

A DELL INTERNATIONAL EDITION

THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

LEE CHILD

AUTHOR OF *PERSUADER*

"AN UNFORGETTABLE
HERO...MAY BE
THE BEST REACHER
BOOK YET."

—*NEWSWEEK*

THE ENEMY

"A THRILLER
THAT GALLOPS AT A
BREAKNECK PAGE."

—*CHICAGO SUN-TIMES*

JACK REACHER NOVEL

A J. J. HARRIS NOVEL

THE
ENEMY

LEE CHILD

A DELL BOOK

THE ENEMY
A Dell Book

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**RAVE REVIEWS FOR LEE CHILD'S
DAZZLING NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLERS**

THE ENEMY

"REACHER IS THE THINKING READER'S ACTION HERO, a surprisingly tender combination of chess master and G.I. Joe, a guy who always thinks six or eight steps ahead before making his move." —*Seattle Times*

"PACKS A 'DIRTY HARRY' WALLOP . . . [REACHER] EMERGES AS A CLASSIC NOIR LONER, AND A VERY CHARISMATIC ONE. . . . LEAN, DYNAMIC STORYTELLING."

—*New York Times*

"Riveting." —*Boston Globe*

"[Reacher is] an unforgettable hero. . . . Each time out, the Reacher novels are distinguished by pithy, concise prose and a GRIPPING, METHODOICAL UNRAVELING OF SOME GRAND EVIL SCHEME WITH LOTS OF FIREWORKS ALONG THE WAY. . . . The Enemy may be the best Reacher book yet."

—*Newsweek* (recommended airplane reading)

"CHILD BUILDS SUSPENSE IN A DECEPTIVELY SPARE, WIRY PROSE STYLE THAT DOESN'T WASTE A WORD OR MISS A TRICK."

—*Chicago Tribune*

"SIZZLES WITH SUSPENSE AND ACTION. Child sets a breathless pace laced with laconic asides from the opening paragraph to the final line." —*Orlando Sentinel*

"Child has created a wonderfully tough, resourceful hero in Jack Reacher. . . . Reacher is still one of the two or three most compelling figures in the new hard-guy, lone-wolf genre. The pages almost turn themselves."

—*New York Daily News*

"*The Enemy* moves with all the speed and strength of a tank in battle mode. And Child lets loose with one final, unsuspected plot twist. . . . **CHILD IS A BATTLE-HARDENED WARRIOR WHO KNOWS HOW TO KEEP HIS READERS IN SUSPENSE.**"

—*Denver Post*

"Reacher at his insubordinate best, insubordination that eventually involves a freewheeling trip to the Pentagon. I do love Reacher, provided I can keep about ten feet between us. [Did I mention the tank duel?]"

—*Washington Times*

"Child [has] knocked this one out of the ballpark. . . . **A RIP-ROARING READ FROM THE FIRST PAGE TO THE LAST.**" —*St. Petersburg Times*

"Child writes in-your-face dialogue with the best of them. That, along with the pacing and intelligence of *The Enemy*, almost render its central flaw forgivable: Reacher . . . [is] just plain smarter than everyone, including us." —*Sunday Oregonian*

"Unless you're a shadowy conspirator type, this mystery will keep you guessing until the final page."

—*Playboy*

"Reacher remains engaging and charming in his own emotionally handicapped way, and Child again emerges as a worthy successor to Tom Clancy. A-."

—*Entertainment Weekly*

"Known for hold-your-breath action scenes, Child proves equally adept at portraying how a criminal investigation uses the smallest of building blocks to construct a compelling circumstantial case. Combine that with finely textured relationships—always an extra dimension in this series—and you have a novel that takes Child in a new direction, but does so flawlessly."

—*Booklist* (starred review)

"A FABULOUSLY SUSPENSEFUL PREQUEL . . . CHILD'S BEST SO FAR."

—*Kirkus Reviews* (starred review)

"ARGUABLY TODAY'S FINEST THRILLER SERIES . . . The tension is nonstop. . . . Textured, swift and told in Reacher's inimitably tough voice, this title will hit lists and will convince those who still need convincing that Child has few peers in thrillerdom."

—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

"[A] SUPERLATIVE SUSPENSE SERIES . . . [WITH] CHILD'S TRADEMARK SMART STORY LINES, CRISP PROSE, AND NONSTOP ACTION WITH A SLAM-BANG FINISH."

—*Library Journal* (starred review)

"Superb . . . Will prove an excellent introduction to the series for newcomers, and will provide exceptional insight for longtime readers into a truly original character in contemporary suspense fiction." —*BookPage*

"Some authors are incapable of writing a bad book; they're only capable of writing better ones. That's what Child has done with his latest Jack Reacher suspense story. Anyone who has read a Reacher book will understand just how good that is. . . . The combination of suspense and fast plotting, along with Child's ability to make Jack Reacher a compelling and interesting hero, creates the best showcase of Child's talent to date. . . . Clue people in to **ONE OF THE BEST THRILLER WRITERS AT WORK.**" —*Rocky Mountain News*

"Child's immense talent shows . . . [in this] extremely intricate tale. . . . In a word, the book is 'exceptional.'" —*January Magazine*

"One more of Child's vexing, lively, rapid-fire tales." —*Los Angeles Times*

"Lee Child has climbed to the uppermost reaches of my must-read list. . . . **NOBODY DOES ACTION/SUSPENSE BETTER.**" —*Deadly Pleasures*

PERSUADER

"Child deserves to be galloped through because his writing is exuberant, ebullient and exciting. . . . Child's tale drives hard and fast. . . . A gratifying page-turner." —*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"The secret to writing a great scene: Start in the middle of the action, then leave the reader hanging. Child has coupled that formula to a razor-sharp style and crafted seven perfect thrillers. **ONE PRESS CLIP BOASTED THAT HE'S 'THE BEST THRILLER WRITER YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT READING—YET' TIME TO START.**" —*Playboy*

"*Persuader* is a classic Reacher adventure—so fast-paced it makes the eyeballs spin and loaded with enough sex, sin and close encounters of the chilling kind to make the novel **WICKEDLY ADDICTIVE.**"

—*Denver Post*

"Gripping and suspenseful . . . *Persuader* has a dark edge with a chilling quest for revenge at its heart. Child uses all the skills he acquired in television production to captivate and entertain. His sense of narrative is keen while his ability to create and maintain tension continues **TO RATCHET THE SUSPENSE UP TO NEW HEIGHTS. ADDICTING.**" —*Denver Post*

"Boy, is [Jack Reacher] smart, as is Child, who here places Reacher undercover in the remote coastline house of a very bad man. With so many people to kill—and so many weapons to choose from—Reacher is one happy camper . . . [and] the story is . . . as tightly wound as Reacher himself." —*Entertainment Weekly*

"A SKILLFUL BLEND OF SEX, VIOLENCE, SADISM, WEAPONRY, SPIES, SMUGGLING, REVENGE, DECEPTION, SUSPENSE AND NON-STOP ACTION . . . GRIPPING." —*Washington Post*

"Child has created an interesting character in Reacher, and this book offers plenty of guns, shoot-outs and high-speed chases to spice up a complex plot. Child, and Reacher, are getting better with every book."

—Baltimore Sun

"Wily plotting, swift pacing, mordant wit: Child is one skillful writer." —*Kirkus Reviews* (starred review)

"THERE'S A REASON [CHILD] IS KNOWN AS THE MASTER OF THE PLOT TWIST."

—New York Daily News

"The best thrillers run on high-octane narrative fuel, but they are not plot-driven. To generate real thrills, an author must put real people behind the wheel, and Child does exactly that. . . . Bones crunch, wounds bleed, and hearts break in this galvanizing tale."

—Booklist (starred review)

"A CAPTIVATING STORY THAT WILL SWEEP YOU ALONG as fast as some of the riptides Reacher survives." —*St. Petersburg Times*

"They don't come along every day, but once in a while a new character surfaces as the protagonist in a series of novels to take his place alongside John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee and Robert Parker's Spenser. Lee Child's Jack Reacher is such a character, and best of all, he keeps getting better. . . . Child has created an altogether satisfying and believable hero with stories that show him off to extraordinary effect and keep the reader turning pages into the wee hours."

—Winston-Salem Journal

"Smart, cunning and very human . . . Take your summer vacation with Jack Reacher. But bring a flak jacket and several weapons of your choice. The ride gets very bumpy." —*Jackson Clarion-Ledger*

"Lee Child is the Thomas Hardy of the thriller world."
—*Chicago Tribune*

"[REACHER IS] A NEW AMERICAN HERO FOR OUR TIME."

—*Denver Post/Denver Rocky Mountain News*

"Fast-paced, with a cinematic flair, [Lee Child's] novels are adrenaline-pumping tour-de-forces that actively engage readers' minds." —*Westchester County Times (NY)*

"LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS as this avalanche of action takes place. Chalk up another winner for Lee Child." —*Times Record News (Wichita Falls, Texas)*

"Jet-propelled action from cover to cover and realistic dialogue keep this can't-put-down thriller moving forward." —*Denton Record-Chronicle*

"SIZZLING ENTERTAINMENT . . . JACK REACHER IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE HEROES IN CONTEMPORARY THRILLER-DOM." —*Publishers Weekly* (a PW Best Book of 2003)

ALSO BY LEE CHILD

KILLING FLOOR

DIE TRYING

TRIPWIRE

RUNNING BLIND

ECHO BURNING

WITHOUT FAIL

PERSUADER

And coming soon in hardcover from

Delacorte Press

ONE SHOT

Dedicated to the memory of Adele King

As serious as a heart attack. Maybe those were Ken Kramer's last words, like a final explosion of panic in his mind as he stopped breathing and dropped into the abyss. He was out of line, in every way there was, and he knew it. He was where he shouldn't have been, with someone he shouldn't have been with, carrying something he should have kept in a safer place. But he was getting away with it. He was playing and winning. He was on top of his game. He was probably smiling. Until the sudden thump deep inside his chest betrayed him. Then everything turned around. Success became instant catastrophe. He had no time to put anything right.

Nobody knows what a fatal heart attack feels like. There are no survivors to tell us. Medics talk about necrosis, and clots, and oxygen starvation, and occluded blood vessels. They predict rapid useless cardiac fluttering, or else nothing at all. They use words like *infarction* and *fibrillation*, but those terms mean nothing to us. *You just drop dead* is what they should say. Ken Kramer certainly did. He just dropped dead, and he took his secrets with him, and the trouble he left behind nearly killed me too.

I was alone in a borrowed office. There was a clock on

the wall. It had no second hand. Just an hour hand, and a minute hand. It was electric. It didn't tick. It was completely silent, like the room. I was watching the minute hand, intently. It wasn't moving.

I waited.

It moved. It jumped ahead six degrees. Its motion was mechanical and damped and precise. It bounced once and quivered a little and came to rest.

A minute.

One down, one to go.

Sixty more seconds.

I kept on watching. The clock stayed still for a long, long time. Then the hand jumped again. Another six degrees, another minute, straight-up midnight, and 1989 was 1990.

I pushed my chair back and stood up behind the desk. The phone rang. I figured it was someone calling to wish me a happy new year. But it wasn't. It was a civilian cop calling because he had a dead soldier in a motel thirty miles off-post.

"I need the Military Police duty officer," he said.

I sat down again, behind the desk.

"You got him," I said.

"We've got one of yours, dead."

"One of mine?"

"A soldier," he said.

"Where?"

"Motel, in town."

"Dead how?" I asked.

"Heart attack, most likely," the guy said.

I paused. Turned the page on the army-issue calendar on the desk, from December 31st to January 1st.

"Nothing suspicious?" I said.

"Don't see anything."

"You seen heart attacks before?"

"Lots of them."

"OK," I said. "Call post headquarters."

I gave him the number.

"Happy New Year," I said.

"You don't need to come out?" he said.

"No," I said. I put the phone down. I didn't need to go out. The army is a big institution, a little bigger than Detroit, a little smaller than Dallas, and just as unsentimental as either place. Current active strength is 930,000 men and women, and they are as representative of the general American population as you can get. Death rate in America is around 865 people per 100,000 population per year, and in the absence of sustained combat soldiers don't die any faster or slower than regular people. On the whole they are younger and fitter than the population at large, but they smoke more and drink more and eat worse and stress harder and do all kinds of dangerous things in training. So their life expectancy comes out about average. Soldiers die at the same speed as everyone else. Do the math with the death rate versus current strength, and you have twenty-two dead soldiers every single day of every single year, accidents, suicides, heart disease, cancer, stroke, lung disease, liver failure, kidney failure. Like dead citizens in Detroit, or Dallas. So I didn't need to go out. I'm a cop, not a mortician.

The clock moved. The hand jumped and bounced and settled. Three minutes past midnight. The phone rang again. It was someone calling to wish me a happy new year. It was the sergeant in the office outside of mine.

"Happy New Year," she said to me.

"You too," I said. "You couldn't stand up and put your head in the door?"

"You couldn't put yours *out* the door?"

"I was on the phone."

"Who was it?"

"Nobody," I said. "Just some grunt didn't make it to the new decade."

"You want coffee?"

"Sure," I said. "Why not?"

I put the phone down again. At that point I had been in more than six years, and army coffee was one of the things that made me happy to stay in. It was the best in the world, no question. So were the sergeants. This one was a mountain woman from north Georgia. I had known her two days. She lived off-post in a trailer park somewhere in the North Carolina Badlands. She had a baby son. She had told me all about him. I had heard nothing about a husband. She was all bone and sinew and she was as hard as woodpecker lips, but she liked me. I could tell, because she brought me coffee. They don't like you, they don't bring you coffee. They knife you in the back instead. My door opened and she came in, carrying two mugs, one for her and one for me.

"Happy New Year," I said to her.

She put the coffee down on my desk, both mugs.

"Will it be?" she said.

"Don't see why not," I said.

"The Berlin Wall is halfway down. They showed it on the television. They were having a big party over there."

"I'm glad someone was, somewhere."

"Lots of people. Big crowds. All singing and dancing."

"I didn't see the news."

"This all was six hours ago. The time difference."

"They're probably still at it."

"They had sledgehammers."

"They're allowed. Their half is a free city. We spent forty-five years keeping it that way."

"Pretty soon we won't have an enemy anymore."

I tried the coffee. Hot, black, the best in the world.

"We won," I said. "Isn't that supposed to be a good thing?"

"Not if you depend on Uncle Sam's paycheck."

She was dressed like me in standard woodland camou-

flage battledress uniform. Her sleeves were neatly rolled. Her MP brassard was exactly horizontal. I figured she had it safety-pinned in back where nobody could see. Her boots were gleaming.

"You got any desert camos?" I asked her.

"Never been to the desert," she said.

"They changed the pattern. They put big brown splotches on it. Five years' research. Infantry guys are calling it chocolate chip. It's not a good pattern. They'll have to change it back. But it'll take them another five years to figure that out."

"So?"

"If it takes them five years to revise a camo pattern, your kid will be through college before they figure out force reduction. So don't worry about it."

"OK," she said, not believing me. "You think he's good for college?"

"I never met him."

She said nothing.

"The army hates change," I said. "And we'll always have enemies."

She said nothing. My phone rang again. She leaned forward and answered it for me. Listened for about eleven seconds and handed me the receiver.

"Colonel Garber, sir," she said. "He's in D.C."

She took her mug and left the room. Colonel Garber was ultimately my boss, and although he was a pleasant human being it was unlikely he was calling eight minutes into New Year's Day simply to be social. That wasn't his style. Some brass does that stuff. They come over all cheery on the big holidays, like they're really just one of the boys. But Leon Garber wouldn't have dreamed of trying that, with anyone, and least of all with me. Even if he had known I was going to be there.

"Reacher here," I said.

There was a long pause.