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Friend of the Devil: DCI Banks 17



Par Peter Robinson

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurWhen Karen Drew is found sitting in her wheelchair staring out to sea with her throat cut one chilly morning, DI Annie Cabbot, on loan to Eastern Area, gets lumbered with the case. Back in Eastvale, that same Sunday morning, 19-year-old Hayley Daniels is found raped and strangled in the Maze, a tangle of narrow alleys behind Eastvale's market square, after a drunken night on the town with a group of friends, and DCI Alan Banks is called in. Banks finds suspects galore, while Annie seems to hit a brick wall - until she reaches a breakthrough that spins her case in a shocking and surprising new direction, one that also involves Banks. Then another incident occurs in the Maze which seems to link the two cases in a

bizarre and mysterious way. As Banks and Annie dig into the past to uncover the deeper connections, they find themselves also dealing with the emotional baggage and personal demons of their own relationship. And it soon becomes clear that there are two killers in their midst, and that at any moment either one might strike again..com Significant Seven, February 2008: Fans of Kate Atkinson's Jackson Brodie novels, and anyone who enjoyed *In the Woods* as much as we did, will love Peter Robinson's smart and absorbing *Friend of the Devil*. Be sure to set aside some time to dig in--you'll be tempted to devour it in one sitting, but this gripping and finely plotted mystery deserves to be savored. If this is your first introduction to the intrepid Inspector Alan Banks, count yourself lucky--Robinson has been crafting these award-winning police procedurals for more than two decades now, so there are plenty of opportunities to enjoy what Stephen King has called "the best series of British novels since the novels of Patrick O'Brian." --Daphne Durham

Extrait Sunday mornings were hardly sacrosanct to Detective Chief Inspector Alan Banks. After all, he didn't go to church, and he rarely awoke with such a bad hangover that it was painful to move or speak. In fact, the previous evening he had watched *The Black Dahlia* on DVD and had drunk two glasses of Tesco's finest Chilean Cabernet with his reheated pizza funghi. But he did appreciate a lie-in and an hour or two's peace with the newspapers as much as the next man. For the afternoon, he planned to phone his mother and wish her a happy Mothers Day, then listen to some of the Shostakovich string quartets he had recently purchased from iTunes and carry on reading Tony Judt's *Postwar*. He found that he read far less fiction these days; he felt a new hunger to understand, from a different perspective, the world in which he had grown up. Novels were all well and good for giving you a flavour of the times, but he needed facts and interpretations, the big picture. That Sunday, the third in March, such luxury was not to be. It started innocently enough, as such momentous sequences of events often do, at about half past eight, with a phone call from Detective Sergeant Kevin Templeton, who was on duty in the Western Area Major Crimes squad room that weekend. Guv, it's me. DS Templeton. Banks felt a twinge of distaste. He didn't like Templeton, would be happy when his transfer finally came through. There were times when he tried to tell himself it was because Templeton was too much like him, but that wasn't the case. Templeton didn't only cut corners, he trampled on far too many people's feelings and, worse, he seemed to enjoy it. What is it? Banks grunted. It had better be good. It's good, sir. You'll like it. Banks could hear traces of obsequious excitement in Templeton's voice. Since their last run-in, the young DS had tried to ingratiate himself in various ways, but this kind of phony breathless deference was too Uriah Heep for Banks's liking. Why don't you just tell me? said Banks. Do I need to get dressed? He held the phone away from his ear as Templeton laughed. I think you should get dressed, sir, and make your way down to Taylor's Yard as soon as you can. Taylor's Yard, Banks knew, was one of the narrow passages that led into the Maze, which riddled the south side of the town centre behind Eastvale's market square. It was called a yard not because it resembled a square or a garden in any way, but because some bright spark had once remarked that it wasn't much more than a yard wide. And what will I find there? he asked. Body of a young woman, said Templeton. I've checked it out myself. In fact, I'm there now. You didn't touch anything, sir. And between us, Police Constable Forsythe and me have got the area taped off and sent for the doctor. Good, said Banks, pushing aside the Sunday Times crossword he had hardly started and looking longingly at his still-steaming cup of black coffee. Have you called the super? Not yet, sir. I thought I'd wait till you'd had a butcher's. No sense in jumping the gun. All right, said Banks. Detective Superintendent Catherine Gervaise was probably enjoying a lie-in after a late night out to see *Orfeo* at Opera North in Leeds. Banks had seen it on Thursday with his daughter, Tracy, and enjoyed it very much. He wasn't sure whether Tracy had. She seemed to have turned in on herself these days. I'll be there in half an hour, he said. Three-quarters at the most. Ring DI Cabbot and DS Hatchley. And get DC Jackman there, too. DI Cabbot's still on loan to Eastern, sir. Of course. Damn. If this was a murder, Banks would have liked Annie's help. They might have problems on a personal level, but they still worked well as a team. Banks went upstairs and showered and dressed quickly, then back in the kitchen he filled his travel mug with coffee to drink on the way, making sure the top was pressed down tight. More than once he'd had a nasty accident with a coffee mug. He turned everything off, locked up and headed for the car. He was driving his brother's Porsche. Though he still didn't feel especially comfortable in such a luxury vehicle, he was finding that he liked it better each day. Not so long ago, he had thought of giving it to his son, Brian, or to Tracy, and that idea still held some appeal. The problem was that he didn't want to make one of them feel left out, or less loved, so the choice was proving to be a dilemma. Brian's band had gone through a slight change of personnel recently, and he was rehearsing with some new musicians. Tracy's exam results had been a disappointment to her, though not to Banks, and she was passing her time rather miserably working in a

bookshop in Leeds and sharing a house in Headingley with some old student friends. So who deserved a Porsche? He could hardly cut it in half. It had turned windy and cool, so Banks went back to switch his sports jacket for his zip-up leather jacket. If he was going to be standing around in the back alleys of Eastvale while the SOCOs, the photographer and the police surgeon did their stuff, he might as well stay as warm as possible. Once snug in the car, he started the engine and set off through Gratly, down the hill to Helmthorpe and on to the Eastvale Road. He plugged his iPod into the adapter, on shuffle, and Ray Daviess All She Wrote came on, a song he particularly liked, especially the line about the big Australian barmaid. That would do for a Sunday-morning drive to a crime scene, he thought; it would do just fine. From the Hardcover edition.