

I'll Walk Alone

Mary Higgins Clark

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***THE QUEEN OF SUSPENSE IS BACK!* Mary Higgins Clark's new novel—the thirtieth and most spine-chilling of her long career as America's most beloved author of suspense fiction—is about the newest and most up-to-date of crimes: identity theft.**

Who has not read about—or experienced—with a sinking feeling the fear that someone else out there may be using your credit cards, accessing your bank account, even stealing your identity.

In *I'll Walk Alone*, Alexandra “Zan” Moreland, a gifted, beautiful interior designer on the threshold of a successful Manhattan career, is terrified to discover that somebody is not only using her credit cards and manipulating her financial accounts to bankrupt her and destroy her reputation, but may also be impersonating her in a scheme that may involve the much more brutal crimes of kidnapping and murder. Zan is already haunted by the disappearance of her own son, Matthew, kidnapped in broad daylight two years ago in Central Park—a tragedy that has left her torn between hope and despair.

Now, on what would be Matthew's fifth birthday, photos surface that seem to show Zan kidnapping her own child, followed by a chain of events that suggests somebody—but who? Zan asks herself desperately, and why?—has stolen her identity.

Hounded by the press, under investigation by the police, attacked by both her angry ex-husband and a vindictive business rival, Zan, wracked by fear and pain and sustained only by her belief, which nobody else shares, that Matthew is still alive, sets out to discover who is behind this cruel hoax.

What she does not realize is that with every step she takes toward the truth, she is putting herself—and those she loves most—in mortal danger from the person who has ingeniously plotted out her destruction.

Even Zan's supporters, who include Alvirah Meehan, the lottery winner and amateur detective, and Father Aiden O'Brien, who thinks that Zan may have confessed to him a secret he cannot reveal, believe she may have kidnapped little Matthew. Zan herself begins to doubt her own sanity, until, in the kind of fast-paced explosive ending that is Mary Higgins Clark's trademark, the pieces of the puzzle fall into place with an unexpected and shocking revelation.

Deeply satisfying, *I'll Walk Alone* is Mary Higgins Clark at the top of her form.

I'll Walk Alone Details

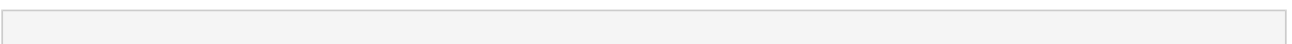
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From Reader Review I'll Walk Alone for online ebook

Jay Connor says

The tell. From Wikipedia: a "tell" in poker is a subtle but detectable change in a player's behavior or demeanor that gives clues to that player's assessment of his hand. A player gains an advantage if he observes and understands the meaning of another player's tell, particularly if the tell is unconscious and reliable.

With Mary Higgins Clark, the unconscious and reliable tell is when her heroine is described as wearing her hair in a "chignon." From that point forward, despite the nefarious men in her life and the seeming possibility that the female lead might be culpable, your sympathies/concern are correctly placed on her behalf. Note: page 136 in "I'll Walk Alone;" page 54 in "The Shadow of Your Smile;" page 270 in "Where are We Now;" page 220 in "No Place Like Home;" page 362 in Daddy's Little Girl."

Higgins Clark does not repeat characters, but her strong leading women are almost interchangeable: brilliant lawyer, dedicated doctor, passionate marketer, etc. (Here, Zan is a talented interior designer.) Clark's plots are very linear: meet an amazing but troubled lady, see impending doom, run into a series of men of shady backgrounds and intents, someone is murdered, woman is in peril, pick which of the men will harm and which will help, love triumphs.

In a way, it is Mary Higgins Clark's very familiarity -- her tells -- which make her so relaxing a diversion. No heavy mental lifting nor gratuitous violence. Saturday morning cartoons and Nell conquering Snidely Whiplash with an assist from Dudley. Spending time with Mary Higgins Clark is like having high tea with a gentle, yet spunky maiden aunt. You don't want to make a habit of it, but every time you go and she pours into her tea that little "strengtheners" from the flask she keeps in her brocade handbag, you wonder why it is so long between visits.

Sara says

Mais um excelente livro da "Rainha do Suspense".
<https://momentosdemagia.wordpress.com...>

Aimee (Getting Your Read On) says

I have to admit that I hardly ever read Mystery's. I never read thrillers or horror. I'm just a big, big chicken. Honest. I don't watch scary movies or even really intense ones. But, I can also tell you that I rarely have nightmares and I'm not afraid to shower. I like it that way.

Mary Higgins Clark is probably the one exception to my mystery rule because she doesn't scare me. I honestly love the way she writes her stories. I know it's the same format every time but I like it. I like how she plays the characters out. It is easy reading and doesn't require a lot of thinking. It's a good pool or beach read, you know?

This book takes identity theft to a whole new level. It's more than just identity theft and honestly, it was a bit

heartbreaking. How would it be to have everyone believing you guilty of something horrific when you are innocent? Even your friends? Awful. That's how.

I couldn't read these kind of books one right after another, but one a year is a good time for me. I enjoyed this book. It was a pleasant diversion from my usual reads.

Content: mild swearing

Franco Santos says

Único libro que llevo leído por Mary Higgins Clark y tengo que decir que me dejó una buena experiencia.

Al principio se me hacía muy pesado y en algunas ocasiones aburrido, sin embargo la autora me daba al final de cada capítulo un estímulo para seguir y no parar. **Tan es así que una vez empezado me quedé hasta altas horas de la noche para terminarlo.** Es una novela que tiene un ritmo y una seducción creciente a medida que avanzas en la trama. Es el claro ejemplo de cuando se dice que un libro fue "de menor a mayor".

Tiene una adecuada conclusión, que en parte me lo esperaba, pero no por eso es malo. Interesante cierre.

En suma, un relato de misterio al cien por ciento sumamente adictivo. **Bueno para pasar el rato.**

Dora Santos Marques says

A minha opinião em vídeo: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O0gyx...>

Julie says

3,5 / 5

Ich lese zwar hauptsächlich Krimis und Thrillers aber ich muss gestehen, dass ich noch nie etwas von Mary Higgins Clark gelesen hatte, obwohl sie ein sehr bekannter Name in diesem Genre ist. Ich wurde nicht enttäuscht denn die Spannung war da und es las sich sehr gut, auch wenn die Auflösung recht vorhersehbar war. Mit dem Thema des Identitätsdiebstahls hat die Autorin einen Roman zwischen klassischem Krimi und spannendem Psychothriller geliefert. Ich habe die Figur von Zan Moreland, die alles beschuldigt und dennoch bis zum Schluss um Ihre Unschuld kämpft, sehr gemocht.

Was mir weniger gefallen hat, ist der Rhythmus der Ermittlung. In den ersten 3/4 des Romans merkt niemand, was eigentlich los ist: die Zeugin erzählen entweder gar nichts oder nur Blödsinn, die Ermittlung stockt. Aber in den letzten 100 Seiten wird alles auf einmal klar, die Aussagen stimmen mit einander überein und der Fall ist abgeschlossen. Es schien mir auf einmal sehr schnell abgefertigt.

Jilane says

I PEGGED IT!!! For the first time ever, I predicted the criminal in the first one hundred pages. To be honest, I really started questioning myself the last fifty pages or so. I love Mary Higgins Clark because she masterfully weaves the story so that you do question yourself every time.

I have read every one of Mary Higgins Clark's books. This one so far is my favorite. As fantastic a storyteller as she is, I have a difficult time relating to her female protagonists. They always live in New York or somewhere outrageously expensive. They never have financial problems. And they are always dressing up in designer clothes that I may or may not have heard of. And they have someone who falls madly in love with them and have a whirlwind romance while trying to not die. But in this one, Zan had a lot on her plate. Yes, she lived in New York, but she lived in a cheap little apartment. She was a working mom trying hard to keep her family as a top priority. When her son was kidnapped, she spent every spare penny on trying to find him. She lived as cheaply as she could, but worked harder to make more to find Matthew. She becomes the victim of identity theft. Now she has even more financial problems. There is the romantic interest that does come in to the picture, but it never gets blown out of proportion. Zan is so busy trying to deal with everything that is being thrown at her that she really doesn't notice the interest that Kevin is taking in her. He also takes it slow and does not force himself into her life. There is never more than a hug on his part. But he is there to help bring the nightmare to a close for her. It is in the epilogue that you find out the romance has gone further, as is logical. I loved this book.

Chris says

MHC is one of my favorite authors over the past 20 years. Unfortunately, as each year passes, so does the magic of her books. Her older books (pre-2000) are the best ones by far.

The Shadow....is her latest novel, supposedly about identity theft. This was one of my least favorite books by her; even Alvirah and Willy couldn't save it. They were thrown in simply to fill up pages, it seems.

Formulaic MHC:

Kidnapped child: Check.

(Single) mother with tragic past: Check

Ex-husband who may or may not be the criminal: Check

Obvious criminal: Check

Handsome single client who believes in the innocence of the mother even though he doesn't know her: Check

Solving the case a mile away: Check.

Without giving away the ending, it was fairly obvious early on who committed the crime, and who was responsible for it. And don't writers get that the more they point to someone over and over, the more obvious it is that someone else committed the crime? And all the 'near misses' of the case being solved, but oops, someone's at the door, gotta go....ugh. The character development was lax. The ending where the person is finally 'outed' is not satisfying, and cheats the readers.

I wish I'd just waited for it at the library, and spent money on one of her earlier books for my collection.

Jen says

This book is awful. I don't know why anyone would give it more than one star. There was a time long ago that I love MHC books. They were so well-written, but this doesn't seem like the same author. I think these are ghost written and they slap her name on it.

The entire premise of the book is just stupid. Someone concocts an elaborate plot to make everyone think the main character kidnapped her child. And I'm sorry, but no one looks that much like someone. I found the idea that the priest mixed them up after meeting face to face was silly. Also, the fact that this plot took years to act out also doesn't make sense. There seems to be no good reason that he waited the two years.

I also hate how the book implies the interior design fella as the kidnapper and it turns out to be her husband. And was the husband that good of an actor? I hate when authors mislead you with internal dialogue of a character. It's a cheat.

Overall, I don't know why I read the whole book. It was a giant waste of time.

Keturah says

A book by Mary Higgins Clark is like a warm blanket or a favorite sweater, it's comforting and comfortable and you know what to expect- an attractive female protagonist in her early thirties will be victimized and most people will not believe her story with the exception of a handsome, clean-cut professional single male in his late thirties and maybe an older female relative or friend or a priest or two. Throw in a scene or two in Neary's pub, many references to a tall, slender build and long, auburn hair, some character with an Irish brogue, the willowy, strong yet fragile heroine narrowly avoiding tragedy and then being vindicated in the end and reunited with her lost son/parent/sibling/self/etc. and you have the book.

This is not to say I don't like Mary Higgins Clark's books. On the contrary, I eat them up like candy. I read them as soon as they come out and I like them. I like their predictability, I like their one-dimensional characters, I like their 'ripped from the headlines' storylines, I like their ease of reading. This particular book was no exception. It probably won't be one of my all-time MHC faves, but I did enjoy it more than her last couple of fictional outings. Why did I like it more? The priest was enjoyable and I liked the dramatic and yet predictable from page one scene of the shooting in the confessional. I also enjoyed the priest's melodramatic struggle with what to do with the information he had received in the confessional (it's actually rare that MHC makes me think very hard, but I did ponder over the rightness of the confessional secrecy). I also liked the handsome Irish bachelor architect who fell in love with 'Zan' practically immediately in spite of the fact he knew almost nothing about her and she was suspected in her son's kidnapping and was arrested. The ending was happy and the kid ended up a redhead again. Is it realistic? No, not at all. But that's why it's so enjoyable! Bring on some more, MHC!

Bob Schmitz says

This is a great book if you like:

Shallow, stupid characters, a contrived plot based on non-normal human behavior and farcical coincidences, keystone cops, soap opera appropriate interactions, few adjectives and no metaphors, and inane dialogue. For instance you must like a character who almost gets kill with a bullet to the chest, wrestles the gun from someone and then announces "And don't think I don't know how to use it. I went hunting with my father when I was a young girl in Texas." Right really what someone in that situation would say. I listened to this book on tape and plodded through because since my smart wife had picked it to listen to I figured there must be some redeeming quality . I was wrong. Perhaps this is the equivalent of sports for her.

If you don't like the things I mentioned avoid this book like the plague. If you start it, don't like it but want to find out what happens send me a note and I will tell you the ending.

Addendum. Turns out my wife got it because she thought I liked the author. And I had forgotten that I read (listened to) another inane book by MHC "Where Are The Children?" and panned it also. So my wife was mistaken and I have no memory.

Fabi says

Livro tão bom ! Recomendo !

Jennifer says

That's it! I think I'm done with Mary Higgins Clark. Someone beg her to retire! I have read quite a few of her books (and honestly can never remember which ones I've read and which I haven't) and while I usually find them at least 3 star worthy she does annoy me. Many times you can figure out "who done it" before you're even halfway through the story, so her plots are kind of obvious. Still, the books tend to be a semi-enjoyable ride other then the annoying fact that everyone in her books lives some sort of indulgent, wealthy lifestyle and they're all kind of flat characters without a lot of depth. The main character, regardless of her circumstances of life, does things like through on her cashmere sweater and pearl necklace to have a simple dinner at home alone. These little things, they grate on my nerves. I try to remind myself that the author is older and perhaps she's writing about an unrealistic way of life because it represents the ideals of her time. The annoyance of her characters not having much depth and their annoying ways of life take away from the books some.

This book had all the usual annoyances but had completely lost me by around page 70. I could put up with the usual flat characters and their well-off lifestyles; that's nothing new. I was able to swallow everyone believing the main character, Zan, had orchestrated the kidnapping of her own son two years before because of a new picture coming to light that shows someone in the distance that looks like her taking him. What I could not believe and ended up infuriating me to the point that I wanted to quit reading was that even Zan questions herself. There is a character that has spent two years trying every resource she could access to try to find her darling little boy, that knew she had been somewhere else when he had been kidnapped, and as soon as the pictures come out and people start doubting her she starts wondering if maybe she did kidnap him and if so then what did she do with him? I'm sorry, but I just can't believe that a mother that hasn't had a history of mental illness, substance abuse, or anything like that (although Zan did have times she couldn't remember after her parents' deaths, but honestly AFTER a time of great tragedy there's parts of the time period that are a blur for a lot of people), she's just not going to randomly think she did one thing and really kidnapped her son. I could have gone along with the ride, put up with everyone in the book believing that she

must have been the kidnapper but I just can't believe that an innocent mother that was positive of where she had been would suddenly start believing that maybe she really did do it. That was the point where I felt the book was completely unrealistic and questioned why I should keep reading it.

I did keep reading it though because I'm a stickler for finishing a book. I didn't read it closely though, I sort of skimmed through it so I didn't absorb a whole lot of the information. I think that is the reason I didn't see the real villain coming. I was surprised who was really behind the kidnapping. There was no satisfaction in the surprise though because I still don't really understand why the villain planned and put into action the kidnapping. This grand, elaborate scheme and the book ends with me wondering why in the world that person would do all that. There is a paragraph that is intended to explain the motivation, but it feels more like a slapped on reasoning. Kind of like the mastermind and the details of the crime were revealed with an almost flourish and as an afterthought a few sentences were thrown in to give a motive. The motive might have well have been "because I can" because it makes about as much sense.

Jean-marcel says

I don't like reading about these sorts of people. They seem very unreal to me, with their swanky condominiums and designer suits and bizarre sense of entitlement. It is possible to write about wealthy, well-to-do folks and make it interesting, but I almost feel that kind of thing is a relic of past literature that the rest of us can now admire from a distance. I know the sort of high society people Clark writes about really do exist, although I would hope they aren't as shallow and sickly sweet as depicted here, but I think in the best literature you wouldn't even notice how extravagant these people live unless the author was making a point about it; you would think that these are real people like you or me and that the amount of money they happen to make is irrelevant. Mary Higgins just can't get over the hurdle, I think, and perhaps she doesn't even want to.

In any case, this story is hopeless in every sense. She's known as a "suspense" writer, but there was barely a sense of real danger or tension present in any of this. I must say that Clark fails on a very basic level: her readers are always several steps ahead of most of the characters, who spend the rest of the book trying to catch up. Do people really enjoy reading pages and pages of self-doubt and dialogue that's rendered meaningless before it even comes out of the mouth? I just don't understand. What's the payoff? Surely there must be some answer, because she's apparently a bestselling author of astounding proportions.

I'm also very unimpressed with the way Clark tries to throw us a red herring about who the kidnapper might be. It's not just that it's an obvious red herring, because actually it isn't, quite, it's the smug way in which she goes about writing it, as though she's rubbing her hands together and thinking to herself "god, I really am going to surprise them by revealing who it really is, aren't I???" The thing is, even if you weren't expecting the truth, it's pretty meaningless: there are only two possibilities for culprit ever given, and neither of them are really people Clark invests a lot of time and attention to, so we simply don't care, don't feel betrayed or upset by this revelation.

So, another book from the workplace that's simply not for me. It is occasionally amusing in a strictly unintentional way, but mostly it's all a bit sickening, especially when Clark piles on the gooey and cloying sentimentality. I understand the woman is quite old now and probably far from the top of her game, so perhaps I should be easy on her, but I'm not going anywhere near her other books.

Michael says

The latest book from the prolific Mary Higgins Clark is a sure fire winner. The story goes of Alexandra Moreland whos son Matthew went missing 2 years earlier after being taken from the baby carriage he was in while the babysitter slept in a park. Zen has struggled but has tried to go on with her life the best she can while holding on to the beleif Matthew is alive. On what would be Matthews fifth birthday Zen founds her life turned upside down when a photo is leaked to the press seemingly showing her kidnapping her own son.

Zen finds herself under seige as all them close to her now see her as guilty. Her ex husband Ted blames her, bussiness rival and someone she used to work for Bartley is rubbing his hands seeing her fall apart, the babysitter now claims she was drugged by Zen that caused her to sleep and even her best friends Alvirah and Willy are doubting her. Zen believes someone has stolen her identity and is trying to destroy her life. But who would do such a thing and why take Matthew?

Mary Higgins Clark has done it again with another excellent read. I thought i had worked out who had instigated the plan to kidnapp Matthew and destroy Zens life only to be totally blown away by who the real master mind was. I'll walk alone is guarenteed to send a chill down your side.
