



## Den sanna historien om Pinocchios näsa

*Leif G.W. Persson*

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"Den här romanen är en ond saga för vuxna barn och om det inte hade varit för den siste tsaren av Ryssland, Nikolaj II, Englands premiärminister Sir Winston Churchill, Rysslands president Vladimir Putin och kriminalkommissarie Evert Bäckström vid Västerortspolisen i Stockholm, skulle det som den handlar om aldrig ha hänt. I den meningen är det en berättelse om det samlade och slutliga resultatet av de handlingar som fyra män genomför över en period på mer än hundra år.

Fyra män som aldrig träffade varandra, som förvisso levde sina liv i skilda världar, och där den äldste av dem blev mördad fyrtio år innan den yngste av dem ens var född. Och som så ofta förr, oavsett i vilket sällskap eller sammanhang som han nu har hamnat, är det också Evert Bäckström som kommer att sätta punkt för historien."

## Den sanna historien om Pinocchios näsa Details

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# From Reader Review Den sanna historien om Pinocchios näsa for online ebook

## U?itaj se! says

Policjski nadinspektor Evert Bäckström ponovno je s nama.

Najdraži mi anti-junak taman se spremio za nove radne zadatke, koji uklju?uju što manje stvarnog policijskog posla, a što više posla primjerenijeg Bäckströmovu položaju i intelektu, koji uklju?uje, dakako, puno jela, pi?a, žena i op?enito uga?anja samom sebi. Ne možeš biti genijalac koji rješava zlo?ine na prazan želudac i iscrpljen rade?i gluparije poput rješavanja slu?aja zanemarivanja kuni?a i premla?ivanja nekog tamo baruna. Ima dovoljno nesposobnih kolega koji se time mogu baviti.

Bäckströmov radni plan te?e glatko sve dok ga ne pokvari ubojstvo odvjetnika Thomasa Erikssona. Bäckström nije ni najmanje sretan ?injenicom da ?e se ovaj slu?aj sru?iti na njegova, ionako preoptre?ena, ple?a, ali kada se ispostavi da je ovaj slu?aj možda povezan i s nekim vrlo vrijednim umjetninama, Bäckströmu je slu?aj sve manje i manje mrzak. To, dakako, nema nikakve veze s mogu?noš?u da cijenjeni nadinspektor možda nešto uši?ari sa strane i nenadano se okoristi. Baš nikakve veze.

Još jedan zamršen slu?aj ispleo je Leif G.W. Persson oko Everta Bäckströma, anti-junaka kojeg volimo mrziti i mrzimo voljeti, a nekako nam uspije i mrziti ga i voljeti istodobno.

Persson je pred nas postavio još jednu briljantno izvedenu policijsku proceduralnu dramu, složen krimi-triler u kojem se istina skriva u detaljima, a svaki se detalj baš savršeno uklapa u slagalicu koju, ?itaju?i, slažemo. Autorovo iskustvo kriminologa vidljivo je u svakom od tih detalja, a zbog tog iskustva sama je pri?a ispri?ana na vrlo, vrlo realisti?an na?in i neopisivo ju je zanimljivo ?itati.

Evert Bäckström jedan je od glavnih likova s najgorim mogu?im osobinama - bezobrazan, samoživ, lijen, bahat, oportunist, seksist, šovinist (da ne nabrajam dalje). Da vam je šef, vjerojatno biste ga mrzili. On je tip osobe koja pušta druge da obave sav posao, uredno spreman (besramno) preuzeti sve zasluge za taj posao. Okoristit ?e se svakom, pa i najmanjom, mogu?nosti za osobnu korist koja mu se (slu?ajno) na?e na putu i na to ?e gledati kao na svoje bogomdano pravo. Osu?ivat ?e vas, snishodljivo promatrati, nerijetko i ?astiti uvredama kada niste u blizini. A ako ste žena, vrlo je vjerojatno da je jedina stvar koja ?e ga na vama zanimati vaše poprsje. No, unato? svemu tome, unato? svim tim osobinama, neobjašnjivo ?e vam se uvu?i pod kožu i natjerati vas da ga zavolite. Dobro, ne baš zavolite, ali barem natjerati vas da se želite što više i što duže s njim družiti.

Nažalost, ovo je (barem zasad), posljednji roman u kojem ?emo se mo?i družiti s Bäckströmom. Svaki je od tri romana u ovom serijalu bio na svoj na?in poseban, svaki zamršen i svaki zanimljiv na svoj na?in. I u svakom je Bäckström (ne baš osobito svojom voljom i zaslugama) uspio riješiti jedan zamršen slu?aj. Isto ga ?eka i u ovom romanu. Možda nevoljko i možda s puno gun?anja, izmotavanja i prebacivanja posla na druge, ali Bäckström ?e se hrabro uhvatiti u koštač s rješavanjem ovog zlo?ina. (Dobro, pokušajem da se obogati dok rješava zlo?in.) Ho?e li uspjeti? Pa, stvari ?e se svakako riješiti - na Bäckströmov na?in.

Hej, a gdje je u cijeloj toj pri?i Pinokio? Pro?itajte i saznajte. ;)

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## **Chia Antell says**

Ugh, aldrig mer. Jag är varken intresserad av supersalamin eller "jag hör vad du säger". Vem fan sku nånsin prata på det viset?!

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## **Ken Fredette says**

I am impressed that Leif G.W. Persson could keep making his characters keep changing how they acted. I was always saying not to go with this or that guy in my mind and was right. What I really liked was Bäckström's assistant Anchor Carlsson figuring out what was going on with Pinocchio's nose for her benefit.

It was interesting to see how Bäckström handled the press without getting found out. But his bosses knew that he seemed to be the leak that they couldn't prove. And it was also amazing to see how he was handled by GeGurra in finding the music box.

Everything that was about the supposed murder of the lawyer Thomas Eriksson seemed to wind up around Bäckström's former acquaintances. And it seemed that Bäckström had no qualms about seemly to figure out how he could benefit from any situation he encountered. Proving the providence of the artifacts we encountered the former figures in history that were relevant.

I thoroughly enjoyed the story and all the necessary delving into history. I would recommend this book to my readers, but tell them to be prepared for a long book (720 pages).

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## **Ghanda says**

Ini?ial mi-a displ?cut profund protagonistul, atât de tare încât mi-a luat câteva zeci de pagini s?-mi dau seama c? scriitura e bun? dac? a reu?it s?-mi provoace atâtă repulsie. Totu?i, pentru o carte poli?ist?, ancheta e neinteresant?, povestea e plin? de bur?i care puteau fi inserate mai elegant, sunt dou? personaje cu acela?i nume, care sunt deci greu de deosebit între ele...

Per total, singura chestie fain? e cât de antipatic poate fi personajul principal.

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## **Amorfna says**

Malopre sam uspela da nažvrljam kakav takav review HEX-a uz Footlose soundtrack ali sa žaljenjem moram da vas obavestim da mi je auto lista prebacila na Earth,Wind &Fire - Boogie wonderland i da sam završila s mozgom za danas.

Mada skroz mogu da zamislim našeg anti-junaka kako sluša neki ljigavi boogie zaokupljen mislima o sebi kao objektu požude svih žena ovog sveta.

Vrlo zabavan krimi roman, krajnje komi?an i atipi?an.

Bekstorm, glavni detektiv, je vrhunac stereotipnog anti-junaka.

Anti-junaci su ve? dugo u modi i uglavnom se njihovo anti svodi na to što nisu nadljudi ve? tipi?ni primerci smrtnika.

Bekstorm je absolutno govedo.

Tragikomi?no govedo.

Uživala sam u knjizi kao paketu.

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### **Paromjit says**

The Sword of Justice is the third in the Backstrom police procedural series. It is the first one I have read and it works as a standalone. This is a superb comic crime thriller written by an accomplished author. It is rather different from other Swedish crime fiction which I have read, as it centres on a self centred, sexist, egotistical, crooked and idle police officer. He lives for gourmet meals out, vodka, sex (all women want him and his super salami!), brown envelopes stuffed full of cash and other opportunities to become super rich. He is well connected to the rich and powerful including the media so that he can personally benefit on an ongoing basis. He is fond of a boy, Elvin, who runs errands for him and whose father launders Backstrom's cash via his betting shop.

Backstrom leads the investigation into the murder of a lawyer, Thomas Eriksson, famous for defending gangsters and crooks. Links to motorcycle gangs, the Brotherhood of Ibrahim and the mafia are uncovered. Over a memorable and long winded meal with Gegurra, a art specialist, it is revealed that the lawyer had extremely valuable Russian art in his possession including a priceless music box with its origin in the marriage between a Swedish royal with a Russian royal. The paintings are missing from the lawyer's home but the music box is illicitly acquired by Backstrom with the intention of becoming super rich. The answers to the murder eventually come after a myriad of twists and turns.

The police team incorporates a wide range of weird, wonderful and eccentric characters, from the ball busting Annika, the animal rights obsessed Rosita, the conspiracy theorist Jenny, the prosecutor Lisa Lamm etc. Backstrom thinks they are all useless, although he never voices that to them. I particularly liked the ongoing struggle Backstrom had in trying to get rid of his parrot, Isak, whom he loathed beyond measure. This is a well plotted farce with bags of humour. I could see it being turned into a film. The anti-hero Backstrom always seems to come out on top. A book well worth reading. Many thanks to Random House Transworld, the publishers for a copy of the book via netgalley.

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### **Bianca Klein Haneveld says**

This detective made me reconsider why I read detective stories. I was convinced it was the love of empathic, hard-working inspectors who truly want to serve justice (and accomplish this in the end) which made me pick up novel after novel. Persson's way to handle the genre made me question my motives. I loved his selfish, lazy and morally flawed protagonist. I was not (very) disappointed when reality wins in the end and not all (or even most) crimes are dealt with according to the law.

It made me stop and think. Do I read about hideous crimes for their 'entertainment value'? Am I attracted to grim parts of reality and a very sober (and amusing) description of them to cope with everyday news? Whatever is the case, I can recommend this book. It has well-described characters, a very solid plot, lots of

humor and at heart it is remarkably feminist... which is a great feat from the writer, since his inspector is the worst kind of male chauvenist pig.

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### **Graeme Roberts says**

I have always despised novels that feature mediocre or stupid heroes. The hero of *Sword of Justice: A Bäckström Novel* is Detective Superintendent Evert Backstrom of the Swedish Police Authority, who is corrupt, lazy, bigoted, completely self-centered, and a philistine, but he is certainly not mediocre or stupid. He solves the crimes and makes a little money on the side.

The story is complex but entirely coherent, and sometimes funny. It takes a while to get going because Leif G.W. Persson spends too much time telling us about the sexual gymnastics of Bäckström and his Super Salami, his countless drinks, and the expensive food he eats. Try to put up with it, because the book does get better, though I still wished I could like the bastard, who is so irredeemably odious that the verisimilitude of the portrayal is destroyed.

There is a protective convention that authors are not their characters, and that they tell stories for our entertainment and edification that are entirely independent of their own life and values. Of course, that is naive and lazy, and I have never accepted it. I can't help wondering whether Persson, considered, in his own words, to be *Sweden's foremost expert on crime*, is as big a prick as his fictional character.

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### **Karl says**

This is the third, and as far as I know, the final book in what has become Leif G.W. Persson series of books about Evert Bäckström the chief of police in a town in Sweden.

If you watched the Fox television series named “Bäckström”, then please do not judge the books by that television show which was so far off from the flavor of the character and the theme of all three books.

Leif G.W. Persson is Scandinavia's most renowned criminologist and a leading psychological profiler. He has also served as an advisor to the Swedish Ministry of Justice. Since 1991, he has held the position of Professor at the National Swedish Police Board and is regularly consulted as the country's foremost expert on crime. So he knows of what he speaks.

That said, Evert Bäckström is as close to being a thoroughly corrupt, sexist, misogynistic, racist, egotistical cop, but through the warm fuzzy hand of fate manages to come out on top every time. And become rich in the bargain. He believes all beautiful women love him and want him, he loves nothing more than taking a “small” snort from the bottle hidden in his desk, or spending half the day planning on what to have for lunch and where to go to enjoy further libations and plan on how to launder his ill gotten gains, usually from “favors” he does for acquaintances.

His beloved fish died, and he has a parrot he vehemently dislikes.

There are portions of this story that are wickedly and subtly hilarious, and the plot is finely woven into a well told narrative.

If one doesn't rush their and enjoys the hijinks of offbeat characters and self-righteous zealots, than this is the book for you.

This was perhaps my favorite in the series, however I highly recommend starting at the beginning.

Should perhaps be four and a half stars.

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## **Paul says**

The Sword of Justice – A Bäckström Classic

I had heard of Bäckström first via the American drama of the same name, which has Americanised the stories. Picking up Leif GW Persson's latest Bäckström story I wanted to read the original version and in The Sword of Justice, I was not disappointed. My best advice would be to avoid the TV series and read the books, a far better experience.

Detective Superintendent Evert Bäckström was to be woken early with the news that would make the best day in his life, his team woke him to inform him that gangster lawyer Thomas Eriksson had been murdered. He even turns up and has a wander around the crime scene and cannot believe how much of a good day it is going to be.

There is not much positive about Bäckström as a person, he is fat, lazy and not respected by his colleagues who is also lecherous, racist, sexist, homophobic and on the take. All these faults should not make him a success, but at the same time all the cases he is involved with seem to get solved. With all these faults he is still a hero of Swedish Policing to the general public with his own fans forum who he likes to exploit for his own aims.

He is leading the investigation in to the murder of Thomas Eriksson and at various points in the story he is looking at the mafia, biker gangs and crooks all people Eriksson has defended and offended in the past. When an art collector tells him of an art collection, that has links to the last Tsar and in particular a Faberge music box, Bäckström sees an opportunity for self-enrichment while solving the crime.

With all the twists and turns this is an excellent example of Swedish Noir at its finest, and this may be the third book in the Bäckström series, this book would be able too standalone and still be a wonderful read. At times you cannot help but be flabbergasted at what Bäckström that makes him a truly loathsome person, at the same time how he is able to get away with things.

We see a man, who guides the investigation from a far letting everyone else do the hard work, but by using his connections with the rich and powerful, line his own pocket on the back of others. He does not care whose toes he treads on, even if it is the Security Police and the Royal Palace.

Bäckström is a character we should really dislike but he breathes a breath of fresh air in to the Swedish Noir genre and you cannot help but enjoy him. Leif GW Persson has created a monster and uses humour to offset that, and his writing is completely engrossing. It is easy to see why Persson is recognised as a master crime writer.

A Truly loathsome, disgusting anti-hero, Bäckström should not work, but he does and I cannot recommend this book highly enough.

Brilliant story, great detective anti-hero and humour throughout the book a true masterpiece and bound to become a classic.

I would like to thank the published for the ARC for an honest review.

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### **Sid Nuncius says**

I enjoyed the Sword of Justice enormously. I'm a bit lukewarm about a lot of Scandi-crime stuff and only tried this on the recommendation of a friend – and I'm very glad I did.

What makes this book stand out is its protagonist, Evert Bäckström. He is, to the public, a national hero of policing: wise, diligent and superbly effective. In fact, he is idle, vain, drunken, corrupt and dishonest. Much of the book is narrated from his point of view, and we also see, from his internal monologue, that he is bigoted, lecherous, grasping, self-deluded, treacherous, sexist, racist...and pretty well every other unpleasant "-ist" you can think of. These attitudes are brilliantly parodied by Persson, and it makes the whole thing slyly funny.

Bäckström is quite shrewd, however, and even though he leaves all the work to others, he does grasp what is going on well enough to maintain his public reputation, even if many of his colleagues see through him. Just as an example of his behaviour, there's a scene in which he discovers a vital piece of evidence in a valuable antique vase...because he had picked the vase up to try to steal it from the crime scene, and is now secretly furious that he's drawn attention to it so he can't take it.

There's lots of very amusing stuff, but it's based in a good police procedural story involving stolen art works, crooked lawyers, violent gangs and so on. It's very well told and has well-drawn characters. I found the book a genuine pleasure and I'll be searching out the two previous Bäckström novels very soon. This is a great read and very warmly recommended.

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### **Daramegan says**

Bylo to dobre. Ovsem mam par vyhrad :D jednoduse jo, dobra krimi, ale nektere pasaze zbytecne zdlouhave. Komisar je namistrovany idiot se superklobasou a chvilemi me stval - nehorazne a proto me to bavilo! :D co mi trochu kazi dojem je docela caste vyskytu pravopisnych chyb.. Za tech x stran jsem jich "nasla" 8... A to mi prijde dost. Ale pribeh jako takovy je dobrý a promysleny! :-) takze za me doporučuji :)

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### **Rowena Hoseason says**

Superintendent Evart Bäckström is one Scandi crime's outstanding creations. He's an utterly loathsome

creature; lazy, corrupt, bigoted and entirely self-centred. Yet his sly intelligence and his ability to manipulate any situation to suit himself mean that he has an impressive case clearance rate and a public persona to match his inflated self-image.

Bäckström is just the man, then, to investigate the murder of a leading criminal defence lawyer... which turns out to be a complex case involving a maltreated dog, a minor member of Sweden's royal family, the mafia, feuding Iranian and Iraqi factions, the Russian Romanovs and Fabergé eggs.

Author Leif Persson delights in detail and, as a result, this is a solidly dense read. Bäckström is blissfully unaware of how ghastly he is, so the joke is always on him. The real detectives are the women around him, who Bäckström despises and denigrates as he carelessly delegates. The supporting characters are beautifully drawn; often seen only through Bäckström's eyes yet Persson cleverly gives them depth and detail that Bäckström would never notice.

There's a lot of plot in this novel; some of it integral to the tale and some of it existing only to entertain. There's an entire shaggy dog story involving a parrot, which is ridiculously funny. By contrast, the extended art history lesson on the provenance of missing Russian icons was so tediously presented that I actually had sympathy with Bäckström and yearned for it to be cut short. There were several sections which were so slow that the narrative flat out stalled.

The Sword Of Justice contains a series of separate stories, each one buried within another narrative. There's a real sense of surprise as each new aspect is unveiled, and the eventual solution is entirely satisfying. But this isn't a thriller, and nor will it satisfy readers who seek a rapid page-turner.

It's a slow-burn, sophisticated series of observations, wrapped in a convoluted plot that is best enjoyed at a leisurely pace. A bit like one of Bäckström's better dinners, in fact.

7/10

There are more reviews of crime / thrillers over at <http://www.murdermayhemandmore.net>

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### **Joop Liefraad says**

In een week tijd worden hoofdinspecteur Evert Bäckström en zijn team geconfronteerd met drie zaken die hun onverdeelde aandacht opeisen. De oude mevrouw Linderoth wordt beschuldigd van dierenmishandeling en de enige getuige wordt zo ernstig bedreigd dat zij haar verdere medewerking aan het onderzoek staakt. Verder raken twee rugridders, zoals Bäckström de twee mannen noemt, met elkaar in gevecht en verwondt de ene de andere met een kunstcatalogus. En als laatste wordt advocaat Thomas Eriksson dood in zijn huis aangetroffen, doodgeslagen met een stomp voorwerp. Vooral de moord op de advocaat stemt Bäckström tot grote tevredenheid maar alles bij elkaar zijn de drie gebeurtenissen zeer onwelkom omdat zij de dagelijkse routine van de hoofdinspecteur in ernstige mate verstoren. Hij houdt iedere ochtend een teambesprekking om de voortgang van het onderzoek met zijn medewerkers te bespreken. Daarna trekt hij zich meestal terug voor een hapje, een drankje en een middagslaapje. Die medewerkers beschouwt hij als een stelletje incompetente randdebielen met uitzondering van Jenny Rogersson die altijd een strak topje draagt wat voor de nodige onrust in Bäckströms supersalami zorgt. De ad-interiminspecteur is ervan overtuigd dat er een verband tussen de drie zaken bestaat. Of zij gelijk heeft kan niet meteen worden vastgesteld maar het ziet er wel naar uit dat de moord op de advocaat te maken heeft met een mislukte kunstransactie waarvan de gevolgen reiken tot in kringen aan het Zweedse hof. En de provenance van sommige kunstwerken bevat de namen van

beroemdheden als de laatste Russische keizer Nicolaas II en de Britse leider in oorlogstijd Winston Churchill. Zelfs Pinokkio speelt een belangrijke rol.

Leif G.W. Persson is hoogleraar criminologie en een beroemde bestsellerauteur in Zweden. Zijn boeken zijn in meer dan twintig landen vertaald en Persson mocht reeds vele prestigieuze prijzen in ontvangst nemen. Je verwacht met deze kennis in het achterhoofd dat *Het ware verhaal achter Pinokkio's neus* opnieuw een topper zal zijn maar het tegenovergestelde is het geval. De schrijfstijl van Leif Persson is prima. In luchtige en bloemrijke zinnen schildert hij een aanvankelijk aangenaam verhaal dat doorspekt is met veel humor maar al snel verandert dat aangename gevoel. Om op bijna iedere bladzijde te moeten lezen dat Evert Bachström een verkoelende zomerrog voor zichzelf klaarmaakt, een verkwikkende maaltijd tot zich neemt of de supersalami in actie laat komen, terwijl zijn onnozele medewerkers het eigenlijke werk doen, is eerst aanleiding voor een glimlach maar wordt later afgezaagd en aan het einde van het boek uitermate irritant. Want dat is wat er gebeurt. Bäckström lijkt in het begin een beminnelijke man die de kantjes er een beetje van afloopt maar als je hem beter leert kennen, ontpopt zich een seksistisch, corrupte en zelfingenomen alcoholist die zich zeer laatdunkend en denigrerend over anderen uitlaat. Dit ergert vooral ook omdat het boek aan de dikke kant is en er aan al die misplaatste zelfverheerlijking geen eind lijkt te komen. De grap uit het begin wordt in het midden afgezaagd en aan het einde tenenkommend banaal.

Een thriller moet gaan over het oplossen van een misdaad en daarbij dermate goed en spannend geschreven zijn dat de lezer tot het einde toe de adem inhoudt en in het ongewisse over de afloop blijft. Met uitzondering van de spanning is dat in *Het ware verhaal achter Pinokkio's neus* ook wel aanwezig maar het is tot bijzaak geworden omdat de soms onuitstaanbare Bäckström alle aandacht opeist en de plot naar de achtergrond verdwijnt. Aan de eerder genoemde spanning, essentieel voor een goede thriller, ontbreekt het in het hele verhaal, dat op onderdelen veel te lang uitgesponnen wordt. Er is geen goed opgebouwde spanningsboog, laat staan een energerende ontknoping. En dat is voor een thriller dodelijk.

Het ware verhaal achter Pinokkio's neus is een zeer middelmatige thriller zonder enige spanning en met een uitermate irritante hoofdpersoon. Als satire zou je het boek misschien geslaagd kunnen noemen, als thriller is het mislukt.

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## **Kate says**

\*\*\* Originally reviewed on <http://thequietknitter.blogspot.co.uk/> \*\*\*

4.5 Stars

Bäckström is an interesting character, he's sexist, egotistical and he's also a police officer, a corrupt one at that.

Like most "bad boys" women want him, he's the proverbial light that draws the moths and in an ironic sense he takes the form of an antihero.

Bäckström exploits his connections to the rich and powerful as regularly possible to his gain and relies on his cash being laundered through betting shops.

Leading an investigation into the murder of lawyer Thomas Eriksson allows Bäckström access to a very valuable music box, one with connections to the Swedish and Russian royal families. It just so happens to make it's way into Bäckström's possession and he plans to use it to fund his lavish lifestyle.

As the investigation into Eriksson's murder unfolds, links to the Mafia, motorcycle gangs etc are discovered, was it coincidence that he was famous for defending gangsters and crooks? When an art specialist reveals that Eriksson had extremely valuable Russian artworks in his collection as well as the music box which are now all missing things really begin to get interesting.

With twists and turns aplenty, this is a brilliant example of Scandinavian crime fiction. It cries out to be made into a film, a character such as Bäckström is so loathsome and horrendous, that I would love to see it played out on screen. Persson has created something so intriguing, interesting and utterly brilliant, the characters are well formed and fleshed out, the team that Bäckström works with are a spectrum of weird but interesting people and the plot is something short of genius!

Despite this being the third book in the Bäckström series, I felt that this read well as a standalone and will definitely be looking out for the other two books. This is an author I will absolutely be adding to my "must read" list for the future and would recommend that you do too!

Many thanks to the publisher for a copy of this in return for an honest review.

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