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The Lunatic Cafe



Par Laurell K. Hamilton
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Par Laurell K. Hamilton : The Lunatic Cafe before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Lunatic Cafe:

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Description : Description du produitIn Laurell K. Hamilton's New York Times bestselling novels, Vampire Hunter and zombie animator Anita Blake is an expert at sniffing out the bad from the good. But she's about to learn that nothing is ever as it seems-especially in matters of the not-so-human heart... Dating a werewolf with self-esteem issues is stressing Anita out. Especially when something-or someone-starts taking out the city's shapeshifters.

Prsentation de l'diteur'You don't volunteer for slugfests with vampires. It shortens your life expectancy.'And you don't fall in love with a werewolf. It interferes with your work. Especially when you're a preternatural expert, like me. My name is Anita Blake. My business brings me up close and personal with all shapes and sizes of monsters. And not all of them want to kill me.Take, for instance, the local pack of lycanthrops - they're werewolves to you. A number of them are missing, and they've come to me for help. Maybe because

I'm dating the leader of the pack. I've survived a lot - from jealous vampires to killer zombies - but this love thing may kill me yet...com

The zombie-raising business gets slow in December, so Anita Blake is starting to see some oddball cases. She's got a neatly typed list of eight missing lycanthropes given to her by Marcus, the leader of the local werewolf pack, who wants her to find them. The trouble is, Anita's occasionally furry boyfriend Richard is locked in a power struggle with Marcus. Jean-Claude, master vampire of the city and Anita's other love interest, is getting jealous as well. To top it off, Anita has to solve some horrific murders and keep her bounty-hunting friend Edward from killing Richard and Jean-Claude. Hamilton alternates between funny and fearsome in this larky series about a monster hunter with a few dark secrets.

Extrait

It was two weeks before Christmas. A slow time of year for raising the dead. My last client of the night sat across from me. There had been no notation by his name. No note saying zombie raising or vampire slaying. Nothing. Which probably meant whatever he wanted me to do was something I wouldn't, or couldn't, do. Pre-Christmas was a dead time of year, no pun intended. My boss, Bert, took any job that would have us.

George Smitz was a tall man, well over six feet. He was broad shouldered, and muscular. Not the muscles you get from lifting weights and running around indoor tracks. The muscles you get from hard physical labor. I would have bet money that Mr. Smitz was a construction worker, farmer, or something similar. He was shaped large and square with grime embedded under his fingernails that soap would not touch. He sat in front of me, crushing his toboggan hat, kneading it in his big hands. The coffee that he'd accepted sat cooling on the edge of my desk. He hadn't taken so much as a sip. I was drinking my coffee out of the Christmas mug that Bert, my boss, had insisted everyone bring in. A personalized holiday mug to add a personal touch to the office. My mug had a reindeer in a bathrobe and slippers with Christmas lights laced in its antlers, toasting the merry season with champagne and saying, Bingle Jells. Bert didn't really like my mug, but he let it go, probably afraid of what else I might bring in. He'd been very pleased with my outfit for the evening. A high-collared blouse so perfectly red I'd had to wear makeup to keep from looking pale. The skirt and matching jacket were a deep forest green. I hadn't dressed for Bert. I had dressed for my date. The silver outline of an angel gleamed in my lapel. I looked very Christmasy. The Browning Hi-Power 9mm didn't look Christmasy at all, but since it was hidden under the jacket, that didn't seem to matter. It might have bothered Mr. Smitz, but he looked worried enough to not care. As long as I didn't shoot him personally. Now, Mr. Smitz, how may I help you today? I asked. He was staring at his hands and only his eyes rose to look at me. It was a little-boy gesture, an uncertain gesture. It sat oddly on the big man's face. I need help, and I don't know who else to go to. Exactly what kind of help do you need, Mr. Smitz? It's my wife. I waited for him to continue, but he stared at his hands. His hat was wadded into a tight ball. You want your wife raised from the dead? I asked. He looked up at that, eyes wide with alarm. She's not dead. I know that. Then what can I possibly do for you, Mr. Smitz? I raise the dead, and am a legal vampire executioner. What in that job description could help your wife? Mr. Vaughn said you knew all about lycanthropy. He said that as if it explained everything. It didn't. My boss makes a lot of claims, Mr. Smitz. But what does lycanthropy have to do with your wife? This was the second time I'd asked about his wife. I seemed to be speaking English, but perhaps my questions were really Swahili and I just didn't realize it. Or maybe whatever had happened was too awful for words. That happened a lot in my business. He leaned forward, eyes intense on my face. I leaned forward, too, I couldn't help myself. Peggy, that's my wife, she's a lycanthrope.