

# POE MUST DIE PDF, EPUB, EBOOK



Marc Olden | 360 pages | 23 Apr 2015 | Open Road Media | 9781504011365 | English | United States

## **Read Poe Must Die Online by Marc Olden | Books**

Good mystery and action. Read that it might be a movie soon. Gave up after the first couple of chapters. The writing was almost comically bad. Reminded me of something written by a middle schooler. Mar 26, Margaret L. Not really my thing, as far as the supernatural aspects. Was entertaining and amusing in parts, if you accepted the story on its own terms. But towards the end it went over the top. If you like works by Poe, you will love this A richly told tale in a typical Poe fashion. One would barely, if at all, believe that Poe was not the author. Feb 24, Sara Harper rated it it was amazing Shelves: so-f-ing-good. This novel mixes real literary figures with fictional characters, mysticism and magic I read this book in one whole sitting because I just couldn't put it down and I looked like hell after but I didn't care I was on the edge of my seat at some points and

found my heart racing at others.

Poe Must Die was definitely worth my all of my time and emotional investment. I'm a sucker for a novel where real historical figures fight crime, or, in this case, crime with a side of demon-raising. This works as a kind of supernatural buddy comedy though it's not actually a comedy, with mismatched allies Poe and Figg earning each other's grudging respect and eventually affection. Something else I really liked: Olden does not sugarcoat Poe's racism or the racism of the time. So when we first meet Poe, he is drunkenly inveighing against equality for the races. I really am a sucker for a novel where real historical figures fight crime, or, in this case, crime with a side of demon-raising.

I really admired this; it's as though Olden who was black and wrote *Black Samurai* is telling the reader: "if you're gonna like this guy, you're gonna have to deal with this. Not sure what Olden was up to there, but let's just say he does a better job of dealing with ugly historical racism than a lot of historical novelists. And there's a fun plot about an evil guy trying to summon and control Asmodeus, king of the demons, and Poe and Figg racing against time to foil his plot and save the world. A fun read and definitely recommended for fans of supernatural horror, buddy comedies, and Poe. Jun 19, Ionia rated it liked it. I'm not sure what to say. I tend to love these novels that use gone-for-years literary characters, but this one you really, really liked. It was something else. I'm not certain how much Poe enthusiasts will appreciate the way this book is approached, although I do have to admit that some of the dialogue was absolutely hilarious.

Marc Olden was meticulous with his handling of research on his characters and a Well Marc Olden was meticulous with his handling of research on his characters and a lot of the little-know facts about Dickens and Poe came to light in this story. Still, the mad satanist aspect of the story was quite over the top and at times made me laugh, even when I wasn't supposed to. If you are looking for a book that is definitely based on very diluted reality but none-the-less entertaining, this would be a good one to choose. Overall, it was fun and entertaining, and that's often enough in a book. I heard about this book late last year when Idris Elba's production company optioned it for development as a movie trilogy.

Edgar Allan Poe, a boxer seeking revenge against an evil wizard--what's not to like? Plenty, it turns out. Two stars was generous. Verbose, repetitious, anti-climatic, plenty of period racism, long sections in inconsistent italics, and something I can't stand--authors attempting to depict dialects in broken print. Easily as disappointing as the John Cusack vehicle "The Raven". So many historical facts and figures, the numerous cameos begin to feel gimmicky. Without out all the tidbits of late 19th century NYC history, I'm not sure there's much of a story. I think the author depends on those. And the author seems intent on highlighting racist and homophobic attitudes of the time, for historical accuracy I assume. Listening to the novel in and hearing the various and sundry epithets being thrown around carelessly and casually throughout the work, was distracting and So many historical facts and figures, the numerous cameos begin to feel gimmicky.

Listening to the novel in and hearing the various and sundry epithets being thrown around carelessly and casually throughout the work, was distracting and took me out of the story. Feb 13, BRT rated it liked it. Poe, Dickens, a famous British pugilist, and a Satanist. Sounds intriguing. It was, eventually, but you have to inure yourself to the utter bleak and base nature of every character. The protagonists appear just as evil as the Satanist. It's only towards the end, as you get more involved in finding out who survives what appears to be an unwinnable battle, that you get to see some inkling of decency in the main characters. Feb 25, Sandra Lenahan rated it liked it Shelves: science-fiction, reads-of I was totally unaware that this book was written in the 70's when I placed a hold on it!! Centering on E. Poe, a retired London boxer and a mysterious and deadly mind reading cult leader the story moves a little slow but is interesting.

May 21, Devlocke rated it liked it. Pretty effing rough, but entertaining. Copy-edited as poorly as it was written. Occasionally awful but mostly entertaining, and conceptually fun enough to be worth slogging through if you dig the idea of Edgar Allen Poe being a dysfunctional drunk anti-hero preventing the forces of darkness from attaining ultimate power. Poe's not the most compelling character but his inclusion is pretty much all that makes this worth messing with. Nov 26, Mackenzie rated it liked it Shelves: lendable-on-kindle. It feels very much overdone, with no famous persons from the period unincorporated, and no chance for exposition passed up. It moves very slowly through most of the novel, then the climax is weirdly brief. It was very unsatisfying. If this seems like something you would be interested in, I recommend the excellent *Jonathan Strange and Mr. Norrell*. Jul 21, Gary Haynes rated it liked it. Read this book as a teenager and really enjoyed it. Re-read it recently and realized that time had moved on.

But Poe is interesting and the antagonist, Jonathan, is suitably twisted for such a tale. But the star of the book for me is Figg, a bare-knuckle fighter with a heart, who's not afraid to delve into the dark recesses of his psyche to defeat evil. Read it for Figg! A happy find I was unaware of this author, so I had no idea what to expect. I found a very clever use of the few actual facts known about E. I enjoyed the very real description of New York and London during that time, as well as the preternatural elements. Very glad I discovered this "new" author! Apr 09, Frank Docherty added it Shelves: action. This book is a swashbuckling adventure set in the time of Dickens. The hero is a descendant of James Figg the famous bare knuckle boxer, and he is hunting the man who killed his wife who just happens to be an occultist. Sep 08, Cheka Firefly rated it really liked it Shelves: Marc Olden excels in the art of description.

He was able to illustrate the filth in Victorian New York as well as London. The dialogue was great. The characters were able to deliver modern context through their archaic speech. However, the story was a bit dragging. But you still enjoy the parts. There are no discussion topics on this book yet. Be the first to start one ». Readers also enjoyed. About Marc Olden. Marc Olden. Marc Olden — was the author of forty mystery and suspense novels.

Born in Baltimore, he began writing while working in New York as a Broadway publicist. His first book, *Angela Davis*, was a nonfiction study of the controversial Black Panther. In he also published *Narc*, under the name Robert Hawke, beginning a hard-boiled nine-book series about a federal narcotics agent. A year later, Marc Olden — was the author of forty mystery and suspense novels. A year later, *Black Samurai* introduced Robert Sand, a martial arts expert who becomes the first non-Japanese student of a samurai master. Olden continued writing for the next three decades, often drawing on his fascination with Japanese culture and history. Books by Marc Olden. Related Articles. Audiobooks are an incredible way to experience stories—a great narrator can use their voice bring the narrative to life in a way that the Read more Trivia About Poe Must Die.

No trivia or quizzes yet. Add some now ». Quotes from Poe Must Die. Eternity is unavoidable, but until it embraces me, I shall keep myself fully consumed with living. Welcome back. Just a moment while we sign you in to your Goodreads account. These books would allow him to control Hell and rival God himself! Jonathan will commit crimes without number to succeed in his evil quest. But the terminally ill American millionaire Justin Coltman is first past the post: he finds the crucial tomes. The actor follows Coltman back to America, hoping to recover the books. Jonathan believes that Figg may be able to derail his quest. He resolves to find and punish the sorcerer. Armed with a letter of introduction and a belt full of gold coins gifts from Charles Dickens Figg pursues Jonathan to America.

America, where Edgar Allen Poe is dealing with his own problems. He is hopelessly besotted with Rachel Coltman, widow of Justin Coltman the millionaire who acquired the books. Poe must be suborned or if the canny writer cannot be transformed into a useful patsy, killed. Poe and Figg end up as allies, but their first encounter is not propitious. Figg sees Poe as a feckless sot. Poe sees Figg as a violent brute. But Poe is brilliant and Figg has a prodigious talent for lethal violence. A complementary pair! They unite to foil Jonathan. I only recently discovered that Olden was African American. Always new opportunities to learn. Former actor Jonathan is shown resorting to stagecraft to convince his minions and victims that he can do magic; at the same time, he believes that magic is real and that with the aid of the books, and suitable dark rites, he can control the fiends of Hell.

Deluded or not, Jonathan is evil and dangerous; he must be stopped. If Figg is a danger, why not take him out?

## **MARC OLDEN - POE MUST DIE**

Synopsis A satanist threatens the planet, and only Poe has the imagination to stop him It is said that beneath Solomon's glorious throne, books were buried that gave the fabled king control over life, death, and demonic power. Buy New Learn more about this copy. About AbeBooks. Other Popular Editions of the Same Title. Search for all books with this author and title. Customers who bought this item also bought. Stock Image. Poe Must Die Marc Olden. Published by Charter Books New Mass Market Paperback Quantity: 1. Through his Green Door production company he's developing Marc Olden's off-the-wall historical adventure Poe Must Die as a potential movie trilogy. First published in , Olden's weighty tome finds a depressed and frail Poe at the bottom of a bottle in s New York.

Poe and Figg then join forces on the trail of the sorcerer who murdered Figg's wife and is himself searching for the Throne of Solomon, which he believes will give him immortality and power over all the demons of hell. So that's a potential problem for the entire world There's clearly scope here for a historical action romp along Downey Sherlock Holmes lines.

There's no indication yet of whether Elba intends to appear in the film or whether he's just producing. Mitchell, a popular American comedian. I see in Jonathan only the blackest of deeds. Justice has failed you in the matter of your wife and son, so I deeply sympathize with your wish for satisfaction. I intend to assist you in my own fashion. An agonizingly cold December it was, and my two little ones, Charley and Katey, were returning from school. A joyous time for them. Snow on the ground, Christmas to come, and to be young and dreaming of childish pleasures. Providence sent you to strike down those men who would have left my Charley and Katey shivering naked in the snow. Are you certain I cannot offer you spirits or tea?

Figg you have buried three people you loved: a wife, a son, a father-in-law dead of grief. And yet you remain a most considerate gentleman. Moments of cunning, sir. But here, please take these. It was a money belt, its inside lined with gold sovereign coins. One is a letter of introduction to Titus Bootham, an Englishman who is editor and publisher of a small newspaper for Britons living in New York. Call upon him for any assistance in my name. He will gladly extend himself.

## **Poe Must Die by Marc Olden - Mysterious Press**

Publisher: Ace Books , This specific ISBN edition is currently not available. View all copies of this ISBN edition. Synopsis A satanist threatens the planet, and only Poe has the imagination to stop him It is said that beneath Solomon's glorious throne, books were buried that gave the fabled king control over life, death, and demonic power. Buy New Learn more about this copy. About AbeBooks. Other Popular Editions of the Same Title. Search for all books with this author and title. Customers who bought this item also bought.

Stock Image. Poe Must Die Marc Olden. Published by Charter Books New Mass Market Paperback Quantity: 1. Ergodebooks Houston, TX, U. Seller Rating. Was it the boxer? Was it the ring-scarred Pierce James Figg, the only mortal Jonathan had ever feared? For a few seconds that fear tried to rule him but he forced it down deeper and deeper inside himself and now he was again in control. In front of the fireplace, one of the child thieves now sat up, rubbing sleep from her eyes. The long-tailed gray rat, which had been just inches from her face, now turned and scampered back into darkness. Stolen loot—clothing, furniture and bric-a-brac from a silver-mounted ostrich egg to a collection of stuffed birds under glass, covered almost all of the room.

Even thieves like Arthur Lecky shared the Victorian passion for possessions and clutter. Jonathan blew out the oil lamp, leaving only the tiny fire to light the room. I will have your life now! To the left of the door, Jonathan stood flat against the wall in total darkness, one end of the strap wrapped tightly around his left fist, the heavy buckle dangling at his side and lost in the folds of his cloak.

The footsteps rushed through the door, into the room and past Jonathan who lifted his arm high. The brass buckle gleamed brightly, catching the eye of the griny faced little girl who sat on the floor and stared up at it. His head throbbed, his voice was hoarse and he longed for a soft bed in a quiet, dark room. But quiet darkness would have to wait. This morning the thirty-five year old Dickens had stood in a cold rain with a crowd of twenty thousand people and watched as a fourteen-year-old boy was hung in front of Newgate Prison. Dickens coughed phlegm from his raw throat. Dickens, sir. Figg and you are most certainly not disturbing us. I invited you, if you remember. Pierce James Figg, forty-eight and stocky, eyes red rimmed from crying, folded his large, gnarled hands in his lap.

He was a bare knuckle prizefighter and boxing instructor whom Charles Dickens, the most prosperous and popular author of his day, the most famous man in England, respected as much as any man he knew. Dickens threw his head back to clear long brown hair from his face. He sat in the wooden chair he preferred to the overstuffed furniture currently in vogue and now cramming the homes of those Englishmen who could afford it.

God above, what grief! Dickens sipped more gin, then stroked his painful throat and eyed the silent prizefighter. Not your delicate piece of porcelain, Mr. Scars from forehead to stubborn chin and nose flatter than paper pasted to a wall. A slight limp in his right leg. No neck. Not the slightest inch of neck on the man. Figg, whose voice was forever soft because of punches to his throat.

An awesome sight, dear Mr. Decent, but no man to cross or do the dirty to. Makes his living teaching the use of fist, cudgel, knife and short sword and no one does it better. Pierce James Figg, descended from a long line of bare knuckle prizefighters, was shrewd and plain speaking, lacking formal education but possessed of an education of a different sort, the kind that came from surviving the brutal prize ring and life on the edge of the underworld. Dickens knew Figg to be an honest man, something which could not be said for others in prizefighting. Lord in heaven, thought Dickens, where does he find the strength to be that gracious now?

He smiled at Figg. Helps them to sleep. On occasion, I take my ten-year-old Charley and some of his school chums on picnics down by the river. Jolly, jolly times. We drink champagne. Dickens stopped. Trivial, trivial occurrences in my life and all less than nothing to this man submerged in more agony than any one human being should be forced to endure. Poor Figg loses his wife and son and I talk of champagne. God in heaven forgive me. Figg flopped his round shaven head back against the leather chair and spoke to the ceiling. Made me boy a promise, I did. Promise me, dad. Miserable ghouls, thought Dickens, terrifying us all because the desecration of a grave was the most hideous of crimes. In a moment of bitter whimsy, someone had also named these criminals resurrectionists. Figg dabbed at his eyes with a large white handkerchief. Done it meself. Dickens flinched. He had seven children of his own. The idea of having to fill their coffins with quicklime . . . He remembered seeing a few resurrectionists near the hanging this morning, in the crowded Magpie and Stump tavern, where Figg and Dickens had gone for warm drinks against the wet January cold.

Filthy, unshaven men with eyes like dirty coins, and smelling of roast herring and damp clothing, crudely dancing the waltz and polka with slovenly whores to the music of a cornet and fiddle. To the crowd, the hanging was entertainment and many had waited throughout the night to make certain they were close enough to see it. The resurrectionists had watched like vultures, none of them with the courage to challenge the boxer. Dickens finished his gin and lemon, placing the empty glass on a small table beside him. Yes sir. Figg swallowed and then barely breathed the words. Charles Dickens snorted. Then sat on the floor dazed until the police came and arrested him. Will did not kill anyone. He also hypnotized your lad. Dickens fingered a small white china monkey which he used as a paperweight and without which he felt he could not write. Such swift justice under our gracious Queen Alexandrina Victoria and her beloved Albert.

A murder is committed and one short week later, a boy hangs for it. Why is it that we English are so intent on slaughtering our children? The scaffold or sixteen-hour working days. I wonder which is worse. The author looked at his writing desk. All attempts at some sort of reform, to make the English despise child abuse as much as he did, to make the nation see that it could not continue to brutalize its children without brutalizing itself. The children. Young lives which . . . had been one horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. But his books, all highly successful, had changed little. England was a paradise for the privileged and a hell for the poor. For too many this nation, under God and Queen, was but a place to die an early death, more than likely with an empty belly. On the other side of the closed study door, the shaggy white terrier Timber Doodle ran in circles as it whined for its master.

Given to me when I was in America six years ago. A presentation from Mr. Mitchell, a popular American comedian. He turned back to Figg. Dickens crossed his legs and continued to stroke the china monkey. You pursue a dangerous quest, my friend. I see in Jonathan only the blackest of deeds. As you must, as you should. Justice has failed you in the matter of your wife and son, so I deeply sympathize with your wish for satisfaction. I intend to assist you in my own fashion. Dickens, you have helped me quite a bit, let me say. I had no money for a solicitor for young Will and you paid for one out of your own pocket. Dickens chuckled. My health. Ah my dear Figg, let us speak of that. I pen novels, plays, letters, stories, travel books, books for children and I stand on stage and read from my works to audiences which pay me a pretty penny, by God. I am quite an actor, they tell me, and the amateur theatricals I wallow in have also been well received.

If I am tired, sir, it is by choice. If I have chosen exhaustion over boredom, then so be it. I find myself agreeing with Goethe, who when told he too worked excessively, replied that he had all eternity to rest. Eternity is unavoidable, but until it embraces me, I shall keep myself fully consumed with living. Dickens stood up and stretched. Such days as these should never be as long as they are. I want to help you Mr. Figg and I shall. Is it not true that I am very much in your debt? Four years ago, remember? An agonizingly cold December it was, and my two little ones Charley and Katey were returning from school. A joyous time for them. Snow on the ground, Christmas to come and to be young and dreaming of childish pleasures. You prevented my children from being terrorized and degraded, stripped of their clothes in the cold, Mr. Providence sent you to strike down those men who would have left my Charley and Katey shivering naked in the snow.

Will had been with the skimmers as a ten-year-old lookout, a hardened London street orphan who had never known his parents and who survived in the criminal underworld as best he could. You owe no more. Dickens threw back his head and laughed briefly. It hurt his throat to laugh, but he did. Send the famous to you?

Figg you are acquainted with more notables than I and I know quite a long list of such fellows. Whom, among the glittering names of our day, have I sent to you? Ah yes. Fellow quill pushers. Wilkie Collins. Thackeray, Browning, Tennyson. And pray tell, what did they do on arriving at your emporium? Not put on the mufflers, I assure you. Not one glove ever slipped around one ink stained fist. They stood stock still and stared with awe. Does not pay the butcher, Mr. Figg stared down at his lap. Taught young Will. Had no last name when I met him. My middle name and my last name. The lad loved you. Respected you as well and that is as it should have been. You took him from the streets, gave him a home and more. With you, there was Christian charity and the discipline a child cannot do without.

He had become a changed young man, thanks to you and that is what he told the unfortunate urchins trapped in that heartbreaking way of life. He wanted them to climb out of that savage squalor to become decent and God fearing. He tried to give them what you had given him: hope, dignity, a reason for living. Figg dropped his chin to his wide chest. Got hisself hanged. That is hindsight, dear friend. Your son, and he was very much your son, wanted to pull the little ones from a disgusting existence. You have every reason to be proud of Will. Dickens swallowed to lubricate his sore throat. He looked a dozen years older than he had just days ago. Like you, Will knew about your wife and Jonathan, which means he also knew the kind of man Jonathan was. So Will took it on himself to keep watch over Arthur Lecky. And the magician appears there and me boy dies in me place.

Figg clenched his fingers into a pair of huge, menacing fists. Told me he wanted to do for Jonathan because of what the magician done to me and my missus. Smart lad, he was. Right brave. More than paid me back, he did. Best chicken thief, he used to say he was. No such thing, Mr. Children need a most firm hand always.

That is how I raise mine, sir. Most firm hand. Too firm, Kate says. Dickens ignored her; he was a father, not a simpering country vicar playing up to children to get their attention and boost his own ego. Children needed an iron hand and that was that. Figg folded his large white handkerchief, placing it neatly on one of his meaty thighs. He was involved with them play actors and now they have all sailed for New York to work for one Phineas Taylor Barnum.

So after he agrees to do a deal with this American, he has one of his kids follow him just to see what is really and truly occurring in this matter. The little one follows the American to a Harley Street surgeon, he tells me. Indeed sir. Coltman is dying of cancer. There is not the slightest hope that he will live. This medical fellow says Mr. Coltman wanted to leave for New York as quickly as possible. Dickens, that if Jonathan was involved with Lecky and Lecky was involved with Mr.

Coltman and these peculiar books, well sir, they must all be somehow involved with each other. You are thinking wisely, Mr. Perhaps Mr. We know that Jonathan wants it at any cost. Me wife said so. Twenty-two-year-old Althea, with waist-length auburn hair and sad eyes. An actress, whose infatuation with Jonathan had brought a horrible death down upon her. When she had learned the truth about him and the acting troupe surrounding him, it was too late. Figg bowed his round, shaved head. I mean I found him, is all. The tears started again.

I mean, a man like me cannot hope to rise above his station and a family was a good thing—.

### **Idris Elba Decides Poe Must Die | Movies | Empire**

Refresh and try again. Open Preview See a Problem? Details if other :. Thanks for telling us about the problem. Return to Book Page. Poe Must Die by Marc Olden. A satanist threatens the planet, and only Poe has the imagination to stop him. The throne has been lost for millennia, but now one man seeks to find it, and harness its secrets to unleash hell upon the world. Jonathan is the most powerful A satanist threatens the planet, and only Poe has the imagination to stop him. Jonathan is the most powerful psychic on earth, and in service of his god Lucifer he will tear civilization apart.

In the shadows of New York City, Poe drowns his talent in rotgut gin, trying to forget the death of his beloved wife. Get A Copy. Paperback , pages. Published September 1st by Ace Books first published More Details Original Title. Other Editions Friend Reviews. To see what your friends thought of this book, please sign up. To ask other readers questions about Poe Must Die , please sign up. Lists with This Book. Community Reviews. Showing Average rating 3. Rating details. More filters. Sort order. Start your review of Poe Must Die. Olden's writing is incredibly uneven here, and the quality of the storytelling varies with each paragraph. Both the beginning and ending sections of the novel are incredibly cheesy, but the middle section is solid enough that reading the book doesn't feel like a waste of time, despite it's excessive length and relatively slow pacing.

Oct 16, Kestrell rated it liked it. Surprisingly not bad for cheesy '70s horror. The characterizations of women and African Americans is dated in its not-PCness but, as these prejudices reflected Poe's own Victorian attitudes, it at least fits the story, even if it is icky. There is lots of action and some '70s-style vauish mysticism, although I would have liked to hear more about the grimoires. Still, this is at least as good as many fo the more recent novels which have featured Poe as a detective, although, granted, that is mos Surprisingly not bad for cheesy '70s horror. Still, this is at least as good as many fo the more recent novels which have featured Poe as a detective, although, granted, that is mostly damning with faint praise.

My husband found this book for me at a yard sale in Salem, MA, and it cost a quarter, so my expectations were not very high, but it made a great beach book for a week when I wasn't feeling well. This was an entertaining read with some enjoyable characters not the least of which is New York in the s. Poe is often used in that meta way as an occult criminal investigator and by often I mean I have read three books in which he plays that role and it suits the idea most of us have of him today, you know, dark, romantic, tragic, unappreciated in his day, etc etc. I looked forward to reading this book every night so I suppose that says enough. View all 3 comments. I'm heartbroken at how dry and inconsistent this one turned out to be. The premise is a pulp novel dream Edgar Allen Poe and a hulking British boxer are hired by Charles Dickens to hunt down a demon-summoning sorcerer plotting to take over the world The pacing is slow and then will jump around a bit too much out of the blue, the sections of dialogue can be overlong and aimless, and some of the things the characters do don't make much sense based on thei I'm heartbroken at how dry and inconsistent this one turned out to be.

The pacing is slow and then will jump around a bit too much out of the blue, the sections of dialogue can be overlong and aimless, and some of the things the characters do don't make much sense based on their situations view spoiler [ Example: After a long journey from England, Figg finally finds Poe drunk and passed out, and instead of waking him or waiting for him to wake, he decides to wait elsewhere and within minutes discovers Poe woke on his own and disappeared again. So despite very high hopes and a good recommendation from a bookshop clerk, this one just isn't working for me.

Farewell, Mr. Feb 06, V. Singer rated it it was amazing. Excellent book. Read it years ago, and intend to read it again. The atmosphere is perfect for the time, and details are nicely researched. The balance and contrast between the slightly demented Poe and the grim, world weary bare knuckle boxer works very well. Poe's mystical horror mixes perfectly with ruthless violence and superstition of P. Figg's world of deadly bare knuckle fighting and "manly" self defence.

Not suitable if you are looking for a "modern" slasher, or "Exorcist" style spiritual Excellent book. Not suitable if you are looking for a "modern" slasher, or "Exorcist" style spiritual horror. Jonathan is a dramatically evil villain he may truly be the personification of evil itself. Poe and Figg, his adversaries, make an unlikely but certainly kick-ass duo.

The historical setting brings readers to another time and place that enhances the almost Biblical sense of violence and fear. Feb 22, Dee rated it it was ok. I tried really hard to get into this book, but I just couldn't seem to do it. I understand that it's accurate for the setting, but just because something is historically accurate doesn't mean we should revel in it as entertainment. It's oppressive, on every page, and severely interferes with my ability to focus on any other element of the story. If it at least s I tried really hard to get into this book, but I just couldn't seem to do it. If it at least served the narrative, or managed some sort of moral commentary in retrospect, I could be more forgiving, but it does neither. It's a shame, because the story is obviously well-researched, and filled with interesting bits of historic and literary trivia, as well as fascinating discussion on the nature of good and evil, fiction and reality, religion and superstition.

The characters are well-developed and morally interesting. Now if only the author could take those strong elements and translate them into strong story-telling as well. Sep 23, Colin rated it it was ok. On the one hand, I understand the urge to write a book about Edgar Allan Poe, or one in which he is a main character. On the third hand, the book presents a multi-layered version of the doomed poet, a complicated figure already, here made more so by an acknowledgement of flaws. Poe and Figg then join forces on the trail of the sorcerer who murdered Figg's wife and is himself searching for the Throne of Solomon, which he believes will give him immortality and power over all the demons of hell.

So that's a potential problem for the entire world There's clearly scope here for a historical action romp along Downey Sherlock Holmes lines. There's no indication yet of whether Elba intends to appear in the film or whether he's just producing. But you'd have to suspect he's got his eye on Figg as a potential starring role. There are no other names attached or at least revealed at the moment in the writing, directing or cast departments, so Poe Must Die is clearly some way off yet. Condition: New. More information about this seller Contact this seller. Items related to Poe Must Die. Poe Must Die. Marc Olden. Publisher: Ace Books, This specific ISBN edition is currently not available. View all copies of this ISBN edition: Synopsis A satanist threatens the planet, and only Poe has the imagination to stop him It is said that beneath Solomon's glorious throne, books were buried that gave the fabled king control over life, death, and demonic power. Buy New Learn more about this copy.

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