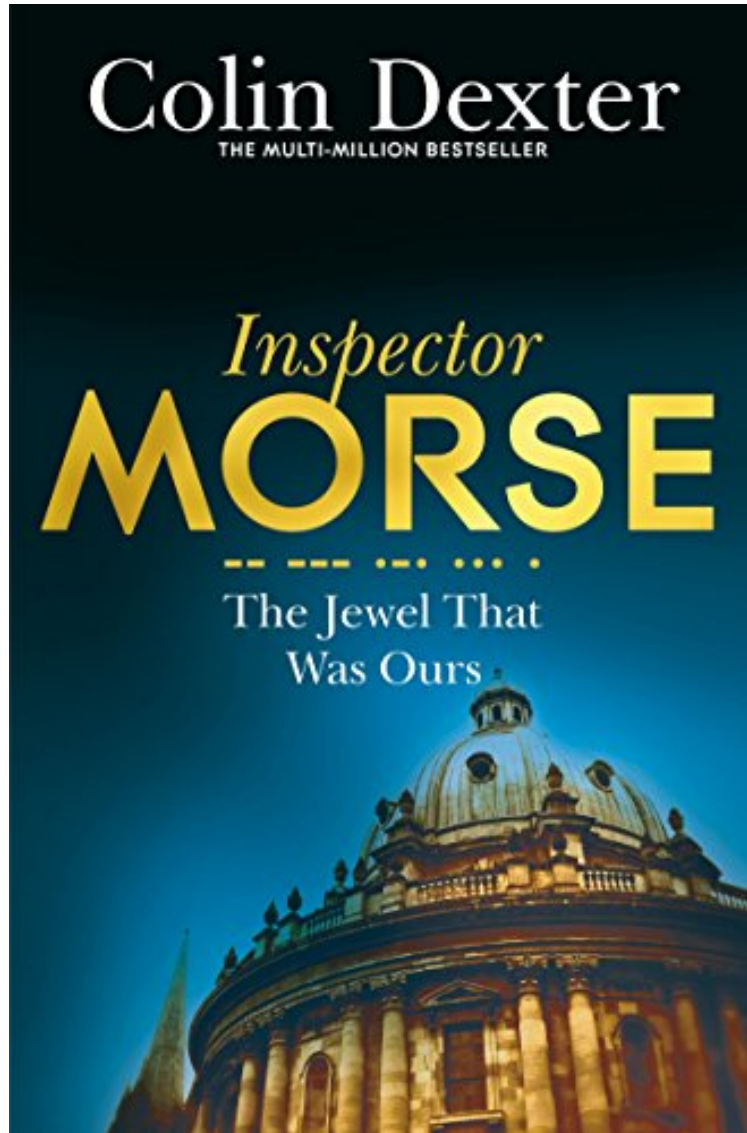


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The Jewel That Was Ours (Inspector Morse Series)

Von Colin Dexter

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Von Colin Dexter : The Jewel That Was Ours (Inspector Morse Series) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Jewel That Was Ours (Inspector Morse Series):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Unreadable on KindleVon grbthOne of the best Inspector-Morse-Books, but sadly (and irresponsibly) unreadable on Kindle. Several pages in the printed version are reproductions of long handwritten statements by witnesses/suspects. These are essential to the plot. It is therefore incomprehensible that not the slightest effort has been made by the Kindle-Editors to render them legible. All you get is an out-of-focus mess. A blatant disregard of the reader (and

buyer)0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A Jewel of A Mystery !Von Ein KundeInspector Morse occupies the bar of the Randolph Hotel while he investigates the titillating Shelia Williams and the odd disappearance of a priceless jewel. The jewels owner's heart attack leads to complications, complicity, murder, and an enormously entertaining run through a list of American tourist suspects. A superb plot, well written, well executed. An excellent read.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A great read.A few good twists.Von Emma-Mary D HawkAlthough I figured out why the murder was committed and by whom, I didn't work out how until the end of the book. As usual Morse was knocking back the beer, flirting in his subtle way and actually got a "little"!!! bit friendly with a suspect. A good read.

KurzbeschreibungHe looked overweight around the midriff, though nowhere else, and she wondered whether perhaps he drank too much. He looked weary, as if he had been up most of the night conducting his investigations . . .For Oxford, the arrival of twenty-seven American tourists is nothing out of the ordinary . . . until one of their number is found dead in Room 310 at the Randolph Hotel.It looks like a sudden - and tragic - accident. Only Chief Inspector Morse appears not to overlook the simultaneous theft of a jewel-encrusted antique from the victim's handbag . . .Then, two days later, a naked and battered corpse is dragged from the River Cherwell. A coincidence? Maybe. But this time Morse is determined to prove the link . . .From Kirkus sFor Dexter, a decidedly conventional outing, this one involving an American tour group and their Oxford guides and Inspector Morse's investigation into who among them pilfered the Wolvercote Jewel, a Saxon buckle that Mrs. Laura Stratton was planning on presenting to the Ashmolean Museum. Laura dies in her hotel tub; the philandering tour-lecturer, Dr. Thomas Kemp, is found murdered; and Morse and sidekick Lewis are kept busy checking alibis, train schedules, romantic entanglements, and past tragedies. Discarding several pet theories that prove to be incontrovertibly flawed, Morse eventually--in an old-fashioned gathering-of-the-suspects confrontation scene--nitpicks his way to a solution, then retires to the King's Arms for a pint of Flowers Bitter. Based partly on a storyline that Dexter wrote for the PBS series, this effort succeeds best in the small details--e.g., the use of a hearing aid as a clue--while being somewhat slapdash and sketchy in its character analysis and dialogue. Less impressive than the eight previous Morse stories, and far less adroit than Dexter's handling of *The Wench is Dead*. -- Copyright 1992, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.From Library JournalChief Inspector Morse is dispatched to Oxford to untangle a plot involving the death of the American who intended to donate a fabulous jewel to the Ashmolean Museum. Soon after, the professor who is hyping the receipt of the jewel is murdered, and the plot takes off on a giddy series of revelations tied to the professor's assorted drunken sprees and amorous liaisons among the Oxford elite. Unfortunately, the story seems overedited, and the reading by popular British actor Edward Woodward leaves much to be desired. Woodward plays a great Inspector Morse, and some of his other British voices are wittily done. However, every American voice sounds alike; read: Southern hick. Woodward's female voices are uniformly squeaky. Nonetheless, the story will keep listeners guessing, and Dexter is in top form. For large mystery collections.Mark Pumphrey, Polk Cty. P.L., Columbus, N.C.Copyright 1994 Reed Business Information, Inc.