to live with a guitarist in San Francisco and changed her name to Sherry Lark. Penny helps Dad run the business, while her soused sisters cheat on their pathetic husbands, Cord and Pud. (Pud's short for Puddle; his dad was named Poole.) As unsightly family secrets spill, Spenser feels like he's in a Tennessee Williams play. Then someone on two legs takes a bullet, and the mystery gets tense. Spenser gets plenty of sarcastic mileage out of upper-class horse-country twits, crooked security guards, dumb jocks gone to seed, and wily Southern lawyers, and the story saunters well. What's best are the endless wisecracks, the unflattering thumbnail character sketches, and sharp sentences like this one: "Like all jockeys, he was about the size of a ham sandwich, except for his hands, which appeared to be those of a stonemason." --Tim Appelo