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Carl
Hiaasen



SKINNY DIP

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romantic comedy...you can't put down." —
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Marine biologist Chaz Perrone can't tell a sea horse from a sawhorse. And when he throws his beautiful wife, Joey, off a cruise liner, he really should know better. An expert swimmer, Joey makes her way to a floating bale of Jamaican pot-and then to an island inhabited by an ex-cop named Mick Stranahan, whose ex-wives include five waitresses and a TV producer. Now Joey wants to get revenge on Chaz and Mick's happy to help her. But in swampy South Florida, separating lies from truths and stupidity from brilliance isn't easy. Especially when you're after a guy like Chaz-who's bad at murder, great at fraud, and just terrible at getting caught...

Skinny Dip Details

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From Reader Review Skinny Dip for online ebook

Jeff says

Carl Hiaasen is a funny author. He creates a lot of compelling and funny characters.

That said, why are his female characters (especially the lead here) underdeveloped and boring. When you have tertiary characters (Tool, Red, the Captain) that are far more interesting than your main character, you have to wonder about the author's ability to flesh out the women in his books. I have the same complaint about the only other book of his (Lucky You) that I've read.

Still, an amusing book - well-plotted and entertaining.

Mike says

I was out looking for a short term relationship, a book “with benefits”, a quick encounter with no long term demands, just a few hours of pleasure. I met “Skinny Dip” in the Goodreads “bar” and who wouldn’t be attracted to a cover with a suggestively unclothed blond beauty in the water. I asked her out from the library for a brief fling. I wasn’t disappointed that’s for sure. Written by some guy I had never heard of, it had good reviews. I checked and made sure it wasn’t part of some 15-part novel series. I just didn’t need to be adding more books to my TBR shelf. Skinny Dip lived up to its’ billing, the pages going down like chips and salsa on a football afternoon. The characters dreamed up by Mr. Carl Hiaasen are just so good. Mr. Big is named Red Hammernut, his enforcer is Mr. Tool and the scientist working for Red is a real Darwin award winner. Dr. Chaz Perrone is, well, think of the Bill Pullman character (Earl Mott) in Ruthless People...yeah he is that dumb in some areas. Hiassen isn’t laugh-out-loud funny except in a few places but I have to go with a 5 Star rating, just based on the amount of time I had a grin on. His main story is about the wife, Joey Perrone, who is thrown off her anniversary cruise ship by her dimwit husband. She survives by hanging onto a bale of Jamaican dope floating in the Gulf Stream and is rescued by Mick Stranahan, a retired investigator living on an island off Miami. The rest of the novel is about her effort to find out why her husband wanted to kill her and to take her revenge. Hiassen moves the story along nicely and the revenge is so sweet, you will be chuckling. Here are some nuggets for you purview:

As Red Hammernut listened to Chaz Perrone’s story, he thought of the many blessings that had come his way, but also of the toil. A big farming operation like his was a challenging enterprise, relying as it did on rampant pollution and the systematic mistreatment of immigrant labor. For Red it was no small feat to keep the Feds off his back while at the same time soaking taxpayers for lucrative crop subsidies and dirt-cheap loans that might or might not be repaid this century. He reflected upon the hundreds of thousands of dollars that he’d handed out as campaign donations; the untallied thousands more for straight up bribes, hookers, private-yacht charters, gambling stakes and other discreet favors; and, finally, the countless hours of ass-kissing he’d been forced to endure with the same knucklehead politicians whose loyalties he had purchased.

This was no easy gig. Red Hammernut got infuriated every time he heard some pissy liberal refer to the federal farm bill as corporate welfare. The term implied contented idleness, and nobody worked harder than Red to keep the money flowing and stay out of trouble. Now the whole goddam shebang was in danger of falling apart because of one man.

While Mick is waiting to meet up with the hairdresser girlfriend of the good doctor, he visits the salon:

Taking cover behind a magazine, Stranahan attempted to immerse himself in the travails of Eminem, a deep though conflicted young man. Apparently wealth, fame and unlimited sex are nice, but true spiritual happiness must come from within.

While Hiassen doles out the humor, he also puts some thoughtful pieces in. Mr. Tool's evolution is priceless and he throws in some serious Everglades conservation ideas while still being fun. The only problem is I am adding a bunch of Carl Hiassen's novels to my TBR as he is just damn funny and, what the heck, I'm always up for chips and salsa.

Anne says

Loved this!

So I read this on Jeff's recommendation. See, he wrote a review for another book by this guy called Tourist Season. And in his review he had the nerve to call people from Florida 'loopy'.

Well, I grew up in that lovely state, and I'm normal...right?

Hmmmm. It got me thinking.

So I asked one of my friends.

The conversation went like this:

Me: You don't think I'm weird because I'm from Florida, do you?

Them: Remember last summer?

Me: Yeah?

Them: Remember when you killed that snake?

Me: The copperhead? Yeah, so?

Them: I've just never seen anybody chop off a snake's head with kitchen shears before...

Me: Oh. Well, my mom always used to keep a machete by the front door, but my husband put ours in the upstairs closet somewhere. Ha! I remember this time when a moccasin got in our house, and she pinned it to the couch with that machete and then cut it's head off with a steak knife!

wipes a tear

Good times...

Them: Um. Seriously?

Me: Well, it's not like she could shoot it!

Them: A machete?! Why do you have a machete?!

Me: Are you seriously saying you don't have a machete?

Them: I think you've answered your own original question.

So. Maybe there *are* a few things I do *differently*. And maybe it comes from being raised in the Sunshine State. Who can really say?

Anyhoo. This book was so much fun to read! You can definitely tell the author is from Florida, because he describes it perfectly. I was so homesick by the time I got done, I couldn't stand it. I can almost taste the humidity just thinking about it!

sigh

Joey and Chaz go on a cruise for their 2 year wedding anniversary. Which is so romantic!

Except Chaz is a douche. And he shoves his wife overboard.

Why?

Well, you really need to read the book to find that out, and I'm not going to spoil it.

But let's just say that he's incredibly stupid.

And unlucky. Because Joey doesn't drown *or* get eaten by sharks. Nope, Joey floats to safety on a bail of pot, and then gets fished out of the water by Mick.

Of course, hanging on to a bail of weed in the middle of the ocean gives a girl a lot of time to think about her questionable choice in men. It also gives a girl a lot of time to get pissed off.

So, while going to the police might be the sane thing to do...

Doesn't *revenge* sound so much better?

I lovedlovedloved all of the characters in Skinny Dip, but Tool was probably my favorite. He's horrible, disgusting, and awesome all rolled into one. Read the book for Tool's sake, if nothing else!

I don't normally read books like this one, but I'm glad I stepped out of my box for a few days. Thank you, Jeff!

aPriL does feral sometimes says

Carl Hiaasen's 'Skinny Dip' is the usual hilarious and bittersweet Hiaasen plot about fantastic and ridiculous criminals working legally under Florida's lax and corrupt government's environmental laws and victims who decide vigilantism will work better than Florida's legal system (not exactly untrue, is it?).

As the book begins, beautiful and rich Joey Perrone is being murdered by her husband of two years, Chaz. Chaz is a Florida State biologist whose job normally involves measuring agricultural pollutants in the Everglades. But on this balmy Florida night, while the couple is on a luxury boat cruise celebrating their wedding anniversary, Chaz has inexplicably pushed his wife over the railing down into the ocean. Joey is thankful she was co-captain of her college swim team. She is determined to find out why her husband wants her dead, so she stubbornly starts the miles-long paddle to shore.

Mick Stranahan, the retired police officer from the previous novel in the series, Skin Tight, has moved to a small Florida island as caretaker for its absentee owner. He loves the isolation and the beauty of the ocean. One of the perks of the job is being able to fish for dinner whenever he likes. However, this time he has caught a naked lady floating on a bale of pot. It looks like his idyllic days of quiet and sun will be temporarily over - for about 400 fun pages! Skink puts in a short appearance as well, gentle reader, from the ongoing Skink series.

I should mention Hiaasen's plots are developed from actual headlines and scandals which have come to the attention of federal and other agencies and individuals who actually are trying to make Florida accountable for its still ongoing rape of the Everglades, as well as exposing Florida's irritation at the presence of any animal and ocean wildlife. Although the various businesses and elected government officials involved in Florida's environmental destruction have been written about openly in the news for almost a century or two, nothing has slowed down the extraction of Florida's natural resources and the poisoning of what is still left of its flora and fauna.

<https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Envir...>

As Florida politicians add more and more written speeches about saving the Everglades to the stacks of speeches already given through the decades of human 'stewardship and care', real scientists have measured how much of the Everglades still remains from its original size - 10% - with the result of many animal populations having disappeared or crashed.

But the planing off of the natural surface of Florida to replace it with cement and farms is not the only problem Florida has right now.

Sinkholes are breaking up the infrastructure of Florida neighborhoods, and the poisoning of fresh water sources are popping up everywhere. These problems are linked to rising levels of salty ocean waters invading the low-lying lands of Florida.

A sinkhole map of Florida:

<http://championfoundation.com/interac...>

However, the issues of no fresh water and homes disappearing into black holes opening up in the ground has not stopped people from continuing to pave over Florida for fun and profit:

<http://www.scientificamerican.com/art...>

<http://www.vanityfair.com/news/2015/1...>

A sample quote from The Vanity Fair Magazine article by David Kamp:

"For all the sober talk about grave and ongoing environmental challenges, it is apt that Miami Beach has a self-styled Bloombergian mayor. For, curiously, at the very same time that some climate scientists are questioning whether the city will even survive into the next century, Miami Beach is going through an economic and building boom that evokes nothing so much as Bloomberg-era New York at its most sparkly and flash. In the last 12 months alone, the city has added more than 2,000 hotel rooms, many of them under impressive imprimaturs. Tommy Hilfiger is refurbishing the historic Raleigh hotel, and Ian Schrager has given the 50s-era Seville Beach Hotel a luxury redesign and a new name, Edition Miami Beach. And though the city doesn't boast a feat of urban design as ingenious as New York City's High Line, it can lay claim to what has become, since its completion in 2010, the world's most architecturally celebrated parking garage, 1111 Lincoln Road, a house-of-cards-like structure by the Swiss firm Herzog & de Meuron that has become an international tourist attraction in its own right."

But wait! There is more! 'Dead' spots in the ocean, particularly all around Florida beaches!

<http://news.nationalgeographic.com/ne...>

<http://www.smithsonianmag.com/science...>

In my humble opinion, I think America is going to have a homegrown refugee problem within a century. Big Government or small, there won't be much help from any government around the world, much less for Florida.

Mara says

Ok, now I get it! And by "it" I mean all the Hiaasen hoopla among those with whom I share a certain brand of humor – an "it" that baffled me after my first encounter with Carl via *Bad Monkey*.

We're back in Florida, where even the craziest of characters are *plausible* probable. Since I'm not exactly trailblazing new territory here in book review land, I'll just give you some quick picks from the cast of *Skinny Dip* which may or may not overlap with everyone's favorite super secret spy agency (damn you terrorists for taking its name!):

Open scene with **Joey Perrone** tossed off a cruise ship and into the drink by her husband Chaz (who is selfish even by Sterling Archer standards).

But for his lack of ethical scruples, **Chaz Perrone** is ill-suited for his job as a **biostitute** (a clever portmanteau of biologist and prostitute). He's more than happy to fake results for his boss whose farming operations pollute the fragile ecosystem, but, he's not exactly outdoorsy.

Welcome to **the Everglades**, where everything either wants to eat you, or give you malaria.

Assorted other tie-ins?

Dumb muscle bodyguard (and one of the funniest characters).

We've also got the little old lady who breaks through even the toughest of façades.

Good times, good times.

Thomas Strömquist says

Stranahan is back! (And so is ex-governor 'Skink'). That may be why I put a fifth(!) star on this one. Or it just fit me perfectly at the time. Anyway, I had a tremendously fun time with this book.

Kelly (and the Book Boar) says

Find all of my reviews at: <http://52bookminimum.blogspot.com/>

3.5 Stars

Joey Perrone would have never guessed her husband would toss her overboard during their anniversary cruise. Mick Stranahan would have never guessed he'd pull a naked woman off a floating bale of marijuana while fishing. After their bizarre chance encounter, Joey and Mick team up to find out *why* Joey's philandering husband would choose to kill her rather than ask for a divorce and to get some payback in the process.

Like all of Hiassen's books, *Skinny Dip* takes place in the Sunshine State

and is filled with an abundance of bizarre characters and multiple plotlines.

I've seen a lot of reviewers say that Hiassen is obviously a woman hater. Since I haven't seen him broadcast any disgusting opinions in interviews (*cough* Orson Scott Card *cough*), I have no idea if that is true. I do know that his female characters tend to be one-dimensional, but normally I don't really give a poo. Hiassen is a man's man and writes books that dudes would want to read. Unfortunately in *Skinny Dip* one of the leads is a woman. A woman who should have been a lot more awesome than she was. Luckily, he casts his books with eleventy billion other characters to pick up the slack. While not even remotely as brilliant as *Bad Monkey*, *Skinny Dip* was still a fun read.

Algernon says

It was boggling to realize that an elevated ribbon of dirt was essentially all that separated 5 million raucous, distracted human beings from the prehistoric solitude of the Everglades. The detective regretted that during his hitch in South Florida he hadn't spent more time on the other side of the levee; the sane and peaceful side.

Carl Hiaasen take us for a rollercoaster ride through the insane and troublesome side of the levee. A place where husbands throw their wives overboard during the cruise for their second wedding anniversary. A place where corrupt industrial farmers bribe fake scientists to falsify water pollution reports so they can continue to destroy the Everglades National Park. A place where migrant workers are slaving away under the supervision of brutal and illiterate hitmen. A place where police officers keep large pythons as pets in their apartments and paid killers collect memorial crosses from the side of the road.

I have read and enjoyed the novels of Carl Hiaasen before, and *Skinny Dip* is one of his better efforts. His signature touches are wacky characters, complicated plots where inept criminals are brought down by their own stupidity, hilarious dialogue and, most importantly, a genuine love for the natural environment of Florida that is getting systematically destroyed under the demands of business. The last part and the talent for

creating memorable characters is why I rate Hiaasen above the run-of-the-mill crime novelist. He is entertaining, but there is always an engagement with the issues of corruption in politics and habitat protection.

It will be difficult to make a short resume of the plot of Skinny Dip, but I would say that people who liked the movie **Overboard** with Kurt Russell and Goldie Hawn are probably going to enjoy another comedy about a rich, hot babe falling into the ocean from a pleasure ship. Instead of being amnesiac, Joey Perrone is well aware that her husband is the one who deliberately pushed her overboard. Being a skilled swimmer, and with a bit of luck in the shape of a bale of marijuana drifting in the Gulf Stream, she survives and sets out to exact revenge on her dearly beloved creep of a husband, Chaz Perrone. Joey is helped along by a reclusive former State attorney who prefers the isolation of a small private island to the bustle of civilization, by a sexy member of her Book Club, by a brother who enjoys life among sheep in New Zealand. Chaz the scoundrel is already chasing other skirts, mostly a fiery Latino hairdresser named Ricca, but, thanks to his supposedly deceased wife hauntings, he has developed, for the first time in his life, erectile disfunctions, and has extra troubles with the industrial tycoon sponsoring his illegal activities and with his assigned bodyguard, a hairy and slow witted killer for hire named Tool. The novel alternates between the points of view of the wife and of the husband, with a third thread dealing with the police investigation into the accident / suicide / murder of Joey.

Skinny Dip is a stand-alone among the novels written by Carl Hiaasen, but fans of the author will recognize some recurring personages, among them Skink, the one-eyed giant wearing a shower cap and living off the land in the middle of the swamp, as usual saving damzels in distress and dealing cruel and unusual punishment to environmental criminals.

Comedy is ensured by dialogue filled with sexual innuendo and sarcastic commentaries on married life, politics, pollution, violence. Then there's the pland going awry, the misunderstandings, the physical and even gross out humour, but mostly it is the crashing of opposing personalities that produce the sparks. I'm also enjoying the fact that there isn't a clear cut demarcation line between the good guys and the bad guys, with Joey acting outside the law in order to punish her husband and with the gorilla Tool reexamining his life choices when he becomes friends with a terminally ill woman (my favorite passage from the novel):

I believe it's never too late to change. I'm eighty-one years old, but I still think I can be a better person tomorrow than I am today. And that's what I'll believe until I run out of tomorrows.

I will be checking more of the Florida crime books by Hiaasen, as well as the rival series written by Tim Dorsey. It's difficult to pick a favorite between them: both are dealing with the environment and with the criminal underworld of the Sunshine State. I would say the psychopat Serge Storms is more volatile and vicious than Skink et Co., but Hiaasen has the better plots and the more nuanced characterization.

Barbara says

3.5 stars

I always enjoy Carl Hiaasen's satiric, comic novels - which generally highlight some atrocity humans are inflicting on the state of Florida. In this book, Hiaasen concentrates on Everglades pollution.

The story: Chaz Perrone - who likes to be called 'Dr. Perrone' - has a Ph.D. in marine biology and a cushy job for the state of Florida - monitoring pollution in the Everglades. The thing is, Chaz should really be called 'Dr. Scumbag' because he's being paid off by Red Hammernut, a south Florida farmer whose fertilizer is contaminating the region. Chaz pretends to test Everglades water samples, makes up fake results, and collects his payoff. Job well done (in his own mind)!

Things start to go bottoms up when Chaz thinks his wife, Joey, has cottoned on to his scam. So Chaz takes Joey on a luxury cruise for their second wedding anniversary, and throws her overboard in the middle of the night. Chaz pretends to be overwrought about his 'missing wife', but Detective Karl Rolvaag - who gets the case when the ship returns to port - is immediately suspicious.

Meanwhile, Joey - a champion swimmer - has survived. She evaded predatory wildlife, latched onto a bale of marijuana, and drifted toward shore on the Gulf Stream.....all the time seething at her husband. Luckily, Joey was rescued by Mick Stranahan, a fiftyish ex-cop living on a tiny island off Florida's coast. After hearing Joey's story Mick wanted to call the police, but Joey had a better idea. She planned to drive that lowlife Chaz crazy!!

Chaz, convinced he got away with murder, proceeds to live his life. He rids the house of Joey's belongings; romances his long-time girlfriend/hairdresser Ricca Spillman; and dreams of a fruitful, long-lasting partnership with Red. Though Chaz is repeatedly questioned by Detective Rolvaag (à la Columbo), he believes there's no proof of his crime.

Joey starts her campaign against dirtbag Chaz by hanging a favorite black dress in her (now empty) closet and leaving a torn photo under his pillow. Chaz is bewildered, and thinks some stranger is breaking into his house. When Chaz reports the intrusion to Red Hammernut, the farmer saddles Chaz with a 'bodyguard' - a big, hairy galoot named Earl O'Toole ('Tool').

Tool is in pain from a bullet lodged mid-butt, so he sneaks into hospitals/nursing homes and peels Fantanyl patches off elderly patients - then puts them on his roughly shaved back. In the course of this larceny Tool meets an elderly lady, Maureen, and they develop a rather sweet friendship.

Through all this, Joey continues to play tricks on Chaz - with the help of her brother Corbett and Mick. As the pranks excale, Chaz's anxiety increases, and he becomes alarmed when he 'can't get it up anymore.' Chaz starts taking 'little blue pills' - and the results are priceless. Eventually Joey and her fellow tricksters perpetrate a jaw-dropping hoax, which is wonderfully effective. As they spend time together, Joey and Mick develop an attraction, which should appeal to romance fans.

As Chaz's life falls apart, he starts to become suspicious of everyone around him. In fact - in the course of the story - Chaz 'kills' several people. However, none of them stay dead. LOL

All this action and hilarity leads to an appropriate climax that's quite satisfying.

Some fun animal characters in the story (besides the Everglades alligators and mosquitoes that freak Chaz out) are: Mick's dog - a lovable, but slow-witted Doberman called Strom, who tries to bark potential intruders away from the island; and Detective Rolvaag's two pet pythons - who don't have much personality....but might just be eating the building's pet cats and dogs.

I enjoyed the book, which made me laugh. Recommended to fans of light, amusing books (with a message).

You can follow my reviews at <https://reviewsbybarsaffer.blogspot....>

Seth T. says

Carl Hiaasen is right at home in that collective of modern, witty crime fiction writers who are neither Dashiell Hammett nor Raymond Chandler and hope against that you won't attempt the comparison. That he's good, there's no doubt. It's just: he's not genius.

And that's fine. Not everyone can abide in stellar heights, unreachable and ever-gunned-for. *Skinny Dip* was a perfectly enjoyable ode to revenge. All the bad people got what was coming to them and none of the good people ever fell prey to their various bumbling and inadequacies. I devoured the last half of the tale in a single sitting, staying up late enough in bed reading that my performance at the office the next day may have been diminished.

It's just... I've read the greats. And so I think that subconsciously I'm always left thinking, *Wow, that was fun... but *sigh* it was no The Long Goodbye*. I know it's probably not fair to Hiasaan, but it's kind of like reading most any fantasy epic after having read *The Lord of the Rings*. You end up feeling kind of hollow.

No hard feelings, Carl? You're still as good as Elmore Leonard!

Nathan says

This book was recommended as great light, pulpy reading by two of the people I love and respect most in this world. And it is with all respect to those two people that I say here, I just don't get it.

The first chapter was good enough to grab my attention, but by the time I was 1/3 the way through I just kept thinking *it's got to get better, its got to get better*. Turns out, the third act just gets worse. I mean I know its supposed to be pulpy, but the dialogue in this book reminded me of a Michael Bay screenplay. People don't talk like this. They just don't. It also didn't help that I didn't find many of the characters sympathetic. If Joey is the cream of the crop, this is one sorry lot. And the end was so perplexing. I mean he managed to tie up all the plot points in as contrived a way as possible, while at the same time completely managing to miss anything that resembles a satisfying ending.

Maybe I'm just not cut out for pulp. Excuse me, I need to go find some Sylvia Plath to cleanse with.

Amanda says

Joey Perrone is pissed--and she has every right to be. On their second wedding anniversary, her husband, Chaz, surprises her by booking a romantic Carnival-style cruise. He surprises her again by getting her drunk, throwing her overboard in the middle of the night, and leaving her as shark bait. What Chaz doesn't know is that Joey survives by clinging to a wayward bale of Jamaican weed. She's found, exhausted and a little worse for wear, by Mick Stranahan, a recluse who lives on a private island and shuns the mainland after being forced into early retirement from the police force after killing a politically well-connected criminal. If fate dealt Joey a cruel blow that night on the cruise ship, it's certainly making up for it by creating the perfect

situation in which to exact revenge on her philandering and murderous husband. What follows is a bizarre, tangled, and amusing revenge scheme that reveals just what a lowlife Chaz Perrone really is.

Carl Hiaasen books are quick, funny reads with a soul. *Skinny Dip* is full of quirky characters (such as Tool, the bodyguard with a bullet lodged in the crack of his ass and a penchant for collecting roadside crosses; Red Hammernut, the Yosemite Sam like billionaire making big profit off of thwarting EPA rules; Ricca, Chaz's mistress who has, shall we say, some peculiar artistic tendencies when it comes to personal grooming), implausible plot lines, and witty dialogue. However, for all of the absurdity, there is an underlying environmental message about the Everglades and how big money and political influence can circumvent the very agencies who are trying to do right by our planet. The message is never preachy; Hiaasen simply uses the characters and the plot to point out how corporate corruption is going on beneath our very noses and how industrial farming's mismanagement of natural resources is making itself felt in our water supply, our land, and in the animals who inhabit the very ecosystems we're destroying. However, if you're not looking for an environmental message, that's cool--still consider giving Hiaasen a try. There are plenty of zany capers, madcap adventures, and fun to be had.

Cross posted at This Insignificant Cinder

Chelsea Humphrey says

This book was plain hilarious. It begins with Chaz throwing wife Joey overboard a cruise ship and her not only surviving, but plotting her revenge against him with ex-cop Mick. She decides to "stay dead" while slowly driving Chaz mad until the big ending. A little action, comedy, and romance wrapped into one book. As unrealistic and laughable as Hiaasen's books are, they somehow tend to work out well this way. I always feel like it's a light break from the heavy stuff and can always expect a good laugh. This is one of my favorite of his novels.

Paul E. Morph says

This is the seventh Hiaasen book I've read. While he's never going to be my favourite author, I really enjoyed the first six. This seventh outing, however, didn't have the same appeal. In fact, every time I stopped reading this book it was because I'd fallen asleep! It's definitely not a good sign that a comedy/thriller has me dropping off so frequently while reading it.

I think part of the problem was that the plot didn't cope with being stretched out so much. If this book had been about two thirds the length it would have been a lot better. There were points where I was wishing they'd just get on with it!

Also, apart from Mick Stranahan, virtually all the characters irritated me to some degree. With the female characters, it was mainly that they were barely two-dimensional and almost completely vacuous. I'm pretty sure a couple of the supporting characters were extraneous and could either have been cut out completely or had their parts performed by one of the other characters.

Don't get me wrong; I did enjoy this book (hence three stars and not two) and its weaknesses certainly won't put me off reading more Hiaasen in the future but it was definitely my least favourite of all his books I've

read so far. I much preferred 'Skin Tight', the first book to feature Stranahan.

Buddy read with Sunshine Seaspray.

Shirley says

This is a favorite author of mine. He has the very best of characters. Bizarre, misdirected, lost, but always fun.
