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The Likeness (Dublin Murder Squad, Book 2)

by Tana French

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31 Highlights | 31 Notes

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 1

Somewhere in the house, faint as a fingernail-flick at the edge of my hearing, there are sounds: a scuffle, whispers. It almost stops my heart. The others aren't gone, I got it all wrong somehow. They're only hiding; they're still here, for ever and ever.

Something will happen to all of them - the house will be emptied.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 11

Irish homicides are still, mostly, simple things: drug fights, burglaries gone wrong, SOS killings (Spouse On Spouse or, depending who you ask, Same Old Shite), this elaborate family feud in Limerick that's been screwing up the figures for decades. We've never had the orgies of nightmare that other countries get: the serial killers, the ornate tortures, the basements lined with bodies thick as autumn leaves. But it's only a matter of time, now. For ten years Dublin's been changing faster than our minds can handle. The economic boom has given us too many people with helicopters and too many crushed into cockroachy flats from hell, way too many loathing their lives in fluorescent cubicles, enduring for the weekend and then starting all over again, and we're fracturing under the weight of it. By the end of my stint in Murder I could feel it coming: felt the high sing of madness in the air, the city hunching and twitching like a rabid dog building towards the rampage. Sooner or later, someone had to pull the first horror case.

This is both (a) foreboding , and (b) possibly the author's editorial opinion about the impact of US and English culture invading the country during the economic boom years.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 13

It turned out to be that kind of place: a scatter of houses getting old around a once-a-month church and a pub and a sell-everything shop, small and isolated enough to have been overlooked even by the desperate generation trawling the countryside for homes they can afford.

More about the economy and housing shortage

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 15

The hedge fell away to a broken-down stone wall bordering a field left to run wild. The house was thirty or forty yards off the lane: one of the Famine cottages that still litter Ireland, emptied in the nineteenth century by death or emigration and never reclaimed. One look added another layer to my feeling that I wanted to be very far away from whatever was going on here.

Famine houses - crime scene

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 23

“They’re all mentallers, round here,” he said morosely. “Stone mentallers. That’s all you need to know.”

No clue what that means.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 78

I used to believe, bless my naive little heart, that I had something to offer the robbed dead. Not revenge—there’s no revenge in the world that could return the tiniest fraction of what they’ve lost—and not justice, whatever that means, but the one thing left to give them: the truth. I was good at it. I had one, at least, of the things that make a great detective: the instinct for truth, the inner magnet whose pull tells you beyond any doubt what’s dross, what’s alloy and what’s the pure, uncut metal.

Motive for workin homicide -- providing the truth? Of the 3 things., revenge, justice, truth,... which really would motivate me?

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 79

I don’t tell people this, it’s nobody’s business, but the job is the nearest thing I’ve got to a religion. The detective’s god is the truth, and you don’t get much higher or much more ruthless than that. The sacrifice, at least in Murder and Undercover—and those were always the ones I wanted, why go chasing diluted versions when you could have the breathtaking full-on thing?—is anything or everything you’ve got, your time, your dreams, your marriage, your sanity, your life. Those are the coldest and most capricious gods of the lot, and if they accept you into their service they take not what you want to offer but what they choose. Undercover picked my honesty. I should have seen this coming, but somehow I had been so caught by the dazzling absoluteness of the job that I had managed to miss the most obvious thing about it: you spend your day lying. I don’t like lying, don’t like doing it, don’t like people who do it, and to me it seemed deeply fucked-up to go after the truth by turning yourself into a liar. I spent months picking my way along a fine double-talk line, coying up to this small-fish dealer and spinning jokes or sarcasm to mislead him with literal truths. Then one day he fried both his brain cells on speed, pulled a knife on me and asked me if I was just using him to get to know his supplier.

More about seeking truth as a detective -- for what purpose?

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 90

“And she’d left her mobile at home, on the kitchen table,” Sam said. “The housemates say that was normal; she always meant to bring it on her walks, but she mostly forgot it. We’re going through it: nothing dodgy so far.”

About Lexie's mobile and its contents.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 130

“Any sign of that diary?” Frank asked. “The famous diary that Daniel saw fit to mention to you, but not to us.” I leaned back against the bookshelf, hiked up my top and pulled off the old bandage. “If it’s in the house,” I said, “someone’s done a good job of hiding it.”

Not telling Frank 1 - the Diary.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 167

Pubs have always been the heart of Irish social life, but when the smoking ban came in, a lot of people moved to drinking at home. The ban doesn’t bother me, although I’m confused by the idea that you shouldn’t go into a pub and do anything that might be bad for you, but the level of obedience does. To the Irish, rules always used to count as challenges—see who can come up with the best way round this one—and this sudden switch to sheep mode makes me worry that we’re turning into

going along with the smoking ban in pubs in Ireland

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 177

Sofa springs creaking as Frank reached for something—a drink; I heard him swallow. “I can tell you this much: it’s not the great-uncle. You were way off base there. He died of cirrhosis; spent thirty or forty years locked up in that house drinking, then six months in a hospice dying. None of the five of them visited him. As a matter of fact, he and Daniel hadn’t seen each other since Daniel was a kid, as far as I can find out.” I had seldom been so glad to be wrong, but this left me with that same grabbing-at-mirages feeling I’d had all week. “Why’d he leave Daniel the place, then?” “Not many options. That family dies young; the only two living relatives were Daniel and his cousin, Edward

Heirs: Daniel and Cousin Edward, Eddie and... Ned? 1

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 178

Hanrahan, old Simon’s daughter’s kid. Eddie’s a good little yuppie, works for an estate agent. Apparently Simon figured Danny Boy was the lesser of two evils. Maybe he liked academic types better than yuppies, or maybe he wanted the house to stay with the family name.” Good for Simon. “That must’ve got up Eddie’s nose.” “Oh, yeah. He wasn’t any closer to Granddad than Daniel was, but he tried to fight the will, claimed the drink had sent Simon off his trolley. That’s why probate took so long. It was a stupid thing to do, but then, our Eddie’s not the brightest pixie in the forest. Simon’s doctor confirmed that he was an alcoholic and a horrible old man, but sane as you or me, and that was the end of that. Nothing dodgy there.”

Heirs: Daniel and Cousin Edward, Eddie and... Ned? 2

“For good,” Abby said. There was a high note of disbelief in her voice. “Just keep on going, like this, for good. Pretend nothing ever happened.” “I don’t see,” Daniel said, “that we have any other option. Do you?” “Jesus, Daniel!” Abby ran her hands through her hair, head going back, flash of white throat. “How is this an option? This is insane. Is this seriously what you want? You want to do this for the rest of our lives?” Daniel turned to look at her; I could only see the back of his head. “In an ideal world,” he said gently, “no. I’d like things to be different; several things.” “Oh, God,” Abby said, rubbing at her eyebrows as if she had a headache starting. “Let’s not even go there.” “One can’t have everything, you know,” Daniel said. “We knew, when we first decided to live here, that there would be sacrifices involved. We expected that.” “Sacrifices,” Abby said, “yes. This, no. This I did not see coming, Daniel, no. None of it.” “Didn’t you?” Daniel asked, surprised. “I did.” Abby’s head jerked up and she stared at him. “This? Come on. You saw this coming? Lexie, and—” “Well, not Lexie,” Daniel said. “Hardly. Although perhaps . . .” He checked himself, sighed. “But the rest: yes, I thought it was a distinct possibility. Human nature being what it is. I assumed you’d considered it too.” Nobody had told me there was a rest of this, never mind sacrifices. I realized I had been holding my breath for so long that my head was starting to spin; I let it out, carefully. “Nope,” Abby said wearily, to the sky. “Call me stupid.” “I would never do that,” Daniel said, smiling a little sadly out over the lawn. “Heaven knows, I’m the last person in the world who has any right to judge you for missing the obvious.” He took a sip of his drink—glitter of pale amber as the glass tilted—and in that moment, in the

they are partners 1 - they wish the rest had not come

fall of his shoulders and the way his eyes closed as he swallowed, it hit me. I had seen these four as safe in their own enchanted fort, with everything they wanted within arm’s reach. I had liked that thought, a lot. But something had blindsided Abby, and for some reason Daniel was getting used to being terribly, constantly unhappy. “How does Lexie seem to you?” he asked. Abby took one of Daniel’s cigarettes and snapped the lighter hard. “She seems fine. A little quiet, and she’s lost some weight, but that’s the least we could expect.” “Do you think she’s all right?” “She’s eating. She’s taking her antibiotics.” “That’s not what I meant.” “I don’t think you need to worry about Lexie,” Abby said. “She seems pretty settled to me. As far as I can tell, she’s basically forgotten about the whole thing.” “In a way,” Daniel said, “that’s what’s been bothering me. I worry that she may be bottling everything up and one of these days she’s going to explode. And then what?” Abby watched him, smoke curling up slowly through the moonlight. “In some ways,” she said carefully, “it might not be the end of the world if Lexie did explode.” Daniel considered this, swirling his glass meditatively and looking out over the grass. “That would depend very much,” he said, “on the form the explosion took. I think it would be as well to be prepared.” “Lexie,” Abby said, “is the least of our problems here. Justin—I mean, it was obvious, I knew Justin was going to have trouble, but he’s just so much worse than I expected. He never saw this coming, any more than I did. And Rafe’s not helping. If he doesn’t stop being such a little bollocks, I don’t know what . . .” I saw her lips tighten as she swallowed. “And then there’s this. I am not having an easy time here either, Daniel, and it doesn’t make me feel any better that you don’t seem to give a damn.” “I do give a damn,” Daniel said. “I care very much, in fact. I thought you knew that. I just don’t see what either of us can do about it.” “I could leave,” Abby said. She was watching Daniel intently, her eyes round and very grave. “We could leave.”

they are partners 1 - they wish the rest had not come

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 218

I was clear on one thing: neither Sam nor Frank needed to know about the SUV Prince, not until I had something a whole lot more concrete to tell them. Sam would go ballistic if he found out I was dodging strange men on the same late-night walk where Lexie had failed to dodge her killer. That wouldn't bother Frank one bit—he always figured I was well able to take care of myself—but if I told him then he would take over, he would find this guy and pull him in and interrogate the bejessus out of him, and I didn't want that. Something in me said that wasn't the way to go at this case. And something else, deeper, said that this wasn't Frank's business, not really. He had stumbled into it by accident. This was between me and Lexie.

Not phoning it in 2. This is sooo stupid. What would Harry do? Well maybe the same - BUT - he would have left word about where he was where he was going?

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 218

"I'm fine," I said. "Sorry, didn't mean to freak you out. I just wanted to ask you something, before I forget again. Has the investigation turned up a guy about six foot tall, solid build, late twenties, good-looking, fair hair with that trendy quiff thing going on, fancy brown leather jacket?" Frank yawned, which made me feel guilty but also slightly relieved: it was nice to know he actually slept sometimes. "Why?" "I passed a guy in Trinity a couple of days ago, and he smiled at me and nodded, like he knew me. He's not on the KA list. It's not a big deal—he didn't act like we were supposed to be bosom buddies or anything—but I thought I'd check. I don't want to get blindsided if we run into each other again." This was true, by the way, although the guy in question had been small and skinny and redheaded. It had taken me about ten minutes of racking my brains to figure out how he knew me. His carrel was in our corner of the library. Frank thought about this; I heard the rustle of sheets as he turned over in bed. "Doesn't ring any bells," he said. "The only person I can think of is Slow Eddie—Daniel's

Heirs: Daniel and Cousin Edward, Eddie and... Ned? 3

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 218

cousin. He's twenty-nine and blond and wears a brown leather jacket, and I guess he could be good-looking, if you go for big and dumb." "Not your type?" Still no N. Why the hell would Slow Eddie be wandering around Glenskehy at midnight? "I like them with more cleavage. Eddie says he never met Lexie, though. There's no reason why he would have. He and Daniel don't get on; it's not like Eddie's popping over to the house for tea or joining the gang on nights out. And he lives in Bray, works in Killiney; I can't see any reason why he'd be in Trinity." "Don't worry about it," I said. "It's probably just someone who knows her from around college. Go back to sleep. Sorry for waking you."

Heirs: Daniel and Cousin Edward, Eddie and... Ned? 4

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 219

about Slow Eddie. All I knew about him was that he worked for an estate agent, he and Daniel didn't get on, Frank didn't think much of his brainpower, and he had wanted Whitethorn House badly enough to call his grandfather a lunatic. I bounced a few scenarios around in my head— Homicidal Maniac Eddie picking off the

occupants of Whitethorn House one by one, Casanova Eddie having a dangerous liaison with Lexie and then flipping out when he found out about the baby—but all of them seemed pretty far-fetched, and anyway I liked to think that Lexie had had better taste than to boink some dumb yuppie in the back of an SUV. If he'd wandered around the house once and not found what he was looking for, the chances were that he would come back—unless he'd just been taking a last look at the place he had loved and lost, and he didn't strike me as the sentimental type. I filed him under Things to Worry About Some Other Time. Right then, he wasn't at the top of my list. The part I wasn't telling Sam, the new dark thing unfurling and fluttering in a corner of my mind: someone was holding a high-octane grudge against Whitethorn House; someone had been meeting Lexie in these lanes, someone faceless who began with an N;

Heirs: Daniel and Cousin Edward, Eddie and... Ned? 5

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 231

I was in my tree, with my feet tucked up tight into the branches. The feeling of being watched had intensified to the point where I was actually hoping that whatever it was would jump me, just so I could get some kind of fix on it. I hadn't mentioned this to Frank or, God forbid, Sam. As far as I could see, the main possibilities were my imagination, the ghost of Lexie Madison and a homicidal stalker with procrastination issues, and none of those was something I felt like sharing. During the day I figured it was imagination,

The overwhelming "sense" that someone is following her. But she is in a tree, not moving. Anyway, what? 3 possibilities in her mind.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 300

"You're OK," Abby said, stretching up to get her cigarettes off the card table. "I'm not crazy about the idea of that guy running around loose, either." "You know what I wonder?" Rafe said. "I wonder if Ned hired him to frighten us off." There was an instant of absolute silence, Abby's hand stopped with a smoke halfway out of the pack, Justin frozen in the middle of sitting up. Daniel snorted. "I seriously doubt that Ned has the intellect for anything that complex," he said acidly. I had opened my mouth to ask, Who's Ned? but I had shut it again, fast; not just because I was obviously supposed to know this, but because I did. I could have kicked myself for not seeing it earlier. Frank has always thrown diminutives at people he doesn't like—Danny Boy, our Sammy—and like an idiot I had never considered the possibility that he might have picked the wrong one. They

Heirs: Daniel and Cousin Edward, Eddie and... Ned? 6

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 301

were talking about Slow Eddie. Slow Eddie, who had been wandering around the late-night laneways looking for someone, who had claimed he'd never met Lexie, was N. I was sure Frank could hear my heart punching the mike. "Probably not," Rafe said, lying back on his elbows and contemplating the walls. "When we're done here, we should really invite him over for dinner." "Over my dead body," said Abby. Her voice was tightening up. "You didn't have to deal with him. We did." "And mine," said Justin. "The man's a Philistine. He drank Heineken all night, of course, and then he kept belching and naturally he thought that was hilarious, every single time. And all that droning about fitted kitchens and tax breaks and Section Whatever-it-is. Once was enough,

thank you very much.” “You people have no heart,” Rafe told them. “Ned loves this house. He told the judge so. I think we owe him a chance to see that the old family seat is in good hands. Give me a smoke.” “The only thing Ned loves,” Daniel said, very sharply, “is the thought of six fully fitted executive apartments on extensive grounds with potential for further development. And over my dead body will he ever get a chance to see that.”

Heirs: Daniel and Cousin Edward, Eddie and... Ned? 6

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 310

The note was on lined paper torn out of some kind of Filofax thing. The handwriting looked like a ten-year-old's, and apparently Ned hadn't been able to decide whether he was writing a business letter or a text message: Dear Lexie, been trying 2 get hold of u in refrence 2 that matter we were talking about, Im still v v interested. Please let me know whenever u get a chance. Thanks, Ned. I was willing to bet that Ned had gone to an insanely expensive private school. Daddy hadn't exactly got his money's worth. Dear Lexie; Thanks, Ned . . . Lexie must have wanted to kick him for leaving that kind of thing lying around, no matter how well hidden. I took out my lighter, moved over to the road and set the note on fire; when it caught, I dropped it, waited for the quick flare to die down and

Burning evidence 1 - Our detective is nuts

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 310

crushed out the embers with my foot. Then I found my Biro and ripped a page out of my notebook. By this stage Lexie's handwriting came easier than my own. 11 Thursday— talk then. No need for fancy bait: Lexie had done all that for me, this guy was already well hooked. The tin shut with a neat, tiny click and I tucked it back into the long grass, feeling my fingerprints overlaying themselves perfectly on Lexie's, my feet planted carefully in the precise spots where her footprints had long since washed away.

Burning evidence 2 - Our detective is nuts

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 318

In all my life I had seldom wanted anything as wildly as I wanted to be in there, get this gun and this phone off me, drink and dance until a fuse blew in my brain and there was nothing left in the world except the music and the blaze of lights and the four of them surrounding me, laughing, dazzling, untouchable.

S he shouldn't be a cop and especially not an undercover cop. Frank is an ejit for allowing her to go on like this. They are both ejitts.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 329

As I put my hand on the door handle I felt the house gather itself and tense around me. Even before I opened the door, before I smelt the faint wisp of tobacco smoke on the air and saw his silhouette sitting broad-shouldered and motionless on the bed, I knew Daniel was home. The light through the curtains glinted blue on his glasses as he turned his head to me. “Who are you?” he asked. I thought as fast as even Frank could ever want from me, I

already had one finger on my mouth to shut him up while my other hand smacked the light switch, and then I called, “Hey, it’s me, I’m out here,” and thanked God Daniel was weird enough that we might just possibly get away with that Who are you? His eyes were intent on my face, and he was between me and my case. “Where is everyone?” I asked him, and ripped open the buttons of my top so he could see the tiny mike clipped to my bra, the wire running down into the white pad of bandage. Daniel’s eyebrows lifted, just a touch. “They went to see a film in town,” he said calmly.

The reveal - she shows Daniel her wire and mic

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 329

“I had a few things I needed to do here. We decided not to wake you.” I nodded, gave him the thumbs-up and knelt down slowly to pull my case out from under the bed, not taking my eyes off him. The music box on the bedside table, solid and sharp-cornered and within reach: that should slow him down long enough to get me out of there if I needed it. But Daniel didn’t move. I dialed the combination, opened the case, found my ID and threw it to him. He inspected it closely. “Did you sleep well?” he asked formally. He had his head bent over the ID, apparently absorbed in it, and my hand was on the bedside table, inches from my gun. But if I went to slip it into my waistband and he looked up; no. I zipped the case shut and locked it. “Not great,” I said. “My head is still killing me. I’m going to go read for a while and hope it gets better. See you in a bit?” I waved a hand to get Daniel’s attention; then I moved towards the door and beckoned. He gave my ID one last look, then laid it carefully on the bedside table. “Yes,” he said. “I’m sure I’ll see you later.” He got up from the bed and followed me downstairs.

She shows Daniel her ID -- but what ID?

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 344

any suspicion that you weren’t Lexie would have had to be predicated on the improbable hypothesis of your existence. I should have remembered Conan Doyle: ‘whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.’ ”

Sherlock - quote

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 349

surely you and Detective Mackey have a get-out clause in place, no? Some story you worked out to extricate you without raising any suspicions?” It was the obvious thing to do, the only thing. You get burned, you get out, fast. And I had everything a girl could ask for. I had narrowed our suspects down to four; Sam and Frank would be well able to take it from there. I could get around the fact that this wasn’t on tape: disconnect the mike wire and claim it was accidental—Frank might not believe me, exactly, but he wouldn’t care—report back the bits of this conversation that suited me, bounce back home immaculate and triumphant and take a bow. I never even considered doing it. “We do, yeah,” I said. “I can get out of here on a couple of hours’ notice without blowing my cover. I’m not going to, though. Not till I find out who killed Lexie, and why.”

Again, stupid.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 365

The irony of it: he was millimeters from right. Even twenty-four hours earlier, I hadn't been working this case; I'd been letting it work me, free-falling into it, full fathom five and swimming deeper. There were a thousand tiny phrases and glances and objects that had been scattered through this case like bread crumbs, going overlooked and unconnected because I had wanted—or thought I wanted—to be Lexie Madison so much more than I wanted to solve her murder. What Frank didn't know, and what I couldn't tell him, was that Ned of all people, without ever having a clue he was doing it, had pulled me back. I wanted to close this case, and I was ready—and this isn't something I say lightly—to do whatever it took.

Cassie wants the life of Lexie more than solving the case... crazy enough, but now then it is all the opposite, just like that. Sorry. I don't buy it French no matter how hard and how many pages you tried to show Cassie becoming Lexie. It just doesn't make sense.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 381

Frank sighed, leaned his head back against the wall and had a leisurely look around the room; I saw him take in the new graffiti, the bits of exploded pen in the corner. "What I'm curious about," he said eventually, "is how you're so sure that one of them did it." My blood stopped moving for a second. All Frank had ever wanted from me was one solid lead. If he found out I had that already, I was toast: off the case and into big trouble, faster than you can say Up Shit Creek. I would never even make it back to Glenskehy. "Well, I'm not sure," I said easily. "But, like you said, they've got motive."

Once again, I cannot really understand why she didn't let Frank hear it all, why she had to hide so much of what she knew. It was beyond dangerous and stupid. I can understand Harry Bosch taking chances, not calling backup and so on - mainly that he just doesn't want to waste a precious second that could mean life or death for a victim. That kind of reasoning is not at play here.

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 468

After that I hoped I'd dream about Lexie, just every now and then. She's fading from the others' minds, day by day; soon she'll be gone for good, she'll be only bluebells and a hawthorn tree, in a ruined cottage where no one goes. I figured I owed her my dreams. But she never came. Whatever it was that she wanted from me, I must have brought it to her, somewhere along the way. The

Dumb, mythical, supernatural-ish thinking. I cannot possibly relate to Cassie Maddox.
