

## Cop Hater 87th Precinct

The fiftieth novel in the 87th Precinct series, Ed McBain returns to Isola, where detectives Meyer Meyer and Steve Carella investigate a murder which leads them to the seedy strip clubs and bright lights of the theater district. In this city, you can get anything done for a price. If you want someone's eyeglasses smashed, it'll cost you a subway token. You want his fingernails pulled out? His legs broken? You want him more seriously injured? You want him hurt so he's an invalid his whole life? You want him skinned, you want him burned, you want him—don't even mention it in a whisper—killed? It can be done. Let me talk to someone. It can be done. The hanging death of a nondescript old man in a shabby little apartment in a meager section of the 87th Precinct was nothing much in this city, especially to detectives Carella and Meyer. But everyone has a story, and this old man's story stood to make some people a lot of money. His story takes Carella, Meyer, Brown, and Weeks on a search through Isola's seedy strip clubs and to the bright lights of the theater district. There they discover an upcoming musical with ties to a mysterious drug and a killer who stays until the last dance. *The Last Dance* is Ed McBain's fiftieth novel of the 87th Precinct and certainly one of his best. The series began in 1956 with *Cop Hater* and proves him to be the man who has been called "so good he should be arrested."

Cop Hater Simon and Schuster

Detectives Bert Kling and Steve Carella are called upon to investigate the alleged suicide of an illustrator whose artist father had committed suicide two years earlier.

Here are three chillers from the files of the 87th Precinct--by the author of the New York Times bestseller *Kiss*. This trilogy of murder includes "The Empty Hours", "J", and "Storm".

He'd been a promising piano prodigy, once. Now he was just an addict, scraping to get by, letting his hunger for drugs consume him. But a man's life can always get worse - as Ray Stone discovers when he wakes up beside a beautiful nightclub singer only to find her dead... and 16 ounces of pure heroin missing. On the run from the law, desperate to prove his innocence and find a killer, Ray also faces another foe, merciless and unforgiving: his growing craving for a fix...

In the wake of the double homicide of a blind couple, the Eighty-Seventh Precinct detectives find their only clue in a nightmare that one of the victims, a Vietnam veteran, had experienced some ten years earlier. Reprint. AB.

Detective Hawes is on the trail of the man who wrote he was going to kill the lady at eight that night.

The best of McBain's acclaimed 87th Precinct series

From McBain's classic files of the fictional 87th Precinct comes this tale of a game the cops are forced to play with a demented killer who delivers clues to his puzzle via dead bodies. Detective Arthur Brown discovers that a snapshot found in a dead man's hand

is a piece of a deadly puzzle worth a suitcase full of stolen cash. The cops rush to solve the mystery before more "pieces of the puzzle" are delivered.

The "shocking" and "suspense-packed" bestseller about one teacher's stand against student violence, and the basis for the Academy Award-nominated film (The New York Times Book Review). After serving his country in World War II, Richard Dadier decides to become an English teacher—and for the sin of wanting to make a difference, he's hired at North Manual Trades High School. A tough vocational school in the East Bronx, Manual Trades is home to angry, unruly teenagers exiled from New York City's regular public schools. On his first day, Dadier endures relentless mockery and ridicule and makes an enemy of the student body by rescuing a female colleague from a vicious attack. His fellow educators are bitter, disillusioned, and too afraid of their pupils to risk turning their backs on them in the classroom. But Dadier refuses to give up without a fight. Over the course of the semester, he tries again and again to break through the wall of hatred and scorn and win his students' respect. The more he learns about their difficult circumstances, the more convinced he becomes that a good teacher can make a difference in their lives. His idealism will be put to the ultimate test, however, when a long-simmering power struggle with his most intimidating student explodes into a violent schoolroom showdown. The basis for the blockbuster film starring Glenn Ford and Sidney Poitier, Evan Hunter's *The Blackboard Jungle* is a brutal, unflinching look at the dark side of American education and an early masterpiece from the author who went on to write the gritty 87th Precinct series as Ed McBain. Drawn from Hunter's own experiences as a New York City schoolteacher, it is a "nightmarish but authentic" drama that packs a knockout punch (Time).

Police hunt for a perp who's picking off politicians in this "triumph" (Chicago Sun-Times). The detectives of the 87th Precinct have gotten a call threatening the life of the city's parks commissioner unless a five-thousand-dollar ransom is paid. It seems like an obvious crank call. The deadline soon passes—and the parks commissioner is shot in the head as he leaves a concert. Soon, another anonymous warning follows and the deputy mayor is blown up in his Cadillac. The next target is the young, charismatic Kennedy-esque mayor. It's up to the precinct's hardworking detectives to find this shrewd serial assassin before he can strike again. The basis for a 1972 film, *Fuzz* is a suspenseful and darkly funny thriller in the long-running 87th Precinct series, which the Washington Post called "simply the best police procedurals being written in the United States today."

When a Man's Partner is Killed, He's Supposed to Do Something About It. Maybe no one liked Del Gilbert a whole lot, not the men he ruthlessly did business with, not the women who discovered his other lovers, not even his partner in the Gilbert and Blake literary agency – me. But when I found him shot to death on the floor of his office, I had no choice. I had to track down the person responsible. And not just to lay Del to rest, either. Next to his body, the office safe was wide open, and a contract worth millions was missing...

A homicide in the 87th Precinct wasn't exactly front-page news. But two murders made headlines. Both added up to big trouble. Pretty redhead Annie Boone lay facedown on a liquor store floor, surrounded by broken bottles and riddled with bullets. The boys of the 87th didn't have a suspect without an iron-tight alibi - or a reason for someone to shoot Annie dead. Detective Roger Havilland lay faceup in a grocery store's front

window, a shard of glass piercing his jugular. A crazy bag lady was Detective Steve Carella's best witness. But a mistake by Carella's new partner Cotton Hawes could put them both in the line of fire - where a wrong move could get a good cop killed.

When a sniper begins gunning down cops from the 87th Precinct in cold blood, it's up to Detective Steve Carella to sort out who and why--before he finds himself on the wrong end of the killer's .45. "McBain has the ability to make every character believable--which few writers these days can do." -- Associated Press "McBain forces us to think twice about every character we meet...even those we thought we already knew." -- New York Times Book Review

As the 87th Precinct buckles beneath a crime-crowded spring, prank phone calls get shoved to the sidelines--until the calls trigger a deadly game of wits that could leave a local bank missing millions.

When a young woman's body is fished out of the 87th Precinct's river, a street-wise detective is on the clock to find the con man who killed her before he strikes again. "McBain forces us to think twice about every character we meet...even those we thought we already knew." --New York Times Book Review "Imagine your favorite Law & Order cast solving fresh mysteries into infinity, with no re-runs, and you have some sense of McBain's grand, ongoing accomplishment." --Entertainment Weekly

A successful businessman hires an out-of-town bodyguard to protect his wife. Several near-fatal accidents send her into the arms of police detective Steve Caralla and his partner Meyer. When a sniper begins gunning down cops from the 87th Precinct in cold blood, it's up to Detective Steve Carella to sort out who and why ? before he finds himself on the wrong end of the killer's .45. McBain has the ability to make every character believable ? which few writers these days can do.? ? Associated Press McBain forces us to think twice about every character we meet?even those we thought we already knew.? ? New York Times Book Review

Detective Carella, Lieutenant Byrnes, and the officers of the 87th Precinct investigate the hanging of a young dope peddler who died from an overdose of heroin. Reissue.

A woman holds the entire 87th Precinct hostage with a homemade bomb and loaded handgun, but her only real target is none other than Detective Steve Carella. "McBain forces us to think twice about every character we meet...even those we thought we already knew." --New York Times Book Review "The 87th Precinct [is] one of the great literary accomplishments of the last half-century." --Pete Hamill, Newsday

An unpopular Catholic priest in a racially divided section of town, Father Michael Birney is found brutally murdered, a crime that produces a variety of suspects--members from a nearby Satanic cult and someone from St. Catherine's Church. Reprint.

For the cops in the 87th Precinct, the day never ends. The night shift has a murdered go-go dancer, a firebombed church, and a mother trying to get her son to come home. For the day shift, it's a naked hippie lying smashed on concrete, two murderous armed robbers, and a man beaten by thugs using sawed-off broomsticks. It's just a day in the life, but for one certain cop, it could just be his last.

When a wealthy businessman is faced with a kidnapping, the ransom could ruin his biggest deal ever ? unless Detective Steve Carella can find the culprits before the kidnapping turns to murder. McBain has the ability to make every character believable ? which few writers these days can do.? ? Associated Press McBain forces us to think twice about every character we meet?even those we thought we already knew." ? New York Times Book Review

After finishing a murder investigation, Fat Ollie Weeks discovers that his car has been broken into and the manuscript for his new crime novel stolen, sending him on a

mission of vengeance to catch the culprit.

Slay bells ring when a yuletide homicide reveals its victim's dark, secret to the cops of the 87th Precinct--and all they want for Christmas is to collar a stone-cold killer.

Ed McBain concocts a brilliant and intricate thriller about a master criminal who haunts the city with cryptic passages from Shakespeare, directing the detectives of the 87th Precinct to a future crime -- if only they can figure out what he means. The 87th Precinct gets a visit from one of the city's most accomplished criminals -- a thief known as the Deaf Man. Because he might be deaf. Or he might not. So little is known about the man who is harassing Detective Steve Carella with puzzling messages that it is hard to tell. But as soon as a pattern emerges, the detectives of the 87th are forced to hit the books and brush up on their Shakespeare -- because each new clue contains a line from one of his works. Unless they can crack the complicated riddles and beat the Deaf Man at his own cat-and-mouse game, someone is going to end up hurt, or something will be stolen -- or both. It's always so hard to tell with the Deaf Man. Ed McBain brings his most intelligent and devious criminal back to the 87th Precinct with a richly plotted and literary crime.

In this city, you have to pay attention. In this city, things are happening all the time, all over the place, and you don't have to be a detective to smell evil in the wind. Take this week's tabloids: the face of a dead girl is splashed across the front page. She was found sprawled near a park bench not seven blocks from the police station. Detectives Carella and Brown soon discover the girl has a most unusual past. Meanwhile, the late-night news tracks the exploits of The Cookie Boy, a professional thief who leaves his calling card -- a box of chocolate chip cookies -- at the scene of each score. And while the detectives of the 87th Precinct are investigating these cases, one of them is being stalked by the man who killed his father. Welcome to the Big Bad City.

A police detective hunts for a pattern in a puzzling murder spree in this mystery by "a master" (Time). A blind violinist taking a smoke break. A cosmetics sales rep cooking an omelet in her own kitchen. A college professor trudging home from class. A priest contemplating retirement in the rectory garden. An old woman walking her dog. These are the seemingly random targets, all shot twice in the face. But most serial killers don't use guns. Most serial killers don't strike five times in two weeks. And most serial killers' victims have something more in common than just being over fifty years of age. Now it falls to Det. Steve Carella and his colleagues in the 87th Precinct to find a connection that will crack this case—before another body is found. As Entertainment Weekly said about this long-running, much-loved police procedural series: "Imagine your favorite Law & Order cast solving fresh mysteries into infinity, with no reruns, and you have some sense of McBain's grand, ongoing accomplishment."

Critically examines the 87th Precinct series of police procedural novels and stories written by Ed McBain (pseudonym of Evan Hunter).

When a serial mugger with a unique MO kills one of his victims -- a seventeen-year-old girl -- Patrolman Bert Kling makes the case his personal obsession.

"The murder of three detectives in quick succession in the 87th Precinct leads Detective Steve Carella on a search through the city's underside and ultimately into the murderer's sights"--NoveList.

Stan Gifford was America's most beloved comedian. It showed in the ratings--40

million people watched the ever-smiling comedian crack his jokes. And those same 80 million eyes saw him die on camera. It looked like part of the act, but the joke was on Gifford. Now 87th Precinct detectives Meyer and Carella aren't amused--America might have loved Gifford's on-air personality, but everyone who worked for him had a reason to want him dead.

It should have been the night that launched a new pop idol. Tamar Valparaiso is young and beautiful, with the body and voice of an angel, and the stage is set for her to launch her debut album, *Bandersnatch*, on a luxury yacht in the heart of the city. But halfway through her performance, while the partygoers look on helplessly, masked men drag Tamar off the stage and into a waiting speedboat. Detective Steve Carella is just showing up for the graveyard shift when news of the kidnapping comes in. Working disjointedly with a Joint Task Force that calls itself "The Squad," Carella and the men and women of the Eight-Seven must find Tamar before time -- or indeed her very life -- runs out. In this brilliant look at the music industry, Ed McBain once again combines his mastery of the form with the fast-paced dialogue and intricate plotting that have become his signature.

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