The ransom game: A Benny Cooperman mystery



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著者: 出版者: 出版时间:

isbn:9780312663834

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br >he city was beginning to look deserted. Everybody who

br >could afford to go to Florida was in Florida. My mother

br >and father were in Floridai'/4© my brother Sami'/4© the

br >surgeoni'/4© was in Floridai'/4© my cousin Melvyni'/4© the lawyeri'/4© was in

br >Florida. Even the radio announcer who usually reads the local

br >weather was in Florida. I can remember a time when Melvyn

br >couldn t even read the time. I taught him. Now he was in

br >Floridai'/4© sitting by a swimming pool getting a tan all over his

br >hairy body while Ii'/4© Benny Coopermani'/4© was here in Grantham.

br >No matter how I examined iti'/4© I couldn t make it come out

br >looking fair. The coldest part of the winteri'/4© with starlings and

br >sparrows falling stiff from the treesi'/4© frost creeping under my

br >door and climbing the stairs two at a timei'/4© and I sat herei'/4©

br >waiting for a client to read

my sign: \"Benjamin Coopermani'\/\(\mathbb{E}\) \text{Licensed Private Investigator}\"i'\/\(\mathbb{E}\) and come in asking me to \text{br} > solve the sudden disappearance of a long-lost rich uncle. \text{br} > Nothing easieri'\/\(\mathbb{E}\) in the middle of February: he s gone to \text{br} > Florida. \text{br} > From the window I could look down on St. Andrew \text{br} > Street. The black pavement was chilled whitei'\/\(\mathbb{E}\) the frosty breath \text{br} > of the manholes rose straight up. Not a drop of snow as far as \text{br} > the eye could see; somehow that made it look even colder. I \text{br} > triedto find the evidence for cold without snowi'\/\(\mathbb{E}\) just to kill the \text{br} > \text{br} > \text{br} > \text{cold}
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