

Chapter 1 : A Corpse in the Kitchen (Mother Earth's Kitchen #6) by P. Bodi

Corpse in the Kitchen has 19 ratings and 1 review. The Phoenix Group takes over the lodge of a deserted manor home and sets up camp so members can put th.

More eBooks The dead guy lying face up in a pool of blood on my kitchen linoleum sure brought the high desert chill into the room. Guess I could be thankful for three things. Two, it was late afternoon, not midnight. Things always seem worse at night. I backed out the swinging kitchen door, set the auto parts bag I was carrying on the coffee table, and punched on the phone next to the sofa. A female dispatcher answered. I could almost do that. Like in the movies. He was still there, so I propped the door open, squatted in the doorway, and took inventory. The guy was about my size and age, which meant six feet, slender, and thirty-three, give or take a couple of years. Had somebody mistook him for me? The thought came and went. Something about the cheekbones and the set of his eyes. I was getting so I could tell the difference. Where were his shoes? The biggest question of all: What the hell was he doing in my kitchen? Getting to the back door would have risked stepping in the pool of blood seeping out of whatever hole, or holes, the victim had in his back. I stayed put and peered to check whether the flimsy snap-lock on my back door was locked. This was a quiet neighborhood, or used to be. When the squad car pulled up, I was standing on the front porch not smoking, but exhaling fog in the cold air. Pretending, like kids do. Purple shadows were creeping across the golden Sangre de Christos mountains. It seemed a shame to pollute the clean high-desert air. Officer Jack Benally strode up my sidewalk, finger-combing his black hair. Navajo, about my age. He stood looking in at the corpse awhile before he spoke. Footsteps on the porch signaled the arrival of the lab boys and the coroner, a squinty bald guy in a too-long overcoat. Benally and I got out of the way and sat on my sofa. My idea of haute cuisine was microwave burritos. He looked at Benally. So much for my big-city assumptions. In Chicago it seemed like it was always a gun. I knew that much. After the lab techs and body baggers finished, Benally and I went into the kitchen. The techs had kindly left most of the blood for me to clean up. Then he steps inside, springs a leak in his back, and lies down dead on my kitchen linoleum. The kitchen is just the way I left it. Want to demonstrate some of those famous Navajo tracking skills? Sure enough, there were rust-colored drops on the treads and the sidewalk leading to the alley. Even I could see that my visitor had come through the gate in the chain-link fence that separated the yard from the dirt-track alley. The dirt made the drops harder to see. I went left and Benally went right a few paces, peering at the packed earth. Looks like they go this way. Actually Benally followed it and I followed him. At the end of the alley, the drops veered toward the service entrance of a corner store. The door was ajar, a dark smear on the door handle. Benally raised his eyebrows and lowered his voice. Sandwiches, cigarettes, lottery tickets. Of course, I waited. Then I pushed open the door. Slowly, with one index finger. The door opened into a fluorescent-lit kitchen-slash-storeroom. A stainless-steel mixing bowl sat upside down on the linoleum floor. Benally walked in from the front of the store. Money in the cash register. Benally sighed and reached for his shoulder mike. Except for the chaos at my feet, the kitchen was clean and well kept. Wire-mesh shelves held supplies. A padlocked walk-in freezer took up most of one wall. A bloody handprint on the freezer door caught my eye. Owner seemed like a nice guy. Kept a neat place. Asked if I was a hunter. Said he rented freezer space to several deer hunters. The only thing out of place in the back room was an Army-surplus cot squeezed into one corner. Not exactly standard kitchen equipment. Come to think of it, probably a health-code violation. A leather jacket hung on a nearby hook. Next to the cot stood a pair of worn boots. Benally finished calling in. I gestured to the cot and clothing. This Lapahie is older. A thickset man with salt-and-pepper hair barreled through the open service door and stopped short. I recognized the storeowner. He saw me, saw Benally, and then registered the mess on the floor. Lapahie, this is Officer Jack Benally. Danny Sullivan, from down the block. I followed as Benally eased Lapahie around the mess and into the retail area to ask him some questions. Said the man was out to get him. Yeah, Lester Johnson, my son told me. I knew it was going to be a slow day. Bobby could handle any customers while I was gone. It was nearly six. I even showed him. The bell on the front door jangled followed by the clump of boots. Benally asked Lapahie to wait in the front part of the store. Lapahie shuffled past the

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two lab techs, who were pulling on latex gloves. They grumbled, slipped their gloves off, and pocketed them as they moseyed toward the magazine rack. Benally turned back to the kitchen-slash-storeroom. I turned with him. Looks like the son fought someone and got knifed in the process. He wants to intimidate Bobby, shake him down. They come in here just in case any customers might walk in. Johnson gets rough and Bobby resists. Bobby stumbles down the alley to my place, collapses on my kitchen floor, and dies. After Johnson stabs him, then panics and leaves. Strong enough to get down the alley to my house after he was stabbed. How do you figure that?

Chapter 2 : Corpse in the Kitchen (Trewley and Stone, book 1) by Sarah J Mason

Off-duty police officer Danny Sullivan comes home from shopping to find a corpse lying on his kitchen floor.

Chapter 3 : Corpse in the Kitchen (D.J. Reid)

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Chapter 5 : Hoarder Lynda Waldman Probably Took Things Too Far With The Corpse In The Kitchen | Cas

The Phoenix Group takes over the lodge of a deserted manor home and sets up camp so members can put the group's "live off the land" philosophy into practice.

Chapter 6 : NY Daily News - We are currently unavailable in your region

It kicks off automatically as it should when only being a short story and in honestly I cant understand why I was really thinking so deep into the story but I was anyway.

Chapter 7 : The Corpse Under The Kitchen Table For Over A Year, And Isolation As Symptom | CommonF

I know a health inspector as well who experienced a corpse in a kitchen, only under different circumstances. She once got an emergency call to go to a restaurant whose walk-in refrigerator was no longer chilling.

Chapter 8 : Corpse in the Kitchen by D.J. Reid - read free book online - download eBook

Get this from a library! Corpse in the kitchen. [Sarah J Mason] -- The Phoenix Group takes over the lodge of a deserted manor home and sets up camp so members can put the group's "live off the land" philosophy into practice.

Chapter 9 : Corpse in the Kitchen (Trewley & Stone, #1) by Sarah J. Mason

A Corpse in the Kitchen (Mother Earth's Kitchen Cozy Mystery Series, #6) by P Bodi This book is a clean Cozy Mystery short story that does not contain any foul language, sexual situations, witches, or paranormal events.