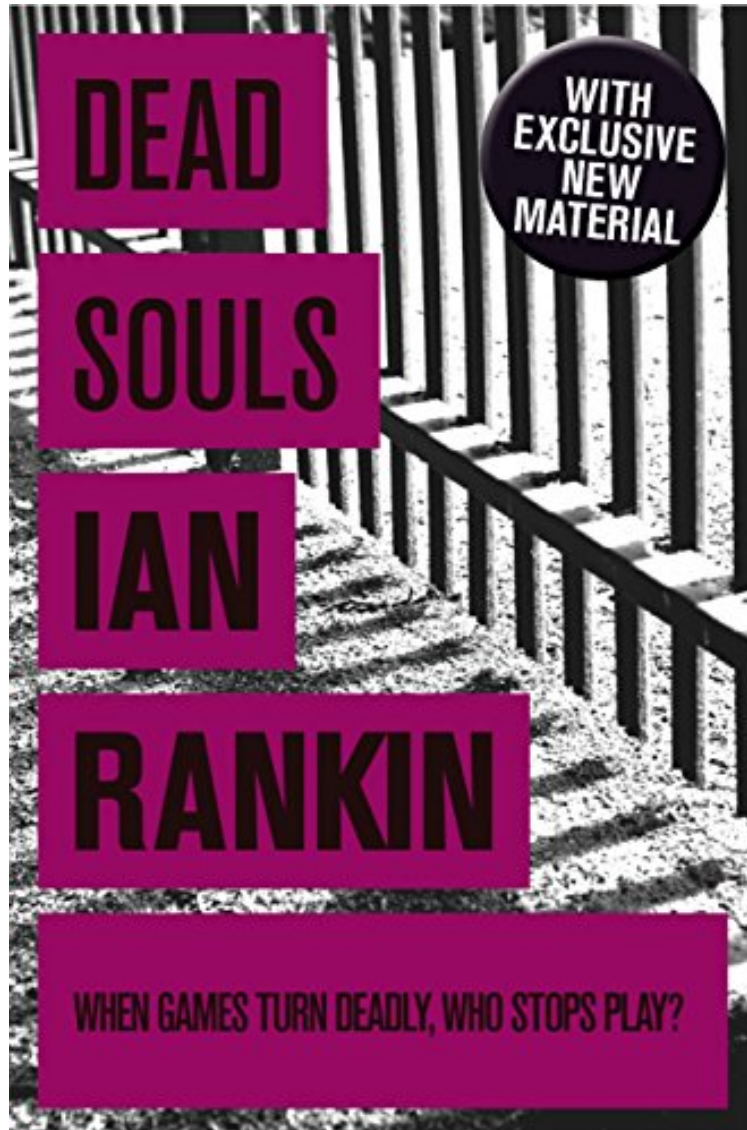


[Download pdf ebook] Dead Souls (Inspector Rebus)

Dead Souls (Inspector Rebus)

Von Ian Rankin

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Von Ian Rankin : Dead Souls (Inspector Rebus) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dead Souls (Inspector Rebus):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen5 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Dead soulsVon David BrownOne feels the weariness, the weight of guilt and depression as DI Rebus literally slogs his way through several investigations, some of which have no relation to one another. A released paedophile and the weight of guilt over his brutal death, the missing son of a former high school sweetheart in the throes of a bad marriage, the return of a convicted serial killer from the US, all these combine in to a fascinating tale of crime and punishment in

contemporary Scotland. Yes, the plot is convoluted and at times as plodding as Rebus himself, but Rankin is more concerned with exploring his characters and what motivates them to action or inaction, a plus in my view. *Dead Souls*, though distantly akin to Gogol's novel, is a fascinating read, and though somewhat overly long, is utterly more satisfying than many of Rankin's contemporary mystery writers.

3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Enjoyable police procedural

Von Ein KundePerhaps for the first time in his life, veteran Edinburgh Detective John Rebus feels his age and ponders retirement. His long term friend Jack Morton just died, but seems to visit him after a few drinks. A hit and run driver has left his daughter wheelchair bound with her ability to ever walk in doubt. Now his latest law enforcement efforts not only flopped, but apparently led to a murder. Finally, rising superstar Jim Margolies, who had everything, apparently killed himself by jumping off the Salisbury Crags. Already despondent, Rebus has to deal with a deported serial killer moving into the neighborhood, which also now includes a pedophile. As Rebus thinks about his future, he investigates the murder and the alleged suicide. On the side, he looks for a missing person as a favor to a former sweetheart. Soon, Rebus connects everything as he realizes he faces a grandmaster in a game where the loser dies.

The return of Rebus is always an enjoyable experience for fans of Scottish police procedural novels. The engaging mystery includes several sub-plots that seem divergent but Rebus nicely ties them together. Still, *DEAD SOULS* focuses on the main character's inner thoughts and to a lesser degree on that of the villain. Ian Rankin shows why he ranks with the top authors of the genre. He turns an emotionally weary Rebus into a real person that, in turn, makes for an entertaining skillful story.

Harriet Klausner

1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The best to date

Von Ein KundeOnce again Ian Rankin is responsible for the dark circles under my eyes. In a series that just keeps getting better it's impossible to put down the latest Rebus at a human hour and yet appropriate to be reading when it's dark and silent all around you. *Dead Souls* is a grim and thoroughly enjoyable read. With a tangled web of sub plots featuring a coworker's suicide, a pedophile, a serial killer, and a missing person I found myself turning pages. In addition we are allowed a glimpse of Rebus's past and made to worry about his present in a way I haven't done since Lawrence Sanders' Matt Scudder started drinking again. Personal dilemmas and professional questions haunt Rebus across every page of *Dead Souls*. Present day ethics and morality are explored in such a seamless way you don't even realize that you along with Rebus are indeed pondering "Is there such a thing as free will?" And of course there's Scotland itself, presented as no travelogue ever would, but as perhaps, it is. For the mystery fan who enjoys their protagonist's layers being peeled away like birch bark no series currently being written offers more for a reader to chew on, savour and spit out. Here's hoping neither the author or we ever get to the core of the man.

Kurzbeschreibung

The tenth Inspector Rebus novel from 'Britain's best crime novelist' DAILY EXPRESS. Stalking a poisoner at the local zoo, Inspector John Rebus comes across a paedophile taking pictures of children. When the social workers claim he is there for legitimate educational reasons, Rebus is faced with a dilemma - should he be outed to protect local kids or given a chance to start anew? As the locals begin a hate campaign Rebus gets a call from the past: the son of a friend has gone missing and no one else will make time to ask the right questions. And then a fragment of Scotland's criminal history is repatriated at the end of a life sentence for murder. Once more Rebus's cup of trouble runneth over and the ghosts of past misdeeds return to haunt Edinburgh's streets.

.de

When an author is as successful as Rankin has been with his tough and idiomatic Scottish thrillers, a problem sets in after several books: how to keep the formula fresh? Rankin has delivered a powerful series of books featuring his beleaguered DI John Rebus, and while never less than gripping, a certain tiredness seemed to be setting in. Thankfully, this new novel is a resounding return to form, with a plot as enjoyably labyrinthine as any Rankin enthusiast could wish and pithy dialogue that fairly leaps off the page. Stalking the streets of Edinburgh on the trail of a poisoner, Rebus hits upon a freed paedophile and his subsequent outing of the man leaves him with very mixed feelings. But another problem develops for Rebus: a convicted murderer has him in his sights for some lethal games. And the tabloid press lionising of Rebus won't help him in this situation. As always, Rankin is perfectly ready to tackle contentious issues--precisely the thing that gives his books their powerful sense of veracity. And Rebus, no longer in danger of having a soap opera-like accumulation of personal problems, seems as fresh and well-observed character as in those first exhilarating books. Rankin has caught his form again, with even more assurance.

-- Barry Forshaw.co.uk

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