



**"AMAZING....
BRILLIANTLY
CONCEIVED AND
EXECUTED."
*Washington Post
Book World***

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

SHUTTER ISLAND



DENNIS LEHANE

**NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF
MYSTIC RIVER AND THE GIVEN DAY**

A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM PARAMOUNT PICTURES

SHUTTER ISLAND

**DENNIS
LEHANE**

HARPER

An Imprint of HarperCollins Publishers

Grateful acknowledgment is made to reprint the following:

Excerpt from "Questions of Travel" from *The Complete Poems: 1927-1979* by Elizabeth Bishop. Copyright © 1979, 1983 by Alice Helen Methfessel. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

HARPER

An Imprint of HarperCollins Publishers
10 East 53rd Street
New York, New York 10022-5299

Copyright © 2003 by Dennis Lehane
Excerpts copyright © 2001, 1994, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999 by Dennis Lehane
ISBN 978-0-06-170325-6

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information address Harper paperbacks, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.

First Harper paperback special printing: September 2009
First HarperTorch paperback printing: May 2004
First William Morrow hardcover printing: May 2003

HarperCollins® and Harper® are registered trademarks of HarperCollins Publishers.

Printed in the United States of America

Visit Harper paperbacks on the World Wide Web at
www.harpercollins.com

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

DENNIS LEHANE

SHUTTER ISLAND

"Anyone dazzled by Dennis Lehane's previous psychological thriller, *Mystic River*, will be completely blown away by *Shutter Island*. This is really good stuff...moody, deeply atmospheric...combining the claustrophobia of an Agatha Christie whodunit with the creepiness of a Stephen King yarn....At times the pressure is so fierce you find yourself begging for relief. There isn't any. Good luck putting this one down."

San Francisco Chronicle

"Utterly absorbing...an engrossing read...Fasten your seatbelts for a bumpy, breakneck ride....*Shutter Island* is Gothic to the core and troubling from start to finish....It is an express train with no local stops....Lehane was born to tell stories....His dialogue [is] the real thing."

Boston Globe

"To read Dennis Lehane's *Shutter Island* is to enter a nightmare of madness, violence, and deception....If we could bring back Edgar Allan Poe and equip him with today's postmodern bag of tricks, he might give us a tale as unexpected and unsettling....Its shocking outcome kept me awake, deep into the night, as I began to grasp what the author has done to my innocent mind—and he will do it to yours, too, if you let him."

Washington Post Book World

"Chilling...absorbing...[a] pure adrenaline rush....The ride this novel provides is as good as entertainment gets."

Miami Herald

"Audacious and chilling....*Shutter Island* is a superbly constructed novel that manages to be at once gripping, surprising, and discomforting....It evokes comparisons to Edgar Allan Poe's tales....Ultimately this is a novel about the labyrinth of the human mind and its capacity, yes, for violence, but also for enduring horror, even at the price of madness....Lehane is very good indeed."

Houston Chronicle

"Get set to shudder on a trip to *Shutter Island*...a tremendously satisfying thriller...a great, fun read....The suspense is molasses-thick with a plot that will keep you guessing....Lehane has created a dark work with terrific dialogue and a troubled protagonist....And then there's the ending. You're sure to talk about this one over lunch....*Mystic River* raised the bar for Lehane; *Shutter Island* puts it higher still."

Denver Post

"Chilling....Lehane probes the dizzying kaleidoscope of the unquiet mind....A perfect thriller. But for mystery writer extraordinaire Dennis Lehane, elaborate plots and vivid settings serve as mere backdrop for showcasing his greater talent: a prodigious ability to develop unforgettable, emotionally textured characters....The book reads like the literary equivalent of an acid trip—a Kafkaesque nightmare so haunting, it is bound to induce flashbacks."

Providence Journal-Bulletin

"A taut, seat-of-the-pants thrill ride....*Shutter Island* is mind-bending fun."

San Antonio Express-News

"Fast-paced and intense."

New Orleans Times-Picayune

"*Shutter Island* handles enough plot twists to make the Pacific Coast Highway look like a suburban driveway.... Lehane...leads us hypnotically to a climax that is both absolutely shocking and wholly plausible."

Raleigh News Observer

"*Shutter Island* is scary and effective....Lehane is masterful."

New York Daily News

"The author here is Dennis Lehane, so don't expect *Shutter Island* to take familiar devices to any standard conclusion. Lehane is a major novelist....[He] keeps a firm grip on the many threads he's weaving while slowly increasing the suspense....*Shutter Island*...will surprise the pants off everyone."

Cleveland Plain Dealer

"A master of noir."

Milwaukee Journal Sentinel

"Another exceptional accomplishment....*Shutter Island* delivers shivers....The finale is a well-crafted shock that, unlike so many climaxes of its kind, is no cheap con that leaves the reader feeling both dumb and duped....A master of his craft...Lehane breaks your heart, then he does it again, then he leaves you with a chill."

Austin American-Statesman

"A mesmerizing story that melds psychological suspense with elements of an espionage thriller, a noir novel, and even the locked-door mystery....Lehane shrouds *Shutter Island* in a cape of nightmarish atmosphere....The author digs deep into his characters to extract their souls."

Fort Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel

"A spooky thriller....*Shutter Island* grabs you so hard it will leave indentations on your imagination....Just when you think it can't shake you anymore, Lehane throws in a beauty of a reversal toward the end, one as surprising as the revelation in the movie *The Sixth Sense*."

Atlanta Journal-Constitution

"One surprise after another....It has headlong suspense and a whopper of a story."

USA Today

"Dark, disturbing....*Shutter Island* is all about pulling you in and not letting go until its shocking, wrenching conclusion. At that point, exhausted and thrilled, you want to start over....[An] addictive and imaginative writer...Lehane works the claustrophobia so well you can practically feel the walls closing in."

Tallahassee Democrat

"Grade: A....The latest from one of the very best thriller writers...[is] creepier and more compelling than anything you'll read this year. The plot is so finely drawn that you must read deliberately and savor every line."

Denver Rocky Mountain News

"A superbly written, unrelentingly suspenseful page-turner...a creepy psychological horror story—the kind of book you could imagine Stephen King or Edgar Allan Poe coming up with if they collaborated after dropping LSD....One of America's greatest crime novelists...Lehane is about as hot as an author can get."

Associated Press

"A creepy tale...with a literary flair and realistic surroundings....A skillfully crafted suspense story."

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

"Fantastic...deviously clever...diabolically mysterious.... Lehane's strength is dialogue and a relentless penetration into the minds of his characters....*Shutter Island* envelopes, encircles, and floats inside-out....It is effective and cries out for a second reading to discover how and where Lehane manages his crafty manipulation."

Boston Herald

"Subtle and mysterious...sinister and complex....It will surprise you no matter how smart you think you are.... Lehane will always be several steps ahead of you, and what's more, he makes it look easy."

Arizona Republic

"Dennis Lehane's *Shutter Island* is the stuff bad dreams are made of. That's not to say it's a bad book. Quite the contrary....With its nightmarish overtones, it's not a book to start before bedtime....*Shutter Island* will trouble your sleep."

Orlando Sentinel

Books by
Dennis Lehane

THE GIVEN DAY
CORONADO
SHUTTER ISLAND
MYSTIC RIVER
PRAYERS FOR RAIN
GONE, BABY, GONE
SACRED
DARKNESS, TAKE MY HAND
A DRINK BEFORE THE WAR

ATTENTION: ORGANIZATIONS AND CORPORATIONS

Most Harper paperbacks are available at special quantity discounts for bulk purchases for sales promotions, premiums, or fund raising. For information, please call or write:

**Special Markets Department, HarperCollins Publishers,
10 East 53rd Street, New York, New York 10022-5299.
Telephone: (212) 207-7528. Fax: (212) 207-7222.**

**For Chris Gleason and Mike Eigen.
Who listened. And heard.
And sometimes carried.**

**. . . must we dream our dreams
and have them, too?**

**—Elizabeth Bishop,
“Questions of Travel”**

Acknowledgments

Thanks to Sheila, George Bick, Jack Driscoll, Dawn Ellenburg, Mike Flynn, Julie Anne McNary, David Robichaud, and Joanna Solfrian.

Three texts were indispensable in writing this novel: *Boston Harbor Islands* by Emily and David Kale; *Gracefully Insane*, Alex Beam's account of McLean Hospital; and Robert Whitaker's *Mad in America*, which documented the use of neuroleptics on schizophrenics in American psychiatric institutions. I remain indebted to all three books for their outstanding reportage.

As ever, as always, thanks to my editor, Claire Wachtel (every writer should be so blessed), and my agent, Ann Rittenberg, who gave me the book by giving me the Sinatra.

Prologue

FROM THE JOURNALS OF DR. LESTER SHEEHAN

MAY 3, 1993

I haven't laid eyes on the island in several years. The last time was from a friend's boat that ventured into the outer harbor, and I could see it off in the distance, past the inner ring, shrouded in the summer haze, a careless smudge of paint against the sky.

I haven't stepped foot on it in more than two decades, but Emily says (sometimes joking, sometimes not) that she's not sure I ever left. She said once that time is nothing to me but a series of bookmarks that I use to jump back and forth through the text of my life, returning again and again to the events that mark me, in the eyes of my more astute colleagues, as bearing all the characteristics of the classic melancholic.

Emily may be right. She is so often right.

Soon I will lose her too. A matter of months, Dr. Axelrod told us Thursday. Take that trip, he advised. The one you're always talking about. To Florence and Rome, Venice in the spring. Because Lester, he added, you're not looking too well yourself.

I suppose I'm not. I misplace things far too often these days, my glasses more than anything. My car keys. I enter stores and forget what I've come for, leave the theater with no recollection of what I've just seen. If time for me really is a series of bookmarks, then I feel as if someone has shaken the book and those yellowed slips of paper, torn matchbook covers and flattened coffee stirrers have fallen to the floor, and the dog-eared flaps have been pressed smooth.

I want to write these things down, then. Not to alter the text so that I fall under a more favorable light. No, no. He would never allow that. In his own peculiar way, he hated lies more than anyone I have ever known. I want only to preserve the text, to transfer it from its current storage facility (which frankly is beginning to moisten and leak) to these pages.

Ashecliffe Hospital sat on the central plain of the island's northwestern side. Sat benignly, I might add. It looked nothing like a hospital for the criminally insane and even less like the military barracks it had been before that. Its appearance reminded most of us, in point of fact, of a boarding school. Just outside the main compound, a mansarded Victorian housed the warden and a dark, beautiful Tudor minicastle, which had once housed the Union commander of the northeastern shoreline, served as the quarters of our chief of staff. Inside the wall were the staff quarters—quaint, clapboard cottages for the clinicians, three low-slung cinder block dormitories for the orderlies, the guards, and the nurses. The main compound was composed of lawns and sculpted hedges, great shady oaks, Scotch pines, and

trim maples, apple trees whose fruit dropped to the tops of the wall in late autumn or tumbled onto the grass. And in the center of the compound, twin red-brick colonials on either side of the hospital itself, a structure of large, charcoal stones and handsome granite. Beyond were the bluffs and the tidal marsh and a long valley where a collective farm had sprung up and then failed in the years just after the American Revolution. The trees they planted survived—peach and pear and chokeberry—but no longer bore fruit, and the night winds often came howling into that valley and screeched like cats.

And the fort, of course, which stood long before the first hospital staff arrived, and stands there still, jutting out of the southern cliff face. And the lighthouse beyond, out of service since before the Civil War, rendered obsolete by the beam of Boston Light.

From the sea, it didn't look like much. You have to picture it the way Teddy Daniels saw it on that calm morning in September of 1954. A scrub plain in the middle of the outer harbor. Barely an island, you'd think, so much as the idea of one. What purpose could it have, he may have thought. What purpose.

Rats were the most voluminous of our animal life. They scrabbled in the brush, formed lines along the shore at night, clambered over wet rock. Some were the size of flounder. In the years following those four strange days of late summer 1954, I took to studying the rats from a cut in the hill overlooking the northern shore. I was fascinated to discover that some of the rats would try to swim for Paddock Island, little more than a rock in a cupful of sand that remained submerged twenty-two hours out of every day. When

it appeared for that hour or two as the current reached its lowest ebb, sometimes they'd swim for it, these rats, never more than a dozen or so and always driven back by the riptide.

I say always, but no. I saw one make it. Once. The night of the harvest moon in October '56. I saw its black moccasin of a body dart across the sand.

Or so I think. Emily, whom I met on the island, will say, "Lester, you couldn't have. It was too far away."

She's right.

And yet I know what I saw. One fat moccasin darting across the sand, sand that was pearl gray and already beginning to drown again as the current returned to swallow Paddock Island, swallow that rat, I assume, for I never saw it swim back.

But in that moment, as I watched it scurry up the shore (and I did, I saw it, distances be damned), I thought of Teddy. I thought of Teddy and his poor dead wife, Dolores Chanal, and those twin terrors, Rachel Solando and Andrew Laeddis, the havoc they wreaked on us all. I thought that if Teddy were sitting with me, he would have seen that rat too. He would have.

And I'll tell you something else:

Teddy?

He would have clapped.

DAY ONE

Rachel
