



Michael Connelly

'SHARPLY ORIGINAL AND UNFAILINGLY
GRIPPING' MAIL ON SUNDAY

The Last Coyote

Also by Michael Connelly

The Black Echo

The Black Ice

The Concrete Blonde

The Poet

Trunk Music

Blood Work

Angels Flight

Void Moon

A Darkness More Than Night

City of Bones

Chasing the Dime

Lost Light

Copyright

Copyright © 1995 by Michael Connelly

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the authors' imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

The author is grateful for permission to include the following previously copyrighted material: "What a Wonderful World" music and lyrics by George David Weiss and Bob Thiele. Copyright © 1967 by Range Road Music, Inc., and Quartet Music, Inc. Used by permission.

Warner Books
Hachette Book Group
237 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10017

Visit our website at www.HachetteBookGroup.com.

First eBook Edition: April 2003

ISBN: 978-0-7595-2826-0

This is for Marcus Grupa

Contents

[Also by Michael Connelly](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

[Chapter Twenty](#)

[Chapter Twenty-one](#)

[Chapter Twenty-two](#)

[Chapter Twenty-three](#)

[Chapter Twenty-four](#)

[Chapter Twenty-five](#)

[Chapter Twenty-six](#)

[Chapter Twenty-seven](#)

[Chapter Twenty-eight](#)

[Chapter Twenty-nine](#)

[Chapter Thirty](#)

[Chapter Thirty-one](#)

[Chapter Thirty-two](#)

[Chapter Thirty-three](#)

[Chapter Thirty-four](#)

[Chapter Thirty-five](#)

[Chapter Thirty-six](#)

[Chapter Thirty-seven](#)

[Chapter Thirty-eight](#)

[Chapter Thirty-nine](#)

[Chapter Forty](#)

[Chapter Forty-one](#)

[Chapter Forty-two](#)

[Chapter Forty-three](#)

[Chapter Forty-four](#)

[Chapter Forty-five](#)

[Chapter Forty-six](#)

[Chapter Forty-seven](#)

[Chapter Forty-eight](#)

[Chapter Forty-nine](#)

[Chapter Fifty](#)

[Chapter Fifty-one](#)

[About this Title](#)

Chapter One

“ANY THOUGHTS THAT you’d like to start with?”

“Thoughts on what?”

“Well, on anything. On the incident.”

“On the incident? Yes, I have some thoughts.”

She waited but he didn’t continue. He had decided before he even got to Chinatown that this would be the way he would be. He’d make her have to pull every single word out of him.

“Could you share them with me, Detective Bosch?” she finally asked.
“That is the purpose of—”

“My thoughts are that this is bullshit. Total bullshit. That’s the purpose. That’s all.”

“No, wait. How do you mean, bullshit?”

“I mean, okay, I pushed the guy. I guess I hit him. I’m not sure exactly what happened but I’m not denying anything. So, fine, suspend me, transfer me, take it to a Board of Rights, whatever. But going this way is bullshit. ISL is bullshit. I mean, why do I have to come here three times a week to