



# Brooklyn Knight

*C.J. Henderson*

Download now

Read Online ➞

# Brooklyn Knight

*C.J. Henderson*

## **Brooklyn Knight** C.J. Henderson

Professor Piers Knight is an esteemed curator at the Brooklyn Museum and is regarded by many on the staff as a revered institution of his own if not an outright curiosity. Knight's portfolio includes lost civilizations; arcane cultures, languages, and belief; and more than a little bit of the history of magic and mysticism. What his contemporaries don't know is that in addition to being a scholar of all things ancient he is schooled in the uses of magical artifacts, the teachings of forgotten deities, and the threats of unseen dangers.

If a mysterious object surfaces, Professor Knight makes it his job to figure it out--and make sure it stays out of dangerous hands.

A contemporary on an expedition in the Middle East calls Knight's attention to a mysterious object in the collection of the Brooklyn Museum ... just before it becomes the target of a sorcerous attack that leads to a siege on a local precinct house by a fire elemental.

What looks like an ordinary inscribed stone may unlock an otherworldly Armageddon that certain dark powers are all too eager to bring about--and only Piers Knight stands in their way.

## **Brooklyn Knight Details**

Date : Published January 5th 2010 by Tor Books

ISBN : 9780765320834

Author : C.J. Henderson

Format : Paperback 336 pages

Genre : Fantasy, Urban Fantasy, Fiction, Mystery, Paranormal, Magic

 [Download Brooklyn Knight ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Brooklyn Knight ...pdf](#)

**Download and Read Free Online Brooklyn Knight C.J. Henderson**

---

# From Reader Review Brooklyn Knight for online ebook

## Rachel Blackman says

Read this a while ago... only just remembered to review.

Ugh.

I really wanted to like this book. A professor of archaeology in New York, fighting to save the world from evil! Perhaps a little hokey, but no more so than many urban fantasies have been, quite a few of which I found very enjoyable.

This, I did not.

For one, the author had an annoying habit of ending every single chapter with a narrative 'punch.' Things like, "If he had known then what they were taking and why, he would have done everything in his power to help them on their way!" End chapter. And then no actual callback to that until near the end of the book. Now, ending a chapter on a punch can be effective once or twice, especially if you deliver on that within the next few chapters. But about two thirds of the chapters in the book ended that way, most of them calling forward to the same event in different ways, and then leaving you without resolution for most of the book. After the first few times, that started to grate on me.

As I said, I really /wanted/ to like this book... and there were some decent plotting ideas here, but I just couldn't get past the narrative voice and the 'punch' ending to each chapter to really enjoy them.

---

## Stephanie says

I'm not sure I'm going to get through this one. Its already 2 days overdue and there's still over 100 pages to go. The use of the passive voice slows everything down, and the characters aren't consistant.

Update: I finished it, finally. The last 100 pages weren't any better then the first.

---

## Cathy Green says

Henderson's book opens with an overview of the legendary, ancient, now destroyed and lost city of Memak'tori and Dr Ashur Ungari's archaeological dig in Syria to discover the city. Before the reader can start wondering too much about why she or he is reading about a lost city in Syria when the title clearly promised Brooklyn, the scene switches quickly to the observation deck of the Empire State building where Dr. Piers Knight, curator at the Brooklyn Museum, is introducing his new intern Brigit Elkins, late of Montana and graduate school in Chicago, to New York City.

Having received a call from Dr. Ungari announcing that he's coming to the Museum to view the Dream Stone, which will function as a Rosetta Stone for the materials unearthed at Memak'tori, Piers decides to treat Brigit to dinner at his favorite Japanese restaurant and then swing by the Brooklyn Museum to prepare

for the meeting and get the Dream Stone out of storage. That's when things start to go wrong in very interesting ways.

When they get to the Museum, the expected guard is not at his post and Piers and Brigit soon discover that the Museum is being robbed and that thieves are stealing the Dream Stone. At this point, Prof. Knight is revealed to be more than just an academic and curator as he uses magic to foil the robbery. Unfortunately, the thieves kill themselves by blowing themselves up with grenades, which makes it a bit difficult to find out for whom they were working. And that sort of thing also tends to attract the attention of the police, so Brigit ends up spending her first night in NYC at a police station being grilled by a couple detectives.

Since the novel is nominally set in the real world and post-9/11, the attempted theft of Middle Eastern objects also attracts the attention of the FBI and Homeland Security, particularly since Dr. Ungari's dig was sponsored by the Syrian government and when he shows up at the Brooklyn Museum, he's accompanied by the sort of embassy attache that's generally assumed to be a spy. It soon becomes clear that very dangerous, very powerful non-human forces are behind the attempted theft and the fate of the world rests in the hands of Prof. Knight and Brigit.

Some very powerful eldritch forces are (a) taking an interest in the Dream Stone and (b) trying to break through to our world, which can never be good. Along the way an NYPD precinct house and most of Fort Drum are destroyed before the final showdown in GreenWood Cemetary.

Henderson has set up an interesting system of magic and also follows the principle that it is scarier not to know exactly what the unspeakable Lovecraftian forces are, while still making it perfectly clear that the fate of the world is at stake. Henderson has fun with his system of magic, such as when Piers Knight uses magic to eavesdrop on people's thoughts, and he's stuck with their thoughts, relevant or not, for a fixed period of time.

Also, all the Brooklyn locations are real. Not just the major landmarks such as Green Wood Cemetery and the Brooklyn Museum but the restaurants as well, which lends the novel a sense of authenticity. Given that the Brooklyn Museum is often treated as the red-headed stepchild in comparison with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, despite the breadth and depth of the collection, it's nice to see a bit of borough pride with the setting.

The bantering relationship between Piers and Brigit is delightful, albeit a bit old-fashioned, like in the screwball comedies of the 30s and 40s. The combination of the Piers-Brigit relationship plus the Lovecraftian forces that they are battling produces a result that one might expect had Hammer Studios hired Ernest Lubitsch to direct one of their movies.

I also liked the fact that Brigit's first reaction to the situation is to be disconcerted and upset. After all, Prof. Knight already was aware that magic and dark forces existed; Brigit had no idea and her first night in NYC five guy get blown to bloody bits right in front of her and a mysterious energy creature nearly burns down a police station. Upset is a natural response under the circumstances. And even Prof. Knight gets a bit wigged out the first time they go to Green Wood Cemetery and they encounter a ghost and get attacked from above by killer lightening. I also liked the fact that Brigit makes a key discovery by doing what interns are supposed to do - research in the dusty records in the bowels of the museum.

Brooklyn Knight offers a nice blend of humor and horror. It's a fun urban fantasy that will make ideal beach or pool-side reading. I'm looking forward to the sequel.

---

## Joy says

Very dated dialogue. Not even a very good use of either mystery or magic. Boring.

---

## Kristin (MyBookishWays Reviews) says

You may also read my review here: <http://www.mybookishways.com/2011/07/...>

Brooklyn Knight is a rather cute adventure set in New York, and opens with our hero, Professor Piers Knight getting a call from his former colleague, who may have found the key to unlocking an ancient mystery. Memak'tori was a significantly advanced civilization in the Euphrates River Valley whose inhabitants mysteriously disappeared, causing speculation that their hubris was the cause of some sort of grand punishment. Pretty, red-headed Bridget Elkins is fresh off the farm and looking forward to her training as Knight's assistant. She'll definitely get more than she bargained for when thieves try to steal the Dream Stone (which may have to do with the disappearances at Memak'tori), and her entire world view is turned on its head when she discovers magic just may be real.

Brooklyn Knight wasn't the easiest read for me. Not that it's bad, but the character of Piers Knight is quite old fashioned, his manner of speaking is also very old fashioned, and he's only 43. He reminded me of a doddering old professor twice his age, and it took me a bit to get used to his affectations. At first, Piers treats Bridget like a ditzzy sidekick, fresh from the farm, and (I do declare) ignorant about the ways of the big city, but eventually he realizes that she's not as ignorant as she first appears. One odd scene was when Bridget discovers that most of the females that Piers works for lust after him, but even though he makes a few comments to Bridget about her attractiveness, he still comes across as slightly asexual (at least in the first half of the book), but I digress. Brooklyn Knight is written in the manner of an old pulp adventure, so if you dig those, you'll dig Brooklyn Knight. Sometimes Piers' sarcasm can be eye rolling, and sentence construction seemed stilted at times (to me), but there's lots of action, plus magic, ghosts, terrorist plots, and other oddities, and if you like adventure and mystery a la Indiana Jones, you'll enjoy this one. Once I got used to the writing style, I found myself enjoying the story for what it was, and the author's obvious love of New York comes across on nearly every page. If you're looking for something cute and light, in between heavier reads, you'll probably like Brooklyn Knight.

---

## Justin says

Professor Piers Knight is the charming, handsome, and intelligent curator of the esteemed Brooklyn Museum. He has in possession the mysterious "Dream Stone" — an artifact that may hold the key to unraveling an ancient and dangerous mystery. But Knight is not the only person who is aware of its importance. With the help of his gorgeous assistant Bridget and his knowledge of magical items, Knight must protect the stone and solve the riddle in order to keep a global disaster from happening.

CJ Henderson's Brooklyn Knight proves to be a very entertaining read. Professor Knight is by the far the most developed character in the story. (The others tend to be left a little hollow, but I'm hoping they'll get more depth in later books). The back cover describes him as "New York's answer to Indiana Jones," but that's a bit of a stretch. Yeah, Knight and Jones are both charming male academics who moonlight as adventurers and solvers of ancient mysteries, but Indy's abilities are much more mundane, whereas the things Piers Knight is capable of are anything but. Also, Knight never leaves New York, though the potential

for future global adventures is definitely there.

Also providing potential for future fun is the magic system which is primarily based around ancient artifacts. Henderson gradually introduces these believable magical elements and, as curator of the museum and a descendent of a long line of adventurers, Piers Knight has almost unlimited access to a wide range of items that give him special abilities. This should provide many interesting plot devices for the stories to come!

Brooklyn Knight is essentially an action/mystery, with fantasy elements thrown in. I enjoy this style of urban fantasy more than any other. I like the adventure, mystery, humor, pseudo-historical aspects, and the limited magic — they combine to make a really fun story!

<http://www.fantasyliterature.com/hend...>

---

## **Kate says**

Another book that I really wanted to like, and wound up very disappointed in.

The concept is great - a director/curator/professor at the Brooklyn Museum (which IS he?!) dabbles in magic on the side, mostly by harnessing artefacts that he's "borrowed" from the museum or that his archaeologist forebears have collected through the years. He's accidentally involved in a plot to bring an ancient extradimensional evil to destroy humanity, and needs to figure out A) what's going on and B) how to stop it. There's FBI involvement, an interlude involving a major attack at Fort Drum that's blamed on terrorists, and some interesting gallivanting around with spirits.

But that's where the good stuff starts AND stops.

Knight is...an enigma, and not in a good way. His dialogue is rather stilted and anachronistic - which would be okay, if there were a reason for it. I think the author was trying to go for a super-pulp feel, in that he wanted to evoke both noir phrasings and Victorian adventure stories. But it falls EXTREMELY flat - the character sounds ancient and stilted, even though he's supposed to be in his early forties and very worldly. "Bless all the tiny monkeys" is his catchphrase, which is cute, but who on earth says "I would like to render unto you assistance" with a straight face?

That latter phrase, by the way, is used unironically throughout the story - "render unto you" and other slightly archaic phrasings turn up regularly in the narrative phrasings, and they're jarring. Also, someone really needs to break the author of the habit of leading into dialogue using semicolons. It is NOT easy or fun to read things like

"and she asked him;

'What just happened, professor' "

Yes, with a line break like that. Someone get the red pen!

By the way, "unexplainable" might be replaced with "inexplicable" in half the instances it's used here, to better effect. GET A THESAURUS.

Moving on... what IS Knight? He's constantly referred to as "the professor," but there's never any mention of what he teaches, or where. He's called a director of the museum, but he seems to be, at best, one of the chief curators. Also, there's never any reference to him being, say, a doctor of archaeology - while others are regularly referred to as "the doctor of X." Seems some basic research into the workings of academia and museums has been ignored.

Add to that Brigid. Oh heavens, Brigid. I loathe her, and I can't quite put my finger on why. Perhaps it's because she's there to be a set piece, and a convenient *deus ex machina* - she hauls Knight home once or twice, and puts him to bed, and makes soup for him, and is a general helpmeet in a domestic sense...only once does she show any real intelligence or capability, and that's to serve as a *deus ex machina* allowing the plot to advance with the discovery of a key piece of information.

Yeah.

And all the while, she's referred to constantly as "the redhead" or having her physical attributes talked up. No one can refer to her, it seems, without mentioning her hair, her stunning green eyes, her perfect bone structure, her long legs...you get the picture. She basically exists to be described, and then to wail about how overwhelmed she feels, and then to haul the professor away from danger.

Lovely.

The other women in the story are there to provide comic relief, nattering on about how sexy Knight is and being generally stereotypical "brainless office workers." Oh, and they're described, to the extent that they get any description at all, as "round," "older," or "short." Because we can't have anyone approaching Brigid the gorgeous, now can we?

Severely disappointed in this book. Usually, in my reviews, I try to find something that I can latch onto as a good point - great characters, for instance, or a twisty plot, or an interesting magical system. There's...not much of that here. In fact, there's barely any. It's annoyingly written, with a trite and somewhat ill-formed cliché of a plot, with an unimaginative magical system and some honestly annoying characters and little character development. I feel hard-pressed to even give it two stars - it gets the second only because a one-star book makes me throw it across the room, and this one didn't quite stoop to that level.

---

## **Indigo says**

Three and a half, more properly.

Let me begin with the things that irked me, then I can get on with the parts I liked.

Memak'tori was made out to be way more significant than it really was. Bit of a red herring, I suppose.

Irksome: Mr. Henderson has a right fetish for the semicolon. Overused and really annoying; messed up my reading pace.

Irksome: The narration. For the first few chapters, there was this "If X had done/not done Y..." at the end of every chapters. I am grateful Mr. Henderson abandoned that after a while.

Irksome: Everybody in the book seemed to have the shoulder angels and devils, except it was more like shoulder personality-fragments a la Fairly Oddparents, each referring to themselves as "we" when speaking to the main psyche driving the character.

Irksome: The author tried to inject people of color into the book, and that is all well and good, but the only non-Caucasians he did inject were black (Dix the guard and Judith the HR woman), and he had them all speaking in a near-ebonics dialect...and they worked in the BROOKLYN MUSEUM. Dix made a comment about Piers being white, and Judith a comment about Piers being not black. Sigh. At least they weren't immediately killed or made criminals, I suppose.

Irksome: Bridget. Supposed to be smart and plucky. And she is. But not especially smart. Not as smart as the men. And not especially plucky. But omigod, could we get any more descriptions of how gorgeous and beautiful and pretty and attractive she is? And could Mr. Henderson describe her in any other way than "the redhead" or "Bridget"?

Seemed like about 100 pages in the middle were the author not being entirely certain where he wanted to go. Piers dealing with/stalling/mickeyng the police/FBI. Bridget discovering the clucking gossip hens in HR, then making a delighted discovery about the dream stone. The old cop grieving his partner. The FBI guy and the Professor having a testosterone contest before the story finally got on with the plot. It was supposed to be cute, and some of it was; but it was also kinda tedious.

Piers tendency to speak like a 1950s Englishman, referring to his male compatriots as "Old man," etc, and then lapsing on purpose into a Brooklyn accent right out of an old movie.

Okay, onto the things I liked.

Piers Knight himself reminds me a little of the Doctor. (Doctor Who?) He has this tendency to play meek little milksof of an intellectual when he's really rather sharp. And I do so love the idea of a museum curator being a guy with magic abilities because of all the ancient artifacts he's come into contact with.

While Bridget wasn't necessarily as smart as the men, she was about as plucky as they were. There were moments when even the men had to struggle not to pass out or run from fear same as her. Nice evening out of the gender renderings, there.

I liked the little atmospheric tweaks, of good restaurants, and the Empire State Building, especially as it is a magic antenna.

I liked the cleverness of Major General Mark Harris and Martin Klein when faced with something they had no way to have been prepared for.

The author planted little things for the author to think about too.

Judith noted that every time they get a new employee, if she's female, they have a pool for how long it takes said woman to ask how old Piers is. At age 43, by the HR records, he doesn't look the part. My guess is that he's immortal, and has been doing the whole "I portray my own son/grandson/great grandson" schtick. Especially given how he keeps referring to himself as "the elderly", and his ability to switch accents and attitudes whenever possible.

It wasn't a perfect book, but it's a first book in a series, and it left enough going on for me to be curious what



will happen next.

---

## Cindy Amrhein says

First, I thought the cover was deceptive, showing a much younger man than the character visualized to me--too old to be the Indiana Jones type. Professor Piers Knight, the Brooklyn Museum curator, who is also an expert in ancient artifacts and their mystical properties, seemed a little too old school. I get the fact that he had that immortal thing going on, but he still would have picked up some modern use of language. I liked it being a quirk of the character but at times it seemed overkill and forced.

For a stone that was supposed to end the world, the Dream Stone didn't have enough importance attached to it. It seemed like an afterthought to the story. I would have liked more mystique surrounding the stone itself other than just the blurb at the beginning about it being the reason for the disappearance of the ancient village of Memak'tori. The stone had all this cool writing on it and both Piers and Dr. Ungari seemed all excited about it at the beginning of the book. The engravings found at the dig uncovering Memak'tori, turns out to be the same "language of Dreams" as on the Dream Stone. But after their phone conversation that promised more the two colleagues didn't seem very interested in what the stone said. I was expecting more of the excitement of the discovery in chapter two to carry on through the book, but no. I needed more to make me feel it was more than a rock everyone was chasing.

The story drags a bit for my taste with only a few spots of real excitement. The rest was a lot of Piers doing a monologue on various things or banter between Piers and the detectives or Piers and his assistant, Bridget Elkins—who was often referred to as "the redhead." Redhead used once as description is fine, but to keep using it after that instead of using her name got annoying—this worried the redhead, the redhead decided, said the redhead—yeah, too much of that, just say Bridget.

I think the author got too stereotypical with the African American characters. There is really a better way to describe a character than for Piers, in directing Bridget to Human Services at the Museum, to say, "... assuring Bridget that if she could find a 'short, round, nasty black woman that answered to Judith' she would be in good hands." Come on, there are other ways for a writer to show a person's personality. Then there is the black security guard, Jerome Dribben, saying, "There's a buncha cops and like worse than that waiting for you in your office—they didn't none of 'em look like the happiest of dudes, neither. Maybe you might want to be thinking about turning around—sliding back out the door." *Hack. Hack. Gag.* Laudy, I do think this author done been watchin' too many movin' pictures from the 1930s!

It is unfortunate; I thought the story idea was great. It started out with a lot of promise. I think it could have been developed a lot more than it was. Mysteries, thrillers or adventures with an archeological slant, true Indian Jones style or like the Librarian, are my favorites to read. Granted you need to give the reader a chance to catch their breath when the momentum gets rolling but to totally slow it down to idle chit chat left me thinking, "OK, what were we doing now?" This book was a dream stone's throw away from being a great read had the story not lulled in so many places.

---

## **Marva Whitaker says**

...Whole thing came off vaguely sexist - the main female character in the story was a half-wit, (and no, that alone doesn't make it sexist; I know plenty of female half-wits in real life) but instead of being called out as a half-wit, the other characters regularly praised her for being a half-wit - because any other woman on the planet would have surely broken down into complete hysterical idiocy due to any of these mildly magical situations. Minor female characters fueled the fire, by having nothing more to contribute than the occasional sex-centered gossip or clothes conundrum - This problem permeated every aspect of the story, making some of the relationships seem creepy when I think they were supposed to be sexy.

The idea at the heart of the thing isn't terrible. Magical guy works in a museum and has adventures. Very cool. I just wish I hadn't spent the entire book feeling like main relationship was between an ancient elf in a young man's body and a three-year-old in a young woman's body.

---

## **Kori Klinzing says**

I admit, when I saw Shatner's review of this book on the cover, I was weary. As awesome as Shatner is in all those Priceline commercials, I do not believe he is qualified to review books. But he was right. Ish. I did enjoy this book.

The plot was interesting one and the book itself was an easy enough read, but it almost seemed to be written by a professor of literature who decided he wanted to try his hand at genre fiction. The writing was overly descriptive throughout the book, going through every nuance of thought and action of the characters when a simple gloss over would do and it definitely slowed the pace of the book. This particularly bothered me in the first part where we spent four pages waiting for a phone to be answered. At times, the writing was even clumsy; the first five or so chapters ended in a bit of foreshadowing like "If he had known... blah blah blah..." which was not only annoying but, it actually gave away some of the plot; at one point I knew someone was going to die just because of the phrasing, which made the death itself anticlimactic.

The characters themselves were amusing for the most part; Knight reminded me a little of Frasier Crane, a pompous know it all, but a fun one. Though at times he was almost too clever, and his self-superiority did tend to grate after a while. I kind of wished for him to be taken down a few pegs by the middle of the book. But his assistant, Bridget... well, the words "Mary Sue" come to mind. She was just too perfect, from her exquisite beauty that was commented on way too often, to her ability to handle the supernatural being thrown at her with only a little breakdown in the midst of it. And yet for all her perfection, the other characters were obsessed with her safety. Sure, she's young and a civilian, but she did seem capable of taking care of herself. Frankly, for a main character she had little to do with the plot, aside from giving Knight someone to explain magic to, and in my opinion the book could have done without the overtures to her "wonderfully attractive" figure and the inevitable romance that sprung up between them.

Spleen vented, I do have to say Shatner was right on one account; I enjoyed the book as a lighthearted read. The battle at the end was my favorite part. Even though the POV switched from the battle with the demon and Knight's battle with the Big Bad, it was fast paced enough to keep me turning the page, and well written enough that I always knew what was going on. Although the Big Bad's motive seemed a little tacked on, the way Knight defeated him was actually kind of inspiring.

I think I will be reading the next book. Provided the good Professor finds a new assistant.

---

## Sharon Malcolm says

How very disappointing! I thought this would be a kind of combination of Harrison Ford and *The Librarian*, and what I got was neither. One thing this book could have really used is a makeover from a decent editor. Paragraph after paragraph of clumsily explained actions and unnecessary "details" made for a clunky read. The possibility of a burgeoning relationship between the professor and his extremely attractive (yes, we know already!) assistant was just plain awkward. Cliche after cliche, barely an original idea present. Forewarned should have been forearmed - there was a quote of praise from William Shatner on the front cover.

Perhaps males who have never read any science fiction or fantasy might possibly enjoy this.

---

## MB Taylor says

I finished reading *Brooklyn Knight* Friday afternoon. It's yet another urban fantasy novel about someone who does magic while the majority of the world doesn't believe in it. First in a series. An over explored genre, but one I sometimes enjoy. This one was OK; maybe a bit better than that, but not much.

Part of the problem may have been the false expectations generated by the back cover blurb: "New York City's answer to Indiana Jones, Professor Piers Knight is an esteemed curator at the renowned Brooklyn Museum and an expert on lost civilizations and arcane cultures." Maybe in later books the Indiana Jones comparison will seem appropriate, but nothing in this book said Indiana Jones to me.

Be that as it may, I thought the main characters were mostly interesting people. Henderson wisely left a lot of Mr. Knight's background shrouded in mystery, presumably to be illuminated as the series progresses.

The series is set in contemporary New York; but Knight and his charmingly gorgeous summer intern, Bridget Elkins, might have fit in better in the 1950s or even earlier. I could easily imagine them in Victorian London. For reasons not entirely clear to me the pair reminded me somewhat of Simon Archard and Emma Bishop from the comic book *Ruse* (Crossgen 2001-2004, Marvel 2011) set in a faux Victorian era England.

The story itself seemed improbable (even considering the genre) and a little on the light side. It may have been my imagination but it seems like over half the book was devoted to introducing us to the characters (good) and to New York (which I found tedious).

Typically in novels of this genre people die, frequently a lot of people. *Brooklyn Knight* is no different in this regard; but a lot of the deaths seem pointless. Rampaging bad guys killing innocents in one thing (that's one of the ways we know they are the *bad guys*). But it just felt different here. (view spoiler)

After I finished this book, I needed to decide: Should I pick up the next book in the series? This is somewhat of an odd dilemma for me; I'll generally have bought two or three books in a series before I get around to reading the first. But for some reason, I didn't pick up *Central Park Knight* when it came out. I thumbed through a copy at the bookstore yesterday and decided not to get it.

---

## **Cathy says**

Really a 3.5. Overall, it was cute. Professor Knight is a glam Indiana Jones, with a '40s Hollywood style and vocabulary. He was a nice change from most of the male protagonists I read about, who are usually Joe Smoe types. Knight is smart, skilled and adorable, quite the male fantasy. Bridget isn't well developed but likable (if somewhat obscenely gorgeous). And the story was generally well-paced and interesting. We still know very little about the Prof by the end, like how he learned all of this stuff or how he got those terrible scars, so I'm assuming a next book is well on it's way. And I'll be happy to read it. Better than average but not outstanding entertainment.

One thing that was very nice was seeing good cops! New York City police heroes, smart military men, and even a decent FBI agent. So many stories these days are about corrupt government reps, it's nice to see some well-represented.

The only consistently annoying thing was the non-possessed people all having different voices in their minds whispering to them, or people referring to themselves as "we," or the levels of their minds shouting different things. It was too much and used too much. Yes, we do have primitive parts of our minds that may react in fear at odds to what our conscious minds tell us. But I doubt they do it in full sentences.

---

## **Lark says**

I checked the publishing date 3 times because it seemed so much like a badly written 1950's book.... EVERYONE was stereotyped ! The voluptuous young assistant was by far the most irritating, since he (and the author is obviously male) kept referring to her as 'the red head'. Seemed as though it were written 50 years ago, and updated in a few sentences to more modern politically correct bad-guy reasoning and technology.

Billed as an 'Indiana Jones' type book, I would say more like a talent-less Sherlock Holmes. The main similarity was the way the professor kept coming out on top because of some fabulous little magical do-dad of which the reader is unaware until it is employed. Also because the professor is incredibly good at everything, and has exquisite taste, chick magnet, genius, and foodie, blah blah blah....

And it was way too wordy. He seemed to be going for a victorian loquaciousness. There is a reason most authors today don't do that - because, unless you are Incredibly talented, it's just tedious.

---