

Chapter 1 : The Girl in the Green Raincoat - Air Force Digital Media Program

A compelling mystery with humor and colorful characters that the reader will want to connect with over and over, The Girl in the Green Raincoat: A Tess Monaghan Novel, was definitely a five star read for me. It was a quick read with great descriptions and dialogue.

LoverofBach Rush hour "one face stood out amongst the crowd" cliché. One face that utterly and totally stood out from the crowd, a face that made his pulse race and his heart hurt. Except it stood out in a literal sense. She was on the side of an abandoned building, her spray painted portrait covering the whole expanse of the crumbling wall. This is a concept I would often think about. Even though love at first sight still seems like fiction to me, I feel like this could actually happen. But who knows, life is unpredictable. The Girl in the Green Raincoat Finn sat on the edge of an abandoned apartment, his back to the railing, his feet dangling precariously over the bustling city five stories beneath him. He flicked his cigarette in the air and watched as ashes dispersed in black flakes, disappearing as they fluttered gently down to the city below, vanishing in the sea of bodies. He wondered if he could vanish just like the ashes and smoke, melt into the crisp cold wind and fly away to sea, like a bird. Looking down at the city below him, he pondered jumping. People would talk for a while. They would say, "Oh, there goes another poor young man. Lost his soul to the devil that is the city, lost it to the wolves. Jumped from a roof when he was only 22! Losing his job must have been hard. Becoming homeless must have been hard. Disappointing everyone must have been hard. Maybe he would fall with a splat onto the sidewalk, and the busy New Yorkers would step right over his flattened body and continue on their way. Finn dropped the cigarette and watched it plummet to the ground. It seemed to hover just for a second before it fell. Finn wondered, if he jumped, would he fly just for a second before falling? Finn stood up, brushing the ash off his pants, and leaned forward, his hands gripping the railing behind him. He watched the crowd of people below. A man bumped into a pregnant woman and continued on his way. A woman kicked a homeless dog in her eagerness to get on a bus. A homeless man with no legs lay broken on the pavement. People pushed and shoved past each other, ignoring one another, too caught up in their own schedules and existences to notice their surroundings. He felt lightheaded, and gripped the railing tighter. The girl had pink hair, and a green raincoat. Finn looked up at the azure blue sky. If there was no rain, what was she protecting herself from? Finn watched her hand something to the crumpled, legless man on the sidewalk and then flounce away. Before he could even register his actions, Finn was scrambling over the fire escape and bounding down the rickety metal stairs like a madman. It had been the first time since he had lost his job, lost his apartment, lost his parents respect, that he had felt anything worth feeling. He wanted to see her again and get a closer look at her face. Ask her why she was wearing a raincoat on a cloudless day. Ask her how she seemed to have all the answers to his questions. Finn jumped off the fire escape and scanned the street for anything in pink and green. But all he saw were the dull greys and blacks of suits, polished leather and cashmere sweaters. The legless man was holding a painting. Finn asked to see it. He wondered if he would ever see her again. Finn did indeed see her again, but it took him two days of wandering around Manhattan to find her. Those two days passed by slowly. Finn used the remainder of his money for cheap, stale bread, and spent the rest of the day wandering aimlessly through the streets, searching for her face in the crowd. In his polished business suit, he slept with the rest of the homeless, hiding in public bathrooms until the janitor kicked him out the next morning. On the third day, he found her. And just like the cliché, there was one face. She was on the side of an abandoned building, her spray painted face covering the whole expanse of the crumbling wall. Finn gazed up at the self-portrait in wonder. Her features were a rainbow, shaded with blues, greens, and reds. Her skin was a vibrant orange, her cheeks a purple hue, her eyes a piercing green. That striking pink hair he remembered so clearly seemed to defy gravity as it reached up in long swirling tendrils above her head, creating the illusion that she was falling. Pink feathers became pink doves, which flew gracefully upwards towards the top of the crumbling wall, vanishing when they touched air. Scrawled below in messy cursive with spray paint were the words, Finding My Freedom-by Ayala. Finn looked around for something to write with, but finding nothing, settled for a small sharp stone. Finn spent two days by the wall.

He would just sit and watch people pass by, searching for a girl with pink hair and a green raincoat. Her freedom was everything he had ever wanted. He wondered again, if he had jumped from the building that day, would he have turned into a pink dove and flown away? He wondered what she would taste like. Oblivious to the stares he was getting from passing strangers, Finn leaned forward and placed his lips against her cold, stone ones. She tasted like a brick wall, concrete, and dirt. Finn could now, for the first time, see her face. He quickly set about memorizing every detail, from her heart shaped face, to her small button nose, almond green eyes, pale white skin, and blood red lips. Finn stifled a groan when he realized how beautiful her lips were. The self-portrait lips paled in comparison with the real thing. She walked up next to him and ran her finger over the words he had crudely carved into the wall. Finn opened his mouth to ask more questions, but was cut off by soft red lips. Finn let out a squeak when pink haired girl kissed him. And then, even though she was a stranger, and a girl he had only met once, he found himself kissing her back with all he had. Her lips did not taste like a brick wall, concrete or dirt. They were soft, plump, and tasted like cherries and sunshine. Finn wound his hand around her waist, savoring the feel of her lips, and the flush of her skin against his. He would let anything go, just to kiss her a little longer, just to feel her lips move passionately against his for a little longer. The pair reluctantly drew apart, both flush and breathing hard. Pink haired girl Finn, sorting out his jumbled thoughts recalled her signature, and remembered her name was Ayala gave him a grin, and whispered softly in his ear, "See. I told you the real thing was better. Ayala stepped out of his embrace. I hope this time, you find your freedom. Finn blinked rapidly a few times, and then collapsed on the ground. He stared at her self-portrait, and wondered if he had just made that whole encounter up in his head. Touching his swollen lips, he grinned. No, that was definitely real. He gasped at the sight that awaited him. Now, not just one, but two faces stood out amongst the crowd. One of those faces belonged to him. They were kissing, and even on the wall it felt passionate to him. His heart rate increased. Ayala had made him look beautiful. Kissing her, he looked beautiful. They were falling together. The pink and the white doves were flying away together. Finn began to laugh, slowly at first, but he continued until he was full on hysterical. He laughed until he cried, and then he just let the tears fall. I hope you can find your freedom now. My raincoat will protect your wings from the rain.

Chapter 2 : The Girl in the Green Raincoat, a romance fiction | FictionPress

The Girl in the Green Raincoat was originally written as a serial in the New York Times magazine and is now being published as a standalone novella of about pages. Many authors in this situation try to expand their magazine piece to the length of a Laura Lippman is a good writer.

This looks like an interesting, fun, quick and light read! Thank you for the review " I love learning of new books I may otherwise not have come across. Tess sounds like a character to whom I can relate. It really was just as you describe it. Thanks for the intro! I like the sound of this one though. While I found the language wonderful, I had a hard time identifying with the characters. I love novellas, and especially really, really New York-y ones like this. Thanks for the rec! Let me go back and look. Novellas set in New York.. I will review it this week, and it was awesome. I love finding any author when there are already several books out because I hate nothing more than to find a great book and then have to wait a year for the next one. Thanks for posting that! Nicole I totally bought this on a whim at one of the Borders that was closing in the city. I tend to gravitate toward stand-alones when it comes to mysteries, which is no easy feat! I wish I could recommend some other Tess Monaghan to you but this is going to be my first too. I love a good series. It really is inviting " great way to describe it. Thanks for stopping by, and I hope you enjoy.

Chapter 3 : The Girl in the Green Raincoat by Laura Lippman

The Girl in the Green Raincoat" is a well-written mystery with crisp dialogue and realistic characters. There is a case for Tess to solve, but, to me, the solution is not as important as what Tess learns about herself, her past and her values.

Chapter 4 : The Girl in the Green Raincoat - Idaho Digital Consortium

Originally serialized in the New York Times, The Girl in the Green Raincoat is now in book form for the very first time" a masterful thriller in the Alfred Hitchcock mode that places a very pregnant, homebound Tess in the center of a murderous puzzle that could cost her her life and the life of her unborn child.

Chapter 5 : THE GIRL IN THE GREEN RAINCOAT by Laura Lippman | Kirkus Reviews

The Girl in the Green Raincoat (Tess Monaghan series #11) Laura Lippman, HarperCollins pp. ISBN Summary In the third trimester of her pregnancy, Baltimore private investigator Tess Monaghan is under doctor's orders to remain immobile.

Chapter 6 : The girl in the green raincoat | Arlington Public Library

Editions for The Girl in the Green Raincoat: X (Paperback published in), (Kindle Edition published in), (ebook published in.

Chapter 7 : The Girl in the Green Raincoat - Reading Guide - Book Club Discussion Questions

THE GIRL IN THE GREEN RAINCOAT (Tess Monaghan #11) About the Book. New York Times bestselling author Laura Lippman"winner of the Edgar® Award and every other major literary prize given for mystery and crime fiction"embroils Baltimore p.i. Tess Monaghan in the strange case of The Girl in the Green Raincoat.

Chapter 8 : The girl in the green raincoat: a Tess Monaghan novel |

Last chapter: Whitney tracked down an older woman, Ethel Zimmerman, who knew Carole Epstein, and Tess asked

Ethel to come to her home and chat about Carole.

Chapter 9 : The Girl in the Green Raincoat | Rated Reads

Ethel Zimmerman's in-depth interview with The Beacon-Light brought results beyond Tess's wildest dreams. The story was now hot enough for the national crowd. Ethel Zimmerman became the get of.