

AN ELECTRIFYING SUSPENSE NOVEL FROM THE  
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *TELL NO ONE*

H A R L A N

COBEN

GONE

FOR

GOOD

**Harlan Coben**

**GONE**  
*for*  
**GOOD**

**A Dell Book**

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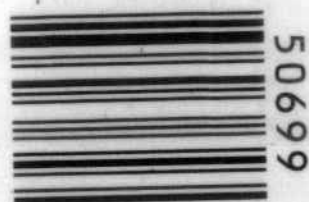
**TELL NO ONE  
DARKEST FEAR  
THE FINAL DETAIL  
ONE FALSE MOVE  
BACK SPIN  
FADE AWAY  
DROP SHOT  
DEAL BREAKER**

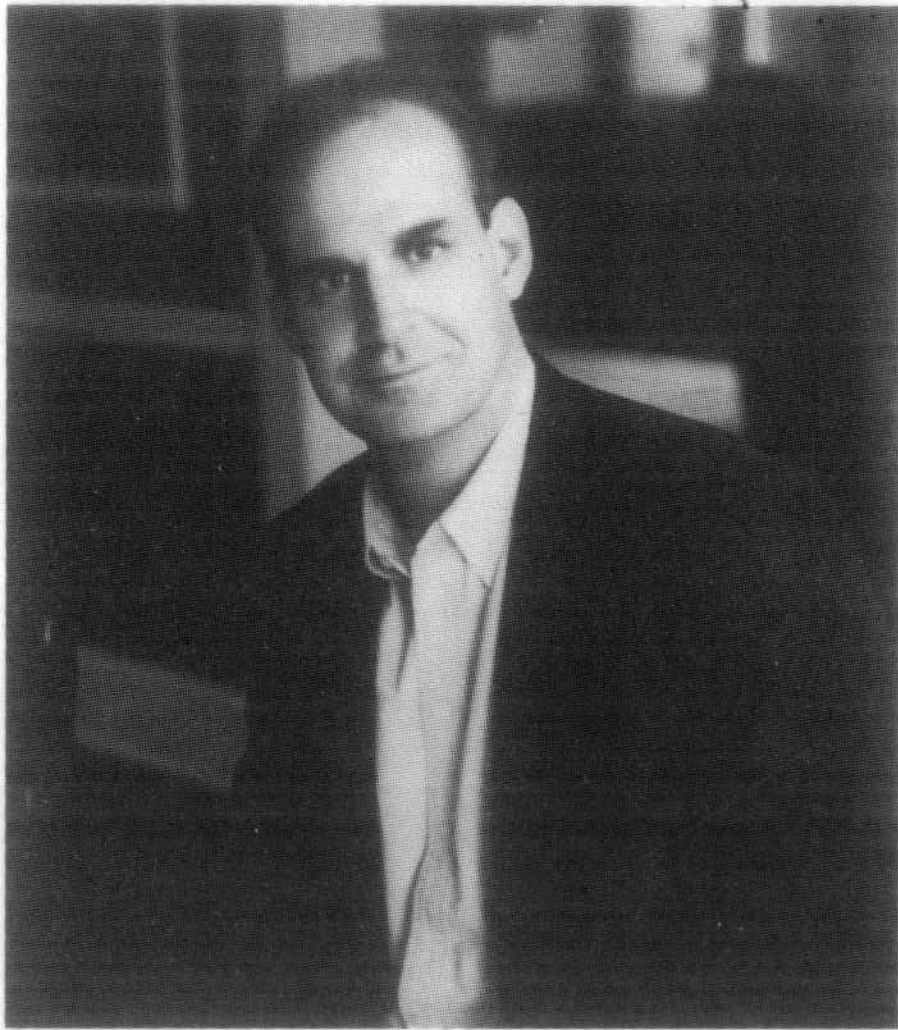
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**HARLAN COBEN**, winner of the Edgar Award, the Shamus Award, and the Anthony Award, is the author of eight critically acclaimed novels: *Deal Breaker*, *Drop Shot*, *Fade Away*, *Back Spin*, *One False Move*, *The Final Detail*, *Darkest Fear*, and the *New York Times* bestseller *Tell No One*. He lives in New Jersey with his wife and four children. Visit his website at [www.harlancoben.com](http://www.harlancoben.com).

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"In this pulse-pounding hunt, Harlan Coben layers secret upon secret, crisscrossing years and crime scenes. . . .  
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This author just keeps getting better and better."

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*Please turn the page for more extraordinary acclaim. . . .*

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**"A headlong, full-tilt thriller."**

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YOU'LL WANT TO TELL EVERYONE! Harlan Coben  
delivers the near impossible—a can't-put-it-down page-  
turner with a slam-bang surprise ending. You'll read this  
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Highly recommended."**

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A CLASSIC . . . *Tell No One* has it all—a cast that  
crackles with real-life energy, pacing that will keep the  
most jaded reader breathless and above all, a  
shimmering, multifaceted jewel of a plot with more  
delightful unexpected twists than the world's wildest  
roller coaster. . . . *Tell No One* transcends Coben's  
previous work, just as it transcends just about all other  
so-called whodunits on the market today. This book will,  
must, establish him as one of our preeminent crafters  
of fine mystery fiction."**

**—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram***

**"A taut, lively paced tale . . . a suspenseful thriller, a love  
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TELL NO ONE FURTHER SEALS COBEN'S PLACE  
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"*Tell No One* opens with a gut-wrenching scene that will leave you close to tears, and then propels you along . . . on a thrilling ride that will keep you constantly guessing, turning pages as quickly as you can, almost desperate to learn what happens next."

—**The Denver Post**

"Page-turner scribes such as Jeffery Deaver and Lisa Scottoline rave over this one. Add humble moi to the list."

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"THIS THRILLER MOVES FROM HEARTBREAKING TO HEARTSTOPPING WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT."

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"Fifteen pages into this book you are sucked in and Coben never lets the pace stall. . . . If it takes more than two days to finish this one, you're working too many hours. A hot summer rush."

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**Deal Breaker**

**Drop Shot**

**Fade Away**

**Back Spin**

**One False Move**

**The Final Detail**

**Darkest Fear**

**Tell No One**

**Gene For Good**

*For Anne*  
*A ma vie de coeur entier*

# 1

**Three days before her death**, my mother told me—these weren't her last words, but they were pretty close—that my brother was still alive.

That was all she said. She didn't elaborate. She said it only once. And she wasn't doing very well. Morphine had already applied its endgame heart squeeze. Her skin was in that cusp between jaundice and fading summer tan. Her eyes had sunken deep into her skull. She slept most of the time. She would, in fact, have only one more lucid moment—if indeed this had been a lucid moment, which I very much doubted—and that would be a chance for me to tell her that she had been a wonderful mother, that I loved her very much, and good-bye. We never said anything about my brother. That didn't mean we weren't thinking about him as though he were sitting bedside too.

**"He's alive."**

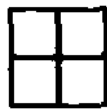
Those were her exact words. And if they were true, I didn't know if it would be a good thing or bad.

We buried my mother four days later.

When we returned to the house to sit shivah, my father stormed through the semi-shag in the living room. His face was red with rage. I was there, of course. My sister, Melissa, had flown in from Seattle with her husband, Ralph. Aunt Selma and Uncle Murray paced. Sheila, my soul mate, sat next to me and held my hand.

That was pretty much the sum total.

There was only one flower arrangement, a wonderful monster of a thing. Sheila smiled and squeezed my hand when she saw the card. No words, no message, just the drawing



Dad kept glancing out the bay windows—the same windows that had been shot out with a BB gun twice in the past eleven years—and muttered under his breath, “Sons of bitches.” He’d turn around and think of someone else who hadn’t shown. “For God’s sake, you’d think the Bergmans would have at least made a goddamn appearance.” Then he’d close his eyes and look away. The anger would consume him anew, blending with the grief into something I didn’t have the strength to face.

One more betrayal in a decade filled with them.

I needed air.

I got to my feet. Sheila looked up at me with concern. “I’m going to take a walk,” I said softly.

“You want company?”

“I don’t think so.”

Sheila nodded. We had been together nearly a year. I’ve never had a partner so in sync with my rather odd vibes. She gave my hand another I-love-you squeeze, and the warmth spread through me.

Our front-door welcome mat was harsh faux grass, like something stolen from a driving range, with a plastic daisy in the upper left-hand corner. I stepped over it and strolled up Downing Place. The street was lined with numbingly ordinary aluminum-sided split-levels, circa 1962. I still wore my dark gray suit. It itched in the heat. The savage sun beat down like a drum, and a perverse part of me thought that it was a wonderful day to decay. An image of my mother's light-the-world smile—the one before it all happened—flashed in front of my eyes. I shoved it away.

I knew where I was headed, though I doubt if I would have admitted it to myself. I was drawn there, pulled by some unseen force. Some would call it masochistic. Others would note that maybe it had something to do with closure. I thought it was probably neither.

I just wanted to look at the spot where it all ended.

The sights and sounds of summer suburbia assaulted me. Kids squealed by on their bicycles. Mr. Cirino, who owned the Ford/Mercury dealership on Route 10, mowed his lawn. The Steins—they'd built up a chain of appliance stores that were swallowed up by a bigger chain—were taking a stroll hand in hand. There was a touch football game going on at the Levines' house, though I didn't know any of the participants. Barbecue smoke took flight from the Kaufmans' backyard.

I passed by the Glassmans' old place. Mark "the Doof" Glassman had jumped through the sliding glass doors when he was six. He was playing Superman. I remembered the scream and the blood. He needed over forty stitches. The Doof grew up and became some kind of IPO-start-up zillionaire. I don't think they call him the Doof anymore, but you never know.

The Marianos' house, still that horrid shade of phlegm yellow with a plastic deer guarding the front

walk, was on the bend. Angela Mariano, our local bad girl, was two years older than us and like some superior, awe-inducing species. Watching Angela sunning in her backyard in a gravity-defying ribbed halter top, I had felt the first painful thrusts of deep hormonal longing. My mouth would actually water. Angela used to fight with her parents and sneak smokes in the toolshed behind her house. Her boyfriend drove a motorcycle. I ran into her last year on Madison Avenue in midtown. I expected her to look awful—that was what you always hear happens to that first lust-crush—but Angela looked great and seemed happy.

A lawn sprinkler did the slow wave in front of Eric Frankel's house at 23 Downing Place. Eric had a space-travel-themed bar mitzvah at the Chanticleer in Short Hills when we were both in seventh grade. The ceiling was done up planetarium style—a black sky with star constellations. My seating card told me that I was sitting at "Table Apollo 14." The centerpiece was an ornate model rocket on a green fauna launching pad. The waiters, adorned in realistic space suits, were each supposed to be one of the Mercury 7. "John Glenn" served us. Cindi Shapiro and I had sneaked into the chapel room and made out for over an hour. It was my first time. I didn't know what I was doing. Cindi did. I remember it was glorious, the way her tongue caressed and jolted me in unexpected ways. But I also remember my initial wonderment evolving after twenty minutes or so into, well, boredom—a confused "what next?" along with a naïve "is that all there is?"

When Cindi and I stealthily returned to Cape Kennedy's Table Apollo 14, ruffled and in fine post-smooch form (the Herbie Zane Band serenading the crowd with "Fly Me to the Moon"), my brother, Ken, pulled me to the side and demanded details. I, of course, too gladly gave them. He awarded me with that smile and slapped me five. That night, as we lay

on the bunk beds, Ken on the top, me on the bottom, the stereo playing Blue Oyster Cult's "Don't Fear the Reaper" (Ken's favorite), my older brother explained to me the facts of life as seen by a ninth-grader. I'd later learn he was mostly wrong (a little too much emphasis on the breast), but when I think back to that night, I always smile.

*"He's alive. . . ."*

I shook my head and turned right at Coddington Terrace by the Holders' old house. This was the same route Ken and I had taken to get to Burnet Hill Elementary School. There used to be a paved path between two houses to make the trip shorter. I wondered if it was still there. My mother—everyone, even kids, had called her Sunny—used to follow us to school quasi-surreptitiously. Ken and I would roll our eyes as she ducked behind trees. I smiled, thinking about her overprotectiveness now. It used to embarrass me, but Ken would simply shrug. My brother was securely cool enough to let it slide. I wasn't.

I felt a pang and moved on.

Maybe it was just my imagination, but people began to stare. The bicycles, the dribbling basketballs, the sprinklers and lawn mowers, the cries of touch footballers—they all seemed to hush as I passed. Some stared out of curiosity because a strange man strolling in a dark gray suit on a summer evening was something of an oddity. But most, or again so it seemed, looked on in horror because they recognized me and couldn't believe that I would dare tread upon this sacred soil.

I approached the house at 47 Coddington Terrace without hesitation. My tie was loosened. I jammed my hands in my pockets. I toed the spot where curb met pavement. Why was I here? I saw a curtain move in the den. Mrs. Miller's face appeared at the window, gaunt and ghostlike. She glared at me. I didn't move or

look away. She glared some more—and then to my surprise, her face softened. It was as though our mutual agony had made some sort of connection. Mrs. Miller nodded at me. I nodded back and felt the tears begin to well up.

You may have seen the story on *20/20* or *Prime-Time Live* or some other television equivalent of fish wrap. For those who haven't, here's the official account: On October 17 eleven years ago, in the township of Livingston, New Jersey, my brother, Ken Klein, then twenty-four, brutally raped and strangled our neighbor Julie Miller.

In her basement. At 47 Coddington Terrace.

That was where her body was found. The evidence wasn't conclusive as to if she'd actually been murdered in that poorly finished subdwelling or if she'd been dumped postmortem behind the water-stained zebra-striped couch. Most assume the former. My brother escaped capture and ran off to parts unknown—at least, again, according to the official account.

Over the past eleven years, Ken has eluded an international dragnet. There have however been "sightings."

The first came about a year after the murder from a small fishing village in northern Sweden. Interpol swooped in, but somehow my brother evaded their grasp. Supposedly he was tipped off. I can't imagine how or by whom.

The next sighting occurred four years later in Barcelona. Ken had rented—to quote the newspaper accounts—"an oceanview hacienda" (Barcelona is not on an ocean) with—again I will quote—"a lithe, dark-haired woman, perhaps a flamenco dancer." A vacationing Livingston resident, no less, reported seeing Ken and his Castilian paramour dining beachside. My brother was described as tan and fit and wore a white



shirt opened at the collar and loafers without socks. The Livingstonite, one Rick Horowitz, had been a classmate of mine in Mr. Hunt's fourth-grade class. During a three-month period, Rick entertained us by eating caterpillars during recess.

Barcelona Ken yet again slipped through the law's fingers.

The last time my brother was purportedly spotted he was skiing down the expert hills in the French Alps (interestingly enough, Ken never skied before the murder). Nothing came of it, except a story on *48 Hours*. Over the years, my brother's fugitive status had become the criminal version of a VH1 *Where Are They Now?*, popping up whenever any sort of rumor skimmed the surface or, more likely, when one of the network's fish wraps was low on material.

I naturally hated television's "team coverage" of "suburbia gone wrong" or whatever similar cute moniker they came up with. Their "special reports" (just once, I'd like to see them call it a "normal report, everyone has done this story") always featured the same photographs of Ken in his tennis whites—he was a nationally ranked player at one time—looking his most pompous. I can't imagine where they got them. In them Ken looked handsome in that way people hate right away. Haughty, Kennedy hair, suntan bold against the whites, toothy grin, Photograph Ken looked like one of those people of privilege (he was not) who coasted through life on his charm (a little) and trust account (he had none).

I had appeared on one of those magazine shows. A producer reached me—this was pretty early on in the coverage—and claimed that he wanted to present "both sides fairly." They had plenty of people ready to lynch my brother, he noted. What they truly needed for the sake of "balance" was someone who could describe the "real Ken" to the folks back home.