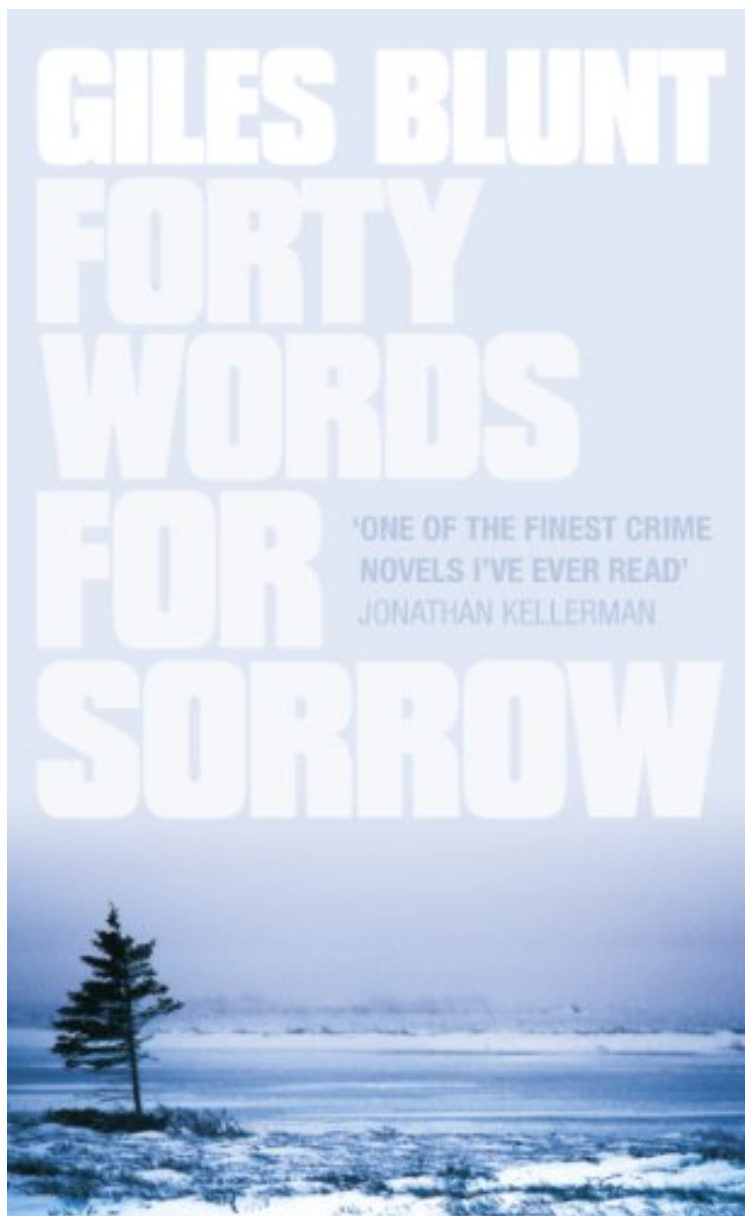


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Forty Words for Sorrow

Von Giles Blunt

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Von Giles Blunt : Forty Words for Sorrow before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Forty Words for Sorrow:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen5 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Davon sollte sich Hannibal eine Scheibe abschneidenVon Achim TeubnerDieses Buch habe ich als Reiselektre am Flughafen

mitgenommen, um meine letzten US-Dollars sinnvoll aufzubrechen. Der Klappentext verspricht nicht wirklich etwas Neues. Irgendwas mit einer Mordserie, also vermutlich ein Serienmörder. Ein Polizist der in seinem Job aufgeht und sein Privatleben vernachlässigt, bis ihm eine attraktive Kollegin zugeteilt wird. Oh, ja, und Schnee, viel Schnee. Fräulein Smilla liest grinsen. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt drohen 400 Seiten Altbekanntes, eventuell neu abgemixt. Weit gefehlt. Dieses Buch hat was. Blunt macht sich beinahe einen Spaß daraus, dem Leser mit Klischees zu drohen, nur um dann sein ganz eigenes Ding daraus zu machen. Das fängt bei einer grossen Portion kanadischem Lokalkolorit an. Wenn ich jemals nach Algonquin kam, bräuchte ich vermutlich keinen Stadtplan. Die Charaktere sind greifbar und begreifbar, die Spurensuche kommt ohne haarstrubende Zufälle aus. Gut, den Blinden, der geniale Hinweise aus Tonbandaufnahmen extrahiert, gab es schon woanders. Aber selbst diesem Standard-Thrillerbaustein gewinnt Blunt neue Ideen ab. Endlich mal ein Thriller, bei dem einem nicht der letzte Augenzeuge unter den Fingern wegstirbt. Der Bse ist kein hochintelligenter, perfider Psychopath. Der Held ist weder charismatisch noch heldenhaft noch edel. Stattdessen macht er durch Grndlichkeit und Sprdigkeit Sympathiepunkte. Wie das? Blunt schafft das mit seinem fantastischen Schreibstil. Jeder Charakter im Buch wird mit seinem eigenen treffenden Tonfall beschrieben. Es ist, als stnde man dabei. Eigentlich war das Buch im Original einen Tick zu hoch fr meine Englischkenntnisse. Aber es war partout nicht mglich, es wegzulegen, um etwa Vokabeln nachzuschlagen. Ich fand das Buch spannend, gruselig, traurig und schn. Ja. Alles zugleich. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Zweieinhalb Sterne: Genug Potential zu einem spannenden Thriller aber Von dieleseratz.. leider hat es der Autor nicht geschafft, die spannende Ausgangshandlung in einen spannenden Thriller zu verwandeln. Ich las vor einigen Wochen "Black Fly Season" - dies ist ein Folgeband zu diesem Krimi. Und leider mu ich sagen, dass anscheinend in allen Romanen des Autors diese depressive, trostlose Grundstimmung vorherrscht: Man wird nicht warm mit den Hauptpersonen, man verliert den berblick ber die zahllosen Handlungsstrnge und Nebenschaupltze, man erhlt laufend Verweise auf Vorflle in der Vergangenheit, die jedoch nicht nher erlutert werden. Auch ist die Auflsung wenig originell - ich erwartete ein groes Finale mit noch einigen berraschenden Wendungen, aber der Tter wurde ja schon in der Buchmitte eingefhrt und so dmpelte die Story bis zum uninspirierten Finale vor sich hin. Das einzig wirklich positive - und weswegen ich nach der Enttuschung mit "Kalter Mond" (im englischen "Black Fly Season") noch ein weiteres Buch des Autors kaufte, ist der Handlungsort: Der fiktive Ort Algonquin Bay in Ostkanada, circa 300km von Toronto entfernt. Es gibt so wenige kanadische Autoren und in Kanada spielende Thriller, so da man sich einfach freut, mal nicht die US-amerikanische Massenware in den Hnden zu halten. Fazit: Hat Potential, ist aber ber Strecken sehr langweilig, deshalb als Urlaubslektre nicht unbedingt zu empfehlen - auch wenn der beschriebene kanadische Winter fr Abkhlung sorgen wrde

Kurzbeschreibung Dark, atmospheric and terrifying psychological serial killer thriller set in a freezing Ontario winter, guaranteed to chill readers to the bone: Forty Words for Sorrow is brilliant Jonathan Kellerman When four teenagers go missing in the small northern town of Algonquin Bay, the extensive police investigation comes up empty. Everyone is ready to give up, except Detective John Cardinal, an all-too-human loner whose persistence only serves to get him removed from homicide. Then the mutilated body of thirteen-year-old Katie Pine is pulled out of an abandoned mineshaft. And only Cardinal is willing to consider the horrible truth: that this quiet town is home to the most vicious of killers. With the media, the provincial police and his own department questioning his every move, Cardinal follows increasingly tenuous threads towards the unthinkable. But time isn't only running out for him: there's also another young victim tied up in a basement wondering how and when he will die.. deIt gets dark early in Algonquin Bay. Take a drive up Airport Hill at four o'clock on a February afternoon, and when you come back half an hour later the streets of the city will glitter below you in the dark like so many runways. The forty-sixth parallel may not be all that far north; you can be much farther north and still be in the United States, and even London, England, is a few degrees closer to the North Pole. But this is Ontario, Canada, we're talking about, and Algonquin Bay in February is the very definition of winter. Algonquin Bay is snowbound, Algonquin Bay is quiet, Algonquin Bay is very, very cold. Read the evocative opening of Giles Blunt's novel and you may begin to understand why Tony Hillerman says this is the novel he wishes he'd written. Keep reading, and you may wonder why other authors haven't joined the vicarious narrative line. With devastating precision, Blunt effortlessly weaves together strands of lives both led and taken in this tiny Canadian town, limning a hauntingly paradoxical picture of isolation and community, two sides of a fragile bulwark against violence. John Cardinal was taken off homicide investigation after a fruitless and expensive quest for 13-year-old Katie Pine, a Chippewa girl who disappeared from the nearby reservation. After months of insisting that Katie was no runaway, Cardinal receives the cold comfort of vindication in the form of Katie's corpse, discovered in an abandoned mine shaft. But the case, when reopened, becomes a Pandora's box of horror. Katie's body is only the first to be found, as Cardinal uncovers a pattern that links her death to those of two other children. When another boy is reported missing, Cardinal knows he is in a race against time to find the killer (so trite a phrase, while technically accurate, does radical injustice to Blunt's razor-sharp plot and eerily pragmatic balance between the cop and his prey).

His new partner, Lise Delorme, is trying to uncover her own pattern. Drafted by the RCMP to find proof that Cardinal has been accepting money from drug runner Kyle Corbett to derail the Mounties' investigations (three attempted busts good for absolutely nothing), she sifts through the minutiae of Cardinal's life. Proud father, loving husband, dedicated officer--at what price has this edifice been constructed? Suffice it to say that Cardinal's past and present link him in ironic counterpoint to those people for whom he is inevitably the bearer of bad tidings, leaving them "trying to recognize each other through the smoke and ashes" of grief. Blunt has created a world in which every conversation can seem as ominous as the moan of the wind and the bullet-like report of shifting lake ice ("It was a new art form for Delorme, picking shards of fact from the exposed hearts of the bereaved. She looked at Cardinal for help, but he said nothing. He thought, "Get used to it."). But it is also a world whose bleak landscape is touched with unexpected humor. Witness this description of one of the many minor, but always beautifully detailed, characters who populate the novel's pages: "Arthur 'Woody' Wood was not in the burglary business to enhance his social life. Like all professional burglars, he went to great lengths to avoid meeting people on the job. At other times, well, Woody was as sociable as the next fellow." Part police procedural, part psychological thriller, part exploration of a region's landscape and people, the novel is an astonishing, powerful hybrid-- worthy of far more than a mere 40 words of praise. --Kelly Flynn.com

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