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Harlan Coben

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Harlan Coben : The Stranger before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Stranger:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. In Harlan Coben's, THE STRANGER, the Price family ...By TUCSON ROBERT In Harlan Coben's, THE STRANGER, the Price family is living the American dream, or so it seemed. Adam, the husband and father, is a successful and respected attorney in the small suburban town of Cedarfield, New Jersey. The wife, Corinne, is the mother of two teenage boys, Thomas and Ryan, top high school lacrosse athletes. She is also treasurer on the prestigious school lacrosse governing board. A stranger approaches Adam at the American Legion Hall following a lacrosse practice session. In a short two-minute conversation the stranger turns the lives of Adam and his family upside down. The seemingly nonthreatening stranger apparently knows family secrets that threaten the Price's marriage and possibly their very existence. How the stranger knew of the family secrets remain a mystery throughout most of the story. As the narrative progresses there are a number of new characters and venues introduced. In this age of internet and social media one innocent mistake can cause deadly consequences. Coben squeezes this possibility into the scenario. The story's slalom-style paths keep the reader eagerly turning pages. Coben is well known for his suspenseful writing. In The Stranger he pours it on and turns the novel into a can't-put-it-down read. I give this page turner a 4 1/2-star rating. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Gripping but Not One of My Favorite Coben Books By Daryl Gold Not my favorite Harlan Coben book and I've read all of them. The story is still good, but doesn't compare to some of his other books. If you have not read Coben don't start with this one. Read Missing You, Tell No One, The Innocent, No Second Chance. I mean this is good, it's just not great like all of his other books. The concept is amazing, but somewhere along the way too many plot lines intertwined and they didn't have enough thread to connect them which made the ending seem forced. I also didn't really like the ending. It's hard to write a review for a book that had some compelling characters, a fantastic concept, but didn't finish with the same tenacity and adrenaline surge I've come to expect with Coben's books. He is a fantastic storyteller and writes with ease. His unique voice is refreshing and I love how he incorporates social media and so many other trending issues into his story lines. He is an excellent author, one of my top five favorite all time authors. He is the absolute best at writing real and authentic dialogue that truly resonates with you. This book just wasn't one of his best - or better said, wasn't one of my favorites. Don't get me wrong. It is full of suspense and I read it in one or two sittings. I just didn't have that ... don't want it to end feeling that I normally have with this author. It begins super strong, hooked me in the first few pages and the intensity grew, but for me it fell flat in the end. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Another great Coben thriller By Alan L. Chase This Harlan Coben novel, "The Stranger," is chilling. Several individuals are approached by a stranger who reveals to them a dark secret about

an important person in their lives. In each case, the person who has been surprised by the stranger must decide how to act upon this new information. In a major plot thread, Adam must decide if his wife, Corinne, is who she appears to be, or if she is in fact hiding a secret. He confronts her, and she disappears? Adam is forced to conduct an extensive search, bringing his sons into the mystery of where Corinne may have gone - and why. The answer is not one that I had anticipated. No matter how many of Coben's novels I read, he always manages to keep me guessing and engaged. After I finish a book, and I'm ready to dive into the next one.

#1 New York Times bestselling master of suspense Harlan Coben delivers his most shocking thriller yet, proving that a well-placed lie can help build a wonderful life—and a secret has the same explosive power to destroy it. The Stranger appears out of nowhere, perhaps in a bar, or a parking lot, or at the grocery store. His identity is unknown. His motives are unclear. His information is undeniable. Then he whispers a few words in your ear and disappears, leaving you picking up the pieces of your shattered world. Adam Price has a lot to lose: a comfortable marriage to a beautiful woman, two wonderful sons, and all the trappings of the American Dream: a big house, a good job, a seemingly perfect life. Then he runs into the Stranger. When he learns a devastating secret about his wife, Corinne, he confronts her, and the mirage of perfection disappears as if it never existed at all. Soon Adam finds himself tangled in something far darker than even Corinne's deception, and realizes that if he doesn't make exactly the right moves, the conspiracy he's stumbled into will not only ruin lives—it will end them.

Praise for *The Stranger*: Coben describes Adam's search for the truth behind these allegations—and the identity of the person who made them—with masterly skill, springing surprises, raising stakes, seamlessly integrating other victims of the "strangers" into Adam's tale. He's also a smooth, funny writer. *New York Times Book Review*: "This page-turner is one stranger that readers will want to meet." *Associated Press*: "Seamless storytelling at a breathtaking pace." *Houston Chronicle*: "Coben's latest stand-alone is a great story for people who like to examine the ephemeral nature of those strings that bind our dreams to our reality." *Library Journal*: "The Stranger isn't just a great thriller, it's a stunningly effective, probative novel about one man's search, essentially, for his own identity... Flat-out great and not to be missed." *Providence Journal*: "Another suspenseful thriller whose gripping and intricate plot is completely plausible, and chilling." *Huffington Post*: "Thoroughly entertaining." *Publishers Weekly*: "Coben can always be relied on to generate thrills from the simplest premises, but his finest tales maintain a core of logic throughout the twists. This 100-proof nightmare ranks among his most potent." *Kirkus*: "The startling climax reinforces the novel's theme that the trappings of the American dream—affluence, fine home, family—don't necessarily protect one from violence... [The Stranger] carries his trademark asset: a plot that pretty much defies readers to guess the outcome." *Columbus Dispatch*: "About the Author: Harlan Coben is the internationally bestselling author of more than twenty previous novels, including the #1 New York Times bestsellers *Missing You*, *Six Years*, *Stay Close*, *Live Wire*, *Caught*, *Long Lost*, and *Hold Tight* as well as the Myron Bolitar series and, more recently, a series aimed at young adults, featuring Myron's nephew, Mickey Bolitar. The winner of the Edgar, Shamus, and Anthony Awards, he lives in New Jersey. Excerpt. Copy; Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter 1 The stranger didn't shatter Adam's world all at once. That was what Adam Price would tell himself later, but that was a lie. Adam somehow knew right away, right from the very first sentence, that the life he had known as a content suburban married father of two was forever gone. It was a simple sentence, on the face of it, but there was something in the tone, something knowing and even caring, that let Adam know that nothing would ever be the same. "You didn't have to stay with her," the stranger said. They were in the American Legion Hall in Cedarfield, New Jersey. Cedarfield was a town loaded up with wealthy hedge fund managers and bankers and other financial masters-of-the-universe types. They liked to drink beer in the American Legion Hall because it was comfortable slumming, a way to pretend that they were salt-of-the-earth good ol' boys, like something in a Dodge Ram commercial, when they were anything but. Adam stood by the sticky bar. There was a dartboard behind him. Neon signs advertised Miller Lite, but Adam had a bottle of Budweiser in his right hand. He turned to the man, who had just sidled up to him, and even though Adam already knew the answer, he asked the man, "Are you talking to me?" The guy was younger than most of the fathers, thinner, almost gaunt, with big, piercing blue eyes. His arms were white and reedy with a hint of a tattoo showing beneath one of the short sleeves. He was wearing a baseball cap. He wasn't quite a hipster, but there was something of a wonk attitude coming off him, like some guy who ran a tech department and never saw the sun. The piercing blue eyes held Adam's with an earnestness that made him want to turn away. "She told you she was pregnant, right?" Adam felt his grip on the bottle tighten. "That's why you stayed. Corinne told you she was pregnant." It was right then that Adam felt some kind of switch go off in his chest, as if

someone had tripped the red digital timer on some movie bomb and now it had started to tick down. Tick, tick, tick, tick. "Do I know you?" Adam asked. "She told you she was pregnant," the stranger continued. "Corinne, I mean. She told you she was pregnant and then she lost the baby." The American Legion Hall was loaded up with town dads sporting those white baseball T-shirts with the three-quarter sleeves and either baggy cargo shorts or perfectly no-assed Dad jeans. Lots of them wore baseball caps. Tonight was the fourth-, fifth-, and sixth- grade boys' lacrosse draft and A-team selections. If you ever wanted to witness type As behaving as such in their natural habitat, Adam thought, watch when parents get involved in their own offspring's team selections. The Discovery Channel should film this. "You felt obligated to stay, am I right?" the man asked. "I don't know who the hell—" "She lied, Adam." The younger man spoke with such conviction, not just as though he knew for certain but that, at the end of the day, he had Adam's best interest at heart. "Corinne made it all up. She was never pregnant." The words kept landing like punches, dazing Adam, sapping his resistance, leaving him shaken and confused and ready to take a standing eight count. He wanted to fight back, grab the guy by the shirt, toss him across the room for insulting his wife like this. But he didn't for two reasons. One, there was the whole dazed-like-taking-punches, sapped-resistance thing. Two, something about the way the man spoke, something about the guy's confident tone, the damn conviction in his voice, made Adam start thinking it might be smartest to listen. "Who are you?" Adam asked. "Does it matter?" "Yeah, it does." "I'm the stranger," he said. "The stranger with important knowledge. She lied to you, Adam. Corinne. She was never pregnant. It was all a ruse to get you back." Adam shook his head. He swam through, tried to stay rational and calm. "I saw the pregnancy test." "Fake." "I saw the sonogram." "Again fake." He held up a hand before Adam could say more. "And yes, so was the stomach. Or should I say stomachs. Once Corinne started to show, you never saw her naked, right? What did she do, claim some kind of late-night sickness so you wouldn't have sex? That's what happens most times. So when the miscarriage occurs, you can kinda look back on the whole thing and realize the pregnancy was difficult right from the start." A booming voice from the other side of the hall called out, "Okay, guys, grab a fresh beer and let's get this show on the road." The voice belonged to Tripp Evans, the president of the lacrosse league, a former Madison Avenue ad exec and a pretty good guy. The other dads started to grab aluminum chairs, the kind you use for your kid's school concert, from a rack and placed them in a circle around the room. Tripp Evans looked over at Adam, spotted the undoubtedly pale expression on his face, and frowned with concern. Adam shook him off and turned back to the stranger. "Who the hell are you?" "Think of me as your savior. Or like the friend who just released you from prison." "Yours're full of crap." All conversation had pretty much ended. The voices were hushed now, the sounds of scraping chairs echoing in the still hall. The fathers were getting their game faces on for the draft. Adam hated this. He wasn't even supposed to be here. Corinne was. She was the treasurer of the lacrosse board, but her school had changed the scheduling of her teacher's conference in Atlantic City, and even though this was the biggest day of the year for Cedarfield lacrosse; indeed the main reason Corinne had become so active; Adam had been forced to step in for her. "You should be thanking me," the man said. "What are you talking about?" For the first time, the man smiled. It was, Adam couldn't help but notice, a kind smile, the smile of a healer, of a man who just wants to do the right thing. "Yours're free," the stranger said. "Yours're a liar." "You know better, don't you, Adam?" From across the room, Tripp Evans called, "Adam." He turned toward them. Everyone was seated now except Adam and the stranger. "I have to go now," the stranger whispered. "But if you really need proof, check your Visa card. Look for a charge to Novelty Funsy." "Wait—" "One more thing." The man leaned in close. "If I were you, I'd probably run DNA tests on your two boys." Tick, tick, tick . . . ka-boom. "What?" "I have no evidence on that, but when a woman is willing to lie about something like this, well, it's a pretty good bet it isn't her first time." And then, with Adam dazed anew by this final accusation, the stranger hurried out the door.

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