



Snow Place to Die

Mary Daheim

Download now

Read Online ➞

Snow Place to Die

Mary Daheim

Snow Place to Die Mary Daheim

There's snow place like homicide

B&B hostess Judith McMonigle Flynn's ready to hang up her oven mitts, but irrepressible Cousin Renie needs help catering the telephone company's annual winter retreat at secluded Mountain Goat Lodge. The pay's good, the scenery's to die for—but they never figured there'd be a killer cooking up mischief among this innocuous stew of corporate-climbing phone company ding-a-lings. Unfortunatelly, Judith and Renie's discovery of the frozen, garroted remains of the previous company caterer—missing since last year's shindig—suggests no less, since the same cast of characters is present this time around. It's Dial "M" for Mountain Goat Murder, and a storm's blowing in to boot—leaving Judith and Renie stranded with ten suspects and a corpse...and with nothing better to do than to reach out and touch a killer who'd like nothing better than to put two inquisitive cousins in the Deep Freeze.

Snow Place to Die Details

Date : Published October 1st 1998 by Avon Twilight Books

ISBN : 9780380785216

Author : Mary Daheim

Format : Mass Market Paperback 277 pages

Genre : Mystery, Cozy Mystery

 [Download Snow Place to Die ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Snow Place to Die ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Snow Place to Die Mary Daheim

From Reader Review Snow Place to Die for online ebook

Judym says

An entertaining little mystery story with lots of dead bodies.

Marti says

Passed on to me from Mom.

Nancy Zorn says

This was a pleasant murder mystery in the Angela Lansbury, Murder She Wrote vein. I certainly won't keep this book nor will I seek out other books by this author. Should I come across another Mary Daheim novel in a hand-my-down book bag, however, I won't hesitate to give it a go. The kind of book that's nice when you want to lighten things up a bit.

Oh yeah. One more thing. On page 60, the character Renie tells her cousin, "Quite a few of the guys who are employed at lower management levels in corporations are gay." Really?? That struck me as an odd thing to say. I, in fact, went back and reread it several times thinking I'd misread it.....nope. That's not been my experience...not that I've taken a poll or anything.

Sallie says

I have a pile of these mysteries by Mary Daheim near my bed - all from the used books side of my bookstore. Can you tell I've decided to read lots of mysteries I have in my TBR pile and move 'em outta here?

I liked this one a bit more than some of her other B&B mysteries, although the body count was really rising fast most of the book. I always get hungry and very thirsty (for more than water) reading these books.

Laura says

Excellant storyline; kept good pace! I dont't like the main charectors husband--he is self-involved-YUK!

Diane Falvey says

A Telephone company's weekend retreat where Renie has to make a presentation. She drags Judith along and a blizzard sets in. Judith finds the first body outside the lodge and then the bodies just keep piling up. Will

the blizzard stop so that they can get out of the lodge alive. while stranded the girls decide the only thing to do is to solve the puzzle and find out who was murdering the phone company's executives.

Johnny says

Mary Daheim's "Bed and Breakfast" mysteries always seem like more restrained West Coast versions of the kind of comedy mysteries that Joan Hess writes. There are almost always memorable characters but they are never quite as exaggerated as those in Hess' novels. There are almost always comic situations, but they are more like the chuckles of "The Andy Griffith Show" than the outrageous guffaws of "Mama's Family." In short, there are times in Hess' delightful works that I have to consciously suspend my disbelief to go on with the story, but I don't ever remember consciously doing so in any of Daheim's books.

Oh, sure. As with every mystery writer, there are those serendipitous (dare we say wildly improbable?) events that enable even ordinary humans to solve mysteries that are dumbfounding full-time professionals, but Daheim always seems to cast the ineffectiveness of the "pros from Dover" (or in this case, the legally-constituted authorities whether they be from the "big city" of Seattle or the county (in the case of her Alpine series) within the reality of heavy case loads and the probability of territorial/jurisdictional disputes. This seems more realistic to me than the dunderheaded Inspector Lestrades of many mysteries.

As for *Snow Place to Die*, this mystery takes me back to the days before the average person had a cellular phone. Although there were cell phones that we affectionately called "bricks" back in those days, Daheim does have a conceit to tell us why executives of a regional phone company didn't have one with them on a leadership retreat up in the mountains. As with many older mysteries, one cellular phone would have ruined the entire story. One senses, immediately, from the cover and the first few paragraphs that this mystery will involve being snowbound and experiencing something potentially more lethal than cabin fever. The only thing is, I fell for the most obvious red herring of all. **Spoiler Alert:** The first body discovered is from an earlier time period. I really thought, for a time, the novel was going to focus on the mystery surrounding that body. Instead, Daheim started playing *Ten Little Indians* on us.

However, the book is so richly rendered in hues of misdirection and overlapping motives that I think it is one of the best pure mysteries of the series. Now, I might have liked it because I could identify with the cut-throat attitudes of the executives. I've seen it operate in international publishing operations, educational institutions, and churches/denominations, so I recognize this cavalier, unethical attitude of dealing with one's co-workers. At times, the conversations between the executives may resemble satire or parody, but I've been involved in some of those discussions and victimized by some of them so I say they have verisimilitude.

As for the main cast of characters, we don't have appearances by Gertrude and that Tasmanian devil disguised as a cat, Sweetums, but we do have a little interaction with Joe. We do have some wonderful interaction between our protagonist/innkeeper/caterer, Judith, and her cousin, Renie. In my personal opinion, this is the first book in the series where I've really seen Renie as more than Sancho Panza to Judith's Quixote (or, since Judith really *is* competent, maybe I should say as more like the two Pats (Buttram and Brady) were to Roy Rogers, Buttram was to Gene Autrey, or California was to Hopalong Cassidy—sorry about the allusions to old western television shows and movies, but once I'd typed the Roy Rogers reference, it was Hoppy, Gene, and me all the way).

In short, reading this book (after a long time between "stays" at the famous "Bed and Breakfast" in Seattle) was a lot like a welcome reunion. Fortunately, none of my real-life reunions have had quite the body count that showed up in this one.

Clare says

I have read several of the books in this series and I have to say this was the worst. The plot dragged to the point that I had to really force myself to finish it. I may be done with Daheim's Bed and Breakfast books.

VJ says

Better than the last book, that's for sure! I didn't see any of this coming, although I should have. This book humorously and sometimes bumbly describes why I refuse to consider management. Dumb dumb dumb people who don't care about anything but wielding power and making money. Blech!

I was beginning to feel like someone made a new "Clue" movie starring Judith and Renie!

The Badger says

I have an affinity for cozy mysteries. They generally aren't written in pursuit of a spot on the bestseller list; rather, cozies are written to give the reader a sense of comfort and calm (ironically, by way of murder).

My mom read cozies to escape her three eccentric young daughters and grumpy husband: one daughter, the artist, painted five-foot tall green flowers on the side of the freshly painted rental when she was four; the adventurous daughter asked which way north was, and was found by neighbors five hours later walking up the beach, wearing a backpack, in pursuit of Santa in the North Pole (we lived on an island--she wasn't the brightest of the three of us); and the oldest daughter (that would be I) caused her first-year kindergarten teacher to quit by demanding that all classroom toy soldiers and toy weapons be removed from the classroom so that her classmates would not become violent adults, and that the teacher immediately stop smoking on her breaks because she would surely die of lung cancer. As to my mother's husband, he had some strange notion that feeding 40 stray cats, a stray goat, a duck, and 4 turtles (not stray) out of a 2-bedroom apartment was odd. He also became irrationally upset when the cat gave birth in his shoe. So you see, for my mother, it was either read a cozy or drink (or possibly dispose of the children and husband).

Years later, when my grandmother came to live with us (bigger house, different country, revolving pet door, dad retired and usually lost in Best Buy, girls now goth, theater geek, and raver) we slowly replaced her true crime books with cozies in order to keep her from roaming the house at night after taking her pain pills, looking for the Son of Sam whilst armed with a shoe horn.

And all this is how I came to read cozies myself, because they were always there to help me escape my crazy family, you could carry on a screaming match with a sibling and not miss much in the book, and thanks to grandma's Dahmer intervention, there were always a shitload in the house. (Serious reading was done away from the insane people.) I have an affinity for cozy mysteries. They generally aren't written in pursuit of a spot on the bestseller list; rather, cozies are written to give the reader a sense of comfort and calm (ironically, by way of murder).

My mom read cozies to escape her three eccentric young daughters and grumpy husband: one daughter, the artist, painted five-foot tall green flowers on the side of the freshly painted rental when she was four; the adventurous daughter asked which way north was, and was found by neighbors five hours later walking up

the beach, wearing a backpack, in pursuit of Santa in the North Pole (we lived on an island--she wasn't the brightest of the three of us); and the oldest daughter (that would be I) caused her first-year kindergarten teacher to quit by demanding that all classroom toy soldiers and toy weapons be removed from the classroom so that her classmates would not become violent adults, and that the teacher immediately stop smoking on her breaks because she would surely die of lung cancer. As to my mother's husband, he had some strange notion that feeding 40 stray cats, a stray goat, a duck, and 4 turtles (not stray) out of a 2-bedroom apartment was odd. He also became irrationally upset when the cat gave birth in his shoe. So you see, for my mother, it was either read a cozy or drink (or possibly dispose of the children and husband).

Years later, when my grandmother came to live with us (bigger house, different country, revolving pet door, dad retired and usually lost in Best Buy, girls now goth, theater geek, and raver) we slowly replaced her true crime books with cozies in order to keep her from roaming the house at night after taking her pain pills, looking for the Son of Sam whilst armed with a shoe horn.

And all this is how I came to read cozies myself, because they were always there to help me escape my crazy family, you could carry on a screaming match with a sibling and not miss much in the book, and thanks to grandma's Dahmer intervention, there were always a shitload in the house. (Serious reading was done away from the insane people.)

Lynn Demsky says

Manor Bed and Breakfast Inn. When Judith and her cousin venture off to nearby Mountain Goat Lodge to feed and entertain a group of phone company big shots on retreat, the attending executives begin taking permanent vacations, one by one.

I gave up on page 177! With the beginning of almost every chapter, one more of the Board members was murdered ---this time one was shoved out the window – (of a 2nd floor) snow was so deep that it held him up as a ledge ---he froze to death and when they opened the front door he fell through! Not worth reading!

Susan says

Boggles the mind and defies any kind of logic or rational thinking.

Lisa Morin says

I am a huge fan of this series and this is one of my favorites. I can't help but laugh out loud at some of the crazy and zany situations the cousins get caught up in. I love the cast of characters in this book.

Linda says

Classic locked in the old house mystery, except this is snowed in at a lodge. With quite a few more bodies than normal it kind of reminded me of Agatha Christie's And Then There Were None. Judith and Renie do a

good job sleuthing when they get snowed in at the lodge with a corporate team there for a retreat.

Elizabeth says

Just finished Snow Place to Die (Bed and Breakfast #13) by Mary Daheim. It takes place at Goat Mountain Lodge where murder and mayhem reign. Two cousins cater and organize a company function that gets extremely complicated with murders happening. Mary Daheim is from my area so enjoyed her vivid descriptions of mountain settings.
