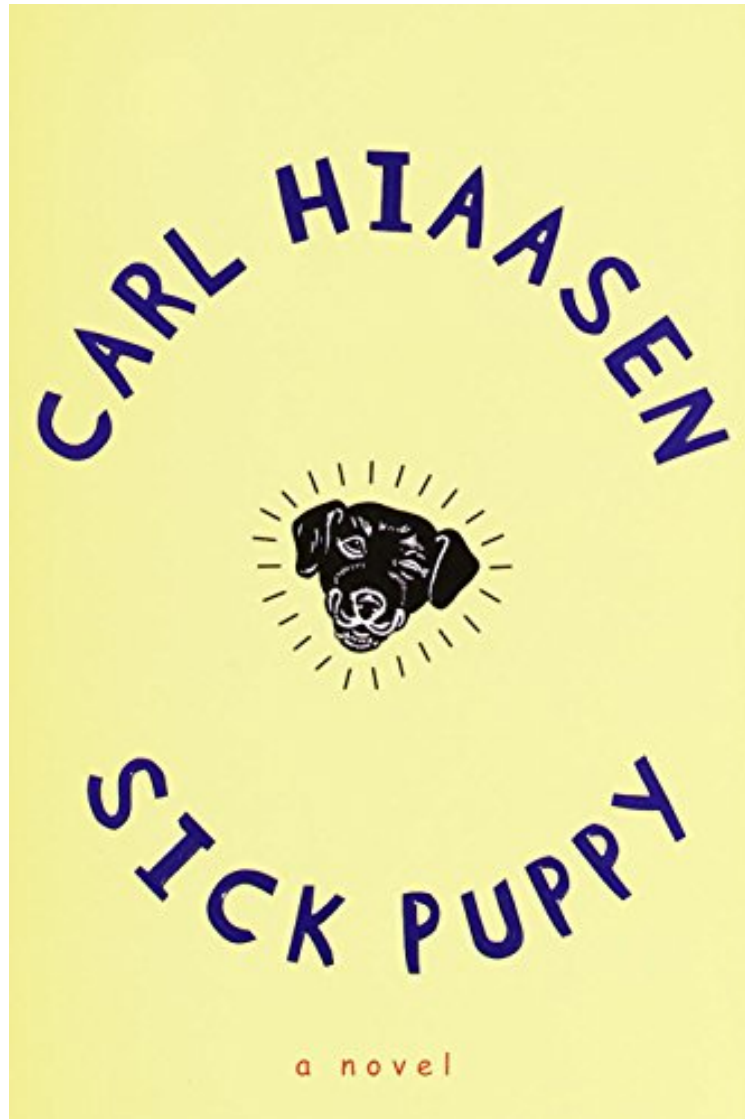


[PDF] Sick Puppy (Skink)

Sick Puppy (Skink)

Von Carl Hiaasen

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Von Carl Hiaasen : Sick Puppy (Skink) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Sick Puppy (Skink):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. the funniest thing i've ever readVon marilyn danielsAnyone who criticizes Carl Hiaasen's work obviously has no sense of humor. I've found every book that I've read by Mr. Hiaasen (5 to be exact) to be so funny that I would be grocery shopping, thinking about what I read, and all of a sudden just burst out laughing. Never in my life have I laughed at anything more than his books. Even stand up comedians haven't made me laugh as much as Mr. Hiaasen has. He gives

you such a vivid picture of what these characters look like and the things that they go through, it's as if I'm watching a movie in full color. Mr. Hiaasen, I thank God that there are people out there like you who have such a wonderful sense of humor. Laughter is good for you and I thank you for giving me so many laughs over the years.4 von 4 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. this book IS funny- don't you ever believe anything elseVon jimbob2@freenet.dethere's not much more to say. "sick puppy" was the first book by carl hiaasen i read and i became addicted instantly. i do read a lot but i have never come across so many weird characters in just one book. buy it, read it, and recieve the same doubtful looks i got while reading "sick puppy" on the beach and laughing out loud every other minute...1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Hiaasen returns with a worthy page-turnerVon BlueStarI must admit, my confidence in Carl Hiaasen as a novelist was faltering with such recent contributions as Stormy Weather and Lucky You. Not that those stories didn't have merit, but they lacked a certain charisma that had me hooked with Tourist Season.Fortunately, then came Sick Puppy.This is classic Hiaasen. The hero of the novel, Twilly Spree, is an ecofreak as odd as his name. As he launches his own personal crusade against the black hats destroying Florida in an effort to make a buck, you can't help but be charmed by Spree's twisted humor and sense of duty. And Hiaasen fans will be reminded of a staple character known for his bizarre ways and love of the land: Skink.Sure enough, the ex-governor makes an appearance as bounty hunter-cum-mentor to Twilly. His antics nearly steal the show in the second half of the novel.My major (and on-going) gripe: the main female character is as desperate and milk-toast as any that Hiaasen has penned to ride shotgun as romantic counterpoint to his male leads. Despite the author's efforts with the females of Strip Tease and Lucky You, he just can't get a grasp on women like he does men, and this book shows it.He does seem to have a bead on the canine psyche, however, and Hiaasen's interpretations of Labrador retriever concerns and motivations serve as effective comic relief in Sick Puppy.Finally, the novel's conclusion is the most satisfying since Hiaasen's first solo effort. As the anti-heroes ride off into the sunset, readers can take heart without being mired in cheese.All in all, a book that is funny, sharp, and worth its space on the shelf.

KurzbeschreibungWhen Palmer Stoa notices the black pickup truck following him on the highway, he fears his precious Range Rover is about to be carjacked. But Twilly Spree, the man tailing Stoa, has vengeance, not sport-utility vehicles, on his mind. Idealistic, independently wealthy and pathologically short-tempered, Twilly has dedicated himself to saving Florida's wilderness from runaway destruction. He favors unambiguous political statements -- such as torching Jet-Skis or blowing up banks -- that leave his human targets shaken but re-educated.After watching Stoa blithely dump a trail of fast-food litter out the window, Twilly decides to teach him a lesson. Thus, Stoa's prized Range Rover becomes home to a horde of hungry dung beetles. Which could have been the end to it had Twilly not discovered that Stoa is one of Florida's cockiest and most powerful political fixers, whose latest project is the "mallng" of a pristine Gulf Coast island. Now the real Hiaasen-variety fun begins . . .Dognapping eco-terrorists, bogus big-time hunters, a Republicans-only hooker, an infamous ex-governor who's gone back to nature, thousands of singing toads and a Labrador retriever greater than the sum of his Labrador parts -- these are only some of the denizens of Carl Hiaasen's outrageously funny new novel.Brilliantly twisted entertainment wrapped around a powerful ecological plea, Sick Puppy gleefully lives up to its title and gives us Hiaasen at his riotous and muckraking best.BONUS: This edition includes an excerpt from Carl Hiaasen's Bad Monkey..deCarl Hiaasen's characters ride and flail on little verbal hurricanes, and his literary storm shows no signs of dying down. Sick Puppy shares Dave Barry's giddy gift for finding humour in South Florida horrors, and a bit of Elmore Leonard's genius for pitch-perfect dialogue spouted smartly by criminals who are as dumb as stumps. The title of Hiaasen's eighth novel could apply to most of its characters, but it chiefly refers to an ebullient Labrador retriever named Boodle and the millionaire eco-terrorist Twilly Spree. Let's just say that Twilly has a singular affliction: poor anger management in the face of environmental irresponsibility. When he spots Boodle's owner, Palmer Stoa, tossing litter from a car, Twilly goes to Stoa's home and removes the glass eyeballs from the animals that the bloated lobbyist had shot and mounted on his walls. Boodle gulps down the eyeballs, sustaining no small amount of digestive difficulties. Soon Boodle and Stoa's wife, Desie, are fugitives from Florida's nature despoilers (who include the Governor, a "glad-handing maggot," the amusingly slimy Stoa, the human bulldozer Krimmler, the cocaine-importer-turned-developer Clapley, and the hit man Mr. Gash, who's fond of sex with multiple beach bimbos in iguana-skin sex harnesses to the tunes of The World's Most Blood Curdling Emergency Calls). Desie, who has a knack for calamitous romance, is smitten with Twilly but urges him not to kill any litterbugs or pelican molesters: "Jail would not be good for this relationship." What keeps pure farce at bay in a novel that romps with the abandon of a scent-crazed Labrador is the otherwise charming Twilly's creepy edge of implacable fanaticism. And what redeems the funny/ugly violence from clich is its colourful bad guys (they're as iridescent as oil slicks), Hiaasen's excellent wit and the music of his prose. To evoke a drunk asleep on the beach, he adds a pungent detail: "a gleaming stellate dollop of seagull shit decorated his forehead." Hiaasen is not unflawed. His original eco-terrorist character, ex-Florida governor Clinton "Skink" Tyree, seems like an

interloper from the earlier books. However, Hiaasen's the master of madcap ensembles (which is partly why the star-vehicle film of his fine book Strip Tease flopped). Even when you can see a chase scene's denouement coming for a beachfront mile, each paragraph packs descriptive delights to keep you going at breakneck pace. --Tim Appelo.co.uk

Carl Hiaasen's characters ride and flail on little verbal hurricanes, and his literary storm shows no signs of dying down. Sick Puppy shares Dave Barry's giddy gift for finding humour in South Florida horrors, and a bit of Elmore Leonard's genius for pitch-perfect dialogue spouted smartly by criminals who are as dumb as stumps. The title of Hiaasen's eighth novel could apply to most of its characters, but it chiefly refers to an ebullient Labrador retriever named Boodle and the millionaire eco-terrorist Twilly Spree. Let's just say that Twilly has a singular affliction: poor anger management in the face of environmental irresponsibility. When he spots Boodle's owner, Palmer Stoa, tossing litter from a car, Twilly goes to Stoa's home and removes the glass eyeballs from the animals that the bloated lobbyist had shot and mounted on his walls. Boodle gulps down the eyeballs, sustaining no small amount of digestive difficulties. Soon Boodle and Stoa's wife, Desie, are fugitives from Florida's nature despoilers (who include the Governor, a "glad-handing maggot," the amusingly slimy Stoa, the human bulldozer Krimmler, the cocaine-importer-turned-developer Clapley, and the hit man Mr. Gash, who's fond of sex with multiple beach bimbos in iguana-skin sex harnesses to the tunes of The World's Most Blood Curdling Emergency Calls). Desie, who has a knack for calamitous romance, is smitten with Twilly but urges him not to kill any litterbugs or pelican molesters: "Jail would not be good for this relationship." What keeps pure farce at bay in a novel that romps with the abandon of a scent-crazed Labrador is the otherwise charming Twilly's creepy edge of implacable fanaticism. And what redeems the funny/ugly violence from cliché is its colourful bad guys (they're as iridescent as oil slicks), Hiaasen's excellent wit and the music of his prose. To evoke a drunk asleep on the beach, he adds a pungent detail: "a gleaming stellate dollop of seagull shit decorated his forehead." Hiaasen is not unflawed. His original eco-terrorist character, ex-Florida governor Clinton "Skink" Tyree, seems like an interloper from the earlier books. However, Hiaasen's the master of madcap ensembles (which is partly why the star-vehicle film of his fine book Strip Tease flopped). Even when you can see a chase scene's denouement coming for a beachfront mile, each paragraph packs descriptive delights to keep you going at breakneck pace. --Tim Appelo