

Summarized Text

Somewhere between 2005 and now, Koontz decided not to take the whole thing too seriously: What began as a pulpish horror/adventure story with humorous overtones has morphed into a full-blown farce, complete with a naked, dancing troll with a taste for bath soap and interminable scenes filled with wacky patter that would be more at home in a romantic comedy. After 352 relentlessly padded pages (I gave up counting how many times Koontz tells us that Victor's creatures gain their memories through data-downloads), the Frankenstein series that began with so much promise limps across the finish line, a pale shadow of what it could have been.