



77 Shadow Street

Dean Koontz

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#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

Welcome to the Pendleton. Built as a tycoon's dream home in the 1880s and converted to luxury condominiums not quite a century later, the Gilded Age palace at the summit of Shadow Hill is a sanctuary for its fortunate residents. Scant traces remain of the episodes of madness, suicide, mass murder—and whispers of things far worse—that have scarred its grandeur almost from the beginning.

But now inexplicable shadows caper across walls, security cameras relay impossible images, phantom voices mutter in strange tongues, not-quite-human figures lurk in the basement, elevators plunge into unknown depths. With each passing hour a terrifying certainty grows: Whatever drove the Pendleton's past occupants to their unspeakable fates is at work again. And as nightmare visions become real, as a deadly tide begins to engulf them, the people at 77 Shadow Street will find the key to humanity's future . . . if they can survive to use it.

Includes the bonus novella *The Moonlit Mind*.

77 Shadow Street Details

Date : Published December 27th 2011 by Bantam (first published 2011)

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Author : Dean Koontz

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Genre : Horror, Fiction, Thriller

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From Reader Review 77 Shadow Street for online ebook

Samantha Vanbrocklin says

I really wanted to love this book, but it really made it hard. I love the style in which the book was written. The movement between characters really added suspense and thrill, and a few times I wanted to jump out of my skin. However, it was drawn out at times and, although the ending was interesting, it didn't start taking shape until 3/4ths the way in. Overall, an interesting read but not up to Koontz's par.

Christine says

The house is called the Pendleton now and it was built as the dream home of a tycoon in the 1800's. The original family was plagued with tragedy and ever since there has been a cycle of tragic events ... coincidentally every 37 years. In the 1970's it was remodeled as luxury apartments inhabited by the rich and famous, the rich and not so famous and the downright notorious. The curse of tragedy, however, seems to have stayed on despite the renovations and now ghostly images, disembodied voices and glowing mold haunt the residents of 77 Shadow Street.

In my on going quest for a good ghost story I thought of all people Mr. Koontz would deliver. I hate to say this, but not so much! I'll admit to being a long time Koontz fan, and although lately there have been some hits and some misses I always look forward to reading his books. This one was definitely on the "miss" side of the column. There are so many characters in this book ... obviously the inhabitants of a luxury condo building ... and the story progresses as each tells a part of the action. Sometimes this works, but in this case it is like watching a movie with too many fast cuts. Instead of adding to the drama and action it actually takes away from it. By the end of the book I didn't care about the characters and was a little tired of the lengthy reflection on the bleakness of the world and the "darkness" of humankind. Would not recommend this one, even to a Koontz fan.

Lou says

"I am the One, the all and the only. I live in the Pendleton as surely as I live everywhere. I am the Pendleton's history and it's destiny. The building is my place of conception, my monument, my killing ground."

"Not just a great house, not merely a mansion, the Pendleton was more accurately a Beaux Arts palace, built in 1889, at the height of the Gilded Age, sixty thousand square feet under roof, not counting the vast basement or the separate carriage house. A combination of Georgian and French Renaissance styles, the building was clad in limestone, with elaborately carved window surrounds. Neither the Carnegies nor the Vanderbilts, nor even the Rockefellers, had ever owned a grander house."

77 Shadow Street an address like any other but with a mystery behind its doors unlike any other. A insidious evil is reawakening, there has been events of the macabre kind in the past nearly every 30years to be precise.

Dean Koontz has really created an atmosphere of chilling eeriness. He is a master when it comes to writing with memorable characters, in this dwelling of darkness he brings to you two wonderful kids Winny and Iris an autistic girl of remarkable courage. If you think of H.P Lovecraft and Clive Barker getting together to write a novel involving a charnel house of mystery then this would be the end product. The writing flows well, it immerses you with expectations of a new evil force present and delivers with an originality of grandeur. You won't want to stop reading once you get into the whole 'who's there' scenario.

One of the characters in the novel gave a fitting descriptions to the series events that he witnessed, he said it was as if he just been part of a movie that James Cameron directed while on amphetamines and Red Bull. I could see this being a really good adaptation to the big screen.

King had his Shining, Matheson created Hell House, Peter Straub created Ghost story and now Dean Koontz has made a mark with 77 Shadow Street.

You have had many house stories but Dean Koontz brings to the table a unique charnel house tale of his own.

"Iris was that perhaps rarer of autistic savants: one who had an intuitive grasp of the relationship between phonemes, the basic sounds by which a language was constructed, and the printed word. One day when she was five, Iris picked up a childrens book for the first time- and quickly began reading, having had no instruction, because when she looked at a word on the page, she heard the sound of it in her mind and knew its meaning. When she had never encountered a word before, she searched for its definition in a dictionary and thereafter never forgot it."

"Winny was surprised to see so many books, because he thought some autistic kids never read well , maybe not at all. Evidently, Iris read a lot. He knew why. Books were another life. If you were shy and didn't know what to say and felt you didn't belong anywhere, books were a way to lead another life, a way to be someone else entirely, to be anyone at all. Winny didn't know what he would do without his books, except probably go berserk and start killing people and making ashtrays out of their skulls even though he didn't smoke and never would."

Review also on more2read my webpage.

Watch also Dean Koontz interview here.

Bob Milne says

Damn. There was a time when Dean Koontz stood tall alongside Stephen King and Clive Barker as a cornerstone of my horror collection. Over the years, however, I noticed his stories deliberately shift away from the dark weirdness and explicit horror that was so compelling to me. Eventually, I stopped picking up every new release, and started cherry-picking the ones that sounded interesting. I think it was that distance from the material that allowed me to step back and view his work with a more critical eye, ultimately realizing he'd descended into his own sub-genre of suspenseful, message-laden, clichéd morality tales.

It was the Strange Highways collection, more than anything, which finally crushed that eroded cornerstone

into dust. There were some stories in it that reminded me so much of his older work, I found myself getting excited again - and then I discovered *Twilight of the Dawn*. If there is one work above all others than demonstrated how far he'd fallen for me, one story that abandoned all attempts and subtlety and beat you over the head with the message that God is Good, that was the story. If you haven't read it, it's basically about a man whose atheism is responsible for all the tragedies that befall him and his family, and who is 'saved' by a pair of miracles.

I've tried to get back into Koontz a few times since then, with no success. Even when he's not falling back on his favorite tropes of special needs kids and adopted dogs saving the world through their purity and innocence, I can't escape simplicity of his villains. There's no moral ambiguity, no sympathetic aspect, and no sort of internal conflict. They'd be cartoonish in their stark blackness, if it weren't for the fact that they're so dreadfully heavy-handed. Find a character in a Koontz novel who doesn't believe in God and who engages in illicit kinky sex, and you've got your villain. I mean, he went so far as to take the archetype of the classic, morally ambiguous, sympathetically tormented villain, strip him of all of that color and depth, and instead present Victor Frankenstein as a man who is wholly evil and without moral direction because he doesn't believe in God.

With all that baggage, you're likely wondering why I even gave *77 Shadow Street* a chance. Well, the truth is, I wanted to find a Koontz book I could enjoy again, and a classic haunted house tale - with no room for one of those simplistic villains - seemed like a perfect choice.

This actually started off extraordinarily well, raising my hopes for a return to form. It was mysterious and creepy, full of WTF moments, and had an intriguing ghost story at its heart. The Pendleton was a fantastic setting, and its horrific history was perfect background for a contemporary ghost story. The plummeting elevator? Awesome. The blood-red water and sinuous shapes in the basement pool? Fantastic. The gigantic bug-like creatures seen only in shadow? Stunning.

Except, of course, that's not what this is. Koontz teases us for a long time, and really lays the supernatural evidence on thick, but eventually devolves into a messy sci-fi/horror mash-up involving time travel, alternate timelines, and dangerous experiments. I was disappointed, and came to resent the sci-fi intrusions, but was still willing to see where it went.

Unfortunately, the characters bring the story crashing down. For one, there are just too many of them for us to really be able to focus and care about their fates. The best of them are damaged, and the worst of them are those cartoon evil-doers who deserve their fate. There are no sainted doggies here, but two special needs kids who you just know are going to be pivotal. What began as a fascinating ghost story with some real narrative flair turned into a soap opera of character studies. We go from room to room in the Pendleton, from character to character, and basically wait for something to happen. I gave up somewhere in the second half when I looked back at the past 150 pages and realized a few characters made it down the stairs. Seriously, that was the sum total of plot development. All momentum was lost, and I just couldn't compel myself to continue.

I hate to say it, but I think I may be done trying to reconnect with my glory years. There are some authors who grow and evolve alongside you, and others who choose to take their development down a different path. Koontz and I, we're clearly on different paths, and I no longer see a crossroads ahead.

Obsidian says

I don't even know what to say. I was tempted to DNF but I really wanted something to get crossed off of my second bingo card so struggled through to the end with this one.

I don't know guys, I think that Koontz has flashes of brilliance in his books, but his later stuff is just him preaching via his characters about whatever he currently has a bug about. This one is just about how advances in technology can lead to the world being wiped out via our scientific advances.

I will say the initial part of the book (the horrific events that occurred at a Gilded Age home over the years) was great. When Koontz got into the characters and dialogue it just fell apart. What's wrong with just writing a straight haunted house mystery? I don't know why Koontz went from that to what this turned into.

"77 Shadow Street" follows a former home eventually turned into condos that every 37 or maybe it was 38 years an event occurs there that leaves all of the inhabitants dead. Now it's about to go through its cycle again. Now called the Pendleton, it is a home for it seems fairly well off people.

I don't know what to say about the characters. We have a former Marine (of course we do) who is now an investment banker of some sort. Two elderly rich sisters leaving together, a former U.S. Senator, a country music writer and her son, and a woman and her autistic daughter. There is also a retired lawyer, a scientist, and shoot I know I am blanking on at least 4 more people here, but I can't even recall people's names at this point.

I can't even point to a favorite character since we spend so little time with everyone. You maybe get a paragraph or two before Koontz blithely skips to the next character. We also get an info dump via the retired attorney about the history of the Pendleton. I really hate info dumps and this one made no sense to me since who moves into a place where it seems murders keeps happening?

If Koontz could have limited himself to a first person POV and just had that character introduce us to the other characters it could have worked. When I started reading the one kid's point of view I was just over everything. It doesn't help that we get some bad science via characters too when the happenings at the Pendleton start getting explained.

Readers quickly find out though that Shadow Street is not what it seems. It appears to also connect to a man calling himself "Witness" and a narrator calling themselves "The One." It takes a while for all of this to sync up so you can figure out what is going on. However, the reveal to me was disappointing.

The flow started off okay and than just got increasingly worse. The writing was atrocious (dialogue wise) too. I just kept going to myself, who the heck talks like this while I was reading. Everyone sounded like a bad fortune cookie. At one point I thought I was reading an Odd Thomas book since everyone in this book managed to sound like that character at one point or the other.

The setting of the Pendleton at first was creepy. But when things got explained I found myself in disbelief about how this all got explained. It was overly explained and I called BS on what actions one of the characters did. I think it would have caused some paradox consequences, but I really didn't care at that point cause at least I had finished this book.

FYI, I skipped reading the novella included since it was a prequel of "77 Shadow Street" called "The Moonlit

Mind" and honestly should have maybe been put up front before you get into the longer book. Either way, I was glad to be done and refused to read that. This book ended around the 75 percent mark because of my skipping that read.

Jackie says

77SS started out good, mysterious and intriguing. I thought it was a haunted house story but it's not. Which is cool too.

However, in the mid-way point, I was tired of the same long winded descriptions of grotesque and nasty things, the same thing over and over. I lost my momentum and found myself putting the book down more easily and not in much of a rush to get back to it.

It wasn't a bad book, just not one of Koontz's best.

Maciek says

I only got 1/4 through this bad book (I hesitate to call it a novel, as there is nothing novel about it) before I reached this offensive chapter and could read no more. It goes like this:

"Sparkle Sykes, stepping quietly out of her closet and moving cautiously across the bedroom, followed the six-legged crawling thing that might have been a mutant baby born after a worldwide nuclear holocaust as imagined in the waking nightmares of an insect-phobic, fungi-phobic, rat-crazy mescaline junkie."

This string of pretty unnecessary comparisons is just a prelude to the real truth, revealed in the next sentence:

"It *wasn't* a baby."

Impossible!

"she was half afraid it would turn to stare at her and its face would be so hideous that the sight of it would kill her or drive her mad."

How can she be half afraid when she thinks that she sheer stare of this creature can kill her or drive her insane? It's like feeling only a slight chill when you have a gun pointed at your head, which really doesn't happen - well, unless you're James Bond.

"On a Biedermeier chest of drawers stood an eighteen-inch-tall bronze statue of Diana, Roman goddess of the moon and the hunt. It weighed maybe fifteen pounds. Sparkle snared it by the neck and held it in both hands, an awkward but elegant club in case she needed one."

Right, because she might not need anything to defend herself. Maybe the creature just turned up to borrow some sugar? Who the hell knows.

"The grotesque intruder seemed not to have passed through the wall but into it. The wall wasn't nearly thick

enough to accommodate such a creature. In going through the wall, it seemed to have gone out of the Pendleton altogether, into some other reality or dimension."

Good thinking, Captain Obvious!

"Sparkle toured the room and peered in the adjacent bathroom, expecting to find some slouching beast out of a Bosch painting or risen from a Lovecraft story. All was as it should be."

Well, I don't think that anything is as it should be, since there was a scary creature touring the apartment just seconds ago, but then, what do I know...

"The girl was sitting in bed, propped up by a pile of pillows stacked against the headboard, reading a book. She did not react to her mother's arrival. More often than not, behind the armor of her autism, she refused to recognize the presence of others by even so much as a glance."

If you pardon the pun, doesn't this paragraph seem to be a bit...autistic? It's completely devoid of any energy, movement, anything. I know that it describes a situation, but all I can see is a string of words at a page. And "armor of autism"? Armor is used for protection and has a positive connotation. Autism is limiting to the individual, trapping and forbidding from interaction. It's not an armor - it's a prison.

"Now the six-legged monstrous baby seemed like a nasty drug flashback, though she had never experienced a flashback before."

So how does she know what a flashback is like? Um...

Then we get a short tour of the character's past: we learn about her dad's death, that her mother has been killed by **lightning** of all possible things, that she was seduced by a drug addict and went through drug induced hell, and has a daughter with that dude, who of course is autistic and of course she's raising her alone. What? Don't like her yet? Well, maybe this will change your mind.

"Young Sparkle in her rubber-soled shoes, on the wet deck of the widow's walk, orphaned now and traumatized, standing motionless in a state of shock, understood instantly that this world was a dark place and hard, that life was best for those who refused to be broken by it, that being happy required the strength and courage to refuse to be intimidated by anyone or anything. She wept but she did not sob. She stood there for a long time until the tears stopped flowing and the rain washed the salt from her face."

Yeah, doesn't this image try to tug the strings of your heart so very, very hard? Nine year old girl, not only orphaned but also traumatized, standing in the rain (why do such things never happen on a sunny day?), nevertheless not losing strength! The only thing missing is Tiny Tim on his crutches in the background, shouting "God bless us, everyone!". Good writers manage to rouse emotions in their readers. Dean Koontz simply tells you how you should feel, again and again and again...

I didn't even finish this book, but from what I've read about it it gets even worse as it goes on. Currently, it has 131 one star reviews on Amazon and only 53 five star reviews. I'd mostly encourage people to not even pick it up to read, but to pick it up and throw it out of the window. If a writer wrote his first novel in 1968 and in 2012 writes crap like this, perhaps it's time to call it quits.

Okay, maybe I was unfair. I've got to be polite. I've got to be respectful. I will look at the next chapter. I am full of hope!

"After the Russian manicurist departed, Mickey Dime went into the study. The wood floor felt sexy under his bare feet. A lot of things felt sexy to Mickey. Nearly everything."

Ah, this doesn't start well...

"On the carpet, he stood squinching his toes in the deep wool pile. His feet were small and narrow. Well-formed. He was proud of his well-formed feet. His late mother had said that his feet looked like they were carved by the artist Michelangelo.

Mickey liked art. Art was sexy."

Aw, crap! Crap! Why did I do this? Well, at least I can't see much of dreadful authorial intrusion, where the author tries to ridicule what he doesn't like by making a bad character take the position he doesn't agree with, specifically oversimplifying it to make those who disagree with him look as dumb as possible...

"Great art wasn't about emotion. It was about sensation. Only the bourgeoisie, the tacky middle class, thought art should affect the better emotions and have meaning. If it touched your heart, it wasn't art. It was kitsch. Art thrilled. Art spoke to the primitive, to the wild animal within. Art strummed deeper chords than mere emotions. If it made you think, it might be philosophy or science or something, but it wasn't art. True art was about the meaninglessness of life, about the freedom of transgression, about power."

Aw, screw you, *77 Shadow Street*. You're a terrible, terrible book, and it makes me sad that trees had to die to carry this awfulness in print. What a waste!

Laura says

Normally, I can whip through a Dean Koontz book at two or three days, tops. But this one plods along. Things don't really pick up until about 200 pages in, but even then it's a slog. Only the last 50 or so pages feel like an actual Dean Koontz book.

One problem is that there is no one to really root for. I felt ambivalent about all the characters (of which there are many, another problem). The only ones really worth of rooting for are Iris and Winny, but that's because they're kids. I also felt there were too many different elements; the plot felt like multiple plots, rather than a main plot and sub-plots. The elements finally came together in the end, but really I couldn't decide if I was reading about time travel, the seeing of ghosts, science beyond my understanding, or what.

Koontz's novels tend to get my heart pumping and leave me longing for the next chapter, but "*77 Shadow Street*" just doesn't fit the bill. I kept reading because I hate the idea of leaving a book unfinished. It was a relief to reach the end.

I'll keep reading Koontz's work, of course. This book is (thankfully) a rare miss in a library of hits. I am especially excited that another Odd Thomas novel is due out this summer.

Visit my blog at [Bums & Bellybuttons](#).

Dirk Grobbelaar says

Seventy-Seven Shadow Street was the most peaceful address in the city.

Or not.

Phantoms / Midnight era Koontz: that is what this is. At long last. This is the kind of thing that made DK **huge** back in the day, and it is also the kind of thing he didn't write **nearly** enough of (in my humble opinion).

So it isn't subtle. So what?

Fear is the engine that drives the human animal.

With its grotesque imagery, this is the kind of uber-weird acid-trip horror that did so well in the 80s. Make no mistake: this is one bizarre book! Koontz even manages to rationalise the madness to some degree. His habit of interspersing his horror plots with pseudo-science is often hit-or-miss. For example: I wasn't **overly** fond of *The Bad Place*. In *77 Shadow Street*, however, it seems to work a whole lot better. In fact, it works really well, because this is such a **visual** novel. Not a lot of beating around the bush - **observe: freakishness!**

Basically, it's a story about a haunted house. The *nature* of the haunting, however, is extremely unconventional. The mechanics of *77 Shadow Street* are so far out of the box it should change horror writing forever. However, looking at the rather low average rating on Goodreads, it seems the world isn't ready for this kind of thing (yet)...

Allen Kelley says

I really tried to like this book, but ended up really not caring for it all. the way it ends makes me believe that Koontz just got tired of writing it and just slapped on an abrupt ending.

Steven Walle says

In *77 Shadow Street*, Dean Koontz takes us on quite a trip of the supernatural. We start in a hotel which has been leaped in a time warp to some time in the future. In this time there are no humans. They have all been whipped out save one who is a super human and is held responsible for remembering the whole history of the world.

I won't tell you how it ends so I recommend you all read it.

Enjoy and Be Blessed.

Diamond

Kendra says

Just a quick comment before I even start reading. I'm pretty darn sure I will enjoy this book because it's NOT "old" Dean Koontz. So many readers whine about his writing having changed, but I like the new stuff. It's not predictable, it has odd sort of paranormal/magic/special gifts that make the stories different from most of the authors out there. I don't want my favorite writers to stagnate and write the same damn thing. I'm not the same person I was 20 years ago, why should my authors be the same? Like it or dislike it, but don't whine for the past. Move on, just like Koontz has, and like I do every time I see another whiner's comment

1/7/11 This book is freaking me out. I can only read it in bits and pieces because it is disturbing! It is well done, suspenseful, detailed but moves at a good pace. Dah.....

Jordan Anderson says

Unlike the slow pace and absolutely dreadful prose of this novel, let's cut right to the quick of it, shall we? I don't know how it's possible, but somehow "77 Shadow Street" manages to showcase both the best and worst of Koontz. There are sparks of greatness within these pages reminiscent of "Phantoms" and "Watchers" and then there are the horrendous faux pas of books past such as the ridiculously terrible "Breathless" and "Darkest Evening of the Year"

I'll get to the bad stuff eventually, but before I completely drive this book to the ground, let's point out the few (and really, there are only a few) decent things about this novel. Personally, I've never really had much problem with Koontz's plots (aside from the 2 previously mentioned books) as they generally tend to be original and creative and the of "Shadow Street" isn't half bad. Like most readers have said, it's new take on the ages old haunted house story mixed with a bit of sci-fi time travel and thrown in with a dystopian spin. It sounds complicated, and it is (and Koontz somehow ruins this - read the negatives for that) but in some parts it does work.

What also works are his "creatures" or "Pogroms". In much the same way as he did in "Phantoms", Koontz gives us an original monster, one that is both dangerous and scary. But of course, in more recent typical Koontz fashion, he goes over the top with ways to repetitively describe them, very nearly ruining their credibility as evil beings and turning them into an almost comic-book kind of villain.

And now comes the part everyone will automatically skip to, due to my low star rating of this book: the negative stuff.

As I've just stated, where this book really begins to bog down and start it's negative spiral is at the expense of Koontz's overwhelming desire to over-describe damn near everything in the Pendleton mansion. And just when you think he can't find something else to write about, he somehow manages to surprise you with even more descriptions, or a repeat of past ones. Perfect example being that stupid fungus. Again and again and again, the reader is presented with a picture of the fungus that seems to grow all over the place in the Pendleton after the switch. It is truly overkill at times. It's almost to a point where it seems as if Koontz forgets he is writing for adults and reverts to childish writing habits. Think Dora the Explorer trying to tell a story. "Do you see the fungus?"

Speaking of children, Koontz still fails to craft a believable kid. Like the children in "What the Night Knows" both Winny and Iris are so far off the path of normal kids that it is impossible to believe them. Winny is only 12 yet acts with more courage and bravery than the supposed war veteran he is with and even has a better vocabulary. Iris isn't much better. Although she never talks (she's an autistic (yet another subject Koontz has seemed to exhaust throughout past works)), she's much too cliche'd and transparent of a character to even have any worth in this book.

Those 2 kids are but a small part of the huge cast of characters Koontz attempts (and fails) to craft into this novel. Nearly every one in this book is one cliche after another. You have the hit-man, the ex-marine turned accountant, the 2 older women who believe in ghosts and ghouls, a blind man, a Vietnamese refugee escaping from his past, a borderline paranoid, and an indian concierge. Not a single one of them bring anything to the literary table. I didn't like a single one of them and never once felt sorry for any one who happened to be attacked and killed by the "Progoms."

I scratch my head as to why I continue to purchase Dean Koontz books. I gave up on Patterson. I gave up on Cussler. I even gave up on Michael Crichton there at the end of his life, but again and again, I find myself still purchasing the newest Koontz books. When I finish, it I know I will be disappointed. I know I will feel like I wasted money. I know I should have bought the next "Game of Thrones" book. I very well feel like this may be my last attempt at trying to give Koontz another shot. I have been giving the guy shots since "The Husband" and pretty much every time I feel duped. From the looks of all the other negative reviews "77 Shadow Street" has gotten, so do a lot of other loyal fans.

Koontz must not read any of the comments people post on his books because they have consistently been more and more negative with each new story and they show no signs of getting any better. You want an honest opinion? Skip this book. Skip anything after "The Taking" or "The Face" and you won't be in for a huge let down every single time.

Fred says

This was a NYT number 1 best seller on January 12, 2012.

In Pendleton, Andrew North Pendleton builds 1880s apartments, his family captured & killed. Pendleton hides for years. Later purchased by the Ostock's, their butler kills them in 1935 "to save the world". A resident known as the "Witness" lead to kill other Pendleton residents. The remaining Pendleton occupants transported to the 2040s controlled by a spirit named "One". Mickey Dime kills off these Pendleton's residents but other threats exist?

Juli says

I really wanted to like this book. The blurb sounded interesting and creepy. But.....Dean Koontz is hit or miss for me. This one is a miss.

I DNF'd this about 150 pages. Why?

The story moves too slowly. No real suspense or action.

Weird, mostly unseen, mysterious creature sneaking up on people -- Koontz Trope.
Very little character development.

This one is not for me. DNF and taking it back to the library. Sometimes I really enjoy Koontz.....other times.....meh. It did keep me entertained while I spent 3 hours getting my hair colored and cut.....but not entertaining enough for me to finish the book.
