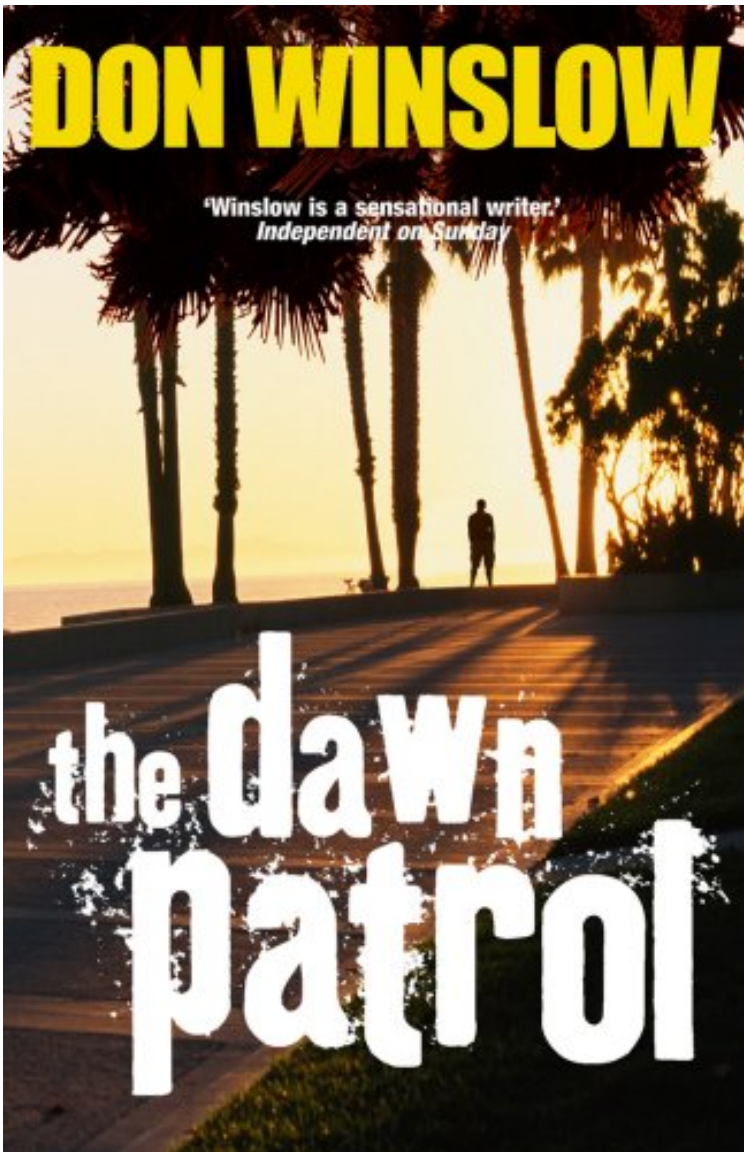


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The Dawn Patrol



Par Don Winslow
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurBoone Daniels is a laid-back kind of private investigator. He has sleuthing skills to burn but is rarely out of his boardshorts, and with a huge Pacific storm approaching San Diego, Boone wants to be there to ride the once-in-a-lifetime waves with his buddies in the Dawn Patrol. Unfortunately he's just landed a case involving one dead and one missing stripper, but with the help - or hindrance, Boone thinks - of uptight lawyer Petra Hall, he's determined to wrap it up in time for the epic surf. But all sorts of trouble follows with Hawaiian gangs and trafficked Mexican girls, as the case turns dark and personal, raising ghosts from Boone's troubled past and dragging in Sunny and the rest of the Dawn Patrol. The currents turn treacherous on land and at sea as the big swell makes landfall, and Boone has to fight just to keep his head

above water...ExtraitThe marine layer wraps a soft silver blanket over the coast.The sun is just coming over the hills to the east, and Pacific Beach is still asleep.The ocean is a color that is not quite blue, not quite green, not quite black, but something somewhere between all three.Out on the line, Boone Daniels straddles his old longboard like a cowboy on his pony.Hes on The Dawn Patrol.The girls look like ghosts.Coming out of the early-morning mist, their silver forms emerge from a thin line of trees as the girls pad through the wet grass that edges the field. The dampness muffles their footsteps, so they approach silently, and the mist that wraps around their legs makes them look as if theyre floating.Like spirits who died as children.There are eight of them and they are children; the oldest is fourteen, the youngest ten. They walk toward the waiting men in unconscious lockstep.The men bend over the mist like giants over clouds, peering down into their universe. But the men arent giants; theyre workers, and their universe is the seemingly endless strawberry field that they do not rule, but that rules them. Theyre glad for the cool mistit will burn off soon enough and leave them to the suns indifferent mercy.The men are stoop laborers, bent at the waist for hours at a time, tending to the plants. Theyve made the dangerous odyssey up from Mexico to work in these fields, to send money back to their families south of the border.They live in primitive camps of corrugated tin shacks, jerry-rigged tents, and lean-tos hidden deep in the narrow canyons above the fields. There are no women in the camps, and the men are lonely. Now they look up to sneak guilty glances at the wraithlike girls coming out of the mist. Glances of need, even though many of these men are fathers, with daughters the ages of these girls.Between the edge of the field and the banks of the river stands a thick bed of reeds, into which the men have hacked little dugouts, almost caves. Now some of the men go into the reeds and pray that the dawn will not come too soon or burn too brightly and expose their shame to the eyes of God.Its dawn at the Crest Motel, too.Sunrise isnt a sight that a lot of the residents see, unless its from the other sideunless theyre just going to bed instead of just getting up.Only two people are awake now, and neither of them is the desk clerk, whos catching forty in the office, his butt settled into the chair, his feet propped on the counter. Doesnt matter. Even if he were awake, he couldnt see the little balcony of room 342, where the woman is going over the railing.Her nightgown flutters above her.An inadequate parachute.She misses the pool by a couple of feet and her body lands on the concrete with a dull thump.Not loud enough to wake anyone up.The guy who tossed her looks down just long enough to make sure shes dead. He sees her neck at the funny angle, like a broken doll. Watches her blood, black in the faint light, spread toward the pool.Water seeking water.Revue de presseThe Dawn Patrol might be the best summertime crime novel ever . . . A classic . . . If you havent read Winslow yet, get to it. Hes epic macking good, bra.San Francisco ChronicleA thrill ride all the way . . . Filled with action and humor, good guys who win our hearts, and bad guys well never forget, its one of the most entertaining beach books of thisor any othersummer.New Orleans Times-PicayuneColossally cool . . . Grab your board, plant it nose-first in the sand, lean back and catch a ride on what may be this summers zinc-slathered-nose read . . . The Dawn Patrol captures the essence of Southern California itself: forecast sunny and clear, with an undertow of darkness.San Antonio Express-NewsA high-octane tale featuring a private eye, equal parts lethal and laconic, and a lady lawyer with the quipping style of Katharine Hepburn . . . Stellar. NewsdayDon Winslow writes tough . . . The Dawn Patrol pounds its story forward like a relentless surf . . . The novel makes Mickey Spillanes Mike Hammer adventures seem like a middle school Christmas play.Cleveland Plain DealerA well-crafted book [that] unfolds at breakneck speed . . . The interplay between the quirky surfer buddies is laugh-out-loud funny . . . The pace quickens, the stakes grow higher, and the bad guys reveal themselves as truly evil.San Francisco Chronicle A terrific thriller . . . Comic, but also dark, violent, and plenty serious as Winslow keeps raising the stakes, as well as the waves, for all involved.Publishers Weekly (starred)