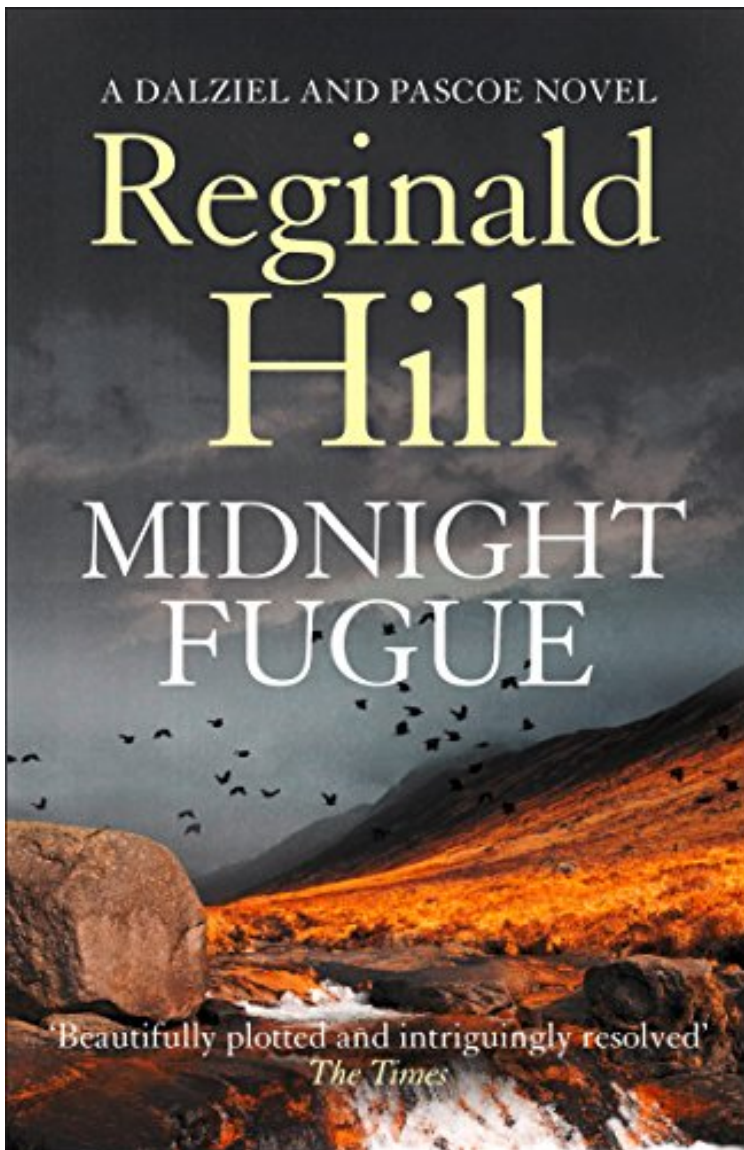


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Midnight Fugue (Dalziel Pascoe, Book 22)



Par Reginald Hill
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Par Reginald Hill : Midnight Fugue (Dalziel Pascoe, Book 22) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Midnight Fugue (Dalziel Pascoe, Book 22):

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurThe highly anticipated return of Dalziel and Pascoe, the hugely popular police duo and stars of the long-running BBC TV series, in a new psychological thriller.Gina Wolfe is searching for her missing husband, believed dead, and hopes Superintendent Andy Dalziel can help. What neither realize is that there are others on the same trail.A tabloid hack with some awkward enquiries about an ambitious MP's father. The politicians secretary who shares his suspicions. The ruthless entrepreneur in question and the two henchmen out to make sure the past stays in the past.Four stories, two mismatched detectives trying to figure it all out, and 24 hours in which to do it: Dalziel and Pascoe are about to learn the hard way exactly how much difference a day makesExtrait08.1008.12'Shit,' said Andy Dalziel as the phone rang.In twenty minutes

the CID's monthly case review meeting was due to start, the first since his return. In the old days this wasn't a problem. He'd have rolled in late and watched them bolt their bacon butties and sit up straight. But if he was late now they'd probably think he'd forgotten the way to the Station. So time was short and Monday-morning traffic was always a pain. Nowt that using his siren and jumping a few red lights couldn't compensate for, but if he wasn't on his way in the next couple of minutes, he might have to run over a few pedestrians too. He grabbed his car keys and headed for the front door. Behind him the answer machine clicked in and a voice he didn't recognize faded behind him down the narrow hallway. 'Andy, hi. Mick Purdy, remember me? We met at Bramshill a few years back. Happy days, eh? So how're you doing, mate? Still shagging the sheep up there in the frozen north? Listen, if you could give me a bell, I'd really appreciate it. My number's . . .' As the Fat Man slid into his car he dug into his memory bank. These days, especially with recent stuff, it sometimes seemed that the harder he looked, the darker it got. Curiously, deeper often meant clearer, and his Mick Purdy memories were pretty deep. It wasn't a few years since he'd been on that Bramshill course; more like eight or nine. Even then, he'd been the oldest officer there by a long way, the reason being that for a decade or more he'd managed to find a way of wriggling out of attendance whenever his name came up. But finally his concentration had lapsed. It hadn't been so bad. The official side had been slightly less tedious than anticipated, and there'd been a bunch of convivial colleagues, grateful to find someone they could rely on to get them to bed when their own legs proved less hollow than they'd imagined. DI Mick Purdy had usually been one of the last men standing, and he and Dalziel had struck up a holiday friendship based on shared professional scepticism and divided regional loyalties. They exchanged harmonious anecdotes offering particular instances of the universal truth that most of those in charge of HM Constabulary couldn't organize a fuck-up in a brothel. Then, when concord got boring, they divided geographically with Purdy claiming to believe that up in Yorkshire in times of dearth they ate their young, and Dalziel countering that down in London they'd produced a younger generation that not even a starving vulture could stomach. They'd parted with the usual expressions of good will and hope that their paths would cross again. But they never had. And now here was Mick Purdy ringing him at home first thing on a Monday morning, wanting to renew acquaintance. Meaning, unless he were finally giving way to a long repressed passion, the bugger wanted a favour. Interesting. But not so interesting it couldn't wait. Important thing this morning was to be there when his motley crew drifted into the meeting, seated in his chair of state, clearly the monarch of all he surveyed, ready to call them to account for what they'd done with their meagre talents during his absence. He turned the key in the ignition and heard the familiar ursine growl. The old Rover had much in common with its driver, he thought complacently. Bodywork crap, interior packed with more rubbish than a builder's skip, but courtesy of the lads in the police garage the engine would have graced a vehicle ten times younger and five times more expensive. He put it into gear and blasted away from the kerb. *Revue de presse* "[Reginald Hill] shows no sign of descending from the high quality of his writing. . . . Beautifully plotted and intriguingly resolved. . . . Fresh and memorable. . . . It's a witty, wise and warm read, with rich characterisation and emotional depth." *The Times*