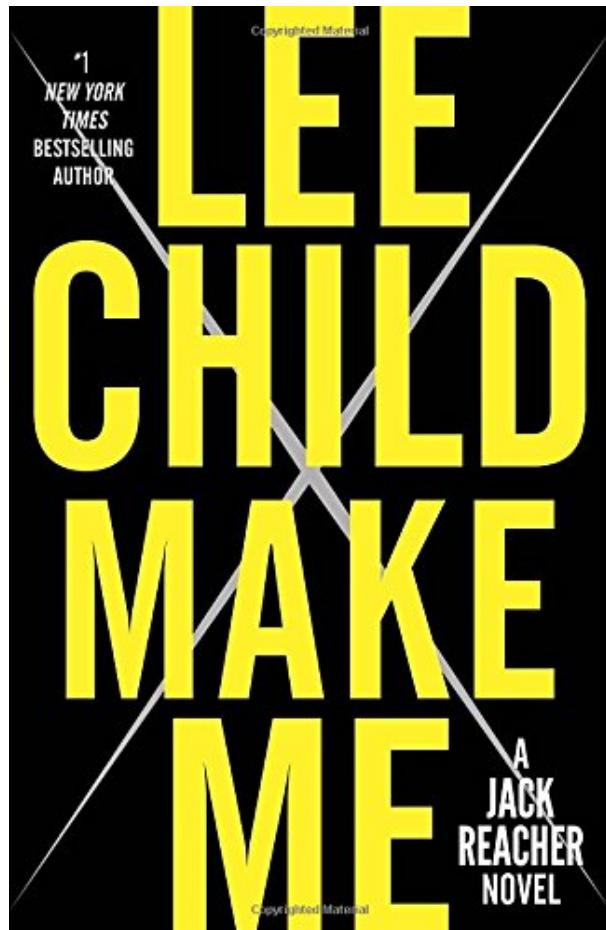
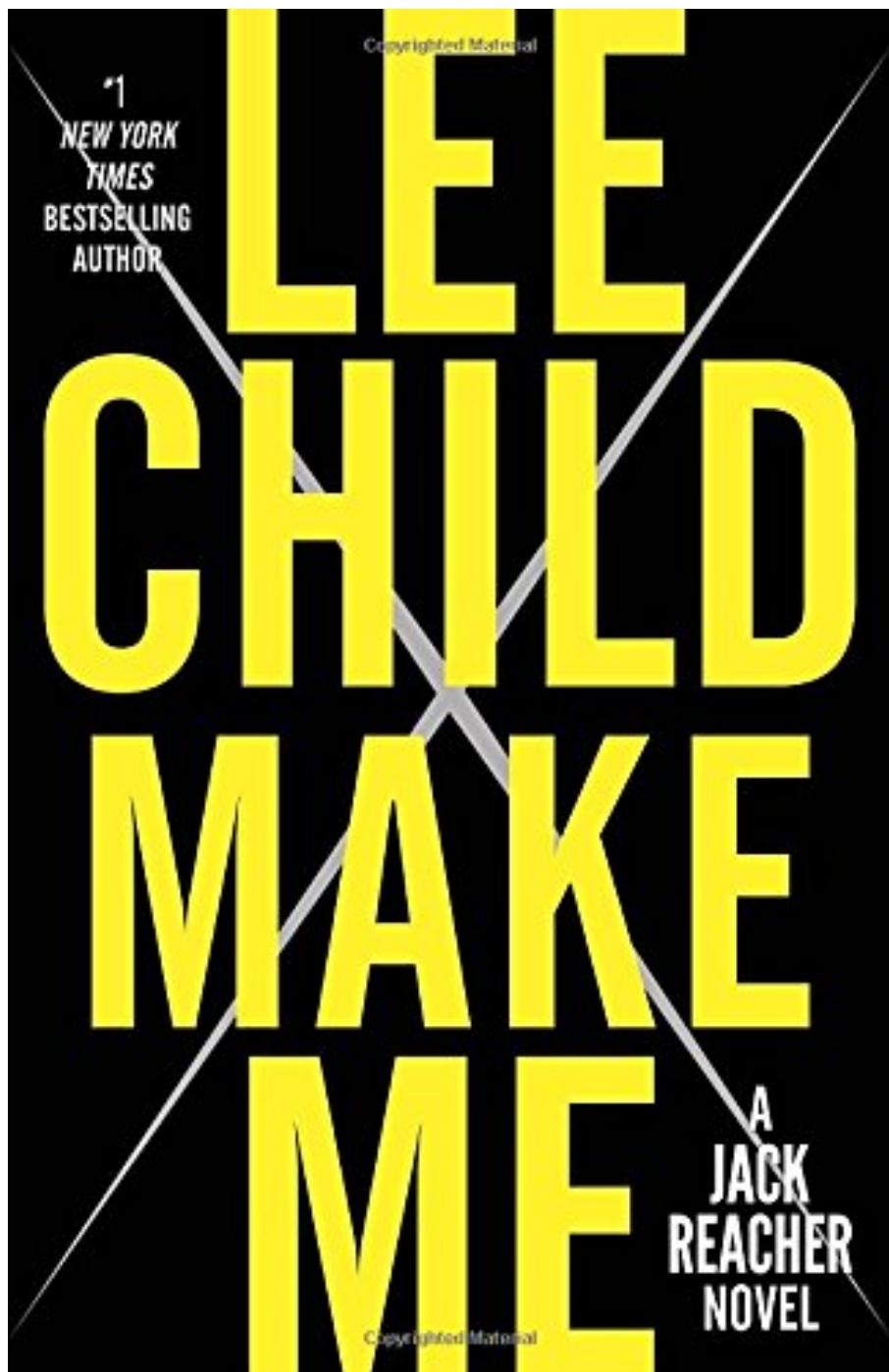


MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD



**DOWNLOAD EBOOK : MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD
PDF**

 **Free Download**



Click link bellow and free register to download ebook:
MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD

[DOWNLOAD FROM OUR ONLINE LIBRARY](#)

MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD PDF

So, also you need obligation from the business, you could not be puzzled more considering that books Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child will always help you. If this Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child is your finest companion today to cover your job or work, you can as quickly as possible get this book. Exactly how? As we have actually told formerly, simply check out the web link that we offer here. The verdict is not just guide Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child that you hunt for; it is exactly how you will obtain lots of publications to assist your ability and ability to have great performance.

Review

“Lee Child’s Reacher series has hit Book No. 20 with a resounding peal of wisecracking glee. Everything about it, starting with Reacher’s nose for bad news, is as strong as ever. . . . The big guy’s definitely on the upswing. The guy who writes about him is too.”—Janet Maslin, *The New York Times*

“Lee Child has another winner with *Make Me*. . . . There’s a reason why Child is considered the best of the best in the thriller genre: He can take all these strange elements and clichés and make them compelling and original.”—Associated Press

“A superb thriller.”—*New York Daily News*

“Child’s complete command of the story makes this thriller work brilliantly.”—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

“I’ve read all twenty of Lee Child’s novels. Maybe there’s something wrong with me. But I can’t wait for the twenty-first.”—Malcolm Gladwell, *The New Yorker*

“[The Reacher series] is the current gold standard in the genre. . . . In *Make Me* Lee Child delivers another Jack Reacher specialty; the total knockout.”—*Dayton Daily News*

“Child serves up wingding plots, pithy dialogue, extraordinary background on intriguing topics, and cunningly constructed suspense. But what keeps us coming back—by the millions—is the chance to walk around in the skin of that big guy in the middle of everything.”—*The Oregonian*

“A dark thriller . . . Lee Child’s *Make Me*, the twentieth in his wildly popular Jack Reacher series, delivers exactly what readers have come to expect from the perennial bestselling author: interesting characters, tight plots and page-turning action. . . . Readers won’t be disappointed.”—*Minneapolis Star Tribune*

“Jack Reacher is back. . . . Readers new to this series will find this book a good starting point, and fans will be pleased to see Jack again.”—*LibraryReads* (Top Ten Pick)

“The reigning champ ups the ante. . . . Yes, there’s breakneck action, but what gives this one its zing is the

multilayered plot. . . . The beguiling Chang offers a new treat for series fans as well, and a surprise at the end will keep readers short of breath until the next installment begins.”—Booklist (starred review)

“This series remains as compulsively readable as ever. Child is a master of pacing, stretching out the mystery through short chapters that give rise to bursts of well-choreographed violence. . . . Of course, the biggest strength is Reacher himself: impassive, analytical, secretly romantic, and relentlessly honorable. It’s impossible not to root for him. . . . Reacher is still going strong. Will satisfy fans—and newcomers, too.”—Kirkus Reviews

About the Author

Lee Child is the author of twenty New York Times bestselling Jack Reacher thrillers, eleven of which have reached the #1 position. All have been optioned for major motion pictures; the first, *Jack Reacher*, was based on *One Shot*. Foreign rights in the Reacher series have sold in almost a hundred territories. A native of England and a former television director, Lee Child lives in New York City.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Chapter 1

Moving a guy as big as Keever wasn’t easy. It was like trying to wrestle a king-size mattress off a waterbed. So they buried him close to the house. Which made sense anyway. The harvest was still a month away, and a disturbance in a field would show up from the air. And they would use the air, for a guy like Keever. They would use search planes, and helicopters, and maybe even drones.

They started at midnight, which they thought was safe enough. They were in the middle of ten thousand acres of nothingness, and the only man-made structure their side of any horizon was the railroad track to the east, but midnight was five hours after the evening train and seven hours before the morning train. Therefore, no prying eyes. Their backhoe had four spotlights on a bar above the cab, the same way kids pimped their pick-up trucks, and together the four beams made a wide pool of halogen brightness. Therefore, visibility was not a problem either. They started the hole in the hog pen, which was a permanent disturbance all by itself. Each hog weighed two hundred pounds, and each hog had four feet. The dirt was always chewed up. Nothing to see from the air, not even with a thermal camera. The picture would white out instantly, from the steaming animals themselves, and their steaming piles and pools of waste.

Safe enough.

Hogs were rooting animals, so they made sure the hole was deep. Which was not a problem either. Their backhoe’s arm was long, and it bit rhythmically, in fluent articulated seven-foot scoops, the hydraulic rams glinting in the electric light, the engine straining and roaring and pausing, the cab falling and rising, as each bucket-load was dumped aside. When the hole was done they backed the machine up and turned it around and used the front bucket to push Keever into his grave, scraping him, rolling him, covering his body with dirt, until finally it fell over the lip and thumped down into the electric shadows.

Only one thing went wrong, and it happened right then.

The evening train came through five hours late. The next morning they heard on the AM station that a broken locomotive had caused a jam a hundred miles south. But they didn’t know that at the time. All they heard was the mournful whistle at the distant crossing, and then all they could do was turn and stare, at the long lit cars rumbling past in the middle distance, one after the other, like a vision in a dream, seemingly forever. But eventually the train was gone, and the rails sang for a minute more, and then the tail light was swallowed by the midnight darkness, and they turned back to their task.

Twenty miles north the train slowed, and slowed, and then eased to a hissing stop, and the doors sucked open, and Jack Reacher stepped down to a concrete ramp in front of a grain elevator as big as an apartment house. To his left were four more elevators, all of them bigger than the first, and to his right was an enormous metal shed the size of an airplane hangar. There were vapor lights on poles, set at regular intervals, and they cut cones of yellow in the darkness. There was mist in the nighttime air, like a note on a calendar. The end of summer was coming. Fall was on its way.

Reacher stood still and behind him the train moved away without him, straining, grinding, settling to a slow rat-a-tat rhythm, and then accelerating, its building slipstream pulling at his clothes. He was the only passenger who had gotten out. Which was not surprising. The place was no kind of a commuter hub. It was all agricultural. What token passenger facilities it had were wedged between the last elevator and the huge shed, and were limited to a compact building, which seemed to have both a ticket window and benches for waiting. It was built in a traditional railroad style, and it looked like a child's toy, temporarily set down between two shiny oil drums.

But on a sign board running its whole length was written the reason Reacher was there: Mother's Rest. Which he had seen on a map, and which he thought was a great name for a railroad stop. He figured the line must cross an ancient wagon train trail, right there, where something had happened long ago. Maybe a young pregnant woman went into labor. The jostling could not have helped. Maybe the wagon train stopped for a couple of weeks. Or a month. Maybe someone remembered the place years later. A descendant, perhaps. A family legend. Maybe there was a one-room museum.

Or perhaps there was a sadder interpretation. Maybe they had buried a woman there. Too old to make it. In which case there would be a commemorative stone.

Either way Reacher figured he might as well find out. He had no place to go, and all the time in the world to get there, so detours cost him nothing. Which is why he got out of the train. To a sense of disappointment, initially. His expectations had been way off base. He had pictured a couple of dusty houses, and a lonely one-horse corral. And the one-room museum, maybe run part-time and volunteer by an old guy from one of the houses. Or the headstone, maybe marble, behind a square wrought-iron fence.

He had not expected the immense agricultural infrastructure. He should have, he supposed. Grain, meet the railroad. It had to be loaded somewhere. Billions of bushels and millions of tons each year. He stepped left and looked through a gap between structures. The view was dark, but he could sense a rough semicircle of habitation. Houses, obviously, for the depot workers. He could see lights, which he hoped were a motel, or a diner, or both.

He walked to the exit, skirting the pools of vapor light purely out of habit, but he saw that the last lamp was unavoidable, because it was set directly above the exit gate. So he saved himself a further perimeter diversion by walking through the next-to-last pool of light, too.

At which point a woman stepped out of the shadows.

She came toward him with a distinctive burst of energy, two fast paces, eager, like she was pleased to see him. Her body language was all about relief.

Then it wasn't. Then it was all about disappointment. She stopped dead, and she said, "Oh."

She was Asian. But not petite. Five-nine, maybe, or even five- ten. And built to match. Not a bone in sight.

No kind of a willowy waif. She was about forty, Reacher guessed, with black hair worn long, jeans and a T-shirt under a short cotton coat. She had lace-up shoes on her feet.

He said, "Good evening, ma'am."

She was looking past his shoulder.

He said, "I'm the only passenger."

She looked him in the eye.

He said, "No one else got out of the train. So I guess your friend isn't coming."

"My friend?" she said. A neutral kind of accent. Regular American. The kind he heard everywhere.

He said, "Why else would a person be here, except to meet the train? No point in coming otherwise. I guess normally there would be nothing to see at midnight."

She didn't answer.

He said, "Don't tell me you've been waiting here since seven o'clock."

"I didn't know the train was late," she said. "There's no cell signal here. And no one from the railroad, to tell you anything. And I guess the Pony Express is out sick today."

"He wasn't in my car. Or the next two, either."

"Who wasn't?"

"Your friend."

"You don't know what he looks like."

"He's a big guy," Reacher said. "That's why you jumped out when you saw me. You thought I was him. For a second, anyway. And there were no big guys in my car. Or the next two."

"When is the next train?"

"Seven in the morning."

She said, "Who are you and why have you come here?"

"I'm just a guy passing through."

"The train passed through. Not you. You got out."

"You know anything about this place?"

"Not a thing."

“Have you seen a museum or a gravestone?”

“Why are you here?”

“Who’s asking?”

She paused a beat, and said, “Nobody.”

Reacher said, “Is there a motel in town?”

“I’m staying there.”

“How is it?”

“It’s a motel.”

“Works for me,” Reacher said. “Does it have vacancies?”

“I’d be amazed if it didn’t.”

“OK, you can show me the way. Don’t wait here all night. I’ll be up by first light. I’ll knock on your door as I leave. Hopefully your friend will be here in the morning.”

The woman said nothing. She just glanced at the silent rails one more time, and then turned around and led the way through the exit gate.

MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD PDF

[Download: MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD PDF](#)

Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child. Thanks for visiting the very best internet site that provide hundreds type of book collections. Below, we will present all books Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child that you require. Guides from famous authors and authors are given. So, you can enjoy currently to get one at a time kind of publication Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child that you will certainly search. Well, pertaining to the book that you really want, is this Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child your option?

Certainly, to boost your life high quality, every publication *Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child* will certainly have their certain driving lesson. Nonetheless, having specific recognition will make you feel more certain. When you really feel something take place to your life, occasionally, reading book Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child could aid you to make tranquility. Is that your genuine leisure activity? Sometimes indeed, but in some cases will be unsure. Your choice to review Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child as one of your reading e-books, can be your correct publication to review now.

This is not around just how much this book Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child costs; it is not likewise for what type of publication you really enjoy to review. It has to do with what you could take and obtain from reading this Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child You could prefer to select various other book; but, no matter if you try to make this book Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child as your reading option. You will certainly not regret it. This soft documents e-book Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child could be your good friend all the same.

MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD PDF

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER • NAMED ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS OF THE YEAR BY LOS ANGELES TIMES, THE GUARDIAN, AND SUSPENSE MAGAZINE • Stephen King calls Jack Reacher “the coolest continuing series character”—and now he’s back in this masterly new thriller from Lee Child.

“Why is this town called Mother’s Rest?” That’s all Reacher wants to know. But no one will tell him. It’s a tiny place hidden in a thousand square miles of wheat fields, with a railroad stop, and sullen and watchful people, and a worried woman named Michelle Chang, who mistakes him for someone else: her missing partner in a private investigation she thinks must have started small and then turned lethal.

Reacher has no particular place to go, and all the time in the world to get there, and there’s something about Chang . . . so he teams up with her and starts to ask around. He thinks: How bad can this thing be? But before long he’s plunged into a desperate race through LA, Chicago, Phoenix, and San Francisco, and through the hidden parts of the internet, up against thugs and assassins every step of the way—right back to where he started, in Mother’s Rest, where he must confront the worst nightmare he could imagine.

Walking away would have been easier. But as always, Reacher’s rule is: If you want me to stop, you’re going to have to make me.

Praise for Make Me

“Child’s Reacher series has hit Book No. 20 with a resounding peal of wisecracking glee. Everything about it, starting with Reacher’s nose for bad news, is as strong as ever. . . . The big guy’s definitely on the upswing. The guy who writes about him is too.”—Janet Maslin, *The New York Times*

“Another winner . . . There’s a reason why Child is considered the best of the best in the thriller genre: He can take all these strange elements and clichés and make them compelling and original.”—Associated Press

“A superb thriller.”—*New York Daily News*

“Child’s complete command of the story makes this thriller work brilliantly.”—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

“I’ve read all twenty of Lee Child’s novels. Maybe there’s something wrong with me. But I can’t wait for the twenty-first.”—Malcolm Gladwell, *The New Yorker*

“[The Reacher series] is the current gold standard in the genre. . . . In *Make Me* Lee Child delivers another Jack Reacher specialty; the total knockout.”—*Dayton Daily News*

“Child serves up wingding plots, pithy dialogue, extraordinary background on intriguing topics, and cunningly constructed suspense. But what keeps us coming back—by the millions—is the chance to walk around in the skin of that big guy in the middle of everything.”—*The Oregonian*

“A dark thriller . . . Lee Child’s *Make Me*, the twentieth in his wildly popular Jack Reacher series, delivers exactly what readers have come to expect from the perennial bestselling author: interesting characters, tight plots and page-turning action. . . . Readers won’t be disappointed.”—Minneapolis Star Tribune

“Jack Reacher is back. . . . Readers new to this series will find this book a good starting point, and fans will be pleased to see Jack again.”—LibraryReads (Top Ten Pick)

“The reigning champ ups the ante.”—Booklist (starred review)

- Sales Rank: #11418 in Books
- Published on: 2015-09-08
- Released on: 2015-09-08
- Format: Unabridged
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 9.30" h x 1.33" w x 6.20" l, 1.41 pounds
- Binding: Hardcover
- 416 pages

Features

- First Edition

Review

“Lee Child’s Reacher series has hit Book No. 20 with a resounding peal of wisecracking glee. Everything about it, starting with Reacher’s nose for bad news, is as strong as ever. . . . The big guy’s definitely on the upswing. The guy who writes about him is too.”—Janet Maslin, The New York Times

“Lee Child has another winner with *Make Me*. . . . There’s a reason why Child is considered the best of the best in the thriller genre: He can take all these strange elements and clichés and make them compelling and original.”—Associated Press

“A superb thriller.”—New York Daily News

“Child’s complete command of the story makes this thriller work brilliantly.”—Publishers Weekly (starred review)

“I’ve read all twenty of Lee Child’s novels. Maybe there’s something wrong with me. But I can’t wait for the twenty-first.”—Malcolm Gladwell, The New Yorker

“[The Reacher series] is the current gold standard in the genre. . . . In *Make Me* Lee Child delivers another Jack Reacher specialty; the total knockout.”—Dayton Daily News

“Child serves up wingding plots, pithy dialogue, extraordinary background on intriguing topics, and cunningly constructed suspense. But what keeps us coming back—by the millions—is the chance to walk around in the skin of that big guy in the middle of everything.”—The Oregonian

“A dark thriller . . . Lee Child’s *Make Me*, the twentieth in his wildly popular Jack Reacher series, delivers exactly what readers have come to expect from the perennial bestselling author: interesting characters, tight plots and page-turning action. . . . Readers won’t be disappointed.”—Minneapolis Star Tribune

“Jack Reacher is back. . . . Readers new to this series will find this book a good starting point, and fans will be pleased to see Jack again.”—LibraryReads (Top Ten Pick)

“The reigning champ ups the ante. . . . Yes, there’s breakneck action, but what gives this one its zing is the multilayered plot. . . . The beguiling Chang offers a new treat for series fans as well, and a surprise at the end will keep readers short of breath until the next installment begins.”—Booklist (starred review)

“This series remains as compulsively readable as ever. Child is a master of pacing, stretching out the mystery through short chapters that give rise to bursts of well-choreographed violence. . . . Of course, the biggest strength is Reacher himself: impassive, analytical, secretly romantic, and relentlessly honorable. It’s impossible not to root for him. . . . Reacher is still going strong. Will satisfy fans—and newcomers, too.”—Kirkus Reviews

About the Author

Lee Child is the author of twenty New York Times bestselling Jack Reacher thrillers, eleven of which have reached the #1 position. All have been optioned for major motion pictures; the first, *Jack Reacher*, was based on *One Shot*. Foreign rights in the Reacher series have sold in almost a hundred territories. A native of England and a former television director, Lee Child lives in New York City.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Chapter 1

Moving a guy as big as Keever wasn’t easy. It was like trying to wrestle a king-size mattress off a waterbed. So they buried him close to the house. Which made sense anyway. The harvest was still a month away, and a disturbance in a field would show up from the air. And they would use the air, for a guy like Keever. They would use search planes, and helicopters, and maybe even drones.

They started at midnight, which they thought was safe enough. They were in the middle of ten thousand acres of nothingness, and the only man-made structure their side of any horizon was the railroad track to the east, but midnight was five hours after the evening train and seven hours before the morning train. Therefore, no prying eyes. Their backhoe had four spotlights on a bar above the cab, the same way kids pimped their pick-up trucks, and together the four beams made a wide pool of halogen brightness. Therefore, visibility was not a problem either. They started the hole in the hog pen, which was a permanent disturbance all by itself. Each hog weighed two hundred pounds, and each hog had four feet. The dirt was always chewed up. Nothing to see from the air, not even with a thermal camera. The picture would white out instantly, from the steaming animals themselves, and their steaming piles and pools of waste.

Safe enough.

Hogs were rooting animals, so they made sure the hole was deep. Which was not a problem either. Their backhoe’s arm was long, and it bit rhythmically, in fluent articulated seven-foot scoops, the hydraulic rams glinting in the electric light, the engine straining and roaring and pausing, the cab falling and rising, as each bucket-load was dumped aside. When the hole was done they backed the machine up and turned it around and used the front bucket to push Keever into his grave, scraping him, rolling him, covering his body with dirt, until finally it fell over the lip and thumped down into the electric shadows.

Only one thing went wrong, and it happened right then.

The evening train came through five hours late. The next morning they heard on the AM station that a

broken locomotive had caused a jam a hundred miles south. But they didn't know that at the time. All they heard was the mournful whistle at the distant crossing, and then all they could do was turn and stare, at the long lit cars rumbling past in the middle distance, one after the other, like a vision in a dream, seemingly forever. But eventually the train was gone, and the rails sang for a minute more, and then the tail light was swallowed by the midnight darkness, and they turned back to their task.

Twenty miles north the train slowed, and slowed, and then eased to a hissing stop, and the doors sucked open, and Jack Reacher stepped down to a concrete ramp in front of a grain elevator as big as an apartment house. To his left were four more elevators, all of them bigger than the first, and to his right was an enormous metal shed the size of an airplane hangar. There were vapor lights on poles, set at regular intervals, and they cut cones of yellow in the darkness. There was mist in the nighttime air, like a note on a calendar. The end of summer was coming. Fall was on its way.

Reacher stood still and behind him the train moved away without him, straining, grinding, settling to a slow rat-a-tat rhythm, and then accelerating, its building slipstream pulling at his clothes. He was the only passenger who had gotten out. Which was not surprising. The place was no kind of a commuter hub. It was all agricultural. What token passenger facilities it had were wedged between the last elevator and the huge shed, and were limited to a compact building, which seemed to have both a ticket window and benches for waiting. It was built in a traditional railroad style, and it looked like a child's toy, temporarily set down between two shiny oil drums.

But on a sign board running its whole length was written the reason Reacher was there: Mother's Rest. Which he had seen on a map, and which he thought was a great name for a railroad stop. He figured the line must cross an ancient wagon train trail, right there, where something had happened long ago. Maybe a young pregnant woman went into labor. The jostling could not have helped. Maybe the wagon train stopped for a couple of weeks. Or a month. Maybe someone remembered the place years later. A descendant, perhaps. A family legend. Maybe there was a one-room museum.

Or perhaps there was a sadder interpretation. Maybe they had buried a woman there. Too old to make it. In which case there would be a commemorative stone.

Either way Reacher figured he might as well find out. He had no place to go, and all the time in the world to get there, so detours cost him nothing. Which is why he got out of the train. To a sense of disappointment, initially. His expectations had been way off base. He had pictured a couple of dusty houses, and a lonely one-horse corral. And the one-room museum, maybe run part-time and volunteer by an old guy from one of the houses. Or the headstone, maybe marble, behind a square wrought-iron fence.

He had not expected the immense agricultural infrastructure. He should have, he supposed. Grain, meet the railroad. It had to be loaded somewhere. Billions of bushels and millions of tons each year. He stepped left and looked through a gap between structures. The view was dark, but he could sense a rough semicircle of habitation. Houses, obviously, for the depot workers. He could see lights, which he hoped were a motel, or a diner, or both.

He walked to the exit, skirting the pools of vapor light purely out of habit, but he saw that the last lamp was unavoidable, because it was set directly above the exit gate. So he saved himself a further perimeter diversion by walking through the next-to-last pool of light, too.

At which point a woman stepped out of the shadows.

She came toward him with a distinctive burst of energy, two fast paces, eager, like she was pleased to see him. Her body language was all about relief.

Then it wasn't. Then it was all about disappointment. She stopped dead, and she said, "Oh."

She was Asian. But not petite. Five-nine, maybe, or even five- ten. And built to match. Not a bone in sight. No kind of a willowy waif. She was about forty, Reacher guessed, with black hair worn long, jeans and a T-shirt under a short cotton coat. She had lace-up shoes on her feet.

He said, "Good evening, ma'am."

She was looking past his shoulder.

He said, "I'm the only passenger."

She looked him in the eye.

He said, "No one else got out of the train. So I guess your friend isn't coming."

"My friend?" she said. A neutral kind of accent. Regular American. The kind he heard everywhere.

He said, "Why else would a person be here, except to meet the train? No point in coming otherwise. I guess normally there would be nothing to see at midnight."

She didn't answer.

He said, "Don't tell me you've been waiting here since seven o'clock."

"I didn't know the train was late," she said. "There's no cell signal here. And no one from the railroad, to tell you anything. And I guess the Pony Express is out sick today."

"He wasn't in my car. Or the next two, either."

"Who wasn't?"

"Your friend."

"You don't know what he looks like."

"He's a big guy," Reacher said. "That's why you jumped out when you saw me. You thought I was him. For a second, anyway. And there were no big guys in my car. Or the next two."

"When is the next train?"

"Seven in the morning."

She said, "Who are you and why have you come here?"

"I'm just a guy passing through."

“The train passed through. Not you. You got out.”

“You know anything about this place?”

“Not a thing.”

“Have you seen a museum or a gravestone?”

“Why are you here?”

“Who’s asking?”

She paused a beat, and said, “Nobody.”

Reacher said, “Is there a motel in town?”

“I’m staying there.”

“How is it?”

“It’s a motel.”

“Works for me,” Reacher said. “Does it have vacancies?”

“I’d be amazed if it didn’t.”

“OK, you can show me the way. Don’t wait here all night. I’ll be up by first light. I’ll knock on your door as I leave. Hopefully your friend will be here in the morning.”

The woman said nothing. She just glanced at the silent rails one more time, and then turned around and led the way through the exit gate.

Most helpful customer reviews

316 of 334 people found the following review helpful.

The darkest Reacher yet

By Julia Flyte

My life is pretty much like this: I spend 11 months and 28 days of every year looking forward to the new Lee Child book and then 2-3 days devouring it. He is the master of the opening paragraph. Immediate hooks. Short sentences. You don't even notice his writing style after the first page or two but it's effortless to read. And there are many things about this book which make it a strong addition to the series. I read it in two days and it definitely gave me the "Reacher fix" I wanted.

It starts in the usual way with Reacher turning up in a small town and immediately running into a woman in need of assistance (in this case Michelle Chang, a former FBI agent turned private investigator who is looking for her missing colleague), but it turns into a cross-country investigation that touches on issues that are current and very nasty.

And that is one of the issues that I had with the book: it's dark. It goes places that are unpleasant and disturbing. The majority of the book is like a regular Jack Reacher novel, but it changes tone towards the end

when it becomes evident what it is that Reacher and Chang are investigating. The villains in this instance aren't just bad guys - they are evil. And I can honestly say that this is one Lee Child book I will never re-read. I didn't like putting those images in my head.

Another thing. It struck me halfway through this book that every woman that Reacher teams up with is exactly the same. Even as I write that it occurs to me that Lee Child would probably protest that it's not true because Chang is in her 40s and Chinese American, but that kind of proves my point: only the superficialities change. The banter - and yes, sexual chemistry - between Reacher and Chang is indistinguishable between what he had with Susan Turner or Elizabeth Devereaux or Theresa Lee or Susan Duffy or...you get the picture. There is nothing distinctive about Chang whatsoever.

So not the best Lee Child book - far from it - but it's hard in this genre to maintain a consistently high standard and when you compare him to his contemporaries he still does a better job of it than most.

294 of 330 people found the following review helpful.

I felt like I needed a shower after reading this book

By Brian Baker

Over the last several years the Reacher canon has been in a downward spiral and this latest entry in the series is plumbing new and disgusting lows, not only in the antagonists, but in protagonist Jack Reacher, too. After reading it, I felt completely disgusted, and felt as if I needed a scalding hot shower to wash off the filth.

When the series started, Reacher was the knight in slightly tarnished armor who found himself helping out some poor soul who'd found themselves embroiled in some kind of sticky situation they couldn't handle themselves, and Reacher would step in, like the Lone Ranger, and save the day.

But as time has gone on, and particularly of late, author Child seems to have tired of the formula that made his success, and instead has created these utterly unbelievable situations that border on the surreal, if not outright insane, and the result has been to turn a formerly entertaining and enjoyable series into something beyond dark, almost absurdly gothic.

In this case, a very small town in the middle of nowhere – literally, a place surrounded by flat wheat fields to the visible horizon, so far out that it's hours to the nearest area with cell phone service – named Mother's Rest is the locus of events, starting with the disappearance and murder of a former FBI agent cum private investigator.

Reacher gets off the daily train out of curiosity about the town's name and meets Michelle Chang, a colleague of the missing PI who's trying to locate him. Without revealing details that would contain spoilers, I can say that their investigation leads them to a deadly conspiracy based in the Dark Web – that underbelly of the internet that most of us never even access – that's located in Mother's Rest, leading to a final and very deadly confrontation.

As I mentioned earlier, my biggest problem with the book was the nature of the secret upon which the conspiracy is centered. Quite frankly, it was beyond disgusting and disturbing. It was depraved. This was more Stephen King territory than Jack Reacher.

But also problematic is that author Child has once again created an utterly unbelievable locale in which to base the story, in order to create a situation in which Reacher can operate.

Mother's Rest is so far out in the sticks that it seems to be enclosed in an impenetrable bubble from the

outside world, like in the TV series “The Dome”. How is it that no cops of any type ever come by? How is it that a whole bunch of townspeople are involved in this conspiracy, but in a town this small no OTHER townsfolk seem to be aware of it, and called the authorities for an investigation? Why is it that Reacher and Chang themselves don’t just call the authorities – county, state or federal – once they learn the exact nature of the crimes?

Not only do you have to suspend your disbelief to buy into this story, but you have to shut down all common sense, too.

Further, the character of Reacher himself has changed dramatically from the early days of the series. Gone is the creaky knight, the literary Lone Ranger. This Reacher no longer seems to have any interest in anything much other than blowing the bad guys away. And somehow he manages to do that without ever having to answer or explain anything to anyone anywhere in a position of authority. More of that vacuum I mentioned earlier.

Based on this book, and coupled with my experience with the last few, I have to say that from this point on I’ll be waiting to buy any of these Reacher books until I find out more about them. I can’t recommend this one at all.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

Garbage!

By eyedoc

Not only is this the most rediculous plot I've ever seen, but Lee Child has succeeded in writing absolutely the most absurd and implausible gunfight scene in human history! Only someone with less than zero gun knowledge could read this without laughing hysterically. Child talks about good old boys with M16's standing in the open and carefully shooting and missing each other from a whopping 60 feet away. Folks, that is a mere 20 yards which isn't even challenging Red Ryder BB gun range. The fact that Reacher, champion long range shooter and master of weapons that he is, automatically assumes in this book that these country boys will miss him at pea shooter range with modern rifles is so out of character for anyone with law enforcement or military experience that I almost couldn't finish the book. Your average country boy from Kansas or Oklahoma grows up hunting and can likely outshoot the average municipal cop, especially with a rifle. And from 60 or 90 feet, even 90 yards you would almost have to try to miss with a quality rifle like an M16. And why would Reacher and his former FBI agent girlfriend waste an entire magazine from the MP5 every time they wanted to make the bad guys duck. He is a professional and Child makes him look like a complete imbecile who's never touched a gun before. It's almost like aliens stole the real Jack Reacher and replaced him with a Muppet. Or maybe they stole the real Lee Child and replaced him with someone who thinks he's a real writer.

Jack Reacher will never be the same again!! Too bad I can't give this book zero stars.

See all 7232 customer reviews...

MAKE ME: A JACK REACHER NOVEL BY LEE CHILD PDF

By downloading this soft documents book **Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child** in the on the internet link download, you remain in the first step right to do. This site truly supplies you convenience of ways to get the very best e-book, from finest vendor to the new released book. You could find much more e-books in this site by visiting every link that we supply. One of the collections, Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child is among the very best collections to offer. So, the initial you get it, the initial you will get all favorable about this book Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child

Review

“Lee Child’s Reacher series has hit Book No. 20 with a resounding peal of wisecracking glee. Everything about it, starting with Reacher’s nose for bad news, is as strong as ever. . . . The big guy’s definitely on the upswing. The guy who writes about him is too.”—Janet Maslin, *The New York Times*

“Lee Child has another winner with *Make Me*. . . . There’s a reason why Child is considered the best of the best in the thriller genre: He can take all these strange elements and clichés and make them compelling and original.”—Associated Press

“A superb thriller.”—*New York Daily News*

“Child’s complete command of the story makes this thriller work brilliantly.”—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

“I’ve read all twenty of Lee Child’s novels. Maybe there’s something wrong with me. But I can’t wait for the twenty-first.”—Malcolm Gladwell, *The New Yorker*

“[The Reacher series] is the current gold standard in the genre. . . . In *Make Me* Lee Child delivers another Jack Reacher specialty; the total knockout.”—*Dayton Daily News*

“Child serves up wingding plots, pithy dialogue, extraordinary background on intriguing topics, and cunningly constructed suspense. But what keeps us coming back—by the millions—is the chance to walk around in the skin of that big guy in the middle of everything.”—*The Oregonian*

“A dark thriller . . . Lee Child’s *Make Me*, the twentieth in his wildly popular Jack Reacher series, delivers exactly what readers have come to expect from the perennial bestselling author: interesting characters, tight plots and page-turning action. . . . Readers won’t be disappointed.”—*Minneapolis Star Tribune*

“Jack Reacher is back. . . . Readers new to this series will find this book a good starting point, and fans will be pleased to see Jack again.”—*LibraryReads* (Top Ten Pick)

“The reigning champ ups the ante. . . . Yes, there’s breakneck action, but what gives this one its zing is the multilayered plot. . . . The beguiling Chang offers a new treat for series fans as well, and a surprise at the end will keep readers short of breath until the next installment begins.”—*Booklist* (starred review)

“This series remains as compulsively readable as ever. Child is a master of pacing, stretching out the mystery

through short chapters that give rise to bursts of well-choreographed violence. . . . Of course, the biggest strength is Reacher himself: impassive, analytical, secretly romantic, and relentlessly honorable. It's impossible not to root for him. . . . Reacher is still going strong. Will satisfy fans—and newcomers, too."—Kirkus Reviews

About the Author

Lee Child is the author of twenty New York Times bestselling Jack Reacher thrillers, eleven of which have reached the #1 position. All have been optioned for major motion pictures; the first, *Jack Reacher*, was based on *One Shot*. Foreign rights in the Reacher series have sold in almost a hundred territories. A native of England and a former television director, Lee Child lives in New York City.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Chapter 1

Moving a guy as big as Keever wasn't easy. It was like trying to wrestle a king-size mattress off a waterbed. So they buried him close to the house. Which made sense anyway. The harvest was still a month away, and a disturbance in a field would show up from the air. And they would use the air, for a guy like Keever. They would use search planes, and helicopters, and maybe even drones.

They started at midnight, which they thought was safe enough. They were in the middle of ten thousand acres of nothingness, and the only man-made structure their side of any horizon was the railroad track to the east, but midnight was five hours after the evening train and seven hours before the morning train. Therefore, no prying eyes. Their backhoe had four spotlights on a bar above the cab, the same way kids pimped their pick-up trucks, and together the four beams made a wide pool of halogen brightness. Therefore, visibility was not a problem either. They started the hole in the hog pen, which was a permanent disturbance all by itself. Each hog weighed two hundred pounds, and each hog had four feet. The dirt was always chewed up. Nothing to see from the air, not even with a thermal camera. The picture would white out instantly, from the steaming animals themselves, and their steaming piles and pools of waste.

Safe enough.

Hogs were rooting animals, so they made sure the hole was deep. Which was not a problem either. Their backhoe's arm was long, and it bit rhythmically, in fluent articulated seven-foot scoops, the hydraulic rams glinting in the electric light, the engine straining and roaring and pausing, the cab falling and rising, as each bucket-load was dumped aside. When the hole was done they backed the machine up and turned it around and used the front bucket to push Keever into his grave, scraping him, rolling him, covering his body with dirt, until finally it fell over the lip and thumped down into the electric shadows.

Only one thing went wrong, and it happened right then.

The evening train came through five hours late. The next morning they heard on the AM station that a broken locomotive had caused a jam a hundred miles south. But they didn't know that at the time. All they heard was the mournful whistle at the distant crossing, and then all they could do was turn and stare, at the long lit cars rumbling past in the middle distance, one after the other, like a vision in a dream, seemingly forever. But eventually the train was gone, and the rails sang for a minute more, and then the tail light was swallowed by the midnight darkness, and they turned back to their task.

Twenty miles north the train slowed, and slowed, and then eased to a hissing stop, and the doors sucked open, and Jack Reacher stepped down to a concrete ramp in front of a grain elevator as big as an apartment house. To his left were four more elevators, all of them bigger than the first, and to his right was an

enormous metal shed the size of an airplane hangar. There were vapor lights on poles, set at regular intervals, and they cut cones of yellow in the darkness. There was mist in the nighttime air, like a note on a calendar. The end of summer was coming. Fall was on its way.

Reacher stood still and behind him the train moved away without him, straining, grinding, settling to a slow rat-a-tat rhythm, and then accelerating, its building slipstream pulling at his clothes. He was the only passenger who had gotten out. Which was not surprising. The place was no kind of a commuter hub. It was all agricultural. What token passenger facilities it had were wedged between the last elevator and the huge shed, and were limited to a compact building, which seemed to have both a ticket window and benches for waiting. It was built in a traditional railroad style, and it looked like a child's toy, temporarily set down between two shiny oil drums.

But on a sign board running its whole length was written the reason Reacher was there: Mother's Rest. Which he had seen on a map, and which he thought was a great name for a railroad stop. He figured the line must cross an ancient wagon train trail, right there, where something had happened long ago. Maybe a young pregnant woman went into labor. The jostling could not have helped. Maybe the wagon train stopped for a couple of weeks. Or a month. Maybe someone remembered the place years later. A descendant, perhaps. A family legend. Maybe there was a one-room museum.

Or perhaps there was a sadder interpretation. Maybe they had buried a woman there. Too old to make it. In which case there would be a commemorative stone.

Either way Reacher figured he might as well find out. He had no place to go, and all the time in the world to get there, so detours cost him nothing. Which is why he got out of the train. To a sense of disappointment, initially. His expectations had been way off base. He had pictured a couple of dusty houses, and a lonely one-horse corral. And the one-room museum, maybe run part-time and volunteer by an old guy from one of the houses. Or the headstone, maybe marble, behind a square wrought-iron fence.

He had not expected the immense agricultural infrastructure. He should have, he supposed. Grain, meet the railroad. It had to be loaded somewhere. Billions of bushels and millions of tons each year. He stepped left and looked through a gap between structures. The view was dark, but he could sense a rough semicircle of habitation. Houses, obviously, for the depot workers. He could see lights, which he hoped were a motel, or a diner, or both.

He walked to the exit, skirting the pools of vapor light purely out of habit, but he saw that the last lamp was unavoidable, because it was set directly above the exit gate. So he saved himself a further perimeter diversion by walking through the next-to-last pool of light, too.

At which point a woman stepped out of the shadows.

She came toward him with a distinctive burst of energy, two fast paces, eager, like she was pleased to see him. Her body language was all about relief.

Then it wasn't. Then it was all about disappointment. She stopped dead, and she said, "Oh."

She was Asian. But not petite. Five-nine, maybe, or even five- ten. And built to match. Not a bone in sight. No kind of a willowy waif. She was about forty, Reacher guessed, with black hair worn long, jeans and a T-shirt under a short cotton coat. She had lace-up shoes on her feet.

He said, "Good evening, ma'am."

She was looking past his shoulder.

He said, "I'm the only passenger."

She looked him in the eye.

He said, "No one else got out of the train. So I guess your friend isn't coming."

"My friend?" she said. A neutral kind of accent. Regular American. The kind he heard everywhere.

He said, "Why else would a person be here, except to meet the train? No point in coming otherwise. I guess normally there would be nothing to see at midnight."

She didn't answer.

He said, "Don't tell me you've been waiting here since seven o'clock."

"I didn't know the train was late," she said. "There's no cell signal here. And no one from the railroad, to tell you anything. And I guess the Pony Express is out sick today."

"He wasn't in my car. Or the next two, either."

"Who wasn't?"

"Your friend."

"You don't know what he looks like."

"He's a big guy," Reacher said. "That's why you jumped out when you saw me. You thought I was him. For a second, anyway. And there were no big guys in my car. Or the next two."

"When is the next train?"

"Seven in the morning."

She said, "Who are you and why have you come here?"

"I'm just a guy passing through."

"The train passed through. Not you. You got out."

"You know anything about this place?"

"Not a thing."

"Have you seen a museum or a gravestone?"

“Why are you here?”

“Who’s asking?”

She paused a beat, and said, “Nobody.”

Reacher said, “Is there a motel in town?”

“I’m staying there.”

“How is it?”

“It’s a motel.”

“Works for me,” Reacher said. “Does it have vacancies?”

“I’d be amazed if it didn’t.”

“OK, you can show me the way. Don’t wait here all night. I’ll be up by first light. I’ll knock on your door as I leave. Hopefully your friend will be here in the morning.”

The woman said nothing. She just glanced at the silent rails one more time, and then turned around and led the way through the exit gate.

So, also you need obligation from the business, you could not be puzzled more considering that books Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child will always help you. If this Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child is your finest companion today to cover your job or work, you can as quickly as possible get this book. Exactly how? As we have actually told formerly, simply check out the web link that we offer here. The verdict is not just guide Make Me: A Jack Reacher Novel By Lee Child that you hunt for; it is exactly how you will obtain lots of publications to assist your ability and ability to have great performance.