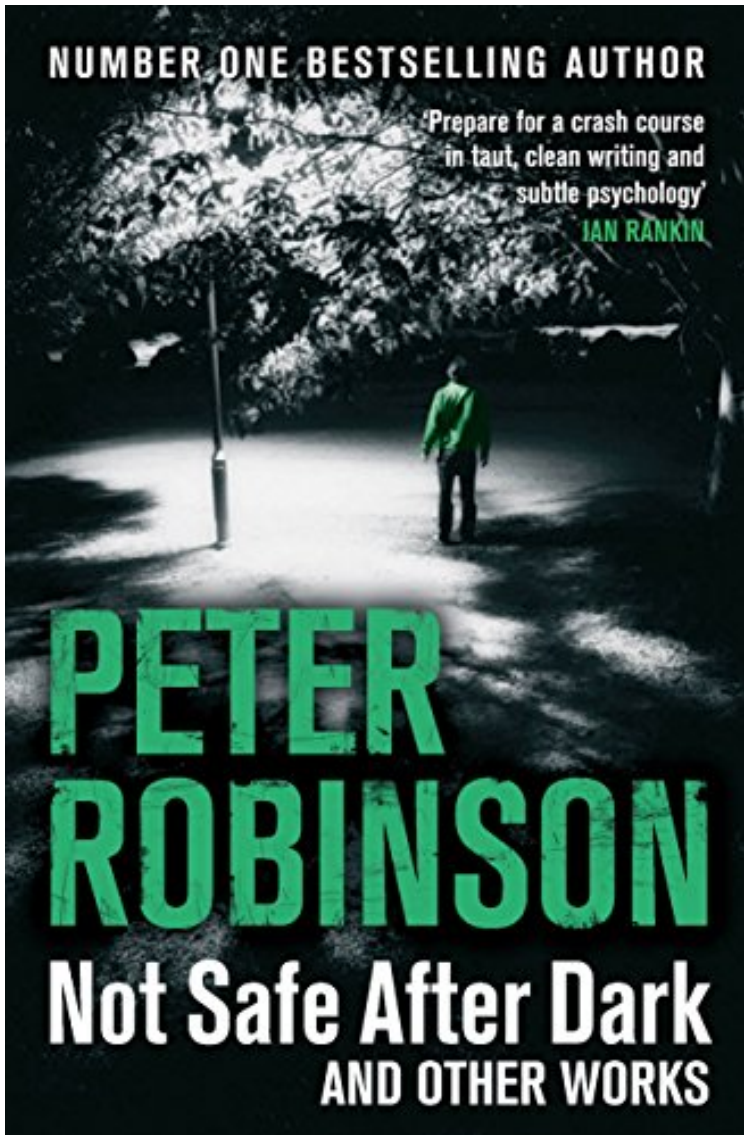


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# Not Safe After Dark: And Other Works (English Edition)



*Par Peter Robinson*  
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**Par Peter Robinson : Not Safe After Dark: And Other Works (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Not Safe After Dark: And Other Works (English Edition):

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**Description :** Description du produitCreator of the international, top-selling Inspector Banks series, Peter Robinson is as deft and imaginative in these succinct and tightly-plotted stories as he is in his novels. This grouping of four tales includes two Inspector Banks mysteries, "Summer Rain" and "The Good Partner," set in his usual Yorkshire habitat. Also included are "The Dukes Wife," a macabre Renaissance murder tale, and the title story, creepy enough to convince many people to forego the pleasures of an evening stroll. Peter Robinson has received the Arthur Ellis, Macavity, and Edgar Awards. Each of the three narrators on this program is an Audie award winner. Stephen Hoyer starred in the British TV shows Crossroads and Shelly. Gabrielle de Cuir is a multiple recipient of AudioFiles Earphones Award, and his extensive stage and screen

credits include *The American President*. Stefan Rudnicki, narrator on numerous audiobooks, is also a Grammy award-winning audio producer.

*Not Safe After Dark* is a complete collection of Peter Robinson's short crime tales including four stories featuring Inspector Banks, a private-eye story set in Florida, a romantic Parisian mystery, and the modern classic, *Innocence*, winner of the Crime Writer of Canada's Best Short Story Award.

Whether writing pure detective fiction or heartbreaking noir, Peter Robinson is one of the crime world's finest stylists. This anthology explores our hidden paranoia, challenges all that we take for granted and lures us to new, exotic places, only to make us wish that we could run back home. Peter Robinson is an English-born Canadian mystery writer whose work has been popular on both sides of the Atlantic. His novels featuring Yorkshire policeman Alan Banks include *Gallow's View*, *Wednesday's Child*, *Blood at the Root*, and, most recently, *In a Dry Season*. Like many of the genre's most accomplished practitioners, he is also an excellent short story writer, and, thanks to the special mission of the small Norfolk, Virginia, publishing house, Crippen Landru, nearly all of Robinson's story output to date has been collected in this splendidly readable, highly intelligent volume of 13 tales. *Not Safe After Dark* contains three Inspector Banks stories that, like the longer works featuring that character, are contemporary plots with that Golden Age feel so cherished by many readers. There is also Robinson's first private-eye story, "Some Land in Florida," and his first historically set tale, "The Two Ladies of Rose Cottage" (inspired, he says, by his interest in Thomas Hardy), which was good enough to be selected for the prestigious annual volume of *The Best American Mystery Stories*. One of the features that most interested me about this collection is how comfortable Robinson is in the different settings he selects. Whether it's the British Midlands or the condo coasts of Florida, Peter Robinson is such a keen observer of human nature that he keeps readers satisfied wherever he takes them. It is worth noting that in "Some Land in Florida," his private investigator, Jack Erwin, is given to sitting under the palm trees, smoking a cigar, nursing a whiskey and reading Robertson Davies!

Excerpted from "Fan Mail"

The letter arrived one sunny Thursday morning in August, along with a Visa bill and a royalty statement. Dennis Quilley carried the mail out to the deck of his Beaches home, stopping by the kitchen on the way to pour himself a gin and tonic. He had already been writing for three hours straight and he felt he deserved a drink. First he looked at the amount of the royalty cheque, then he put aside the Visa bill and picked up the letter carefully, as if he were a forensic expert investigating it for prints. Postmarked Toronto and dated four days earlier, it was addressed in a small, precise hand and looked as if it had been written with a fine-nibbed calligraphic pen. But the postal code was different; that had been hurriedly scrawled in with a ballpoint. Whoever it was, Quilley thought, had probably got his name from the telephone directory and had then looked up the code in the post office just before mailing. Pleased with his deductions, Quilley opened the letter. Written in the same neat and mannered hand as the address, it said: Dear Mr. Quilley, Please forgive me for writing to you at home like this. I know you must be very busy, and it is inexcusable of me to intrude on your valuable time. Believe me, I would not do so if I could think of any other way. I have been a great fan of your work for many years now. As a collector of mysteries, too, I also have first editions of all your books. From what I have read, I know you are a clever man and, I hope, just the man to help me with my problem. For the past twenty years, my wife has been making my life a misery. I put up with her for the sake of the children, but now they have all gone to live their own lives. I have asked her for a divorce, but she just laughed in my face. I have decided, finally, that the only way out is to kill her and that is why I am seeking your advice. You may think this is insane of me, especially saying it in a letter, but it is just a measure of my desperation. I would quite understand it if you went straight to the police, and I am sure they would find me and punish me. Believe me, I've thought about it. Even that would be preferable to the misery I must suffer day after day. If you can find it in your heart to help a devoted fan in his hour of need, please meet me on the roof lounge of the Park Plaza Hotel on Wednesday, 19 August at two p.m. I have taken the afternoon off work and will wait longer if for any reason you are delayed. Don't worry, I will recognize you easily from your photo on the dust jacket of your books. Yours, in hope, A Fan

The letter slipped from Quilley's hand. He couldn't believe what he'd just read. He was a mystery writer he specialized in devising ingenious murders but for someone to assume that he did the same in real life was absurd. Could it be a practical joke? He picked up the letter and read through it again. The man's whining tone and clichéd style seemed sincere enough, and the more Quilley thought about it, the more certain he became that none of his friends was sick enough to play such a joke. Assuming that it was real, then, what should he do? His impulse was to crumple up the letter and throw it away. But should he go to the police? No. That

would be a waste of time. The real police were a terribly dull and literal-minded lot. They would probably think he was seeking publicity. He found that he had screwed up the sheet of paper in his fist, and he was just about to toss it aside when he changed his mind. Wasn't there another option? Go. Go and meet the man. Find out more about him. Find out if he was genuine. Surely there would be no obligation in that? All he had to do was turn up at the Park Plaza at the appointed time and see what happened. Quilleys life was fine no troublesome woman to torment him, plenty of money (mostly from American sales), a beautiful lakeside cottage near Huntsville, a modicum of fame, the esteem of his peers but it had been rather boring of late. Here was an opportunity for adventure of a kind. Besides, he might get a story idea out of the meeting. Why not go and see? He finished his drink and smoothed the letter on his knee. He had to smile at that last bit. No doubt the man would recognize him from his book-jacket photo, but it was an old one and had been retouched in the first place. His cheeks had filled out a bit since then and his thinning hair had acquired a sprinkling of grey. Still, he thought, he was a handsome man for fifty: handsome, clever and successful. Smiling, he picked up both letter and envelope and went back to the kitchen in search of matches.

There must be no evidence.