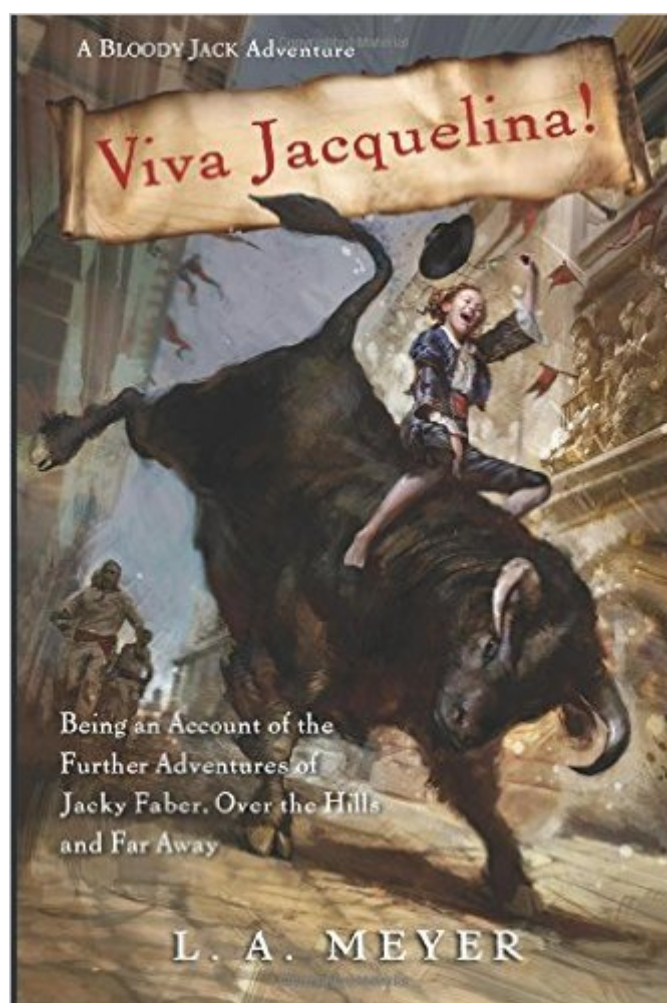


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# Viva Jacquelina!: Being An Account Of The Further Adventures Of Jacky Faber, Over The Hills And Far Away (Bloody Jack Adventures)



## Synopsis

The vivacious Jacky Faber returns in the tenth tale in L. A. Meyer's Bloody Jack Adventures, a rip-roaring young adult series applauded for its alluring combination of adventure, romance, history, and humor. Once again under the thumb of British Intelligence, Jacky is sent to Spain to spy for the Crown during the early days of the nineteenth-century Peninsular War. She finds herself in the company of guerrilla freedom fighters, poses for the famous artist Goya, runs with the bulls, is kidnapped by the Spanish Inquisition, and travels with a caravan of gypsies . . . all while hoping to one day reunite with her beloved Jaimy Fletcher.

## Book Information

Series: Bloody Jack Adventures (Book 10)

Paperback: 384 pages

Publisher: HMH Books for Young Readers; Reprint edition (May 6, 2014)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 0544234391

ISBN-13: 978-0544234390

Product Dimensions: 5.5 x 1 x 8.2 inches

Shipping Weight: 8.8 ounces (View shipping rates and policies)

Average Customer Review: 4.2 out of 5 stars [See all reviews](#) (87 customer reviews)

Best Sellers Rank: #225,570 in Books (See Top 100 in Books) #34 in [Books > Teens > Literature & Fiction > Action & Adventure > Pirates](#) #141 in [Books > Teens > Historical Fiction > Military](#) #213 in [Books > Teens > Historical Fiction > Europe](#)

## Customer Reviews

I have some mixed feelings about these books, now. I have read every one of them, have looked forward to the publication of each with great anticipation; every year, I can't wait to jump into the new Bloody Jack book. But then I get it, and read it, and -- mixed feelings. I love the writing, which maintains its excellent mix of detail and action, its strong narrative voice and its humor. I love the characters. I love Jacky, I love Jaimy Fletcher, I think Higgins is utterly brilliant. I love the historical aspects, and the way Meyer is able to find new and interesting aspects of history to include in each book; the breadth and variety of experiences we get to sample through Jacky is just amazing. This book is no different: bringing us back into the Napoleonic Wars, Jacky heads to Spain and Portugal, where she takes part in battles, spends time gathering intelligence for the British, runs afoul of the Inquisition, and rides with both a guerrilla troop and a band of Gypsies. The best part for me was the

time Jacky spent in the studio of Francisco Goya; a wonderful depiction of the great artist, his methods and his lifestyle and the time and place where he lived and worked; it was fascinating and brilliant. But here's the problem. After ten books, when I read, yet again, about Jacky flirting and kissing and dancing and teasing every single attractive male who comes across her path -- and there are several -- I get a little tired of it. I understand it, since she is a seventeen-year-old girl and a free spirit, and she enjoys singing and dancing and kissing, and feeling attractive and loved and powerful; who doesn't? But I've been reading the same sorts of things for, what, seven or eight books now? Since Mississippi Jack, if not before? It struck me in this book that on two separate occasions, Jacky made the comment that it was nice, because of some dour authority figure who watched her and her male companions closely, not to have to worry about the constant male attention she usually gets; I agreed with this. But I couldn't help but sigh when, in the same situation but with a new, unattached and therefore unsupervised young man came around, Jacky went right back to her ways. Look: I am not trying to be prudish, and I hate the idea of criticizing these books, since I am such a huge fan. I think the behavior completely fits Jacky's character, and I love the ongoing long-term romance with Jaimy -- whose parts in this book, though only short chapters interspersed through Jacky's, were some of my favorite moments -- so I don't want the character to lose her romantic side. But it would be nice if she could spend a book NOT snuggling up to pretty boys. Just for a while. Makes me want to go back and read *In The Belly of the Bloodhound* -- when Jacky is trapped with a ship full of girls. Great book, highly recommended along with the entire series; and if you like kissing books, you'd probably like it even more than I did.

Was not a fan of this book at all. Same washed out plot, same character reactions to Jacky's actions, and not even a dramatic twist to liven things up! The last book was simply an awesome read but this new one just isn't up to par. I am willing to admit while the ride has been fun it's time to end the series. No more "spy" stuff, no more getting imprisoned by a lunatic captain and PLEASE for the love of all things holy no more

Jacky-kissing-every-boy-in-sight-and-then-protesting-that-she-wants-to-remain-a-virgin.

First of I would like to say that I've read all the books in the series. I could not wait to get my hands on this book, I thought it was going to be a really fun adventure, sadly after reading this book my opinion changed. In this book Jacky is sent to Portugal to be a spy for Naval Intelligence, then she is sent to Spain to do the same thing. Of course being the heroine that we all have grown to love Jacky gets into various sticky situations. In my opinion the plot of this book was very ridiculous. I felt

like it did not connect at all to the mission she was sent to do in the beginning. While I do praise Mr. Meyers for his depiction of Goya and Spain, I feel like he did himself and the fans of the series an injustice when he wrote this book. I feel like after reading the 5th book in the series, which is Mississippi Jack the plot in the end is all the same. For once i would like to read a book where Jacky does not flirt,kiss, or "play" with other males other than her intended. The last couple of books have all been the same thing when it comes to all the males of the book. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE get her married to Jaimy so all the fans don't have to read another installment of her kissing various other people.

It cannot be considered a good sign that this is only my third Jacky Faber book, and I am already growing weary of her antics. The previous two books— *The Wake of the Lorelei Lee: Being an Account of the Further Adventures of Jacky Faber, on Her Way to Botany Bay* and *The Mark of the Golden Dragon: Being an Account of the Further Adventures of Jacky Faber, Jewel of the East, Vexation of the West*, which were only ones in the series I'd read so far, were something of an oddity, containing as they did Jacky's only adventures in Asia. This book gets Jacky back to her old stomping grounds in Napoleonic era Europe,...and manages to make it tedious even for a newbie. First, there is Jacky's peculiar attitude toward war. Like virtually every book, especially children's book, written since WWI, this novel cannot be accused of glorifying war. If anything, it wallows in the opposite direction, a reasonable viewpoint to hold because however glorious the cause you are fighting for, the fighting, killing, and dying almost never is. However, Jacky takes this even further, to the point of taking a sledgehammer to readers, even to the point of unintentional hilarity. During the battle of Vimeiro, Jacky disobeys orders in order to fight alongside one of her never ending supply of suitors but then inexplicably spends the rest of the battle (her part of it anyway), "aiming low, hoping to wound, rather than kill," something she also claims to do during other battles in the book. The abject stupidity of this is worth reflecting upon at some length. First, she is using smooth bore cap and ball pistols, not modern firearms and not even a Kentucky rifle. "Aiming to wound" is simply beyond the capabilities of her weapons at anything other than point blank range. What's more, given the large size of the pistol balls, the primitive status of battlefield medicine in this era, and her doing the opposite of what the panicky, green, or simply tired soldier tends to do, which is miss by shooting high, what she is really doing is piling up French bodies at a greater rate than most soldiers on the battlefield with her, and IMHO author L. A. Meyer earns no credit for being deceptive about this. Second, Jacky's increasingly ridiculous off battlefield antics after she is separated from her military escort: meeting, posing (nude of course) for, and studying

with, the famous artist Francisco Goya, meeting King Joseph (Napoleon's brother), running with the bulls (even riding one!), experimenting with hallucinogenic mushrooms, being captured and tortured by the Spanish Inquisition, hiding out with Gypsies (more accurately, Romani People), etc., all the while kissing, fondling, and doing almost everything short of sex with more than half a dozen suitors while allegedly pining for her Jaimy, truly grates this time. Part of the trouble might be the absence of her supporting cast of friends and suitors for most of the book; Jacky alone grows tiresome more quickly. Surprisingly, for once I found myself more interested in the adventures of Jacky's long suffering "one true love", Jaimy Fletcher, who spends his time away from her (of course) more constructively, learning martial arts and playing slap and tickle with only three girls. I'm obligated to read and review Boston Jacky: Being an Account of the Further Adventures of Jacky Faber, Taking Care of Business, but barring some unexpected uptick in the quality of the writing, I will gladly take my leave of this increasingly tiresome character and her repetitive antics.

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