

Killing Williamsburg by Bradley Spinelli

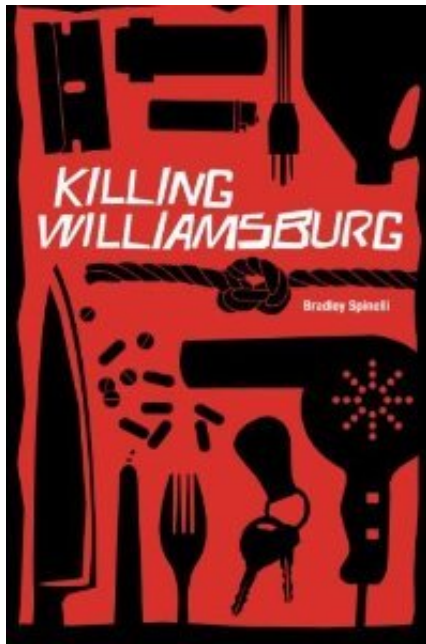


G'Day Bookworms,

It's been well established that I love a good plague story. I saw a review of [Killing Williamsburg](#)

by Bradley Spinelli a while ago on [Life Between Books](#). I commented that it sounded right up my alley, when lo and behold, I was contacted by the people behind [Killing Williamsburg](#)

with an offer to read and review the book. It's about a suicide plague that take takes hold in Brooklyn. That said, I should issue a trigger warning: if suicide is a sensitive issue for you, it would probably be a good idea to avoid this book. ***I received a complimentary copy of this book in exchange for an honest review.***



[Killing Williamsburg](#) takes place in Brooklyn in 1999. Benson and his girlfriend Olive are a young couple living in the Williamsburg neighborhood. They put in time at their day jobs to fund their recreational partying, drug use, and scandalous sexual escapades. (To be completely honest, my inner prude was a bit uncomfortable with a few of these scenes. It wasn't a huge deal, certainly not enough to keep me from enjoying the book, but it's worth mentioning.) In the midst of this glorious summer of debauchery, a wave of weird, unexplained suicides begins plaguing the neighborhood.

Sirens become constant background noise as death after death is reported. People begin throwing themselves in front of trains and offing themselves in the middle of crowded bars. (I've got to say, Spinelli came up with a plethora of creative ways to off oneself.) The news isn't reporting on what's been happening, but people are starting to flee.

Those who stick around are subjected to watching their friends and neighbors drop like flies. The "bug" is catching, and those infected absolutely cannot be stopped in their quest toward self destruction. Anybody who attempts to get in the way gets taken down as well. Trippy, right?

Their cause of the epidemic is never explained, but THANK GOODNESS it wasn't the plants rebelling. (Cough cough, [The Happening](#), cough cough, terrible movie. Cough.) If you like darkly comedic books (dare I say comedic? Yes. I think I dare) in the vein of Jean Teulé's [The Suicide Shop](#)

, you should definitely give [Killing Williamsburg](#) a whirl!

Tell me, Bookworms, do you enjoy dark comedy? How dark is too dark for you?

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