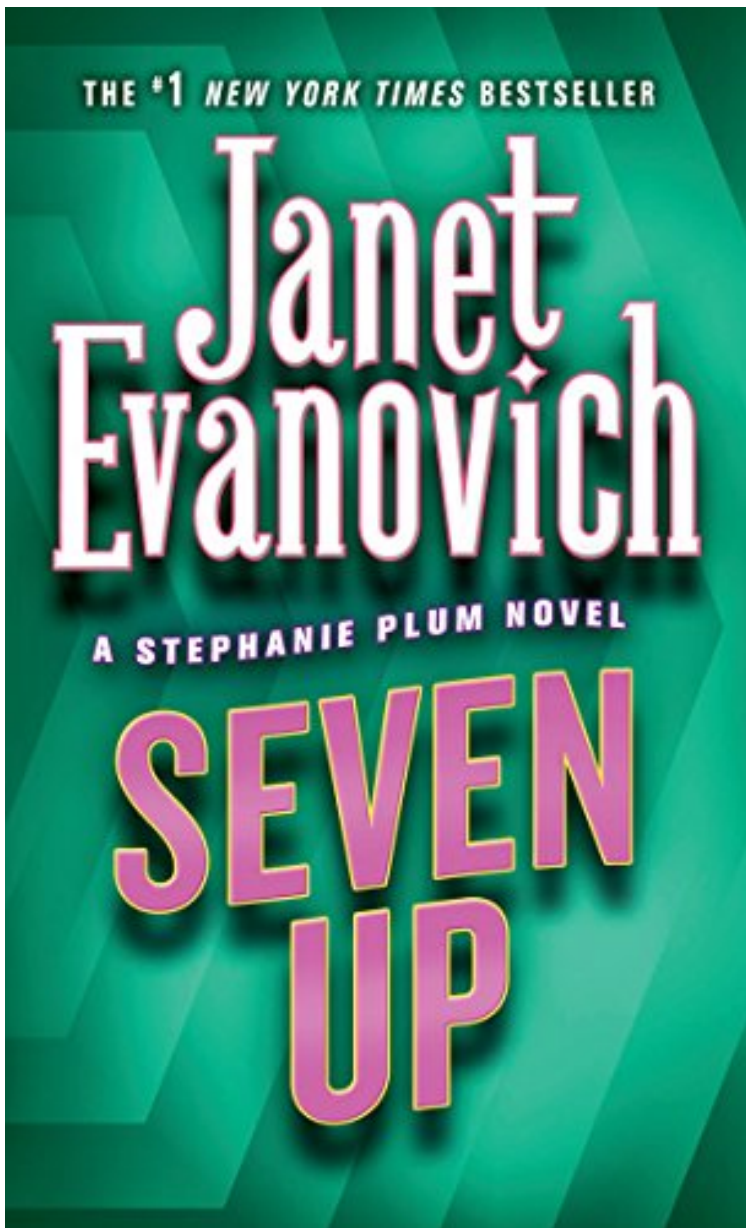


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## Seven Up (Stephanie Plum, No. 7)



*Par Janet Evanovich*  
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**Par Janet Evanovich : Seven Up (Stephanie Plum, No. 7)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Seven Up (Stephanie Plum, No. 7):

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### Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurSemiretired mob guy Eddie DeCooch is caught trafficking contraband cigarettes through Trenton, New Jersey. When DeCooch fails to show for a court appearance, bond enforcement agent Stephanie Plum is assigned the task of finding him and dragging his decrepit ass back to jail. Not such an easy job, it turns out, since DeCooch has learned a lot of tricks over the years and isn't afraid to use his gun. He's already shot Loretta Ricci, an innocent old lady, and left her for worm food in his shed. He wouldn't mind shooting Stephanie next.Likeable losers (and Steph's former high school classmates) Walter

"MoonMan" Dunphy and Dougie "The Dealer" Kruper have inadvertently become involved with DeCooch. They've gotten sucked into an operation that is much more than simple cigarette smuggling and holds risks far greater than anyone could have imagined. When Dougie disappears, Steph goes into search mode. When Mooner disappears, she calls in the heavy artillery and asks master bounty hunter Ranger for help. Ranger's price for the job? One night with Stephanie, dusk to dawn. Not information she's want to share with her sometime live-in roommate, vice cop Joe Morelli, A typical dilemma in the world of Plum. And on the homefront, Stephanie's "perfect" sister, Valerie, has decided to move back to Trenton, bringing her two kids from hell with her. Grandma Mazur is asking questions about being a lesbian, and Bob, the bulimic dog, is eating everything in sight--including the furniture. Mud wrestling, motorcycles, fast cars, fast food, and fast men. It's Seven Up. Absolutely Janet Evanovich at her very best..com Bounty hunter Stephanie Plum's got a lot on her mind. How does cigarette smuggler Eddie DeCooch, a fugitive so geriatric that even the hot-to-trot Grandma Mazur won't go out with him a third time, keep giving her the slip? How did a woman who died of a heart attack end up in DeCooch's garden shed with five bullet holes in her chest? Who stole a rump roast from Dougie and Mooner, the two lovable potheads who have decided to be crime fighters in Spandex bodysuits? Can Stephanie's perfect sister Valerie make it as a lesbian single mother without driving her family crazy? And--oh yeah--what should Stephanie do about that damn wedding dress on hold at Tina's Bridal Shoppe, waiting for her to decide whether vice cop Joe Morelli's really the one for her? I did look good in the gown. I looked like Scarlett O' Hara getting ready for a big wedding at Tara. I moved around a little to simulate dancing. "Jump up and down so we can see how it'll look when you do the bunny hop," Grandma said. "It's pretty but I don't want a gown," I said. "I can order one in her size at no obligation," Tina said. "No obligation," Grandma said. "You can't beat that." "As long as there's no obligation," my mother said. I needed chocolate. A lot of chocolate. "Oh gee," I said, "look at the time. I need to go." To complicate matters further, Stephanie's made a reluctant deal with the devil: if she can't bring in DeCooch by herself, her sexy but dangerous cohort Ranger is willing to help--for a price that a girl who's not-exactly-engaged is uncertain whether she should pay. But when Dougie and Mooner disappear, Grandma is kidnapped, and a crazy widow starts taking pot shots, no one who hides her .38 in a cookie jar is going to turn down a little friendly assistance. In Seven Up, Janet Evanovich serves up her usual bubbly fare: a totaled car, raucous viewings at Stiva's Funeral Parlor, buffoonish bad guys, and down-and-dirty mud wrestling, all stirred up with some snappy Jersey repartee and a few tart, new twists that will keep her fans impatient. Heaven can't wait for number eight. --Barrie Trinkle Publishers Weekly It's always a treat to go out on a case with Stephanie Plum, the sassy, adventurous, but not always successful Trenton, N.J., bounty hunter. In her seventh outing (after 2000's Hot Six), Stephanie's employer, her bailbondsman cousin, Vinnie, gives her an easy job: pick up vicious senior citizen Eddie DeCooch, who is constantly sighted racing around Trenton in a borrowed white Cadillac, but whom no one can grab. The usual characters inhabit the novel: Steph's former high school buddies, the zonked-out Dougie and Mooner; and Evanovich's best creation, feisty Grandma Mazur. Stephanie's much-resented sister Valerie returns from California with her two daughters, her "perfect" marriage ended, and moves in with her parents, to their dismay. At times the plot meanders: Stephanie and pal Lula spend too much time running from house to house in the inbred Burg neighborhood, while two semi-retired crooks looking for DeCooch keep breaking into her apartment for little reason. All in all this is another zesty Evanovich read, but one that doesn't quite hit the high marks of her last two.

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