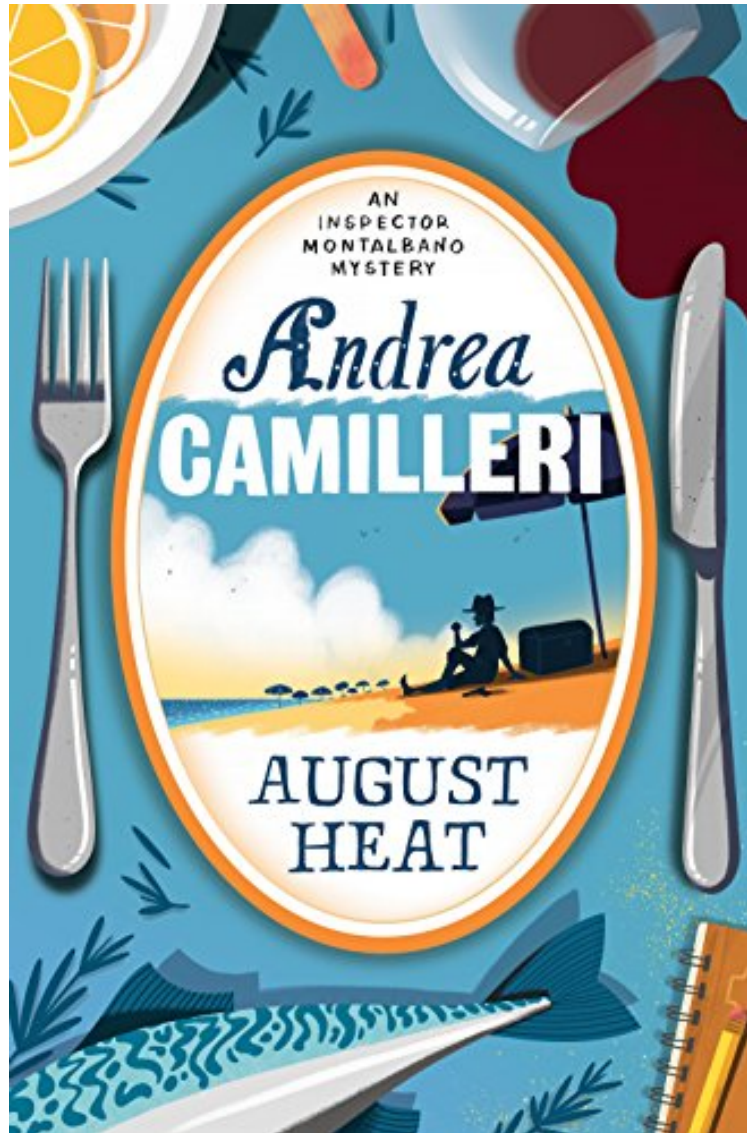


(Ebook pdf) August Heat (The Inspector Montalbano Mysteries)

August Heat (The Inspector Montalbano Mysteries)

Von Andrea Camilleri

DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation -Verkaufsrank: #33654 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2011-03-25Erscheinungsdatum: 2011-03-25File Name: B004TSAQSA | File size: 70.Mb

Von Andrea Camilleri : August Heat (The Inspector Montalbano Mysteries) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised August Heat (The Inspector Montalbano Mysteries):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Montalbano kommt ins SchwitzenVon Robi RobertoIch hatte 14 der bislang 15 auf Deutsch oder Englisch erschienenen Krimis mit dem sizilianischen Commisario Salvo Montalbano gelesen. Nur der zehnte in der Reihenfolge war mir irgendwie ausgekommen. Die Gelegenheit zum Komplettieren der Reihe war gnstig, als die englischsprachige Kindle-Version fr sagenhaft gnstige 2,50 anbot.In "August Heat" leidet Montalbano unter der

gnadenlosen Hitze des sizilianischen Sommers. Zufällig entdeckt er in einem Ferienhaus die seit sechs Jahren dort versteckte Leiche einer 16-jährigen, der die Kehle durchgeschnitten wurde. Bei den Ermittlungen in dem Mordfall lernt Montalbano die inzwischen 22 Jahre alte und betend hübsche Zwillingsschwester des Opfers kennen. Seine Freundin Livia ist weit entfernt beim Segeln mit einem Verwandten und obwohl Montalbano sich des Altersunterschieds von 33 Jahren bewusst ist, kann er sich dem Bann der attraktiven Frau nicht entziehen. Neben dem Mord an der jungen Frau geht es in "August Heat" auch um den Tod eines arabischen Maurers, der vor ebenfalls sechs Jahren vom Gerüst einer Baustelle stürzte. Montalbano hat die Verantwortlichen im Verdacht, den auf mangelnde Sicherheitsvorkehrungen zurück zu führenden Unfall damals vertuscht zu haben. Wie so oft konnte bzw. wollte man ihnen damals wegen bester Kontakte zu Politik und Mafia nichts nachweisen. Diese Ungerechtigkeit lässt Montalbano keine Ruhe. Wie man es bei Andrea Camilleri kennt, steht nicht allein der zu lösende Kriminalfall im Vordergrund, sondern mindestens genau so wichtig sind die privaten Befindlichkeiten Montalbano und seine Lust auf gutes italienisches Essen. Dabei kommt aber der Kriminalfall nicht zu kurz und obwohl die Auflösung vorhergesehen werden kann, überrascht das Ende mit einer raffinierten Wendung. Es ist sicher nicht der Beste der bisherigen 15 Montalbano-Krimis, aber trotzdem ein sehr guter, für den ich gerne fünf Sterne vergeben würde. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. There's No Fool Like an Old Fool Von Donald Mitchell "But I say to you that whoever looks at a woman to lust for her has already committed adultery with her in his heart." -- Matthew 5:28 Andrea Camilleri's latest police procedural looks at the perils and foibles of lust. Plenty of humor is added, but the bottom-line message is clear . . . lust isn't good for anyone. Normally, Inspector Salvo Montalbano goes away to cool off in August, spending time with his part-time distant lover, Livia. This year, he cannot get away and Livia agrees to come to him. Life quickly becomes complicated when Livia insists at the last minute that he find a house to rent large enough for her friend and her friend's family. All seems settled . . . until various unexpected problems arise. You'll probably laugh aloud at some of the sequences. The humor quickly shifts to fear when the friend's son disappears. In the course of locating the child, Montalbano uncovers an old secret that creates a new mystery for him to solve. The bulk of the time Montalbano is trying to solve the mystery of how to stay cool, especially by taking his clothes off when he shouldn't be doing so and taking long swims in the ocean when he's supposed to be elsewhere. All those concerns are thrust to one side when Montalbano finds himself on the receiving end of a young woman's attentions that prove to be all-too-tempting. The book has two weaknesses that you should be aware of before you read it: 1. The mystery's solution is very obvious . . . way too obvious. 2. The book's conclusion is telegraphed way too much. But if you would like to have a few laughs with and at the expense of the fictional Montalbano, you'll have a good time. If you decide to read the book, do so at the beach somewhere in August while you are enjoying perfect weather. You'll probably think this is a four-star book if you do. Keep cool! 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. War es Camilleri zu heiß beim Schreiben? Von Susanne Weigand Die Geschichte fängt langsam und gut an. Erst muss unbedingt ein Ferienhaus für die Freunde von Livia gefunden werden, dann rennen unangenehmer Weise Horden von Ungeziefer durchs Haus und schließlich verschwindet der kleine Sohn. Montalbano findet das Kind und stolpert dabei über einen alten Kriminalfall. Es ist August und heiß in Sizilien, sehr heiß. Und es ist sehr schön geschildert, wie Montalbano unter der Hitze leidet und wie er damit umgeht, meistens in dem er sich zum unpassenden Zeitpunkt einfach ins Meer stürzt. Aber leider ist fast von Anfang an klar, wer der Schuldige ist. Montalbano hat noch ein heißes Date und dann geht es auf einen aufgesetzten und unglaublichen Showdown zu. Ich mag die Montalbano-Geschichten von Camilleri sehr. Aber bei dieser vermute ich, Camilleri war es einfach zu heiß zum Schreiben. Ein Lob an den Verlag für die Hyperlinks auf den Annex.

Kurzbeschreibung August Heat by Andrea Camilleri, is the tenth instalment in the Inspector Montalbano series, adapted as a major BBC4 television series. This edition featuring a stunning redesigned cover. Montalbano quickly slammed the trunk shut and sat down on top of it. When the beam from Livia's torch shone on his face, he automatically smiled. 'What's in the trunk?' Livia asked. 'Nothing. It's empty.' How could he possibly have told her there was a corpse inside? The lazy, slow month of August at the height of the Sicilian summer is, Inspector Montalbano assures his girlfriend Livia as they prepare for a relaxing holiday in a villa he has found for them, far too hot for any murders to be committed. But when Livia's friends' young son goes missing, a chain of events is sparked which will certainly ruin the Chief Inspector's pleasant interlude. A secret apartment and a grisly find in an old trunk are just the beginning, as Montalbano navigates his way through the case, as well as coping with the sweltering heat, the suspicious death of an Arab labourer and the tempting lure of a beautiful girl . . . August Heat is followed by the eleventh book in the series, The Wings of the Sphinx. . . de As the interest of readers in crime fiction in translation continues to grow, its common knowledge that one writer's name guarantees highly individual writing: the veteran Italian master Andrea Camilleri. And August Heat demonstrates once again why the author is held in such high esteem -- and why Inspector Montalbano is one of the treasures of the current crime scene. This latest offering (with Montalbano dealing with the discovery of a young woman's body) is par for the course not vintage Montalbano, but more than serviceable -- aided by a translation courtesy of the adroit Stephen Sartarelli. As usual with Montalbano

(whose gourmet instincts are as keen as his investigative skills), his methods for learning the truth from suspects vary according to the individuals he is dealing with; here, an unpleasant paedophile comes in for some particularly no-nonsense treatment -- and the legality of some of Montalbanos actions is distinctly questionable. The setting, as usual, is the picturesque, non-metropolitan region of Vigata in Sicily. And it's hot --stiflingly hot. In August Heat, we are never allowed to forget the all-enveloping sultriness (the inspector -- possessor of miniature fan, the only one in the police station -- sometimes cloisters himself in his office and strips naked to deal with the heat). At the beginning of the novel, Montalbanos lover, Livia, has arranged for some friends to stay near them. But their guests' irritating child disappears, and Montalbano undertakes a search. The house they are using yields no clues, despite being searched with a fine toothcomb. The mystery is total -- is it an abduction? Has the child wandered away? Until, that is, Montalbano finds a tunnel in the ground outside -- one that that takes him to a concealed layer of the house. He finds the child, unharmed, but there is another discovery waiting for him in the subterranean room: a trunk. Inside, wrapped in plastic, is the unclothed body of a girl -- her throat has been slashed. The clues to her killer may lie with those responsible for the concealed floor. Camilleri fans will be more than happy with this, though there is no catch-up characterisation for Montalbano's police colleagues; the author clearly makes the assumption that well be familiar with them. This reservation apart (plus a few others involving a comic secondary figure), followers of this urbane, relentless Italian copper need not hesitate. --Barry Forshaw.co.uk

As the interest of readers in crime fiction in translation continues to grow, its common knowledge that one writer's name guarantees highly individual writing: the veteran Italian master Andrea Camilleri. And August Heat demonstrates once again why the author is held in such high esteem -- and why Inspector Montalbano is one of the treasures of the current crime scene. This latest offering (with Montalbano dealing with the discovery of a young womans body) is par for the course not vintage Montalbano, but more than serviceable -- aided by a translation courtesy of the adroit Stephen Sartarelli.

As usual with Montalbano (whose gourmet instincts are as keen as his investigative skills), his methods for learning the truth from suspects vary according to the individuals he is dealing with; here, an unpleasant paedophile comes in for some particularly no-nonsense treatment -- and the legality of some of Montalbanos actions is distinctly questionable. The setting, as usual, is the picturesque, non-metropolitan region of Vigata in Sicily. And it's hot --stiflingly hot. In August Heat, we are never allowed to forget the all-enveloping sultriness (the inspector -- possessor of miniature fan, the only one in the police station -- sometimes cloisters himself in his office and strips naked to deal with the heat). At the beginning of the novel, Montalbanos lover, Livia, has arranged for some friends to stay near them. But their guests' irritating child disappears, and Montalbano undertakes a search. The house they are using yields no clues, despite being searched with a fine toothcomb. The mystery is total -- is it an abduction? Has the child wandered away? Until, that is, Montalbano finds a tunnel in the ground outside -- one that that takes him to a concealed layer of the house. He finds the child, unharmed, but there is another discovery waiting for him in the subterranean room: a trunk. Inside, wrapped in plastic, is the unclothed body of a girl -- her throat has been slashed. The clues to her killer may lie with those responsible for the concealed floor. Camilleri fans will be more than happy with this, though there is no catch-up characterisation for Montalbano's police colleagues; the author clearly makes the assumption that well be familiar with them. This reservation apart (plus a few others involving a comic secondary figure), followers of this urbane, relentless Italian copper need not hesitate. --Barry Forshaw