

The Unquiet by John Connolly

It's no surprise that this novel was a N.Y. Times bestseller. I couldn't put the damn book down.

It's got everything a slightly evil genius (okay, very evil genius) loves:

- a bad guy with good intentions;
- a good guy with good intentions who kills irredeemably bad guys;
- plenty of irredeemably bad guys — sadistic child molesters;
- a plot behind the plot, which you'll totally miss;
- and a satisfying ending;
- oh, plenty of killing, of people who need killing.

More than that the book, for a work of fiction, is stunningly correct in its descriptions of prison life. (Some of the scenes are in prison). For example,

"...there was noise: unseen men talking and shouting, steel doors opening and closing, the distant sound of radios and TVs. That was the thing about prisons: inside, they were never quiet, not even at night."

I don't know how John Connolly did such a pristine job of describing an incidental character, a young man in a supermax prison, who was practically identical to several young men I knew in Wisconsin's supermax prison! They too had been sexually abused as children & reacted to it with violence against themselves & others, which the system responded to with incarceration — an overlooked phenomenon that is tragic.

John Connolly manages to inform readers about important social ills, which we can fix, within an enthralling story.

Damn good book!

If you know someone in jail or prison, I promise you they'll like it, a lot. And you should read it too.

I can't believe it wasn't made into a movie.

Robert DeNiro — Merrick

Tom Selleck — Parker

Sandra Bullock — Rebecca Clay

Boo-yah! A blockbuster!

P.S. I'm awaiting transfer. Those who wish to mail me anything, find my current address on bop.gov

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