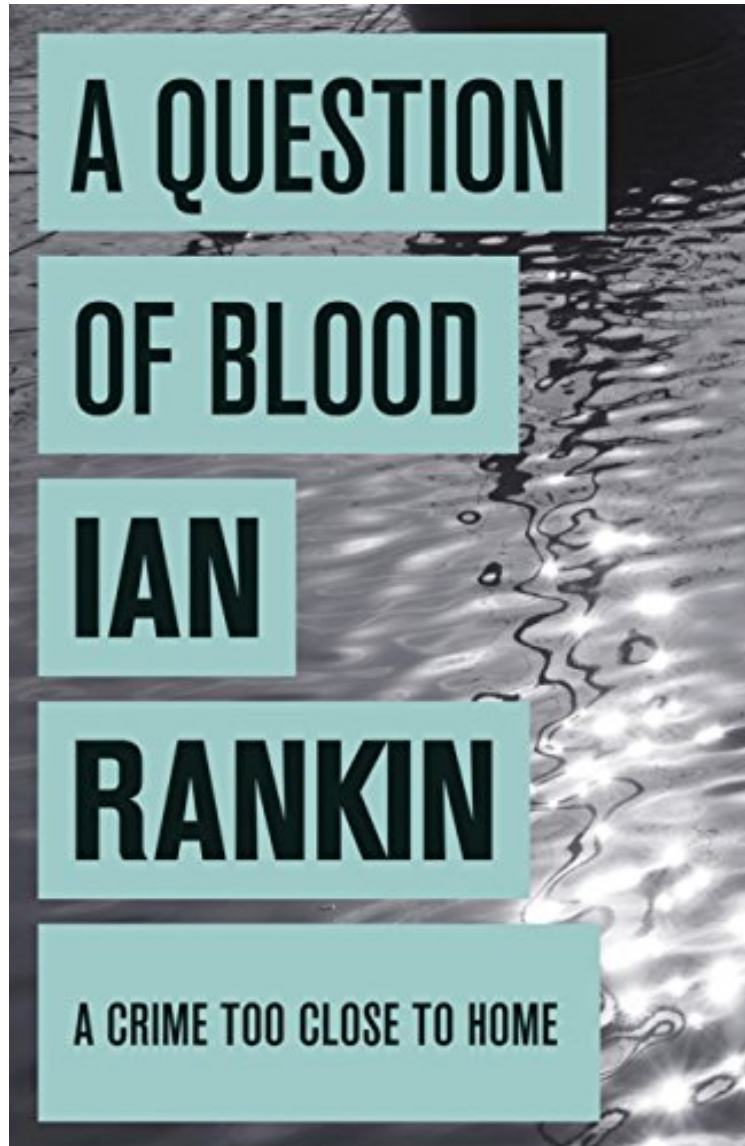


[Download free pdf] A Question of Blood (Inspector Rebus)

## A Question of Blood (Inspector Rebus)

*Von Ian Rankin*

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**Von Ian Rankin : A Question of Blood (Inspector Rebus)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised A Question of Blood (Inspector Rebus):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen13 von 13 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Der beste Rankin, den es bisher gibtVon anne von blombergDrei wirklich groe Krimiautoren gibt es zur Zeit, meiner Meinung nach: Barbara Nadel, deren Geschichten um Inspektor Cetin alle in Istanbul spielen, Berry Eisler, dessen Auftragskiller John Rain in Tokio mordet und, natrlich, Jan Rankin, der seinen Helden, Detective Inspector John

Rebus, durch die Unterwelt der schottischen Hauptstadt Edinburgh hetzt. Im neuesten Rankin-Krimi "A Question of Blood" wird der Inspektor selbst des Mordes verdächtigt und hilft bei der Aufklärung eines Schulmassakers in einem Vorort von Edinburgh, bei dem ein Ex-Soldat britischer Elitetruppen zwei Teenager kaltblütig erschiet und sich dann selbst die Kugel gibt. Das "Warum" findet Rebus natürlich heraus, aber obwohl seine Suche nach demjenigen, der ihm einen Mord angehängt hat und nach den Motiven des Schulmörders wie immer von Jan Rankin hochspannend beschrieben wird, ist die Krimispannung nicht das Wichtigste an diesem Buch. Wie Barbara Nadel in Istanbul und Berry Eisler in Tokio gelingt Rankin in Edinburgh viel mehr: Er schuf wie seine beiden Kollegen einen Helden, der die moderne Welt verkrüppelt, ihren Individualismus, ihre Einsamkeit, ihre vergebliche Suche nach Glück, nach einem Sinn. Deshalb sind die Rankin-Romane (wie die von Nadel und Eisler) mehr als "nur" gute Krimis. Sie sind große Literatur, denn ganz unauffällig und wie nebenbei beschäftigen sie sich mit den großen Fragen des Lebens: Warum tue ich, was ich tue? Was ist "Schicksal"? Gibt es Glück? Und wenn ja, warum so wenig? Und sie geben Antworten, wenn auch keine einfachen vom "Simplyfy your life"-Typ. Aber sonst wären es ja auch keine Bücher, die man mehr als einmal lesen kann, an die man sich immer wieder erinnert. 11 von 14 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Disappointing ... Von xyzI had been looking forward for Rankin's new Rebus story and devoured it on one single Saturday. But somehow it left me disappointed: this book certainly does not live up to its predecessors. The story - a shooting at a local private school, Rebus is drawn in because the shooter is ex-Army like him, a suspicious fire hazard in which a petty criminal dies after Rebus has been to his house, a teenage gang haunting the streets of Edinburgh, drugs, voyeurism and weapons involved - there is everything to make this a truly captivating story. But something is missing: unlike before, the reader is not offered any insight into Rebus' inner torments. No mention of the ghosts of the past that keep on haunting him, hardly any mention of the current woman in his life or his daughter Sammy (why is she back in England??), and what's become of his arch-enemy Big Ger Cafferty?. Instead, the spotlight turns on Siobhan Clarke who compared to Rebus is far too nondescript to carry the story. Described in previous books as meticulous, disciplined and tidy, she suddenly has panic attacks, is unable to bond with a man, and obviously starts a drinking habit. This just doesn't ring true. It becomes obvious that Ian Rankin plans to shift the role of major character to Siobhan. What it comes down to is a couple of Rebus' worst character flaws having rubbed off on Siobhan which are supposed to make her the new enfant terrible at St Leonards police station. Hard to believe... Mr Rankin, I know you can do much better, and I wish you had! I still recommend the book to any true Inspector Rebus fan - some of his puns are just too good to be missed. However, those who have not read any of Ian Rankin's novels should start with one of the earlier books, e.g. Mortal Causes. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Der "Aus"-Knopf der vergessen wurde zu drücken Von Leserin In diesem Rebus Krimi geht es um ein Schulmassaker und um die Elitetruppen der britischen Armee. Wie blich steht jede Menge Musikhören und Whiskytrinken für Rebus an der Tagesordnung, neu ist, dass sich Siobhan charakterlich auf Rebus zu bewegt (Weinkonsum, illegale Aktionen, Alleingänge beim Ermitteln...). Als Leser freut man sich für Rebus, jedoch fehlt ihm jetzt irgendwie der Gegenpol. Die anderen Protagonisten sind etwas klichehaft gezeichnet, der schleimige Politiker, die knallharten Mitglieder der Elitetruppe... Trotzdem, ein spannendes Buch mit Suchtpotential.

Kurzbeschreibung The fourteenth Inspector Rebus novel - and No.1 bestseller. Two seventeen-year-olds are killed by an ex-Army loner who has gone off the rails. The mystery takes Rebus into the heart of a shattered community. Ex-Army himself, Rebus becomes fascinated by the killer, and finds he is not alone. Army investigators are on the scene, and won't be shaken off. The killer had friends and enemies to spare and left behind a legacy of secrets and lies. Rebus has more than his share of personal problems, too. He's fresh out of hospital, but won't say how it happened. Could there be a connection with a house-fire and the unfortunate death of a petty criminal who had been harassing Rebus's colleague Siobhan Clarke?. de Given his contempt for authority, his tendency to pursue investigative avenues of his own choosing, and his habitually ornery manner, it's a wonder that John Rebus hasn't been booted unceremoniously from his job as an Edinburgh cop. He certainly tempts that fate again in A Question of Blood, which finds him and his younger partner, Detective Sergeant Siobhan Clarke, trying to close the case of a withdrawn ex-soldier named Lee Herdman, who apparently shot three teenage boys at a Scottish private school, leaving two of them dead, before turning the pistol on himself. "There's no mystery," Siobhan insists at the start of this 14th Rebus novel (following Resurrection Men). "Herdman lost his marbles, that's all." However, the hard-drinking, chain-smoking Rebus, who'd once sought entry into the same elite regiment in which Herdman served (but ultimately cracked under psychological interrogation), thinks there's more motive than mania behind this classroom slaughter. Perhaps something to do with the gunman's role in a 1995 mission to salvage a downed military helicopter, or with Teri Cotter, a 15-year-old "Goth" who broadcasts her bedroom life over the Internet, yet keeps private her relationship with the haunted Herdman. Rebus's doubts about the murder-suicide theory are deepened with the appearance of two tight-lipped army investigators, and by the peculiar behavior of James Bell, the boy who was only wounded during Herdman's firing spree and whose politician father hopes to use that tragedy as ammo in the campaign against widespread gun

ownership. But the detective inspector's focus on this inquiry is susceptible to diversion, both by an internal police probe into his role in the burning death of a small-time crook who'd been stalking Siobhan, and by the fact that Rebus-- who shies away from any family contacts--was related to one of Herdmans victims. Now middle-aged and on the downward slope of his pugnacity (the high point may have come in 1997's *Black and Blue*), Rebus has become the engine of his own obsolescence. Overexposure to criminals has left him better at understanding them than his colleagues, and he only worsens his career standing by fighting other people's battles for them, especially Siobhan, who risks learning too many lessons from her mentor. To watch Rebus subvert police conventions and fend off personal demons (that latter struggle mirrored in *A Question of Blood* by Herdman's own) is worth the admission to this consistently ambitious series. --J. Kingston Pierce.co.uk

Sometimes crime affects you directly: in *A Question of Blood* Inspector John Rebus is caught up in two cases that are closer to home than he would like. He is under investigation for the burning alive of a minor psychopath who threatened his attractive young sergeant Siobhan Clarke; and the son of an estranged cousin has been murdered in a high-school shooting. As always in Rankin's novels, Rebus's bad attitude to his superiors comes back to bite him: even though doctors testify that damage to his hands is a scalding from trying drunkenly to get into an over-hot bath, it is regarded as circumstantial evidence of his possible guilt. The high-school shooting looks at first sight like another ex-SAS crazy going wild--and here Rebus's own past as an SAS washout comes to haunt him--and the constant meddling of army investigators screams cover-up. In fact, though, this is one of those occasions on which Rebus's slightly paranoid preparedness to see connections everywhere pays off and he manages to solve both crimes and a lot of other unsuspected pieces of mayhem besides. Along the way, the book offers Rankin's usual intense commentary on embattled masculinity and what it means to be a Scot, and this excellent sequence's usual portrayal of an Edinburgh where modernity rubs up against time-worn slums and ancient privilege. --Roz Kaveney