

## BOOK REVIEW



# *May All Your Names Be Forgotten* by Michael Connor

### Overview

Smart, youthful, self-assured Danny - a seasoned 'closer' in the directory game - sets up his new company. Fast, easy-money from people too caught up in their own bureaucratic nightmares to escape falling prey to the fast-talkers.

He puts together a team of raw recruits, new to the hustle, and its game-on. All goes well. Danny, the eternal drifter, finds a romantic set-up that suits and starts to think about settling down.

However, Danny's south London start-up begins to attract the wrong sort of attention - the local gangland factions and the law. Closer extraordinaire, Ewan - friend, cash-cow and outrageous party-animal is also out of control. Danny's grip on business starts to slip as his inexperienced team - keen to impress and hungry for money - push one of the targets too far, setting in motion a chain of events that threaten to blow the whole thing apart.

Danny quickly moves into survival mode, juggling his new found loyalties with long standing allegiances, and growing paranoia.

Business, team, money, friends and lovers - Danny races to play all the angles before his ability to 'disappear' with all the spoils is lost forever.

Set mainly in the Camberwell district of south London, we are exposed to the characters in the streets, the illegal card rooms and seedy public houses. Ewan, who has the knack of being able to pass himself off as almost anything and anyone, can't get enough of anything. Talking often in riddles, spouting thoughts in Romany or slang and blowing more money than he can ever earn in high-class casinos and at distant racecourses.

As Danny's business starts to unravel the action moves to Dover, on the south coast, and it is here much of the end-game plays out.

The author takes each of the characters and explores what makes them tick, then exposes their weaknesses, allowing the reader under their skin as their personal fears cut deep. Threats of violence, extortion and outrageous capers, and the constant worry of 'the man' who Danny manages to keep at bay by greasing palms. Sad moments with splashes of inky-black humour.

**FROM THE AUTHOR** - 'the game has changed, technology has made personal details easier to obtain and the Data Protection Act is no guarantee of protection. Businesses are less the target now - integrated systems and instant recall. Mr & Mrs Bloggs just sitting down to tea are more likely the targets today. A plausible script, a friendly voice, and an offer too good to miss. You have been warned.'

**More about the Author:** see [www.michael-connor.co.uk](http://www.michael-connor.co.uk)

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