



Murder, My Suite

Mary Daheim

Download now

Read Online 

Murder, My Suite

Mary Daheim

Murder, My Suite Mary Daheim

Hoping to recover from a visit by a gossip columnist, Hillside Manor hostess Judith McMonigle Flynn visits her cousin at a ski resort only to learn that the same columnist is scheduled to arrive there too, unless a killer gets in the way.

Murder, My Suite Details

Date : Published May 1995 by Avon

ISBN : 9780380778775

Author : Mary Daheim

Format : Mass Market Paperback 261 pages

Genre : Mystery, Cozy Mystery

 [Download Murder, My Suite ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Murder, My Suite ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Murder, My Suite Mary Daheim

From Reader Review Murder, My Suite for online ebook

Cindy Grossi says

I picked this up for a summer pool read. It reminded me how I am so over cozy mysteries. This one was really stupid. I did find it amusing that the cousins spent so money on their "free" getaway. Now, that I could relate with.

VJ says

I learned a couple new words with this book. I always enjoy it when that happens. Plus, this was another "away from the B&B" storyline, so it was really fun.

Judith and Joe were back to being peckish with each other, which was a downer. I do like how it shows that past relationships really can mess up current ones if you don't deal with your baggage. Joe had a selfish ex-wife who cared little for anything other than her next drink, leaving him to fend for himself. Judith had a lazy ex-husband who cared about everyone but her and battered her self-esteem. Neither of them seem to have realized they married better the second time around. I hope they get there.

The mystery this time was a little easier to figure out. I guessed right away who Agnus was and partially why she was killed...just not by whom. Then I figured out who but didn't know the whole reason why.

Drebbles says

Fed up after dealing with gossip columnist Dagmar Delacroix Chatsworth who was a pain during her stay at Hillside Manor, Bed and Breakfast owner Judith McGonigle Flynn decides to get away for a quick vacation. Her cousin Renie has a voucher for a free stay at the Bugler Ski Resort in Canada, so the two of them go there for some rest and relaxation. Judith and Renie love the suite they are staying in, but are less than thrilled to discover that Dagmar and her entourage are also staying there. Also staying at the resort is Olympic figure skater Mia Prohowska and her coach Nat Linski who are both feuding with Dagmar. They aren't the only ones angry with some of the things that Dagmar has said in her column, so when someone in her entourage is murdered, there are plenty of suspects. Judith has solved a mystery or two in the past, and when her offer to help the Canadian police is rebuffed, she decides to solve the murder herself.

I've read most of the books in Mary Daheim's Bed and Breakfast series and enjoyed them, but I had mixed reactions to this one. Many of the elements that make these books work so well are there: Daheim's trademark sense of humor (especially when the "free" trip turns out to cost a small fortune in food expenses); Renie being a slob when she eats (and she's always eating); and the crustiness of Gertrude, Judith's mother. There are also some neat plot twists at the end of the book that I didn't see coming. However, Daheim relies too much on Judith's chance encounters with people who are virtually strangers to her yet they immediately tell her all kinds of secrets. Judith has no real reason to want to solve the murder and while she is usually very inquisitive in all the books in the series, in this book she comes across as just plain nosy. Even Renie,

who can be very abrasive, is put off by her behavior.

In the end, "Murder My Suite" is not one of Daheim's best.

Rebecca says

Gave this 3 stars, but the POV breaks in the book did annoy me. Most is written in 3rd person, limited to Judith, but some breaks do occur. I don't think this is typical of the author.

Els says

Ik heb al meerdere boeken van deze serie gelezen en toch kunnen ze mij niet echt bekoren. Ik laat mij altijd weer verleiden door de leuke covers en titels. De verhalen zelf ... Ik kan niet echt zeggen wat mij stoort. Misschien is het de schrijfwijze? Ik vind ze soms moeilijk te volgen en dan lezen ze niet echt vlot.

Jodi says

This is the second book I've read in this series and this was a much earlier book. However, my problem with this book is the same as the first one. I don't particularly like the main characters. Judith Flynn and her cousin Renie are quirky but not particularly interesting. In this mystery, gossip columnist Dagmar Chatsworth and her entourage recently stayed at Judith's B&B. It was a bad experience for everyone. When Judith and her cousin take a busman's holiday to Canada to a resort, who do they see again but Chatsworth and Company. It goes downhill from there. When none of the characters are likeable, who cares if they get away with murder.

Charlene says

I really love the adventures of Judith Flynn and cousin Renie Jones. This time a "free vacation" in a resort in Canada did not hold up as well. They are fun to read and I will still look for them

Colleen says

Great cozy mystery! The characters are excellent!

Kathy says

This is a fun mystery series which focuses on one woman, Judith, who runs a B&B in Washington State, and very often her cousin, Renie. Since her new husband is a homicide detective, I guess it's easier to understand how she keeps getting involved in murder mysteries.

In this book, she has taken in a nationally-known gossip columnist, Dagmar Delacroix Chatsworth, and her entourage...the worst of which is her dog Rover who has never met a household item he doesn't want to shred or relieve himself on. The stress of these guests persuade her to take a mini-vacation with her cousin to the resort town of Bugler in Canada; this is one of those trade off vacations where you get to stay but you are obligated to hear a sales pitch for the condo and/or a time share. And guess who shows up in the next set of condos? Dagmar and her group, of course. And their arrival is followed by the murder of one of their group that draws the cousins in...when they aren't spending money like it's going out of style.

With Bugler as a magnet for the rich and famous, there is no shortage of suspects, but who is the most likely - the media magnet, his famous wife and Dagmar's editor, the ice skating princess, her ill-tempered coach, or one of the dozens of other famous, or not so famous, people in town?

While Judith tries to solve the mystery, despite being warned off the case by the local police chief, she and her cousin get themselves dragged further and further into the world of national gossip. And while all of this is happening, Judith learns her police detective-husband is spending a great deal of time with the widow of his latest murder victim.

I can recommend this book for someone who is already reading the series but not for many others. Unfortunately, it wasn't up to the other books I've read in this series.

Barbara says

I really enjoy Dalheim's Bed and Breakfast mysteries. This is the second I have read. Judith does well putting up with her grouchy mother and then the gossip columnist in this book. Cousin Renie reminds me of some of my own loyal cousins. Although this book is part of a series, it does very well as a stand-alone novel. I can't wait to read the next book.

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.)

Linda says

Not my favorite entry in the series but not the worst. Judith and Renie travel to Bugler and of course murder and mayhem ensue. I found some of the characters annoying and Judith's attitude at times annoyed me as well.

Lori says

Very good series.

Lena H. says

I find it annoying when characters talk about how broke they are... then do stupid things with money. Like making car payments for a grown child who has a job and no responsibilities that might reasonably prevent him from being able to pay his own bills. I think we're supposed to feel bad for Judith but her struggles all directly result from her own bad decisions and lack of backbone so it's tough to commiserate.

Stef Rozitis says

The gender roles in this book are so regressive I am amazed that doormatty Judith is allowed or able to solve the mystery. The book starts with two really depressing chapters where she is constantly browbeaten by her mother (who even causes her to miss a well-earned meal) her horrible husband and her guests. The husband has a history of cheating, but gets angry at her for being suspicious and insecure (with some reason) and thinks its "good for her" to stew and feel awful. Ie he is an emotional abuser (as is the mum). We are expected to believe that Judith is able to run not one but two businesses when she is not even assertive enough to charge guests for damage they cause or put some boundaries in place.

The mystery itself was ok- twisted and turned in the right places and although it had unlikeable characters and some rather big stretches of believability on the whole it was decent mystery- neither too obvious nor in any way "cheating". The action as it unfolded in some ways reminded me of something like Nancy Drew it was fast-paced and urgent which was good. There were a lot of descriptions of food in the novel which I think is ok (if overdone...but since this was back in the 90s maybe not as much back then). There was some benign xenophobia in how one of the foreign characters was portrayed (it was meant to be comedy but it was lame as was the sexual harassment that was also overplayed for laughs I couldn't summon up). I was horrified when Judith's cousin Renie caused a three car accident and the only problem with this scenario either cousin had was the trouble she might get into.

I didn't like Judith's motivation being "competition" with Joe, or the fact that she constantly beat herself up about it (with the help of Renie) finally choosing modesty and tact at the end.

So two stars for keeping the plot moving and a better than average puzzle but not an author I am keen to read more of. Oh the cousins were shopaholics too. :/
