

Finishing what I started

Last evening I was feeling a bit of insomnia invading my room, so I decided to try to finish a [book that I blogged about some time ago.](#)

Step one accomplished, I did finish around 3:00am. My view of the work itself changed very little. I can't honestly say that it was a sleep problem cure, but it never captured my interest. So here you have it folks, my final thoughts on Timothy Frost's "Final Passage".

So in my humble opinion:

The book had enough plots and subplots for multiple books. it was busy. Because of this, the character development actually suffered. I never really cared what happened to any of the characters. I found that I didn't like or dislike any of the characters. I was ambivalent. If they got in trouble, I wasn't driven to find out if they made it through. In fact at one crucial point in the story I was thinking, "Just shoot them all, it doesn't matter." Any other character could have stepped in to finish the story.

The initial plot, brought forth in the prologue, didn't seem to have any importance at the end. Oh, I do understand how it could have been important if revealed earlier, but too much other 'stuff' happened, and I no longer cared about that either.

I guess I won't give this book the "Insomniac Relief Award" now, I can't say that I would recommend it either. In some ways I feel a bit saddened by this. The prologue of the book grabbed my attention. I waded through many chapters in the hope that the book would turn back to that beginning. When it finally got back there, I no longer cared.