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Frankenstein: Lost Souls



Synopsis

In *Frankenstein: Lost Souls*, Dean Koontz puts a singular twist on this classic tale of ambition and science gone wrong, to forge a new legend uniquely suited to our times. It is a story of revenge, redemption, and the thin line that separates human from inhuman. The work of creation has begun again. Victor Leben, once Frankenstein, has seen the future and he's ready to populate it. Using stem cells, organic silicon circuitry, and nanotechnology, he will engender a race of superhumans—the perfect melding of flesh and machine. With a powerful, enigmatic backer and a secret location where the enemies of progress can't find him, Victor is certain that this time nothing can stop him. It is up to five people to prove him wrong. In their hands rests nothing less than the survival of humanity itself. They are drawn together in different ways, by omens sinister and wondrous, to the same shattering conclusion: Two years after they saw him die, the man they knew as Victor Helios lives on. As they gather at a small Montana town, old alliances will be renewed and tested, from within and without, for the dangers they face will eclipse any they have yet encountered. Yet in the midst of their peril, love will blossom, and joy, and they will discover sources of strength and perseverance they have not imagined. They will need them, for a monumental battle is about to commence that will require all their ingenuity and courage, as it defines what we are to be and if we are to be at all.

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Customer Reviews

Dean Koontz on *Frankenstein: Lost Souls* When it comes to predicting the future, I am

Nostradamus's idiot great nephew. In the 1980s, I believed that by 2010, we would all be traveling regularly to no-sales-tax shopping malls on the moon and zipping over to Mars for a Frappuccino. I thought we would be enjoying genetically engineered house pets like cadogs (half cat, half dog, all affection), miniature eaglebbits (flying rabbits), dry chihuahuas (little dogs that never need to pee), crocodobers (highly effective home guard dogs), and spongerbils (sponge gerbils that not only can be cuddled but will mop your floors and wring one another out in a bucket of water). I also predicted that by now we would be flying everywhere with personal jet packs, and carrying clever autofloss machines to strip the bugs out of our teeth in thirty seconds flat after landing. Back in 1980, I predicted that by now John Belushi would be president, but I don't count this one a complete miss, because Al Franken is a United States Senator, which I admit surprises me considering that Mr. Franken isn't nearly funny enough to hold high office. When I finished the third Frankenstein novel, *Dead and Alive*, I foresaw that it was the end of the series. As it turns out, I was as right about this as I was about my prediction that the annual Academy Awards TV special would be hosted five years running by Muammar Gaddafi. My original trilogy brought to an end a story cycle, but the themes of Shelley's novel are more timely by the month. I realized that I could do much more with the concept than I had done thus far. Furthermore, an entirely new kind of technology of creature-creation occurred to me, and it was a lot more terrifying than the messy-gooey, strictly biological New Race that Victor developed in the first trilogy. By moving the setting from New Orleans to Rainbow Falls, Montana, I was able, as well, to change the atmosphere and to have fun with Armageddon occurring in snow-and-cowboy country. As always, if readers hadn't been so enthusiastic about these books, I wouldn't have been able to proceed with the series. I appreciate your support more than I can say. I've received a lot of mail from readers who said they didn't read these novels for the longest time because the whole Frankenstein thing turned them off, but when they finally tried them, they discovered these weren't at all like what they expected, and they loved them. I always try not to give you the same old same old. *Lost Souls* has the flavor of my first three Frankenstein titles, but otherwise it does not clump over familiar territory. This time, Victor is much scarier and smarter than his predecessor, and his war against humanity is a blitzkrieg that comes on like a storm. *Lost Souls*, like the books after it, is self-contained even though it is a part of a larger narrative. You can plunge into it and, if you like it, then go back to *Prodigal Son*, *City of Night*, and *Dead and Alive* if you wish. I am currently working on *The Dead Town*, recounting the next phase of the war against humanity, and I suppose it might sound a little strange to say I'm having a good time chronicling our doom. --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

Set in Rainbow Falls, Mont., Koontz's goofy, grisly fourth riff on the Frankenstein theme (after *Dead and Alive*) finds Victor--previously presumed dead but apparently as easily resurrected as cinematic incarnations of his monster--perfecting his "New Race" of humanoid replicants. As affectless pod-person lookalikes gradually replace the town's citizens, the task of saving humanity from Victor and his megalomaniacal plans to "destroy the soul of the world" fall once again to husband-and-wife detectives Michael and Carson Maddison; Victor's soulsearching original monster, Deucalion; and a host of local yokels who provide both sympathy and comic relief. That the "good guys" are instantly recognizable by their abundant compassion, generosity, and sense of humor and the "bad guys" by their fussy budget fastidiousness and dedication to efficient extermination of inferior humans helps lay the foundation for the humanitarian homilies that punctuate the narrative. Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

I gave book 1 and 2 of Dean Koontz' Frankenstein series 4 stars. I found them interesting, new and fast paced. I did have some eye rolls, especially at the goofy police partners and what felt like lazy, juvenile writing, but the good outweighed the bad. The friend who had lent me the first two didn't have the last 3 books, because he said he thought they were stupid, especially book 3. I thought, they couldn't be that bad, but went to my local used book store rather than pay full price, and man am I glad I did. I kept thinking - Koontz couldn't really have written these books. Then, I thought, maybe he wrote them years ago, that they are some of his first and in a drawer somewhere. Then, I read a description of a nurse in a white skirted uniform, and I thought I had my answer. My mom and two of my step sisters are nurses, and they wear scrubs. I remember my mom, when I was VERY young, wearing the white uniform in the seventies, but in the last twenty years for sure, all I've ever seen are scrubs. So, I thought I had my answer, they were written YEARS ago when he was newer to writing, and that's why they are nowhere near his current level. Then, there was a reference to something recent, and below that theory out of the water. Book 3 was terrible, just terrible. A huge let down of a disappointment after books 1 and 2, and it doesn't get any better with books 4 and 5. The juvenile writing takes over the whole mess. The cliched characters, their unrealistic dialogue and uncharacteristic actions, the eye rolling descriptions and events just overwhelm any remaining good qualities the last of the series might have had. The new (old) bad guy is supposed to be new and scarier (I think) but he's not. The new (old) race is supposed to be bigger and badder and scarier, but they fall far short. They are weaker, easier to kill, more stupid and make MORE mistakes and fall apart faster than their predecessors. The dialogue is cliched

and fake to the point of disbelief - people just don't talk like they talk in this book. Rationalization takes on a whole new turn into absurdity with characters going through mental back flips to justify uncharacteristic moves or stupid decisions all for the sake of moving the completely predictable plot. And, the strong, blatant religious overtones really annoyed me. The new race are apparently without souls all because they were grown in a lab, which makes them miserable, which makes them inherently evil, which makes them undeserving of life, which makes them want to die. Plenty of people believe in a different god, or gods, or no god at all, and that doesn't make them inherently evil, it doesn't mean they think they have no purpose, no reason to life, so they want to die. And our new villain doesn't for a second think or realize there could be anything wrong with his plan, for a brilliant scientist and control freak, he is so completely oblivious, even when he KNOWS something is wrong, he dismisses it as meaningless because his plan, his people, and he himself, is too perfect to fail. Really? I found this rendition of our villain even less interesting and less scary than the previous one. And our hero, the monster himself, is so awesome as to be invincible, killing bad guys with ease - which he never even hesitates once to think or feel bad about because, hey, they were grown in a lab, they aren't human, they don't have souls, so killing them isn't murder at all, right? Even when we are confronted with those of the new race who exhibit human characteristics or feelings, we are told they don't matter, they don't believe in god, they were lab born, and therefore are worth less than bugs and slaughtering them is as meaningless as burning grass clippings. Now, don't get me wrong, I like a good tale of good vs evil where the good guys kick butt and take out the bad guys, but the whole "you don't believe in god and weren't born through natural conception, therefore you are not life at all and do not deserve even a fraction of thought or feeling and deserve only to be extinguished" rather over the top religious lecturing. The point what was stressed wasn't that the bad guys were being killed because they were evil beings bent on total destruction of earth, but because they were soulless, that they were evil because they were soulless and without god. And, Jocko still has his many silly hats with their bells, and he still tumbles and flips and dances. Being short is described more than once as being a disfigurement as well as linked to diminished mental/emotional capacity, as with Jocko, and apparently have the need to be JESTERS complete with a compulsion to wear funny hats with bells encoded in their DNA. A boy with autism is cured with a laying on of hands sort of healing. There is a connection between Erika and a handsome man, that really doesn't go anywhere. There are multiple characters, and the book switches from one to the other, sometimes with only a page and a half to a chapter, for no apparent reason then to stretch out an otherwise short and empty and predictable book. Carson and Michael are just as annoying and silly in their banter as ever. NOT funny. NOT interesting. NOT sympathetic.

NOT professional or particularly effective in the least. Books 3 thru 5 were painful to read, just painful. I went from sighs to eye rolls to wincing to snorting in disgust. My review sounds rather snarky and sarcastic, but inside, I am truly just greatly disappointed. I have enjoyed a good number of Koontz's books, but not these.

This is a particularly interesting quandary. I generally like Dean Koontz and I started reading his Frankenstein series some time ago. Deucalion makes for an interesting "Frankenstein's Monster" -- someone who has been inflicted with immortality, found he didn't like it and ultimately made peace with it. Mary Shelley left a lot of room around the character of Victor Frankenstein but Victor Helios is just too weird. He creates a series of modern monsters and the why is an old pretty obvious. But as a super arch villain he continues to get shown up by a bunch of rank amateurs, even with Deucalion's help, and that's where it all sort of falls down hill. No matter how sinister, gruesome, ghastly, horrifying, deadly are Helios' creations they all fall apart in some miraculous sequence... Eh.

The fourth Frankenstein book, Lost Souls by Dean Koontz, takes place after the ending of book nr. three (obviously), but there is a major change in storytelling. Where the three first books tell the overall story while a plot and ending also appears, the fourth book immediately sets the bar high and creates an even scarier atmosphere. When you have read the first three, you know that the story doesn't end, but I swear, you could never have imagined how much worse and evil it can get, before you read the book. The thing I really love about nr. 4 (and nr. 5 as they obviously need to be read both of them, as nr. 5 contains the "ending" to it all) is that you get even deeper in the character level whilst being introduced to new ones - the time span is as well a lot different from the first three books. If you loved the three first books, then I would recommend you to read the two finishing books. It is the best (and scariest + most evil) series of horror I have ever read - and far the best Frankenstein story since the original. Dean Koontz is the uncrowned master of horror and he has really become my favorite author instead of Stephen King, because Koontz can scare you like no one can.

Once again Mr. Koontz has delivered a novel of substance. Lost Souls has everything that makes an entertaining yarn. Horror, rage, madness, & above all the indomitable power & perseverance of the human spirit. If things are truly darkest before the dawn then the town of Rainbow Falls, Montana is in for one hell of a fight in the series finale. I was impressed with both heroes and villains

within the novel. Both sets came off the page for me as a reader. I heartily recommend this Frankenstein series for all lovers of Mary Shellys' classic.

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