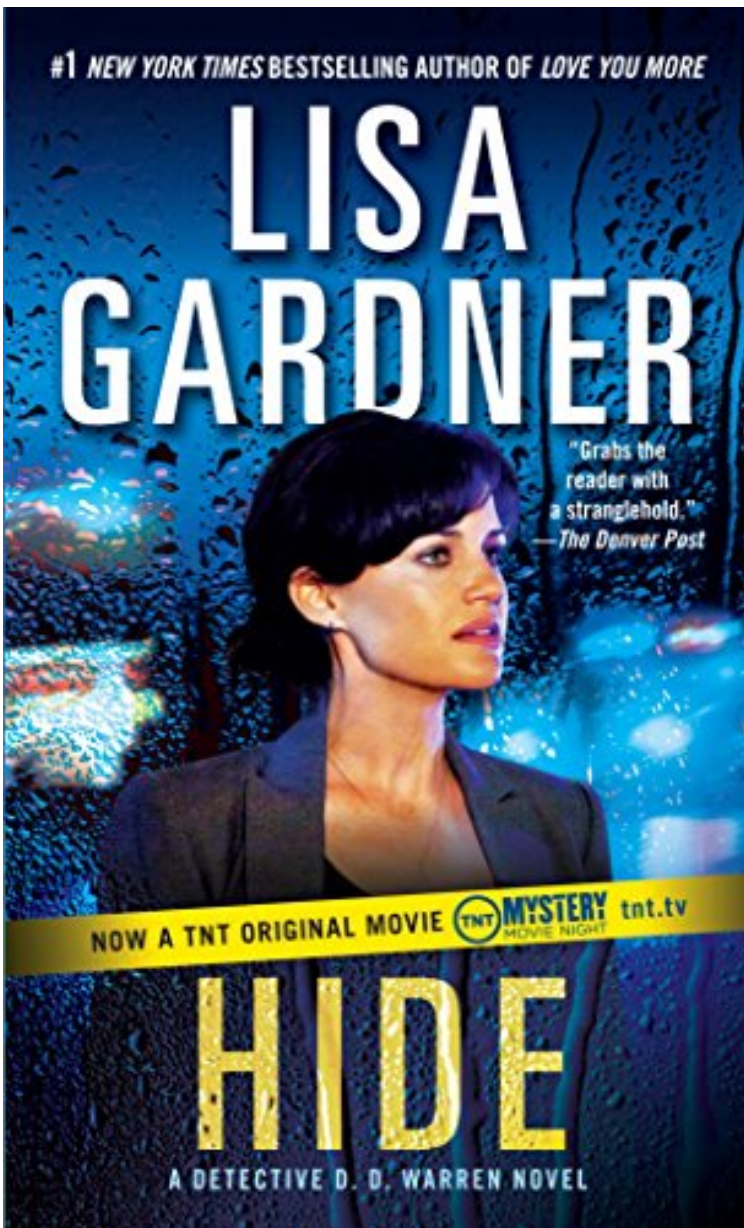


(Mobile pdf) File size: 44.Mb

Hide: A Detective D. D. Warren Novel



Par Lisa Gardner
ebooks / Download PDF / *ePub /
DOC / audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #128196 dans eBooksPubli le: 2007-01-30Sorti le: 2007-01-30Format: Ebook Kindle

(Mobile pdf) Hide: A Detective D. D. Warren Novel

Par Lisa Gardner : Hide: A Detective D. D. Warren Novel before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Hide: A Detective D. D. Warren Novel:

 Download

 Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurBONUS: This edition includes a new afterword: Lights, Camera, Hide the movie! You have good reason to be afraid. . . . It was a case that haunts Bobby Dodge to this daythe case that nearly killed him and changed his life forever. Now, in an underground chamber on the grounds of an abandoned Massachusetts mental hospital, the gruesome discovery of six mummified corpses resurrects his worst nightmare: the return of a killer he thought dead and buried. Theres no place to run. . . . Bobbys only lead is wrapped around a dead womans neck. Annabelle Granger has been in hiding for as long as she can

remember. Her childhood was a blur of new cities and assumed identities. But what or whose family was running from, she never knew. Now a body is unearthed from a grave, wearing a necklace bearing Annabelle's name, and the danger is too close to escape. This time, she's not going to run. You know he will find you. . . . The new threat could be the dead psychopath's copycat, his protégé something far more terrifying. Dodge knows the only way to find him is to solve the mystery of Annabelle Granger, and to do that he must team up with his former lover, partner, and friend D. D. Warren from the Boston P.D. But the trail leads back to a woman from Bobbys past who may be every bit as dangerous as the new killer—a beautiful survivor-turned-avenger with an eerie link to Annabelle. From its tense opening pages to its shocking climax, *Hide* is a thriller that delves into our deepest, darkest fears. Where there is no one to trust. Where there is no place left to hide.

Chapter One

My father explained it to me the first time when I was seven years old: The world is a system. School is a system. Neighborhoods are a system. Towns, governments, any large group of people. For that matter, the human body is a system, enabled by smaller, biological subsystems. Criminal justice, definitely a system. The Catholic Church don't get him started. Then there's organized sports, the United Nations, and of course, the Miss America Pageant. "You don't have to like the system," he lectured me. "You don't have to believe in it or agree with it. But you must understand it. If you can understand the system, you will survive." A family is a system. I'd come home from school that afternoon to discover both of my parents standing in our front room. My father, a professor of mathematics at MIT, was rarely home before seven. Now, however, he stood next to my mother's prized floral sofa, with five suitcases stacked neatly by his feet. My mother was crying. When I opened the front door, she turned away as if to shield her face, but I could still see her shoulders shaking. Both of my parents were wearing heavy wool coats, which seemed odd, given the relatively warm October afternoon. My father spoke first: "You need to go into your room. Pick two things. Any two things you want. But hurry, Annabelle; we don't have much time." My mother's shoulders shook harder. I set down my backpack. I retreated to my room, where I stared at my little pink-and-green painted space. Of all the moments in my past, this is the one I would most like to have back. Three minutes in the bedroom of my youth. Fingers skimming over my sticker-plastered desk, skipping over framed photos of my grandparents, hopscotching past my engraved silver-plated brush and oversize hand mirror. I bypassed my books. Didn't even consider my marble collection or stash of kindergarten art. I remember making a positively agonizing choice between my favorite stuffed dog and my newest treasure, a bridal-dressed Barbie. I went with my dog, Boomer, then grabbed my cherished baby blankie, dark pink flannel with a light pink satin trim. Not my diary. Not my stash of silly, doodle-covered notes from my best friend, Dori Petracelli. Not even my baby album, which would've at least given me photos of my mother for all the years to come. I was a young, frightened child, and I behaved childishly. I think my father knew what I would choose. I think he saw it all coming, even back then. I returned to our family room. My father was outside, loading the car. My mom had her hands wrapped around the pillar that divided the family room from the eat-in kitchen. For a minute, I didn't think she'd let go. She would take a stand, demand that my father stop this foolishness. Instead, she reached out and stroked my long dark hair. "I love you so much." She grabbed me, hugging me fiercely, cheeks wet against the top of my head. The next moment, she pushed me away, wiping briskly at her face. "Outside, honey. Your father's right—we have to be quick." I followed my mother to the car, Boomer under my arm, blankie clutched in both hands. We took our usual places: my father in the driver's seat, my mother riding shotgun, me in the back. My father backed our little Honda out of the drive. Yellow and orange leaves swirled down from the beech tree, dancing outside the car window. I spread my fingers against the glass as if I could touch them. "Wave at the neighbors," my father instructed. "Pretend everything is normal." That's the last we ever saw of our little oak-dotted cul-de-sac. A family is a system. We drove to Tampa. My mother had always wanted to see Florida, my father explained. Wouldn't it be nice to live amid palm trees and white sandy beaches after so many New England winters? Since my mother had chosen our location, my father had picked our names. I would now be called Sally. My father was Anthony and my mother Claire. Isn't this fun? A new town and a new name. What a grand adventure. I had nightmares in the beginning. Terrible, terrible dreams where I would wake up screaming, "I saw something, I saw something!" "It's only a dream," my father would attempt to soothe me, stroking my back. "But I'm scared!" "Hush. You're too young to know what scared is. That's what daddies are for." We didn't live amid palm trees and white sandy beaches. My parents never spoke of it, but as an adult looking back, I realize now that a Ph.D. in mathematics couldn't very well pick up where he left off, especially under an assumed identity. Instead, my father got a job driving taxis. I loved his new job. It meant he was home most of the day, and it seemed glamorous to be

picked up from school in my own personal cab. The new school was bigger than my old one. Tougher. I think I made friends, though I don't remember many specifics about our Florida days. I have more a general sense of a surreal time and place, where my afternoons were spent being drilled in self-defense for first-graders and even my parents seemed foreign to me: My father, constantly buzzing around our one-bedroom apartment. "What'd you say, Sally? Let's decorate a palm tree for Christmas! Yes, sir, we're having fun now!" My mother, humming absently as she painted our family room a bright shade of coral, giggling as she bought a swimsuit in November, seeming genuinely intrigued as she learned to cook different kinds of flaky white fish. I think my parents were happy in Florida. Or at least determined. My mother decorated our apartment. My father resumed his hobby of sketching. On the nights he didn't work, my mother would pose for him beside the window, and I would lie on the couch, content to watch my father's deft strokes as he captured my mother's teasing smile in a small charcoal sketch. Until the day I came home from school to find suitcases packed, faces grim. No need to ask this time. I went into my room on my own. Grabbed Boomer. Found my blankie. Then retreated to the car and climbed in the back. It was a long time before anyone said a word. A family is a system. To this day, I don't know how many cities we lived in. Or how many names I assumed. My childhood became a blur of new faces, new towns, and the same old suitcases. We would arrive, find the cheapest one-bedroom apartment. My father would set out the next day, always coming home with some kind of job: photo developer, McDonald's manager, sales clerk. My mother would unpack our meager belongings. I would be shuffled off to school. I know I stopped talking as much. I know my mom did, too. Only my father remained relentlessly cheerful. "Phoenix! I've always wanted to experience the desert. Cincinnati! Now, this is my kind of town. St. Louis! This will be the place for us!" I don't remember suffering any more nightmares. They simply went away or were pushed aside by more pressing concerns. The afternoons I came home and found my mother passed out on the sofa. The crash courses in cooking because she could no longer stand up. Brewing coffee and forcing it down her throat. Raiding her purse for money so I could buy groceries before my father returned from work. I want to believe he had to know, but to this day I'm not sure. It seemed for my mother and me at least, the more we took on other names, the more we gave away of ourselves. Until we became silent, ethereal shadows following in my father's blustery wake. She made it until I was fourteen. Kansas City. We'd lasted nine months. My father had risen to manager in the automotive department of Sears. I was thinking of going to my first dance. I came home. My mother Stella, she was called then, was facedown on the sofa. This time no amount of shaking woke her up. I have a vague memory of racing across the hall. Of banging on our neighbor's door. "My mother, my mother, my mother!" I screamed. And poor Mrs. Torres, who'd never been granted a smile or wave from any of us, threw open her door, bustled across the hall, and hands flying to her suddenly wet eyes, declared my mother dead. Cops came. EMTs. I watched them remove her body. Saw the empty orange prescription bottle slip out of her pocket. One of the officers picked it up. He gave me a pitying look. "Someone we should call?" "My father will be home soon." He left me with Mrs. Torres. We sat in her apartment, with its rich smells of jalapeo peppers and corn tamales. I admired the brightly striped curtains she had hanging on her windows and the bold floral pillows covering her worn brown sofa. I wondered what it would be like to have a real home again. My father arrived. Thanked Mrs. Torres profusely. Ushered me away. "You understand we can't tell them anything?" he kept saying over and over again, once we were safely tucked back inside our apartment. "You understand we have to be very careful? I don't want you saying a word, Cindy. Not one word. This is all very, very tricky." When the cops returned, he did the talking. I heated up chicken noodle soup in the tiny kitchenette. I wasn't really hungry. I just wanted our apartment to smell like Mrs. Torres's apartment. I wanted my mom to be back home. I found my father crying later. Curled up on the sofa, holding my mother's tattered pink robe. He couldn't stop. He sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. That was the first night my father slept in my bed. I know what you're thinking, but it wasn't like that. A family is a system. We waited three months for my mother's body. The state wanted an autopsy. I never did understand it all. But one day we had my mom back. We accompanied her from the morgue's office to the funeral home. She was put in a box labeled with someone else's name, then ...

From Publishers Weekly Starred . In bestseller Gardner's first-rate follow-up to *Alone* (2005), Bobby Dodge, once a sniper for the Massachusetts State Police and now a police detective, gets called to a horrific crime scene in the middle of the night by fellow detective and ex-lover D.D. Warren. An underground chamber has been discovered on the property of a former Boston mental hospital containing six small naked mummified female bodies in clear garbage bags. A silver locket with one of the corpses, which may be decades old, bears the name Annabelle Granger. Later, a woman shows up at the Boston Homicide offices claiming to be Annabelle Granger. Her

resemblance to Catherine Gagnon (whose life Bobby saved in *Alone*) helps stoke a romance between her and Bobby both subtle and sizzling. The suspense builds as the police uncover links between patients at the hospital and long-ago criminal activities. Through expert use of red herrings, Gardner takes the reader on a nail-biting ride to the thrilling climax. (Feb.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.