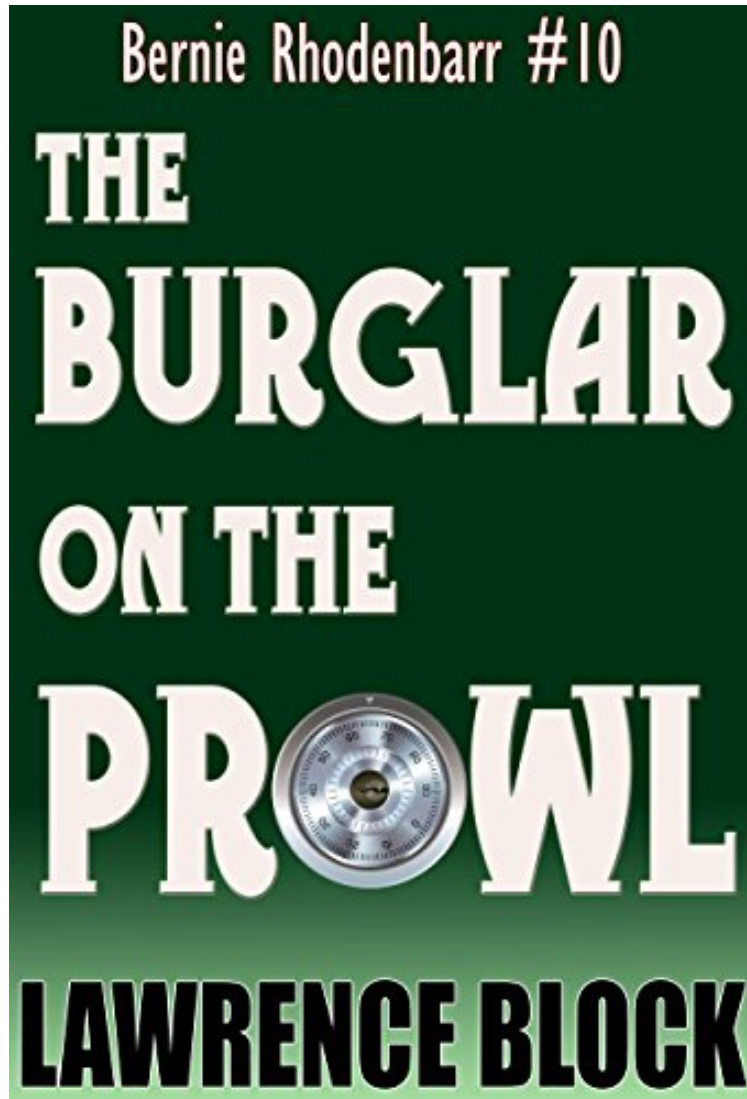


(Mobile ebook) The Burglar on the Prowl (Bernie Rhodenbarr Book 10) (English Edition)

## The Burglar on the Prowl (Bernie Rhodenbarr Book 10) (English Edition)

Von Lawrence Block

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**Von Lawrence Block : The Burglar on the Prowl (Bernie Rhodenbarr Book 10) (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Burglar on the Prowl (Bernie Rhodenbarr Book 10) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Bernie Bags the Baddies!!Von Donald MitchellIf you haven't met Lawrence Block's busy bookselling burglar, Bernie

Rhodenbarr, you have ten treats ahead of you that include *The Burglar on the Prowl*. Bernie's addicted to burgling. He loves the feeling of being in someone else's place when they are not there, and he adores the loot that he lifts. But he has a conscience. He remembers being burgled himself, and avoids taking items of sentimental value to the owners. If he sees a wrong, he'll do what it takes to right it . . . even if there's nothing in it for old Bernie. Although it's usually best to start at the beginning of a series (in this case with *Burglars Can't Be Choosers*), Mr. Block does a good job of providing background in this story so you could begin with this one without losing very much enjoyment. *The Burglar on the Prowl* starts off innocently enough. Old friend Marty Gilmartin (the owner of the baseball cards that were stolen in *The Burglar Who Traded Ted Williams*) has a bone to pick with a fellow rou, plastic surgeon Crandall Rountree Mapes, who has seduced and alienated the affections of his girl friend. Never mind that both Gilmartin and Mapes are both married. Gilmartin wants vengeance. Gilmartin tells Bernie that Mapes keeps lots of cash in a wall safe at home and gives Bernie the address. Gilmartin is even willing to give up his usual finder's fee if Bernie will lift the loot. Bernie dutifully cases the joint, sees a way to pull off the caper, and heads home to watch *Law and Order* on television. Feeling twitchy, he decides to go out again. That impulse to go on the prowls sets off an incredible set of events that reverberate throughout the novel. After a lot of pondering, he decides he wants to burgle a brownstone . . . and wanders around until he finds one that calls out to him. Without casing the joint or knowing if anyone is at home, he breaks into a top floor apartment and finds some jewels and cash in the freezer. Then he hears two sets of footsteps coming up the stairs. He bolts for the window to the fire escape . . . and cannot open it. What next? Before the next few days are over, there are dead bodies all over New York and Bernie's been busted as a suspect in these cases. But he doesn't know anything about those bodies. Shaking off the inconvenience, there's still all of that loot at the Mapes place in Riverdale. Will Bernie glide away with it? These are just a few of the imponderables in *The Burglar on the Prowl*. Before he's done, Bernie finds a lot of baddies who need to be bashed . . . and Bernie does his best to be sure that happens. This book could have been subtitled "Meaningful Coincidences" and have understated the point. The plot creates astonishing connections among the characters that will leave you breathless by the end. Although it's all part of the fun of the book, if you are like me you'll find the plot overly complicated. Sometimes simple is better . . . and comic heist capers at some point lose their beauty with too many twists and turns. I graded the otherwise entertaining book down one star for the excesses in the plot. And the next time you get an urge to take a late night prowls, think of old Bernie in this book. Perhaps you'll decide to settle for a dish of ice cream at home instead.

**Kurzbeschreibung** Since his 1977 debut, Bernie Rhodenbarr has won the devotion of an ever-increasing international audience. The lighthearted and light-fingered fellow, whose talents as a detective get him out of the trouble his burglar skills get him into, wins readers' hearts and minds as he goes along. *THE BURGLAR ON THE PROWL* is his tenth adventure. Bernie Rhodenbarr, burglar with a heart of gold, returns for this 10th installment in a reliable series from the versatile and prolific Lawrence Block (70-plus books to date). In *Burglar on the Prowl*, Bernie is recruited by an old friend to burgle the home of a crooked plastic surgeon, removing some off-the-books cash from a wall safe. A simple enough job, but Bernie complicates matters by going "on the prowls" one restless evening—randomly cruising for an easy job. While he's pawing through a woman's empty apartment, she returns home; Bernie hides hastily, only to overhear an act of violence that draws him into a hunt for the perpetrator and a deepening role in the victim's life. Lawrence Block's prose is merely serviceable, but his plotting and storytelling are first-rate. He constructs a complex puzzle, yet weaves in each new development so seamlessly that you almost don't see it happen. Like its Bernie predecessors, *The Burglar on the Prowl* is droll and charming, and at times you can feel Block trying a bit too hard with the charm. However, a few truly horrific bad guys and some ugly violence keep the sweetness from cloying. And it's impossible not to like Bernie, a gentleman criminal with few peers in contemporary fiction. --Nicholas H. Allison

**From Booklist** Bernie is back! To devoted followers of genre stalwart Block's comic series starring Bernie Rhodenbarr, the dry-witted bookseller-thief, a new adventure reads like a treasured stand-up routine, with a few details altered. Sure, it's formula, but that's the fun. We know that when Bernie breaks into someone's home, he will either find a dead body or be trapped under the bed while something bad happens above him. We wait for it, like comedy fans waiting for a familiar punch line. This time Bernie's under the bed, and to make matters worse, he's spotted on a security camera outside the building, making him a suspect in a murder-robbery that took place next door. Then there's the problem of the Black Scourge of Riga, and don't forget the fat man who paid \$1,300 dollars for a \$12 copy of Conrad's *Secret Agent*. There's more, of course, and none of it makes much sense, either to Bernie or his pal Carolyn, who offers her usual invaluable counsel while bemoaning the difficulties of finding a girlfriend online. But not to worry, by the last chapter, Bernie gets to say his favorite line, the one we wait for the longest: "I suppose you're all wondering why I summoned you here . . ." No, Bernie, I know full well: to enjoy superb light entertainment, to cackle at your devilish wit, and to relish the glee with which your creator constructs his confoundingly clever, coincidence-cluttered plots. Bill Ott

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