In Echo Platoon, the Rogue Warrior blazed a path of vengeance across the Middle East. In Option Delta, he took out a German super-terrorist armed with stolen nukes. Now, the New York Times bestselling SEAL commando of eight explosive thrillers must pay for his success. The price: exile inside the lethal world of Irish Republican Army terrorists -- the battle no one else will touch. Relegated to head up a special ops organization made up of Brits, SEALs, spies, and NSA operatives, the Rogue Warrior is on the hunt for a high-tech hired army launched by two self-financed, new-generation terrorists. This murderous wing of the IRA is waging its own vicious little war -- smashing the Good Friday Peace Accord and killing a half dozen American and British CEOs. Refusing to be contained to Irish turf, their next planned assault promises to stun the world. Marcinko and his merry band are determined to stop them, but there are a few unknowns: they dont know the target, they dont know the date, and they dont know where the terror is going down. From top-secret diplomatic tunnels beneath London to the high seas off the Azores, Detachment Bravo is a fast-paced, furious, in-your-face adventure...just what the Rogue Warrior was made for.

My wife takes it as evidence of something profoundly wrong with me that Ive read every one of Dick Marcinkos books. But then ... she can hardly be expected to understand anything about the joys of Rogue Fiction. Yes, sure, this is formula writing at its most extreme: Marcinko has gotten rich writing the same book nine times. And, worse than that, if you think its bad, I suspect he delegates all the work to co-author John Weisman, confining his own contribution to probably not much more than his name, Rogue persona, and the ugly mugshot they print on the flyleaves of these books. But Marcinko fans dont care about any of that, and in fact we admire him all the more for his self-interested Rogue cunning. Moreover, we like to think that he has more important things to do with his time - especially now - than sitting around like some kind of wonk in front of a keyboard typing out entertainment for us chair-bound tadpoles. Detachment Bravo has all
the classic Marcinko plot motifs. It opens with a fast action scene in which Dick and his squad of oddly-named heroes take down a band of Tangos (terrorists for those unschooled in Rogue lingo), foiling their bloodthirsty plans. But, as always, there's no gratitude for Dickie. By flaunting the rules and showing up the incompetence of pencil-pushing military bureaucrats, he brings down their vengeance instead. He and his loyal boys are forced out on the lam to unravel the vast Tango conspiracy, of which the opening attack was only a small manifestation. Relying on the limited protection of one True Warrior who has somehow survived in the military high command, and supported by his dwindling and embattled network of old-salt chiefs and other kindred spirits still scattered around in various places, Dick and his team go to work. They head off to various parts of the world and for several chapters engage in global high-tech sleuth work. They soon uncover evidence of a degenerate billionaire somewhere who is funding and masterminding the terrorists. Dick quickly tracks the guy down and, while not having enough evidence yet to take him out, nevertheless initiates an up-front-and-personal confrontation with him (i.e., slaps him around) just to let him know who's on the case. ... There is, of course, at least one detailed and slow-motion account of hand-to-hand combat between Dick himself and one of the unfortunate tangos, who meets his just end inevitably with something gruesome like a crushed skull. To anyone who has read even one of the books in this series, all this should all sound very familiar. Not that Detachment Bravo, like the others, doesn't have its own unique wrinkles. The degenerate billionaire, for example, here is actually two degenerate billionaires, a couple of twenty-something Irish brothers who have made it as (what else!) dot.com entrepreneurs. Who says Dickie can't stay current with the times? The novel also sports all the trademark stylistic devices: half a dozen or so f and s words per page, parenthetical lectures on the perils of underestimating Mr. Murphy, goofy asides to the pedantic APE (All-Powerful Editor), sappy prayers of gratitude to the God of War for the privilege of leading brave warriors into battle, panegyrics to the healing powers of Bombay gin, and so forth. I sometimes worry about what would happen if Marcinko ever goes creative or sensitive on us, the way Clancy has tried to do in his more recent novels. However, I can happily report that Detachment Bravo gives strong evidence that we have nothing to fear on that score. I'm afraid I can't recommend this book to most wives or other sensitive souls, but Marcinko enthusiasts will love it. If he writes the book another nine times, I intend to buy every one.

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Detachment Bravo (Rogue Warrior) by John Weisman - 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price!