

L A W R E N C E  
**B L O C K**

**EIGHT MILLION  
WAYS TO DIE**

Adapted and Illustrated by JOHN K. SNYDER III



A MATTHEW SCUDDER MYSTERY



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# NEW YORK CITY

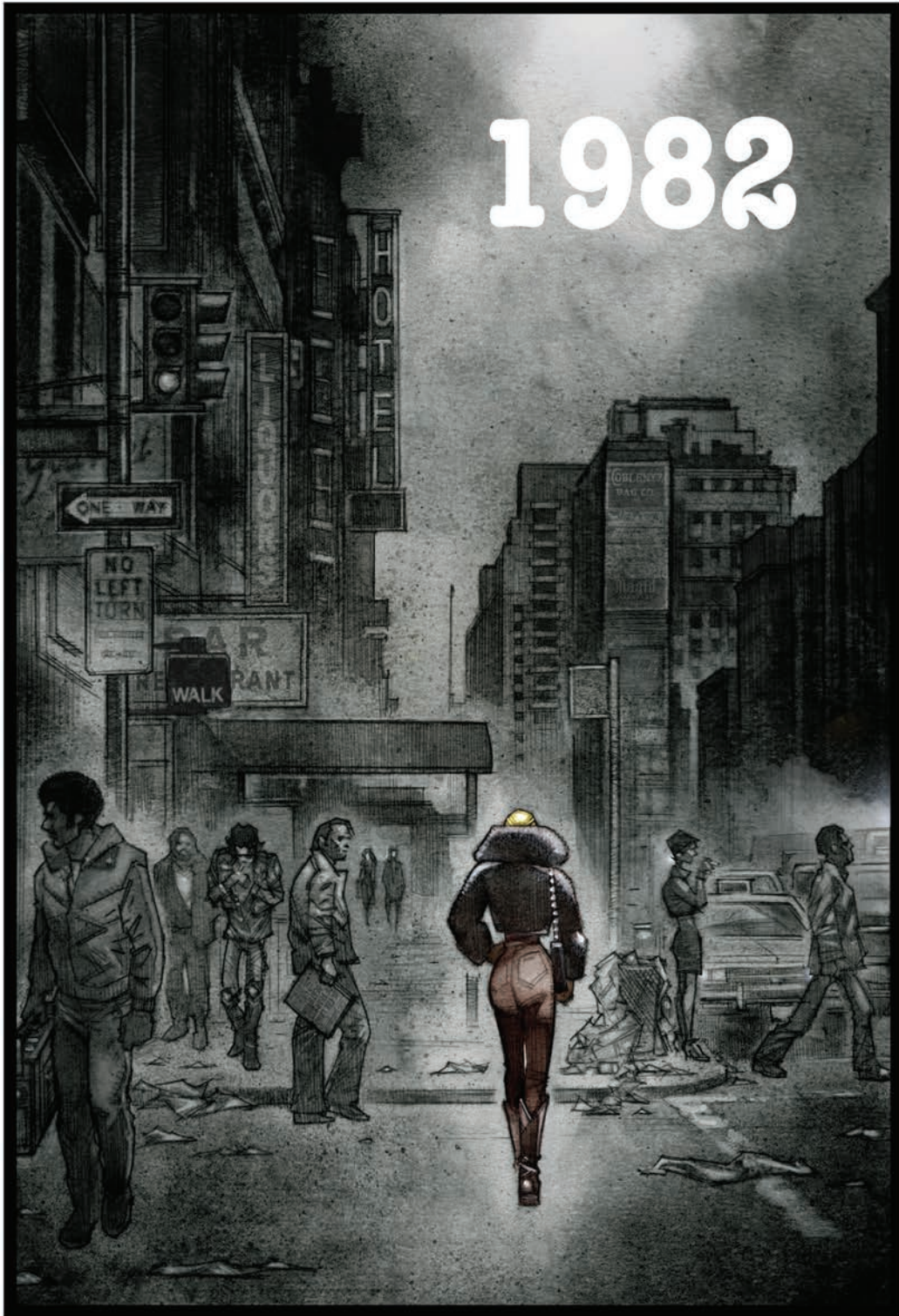








# 1982



*I saw her entrance.*

*It would have been hard to miss.*

*It was around three-thirty on a Wednesday afternoon, which is about as slow as it gets at Armstrong's. The lunch crowd was long gone and it was too early for the after-work people.*

*Except for me, of course, at my usual table in the rear.*

*She made me right away, and I caught the blue of her eyes all the way across the room.*



MR. SCUDDER?

I'M KIM  
DAKKINEN. I'M A  
FRIEND OF ELAINE  
MARDELL'S.

SHE CALLED ME.  
HAVE A SEAT.



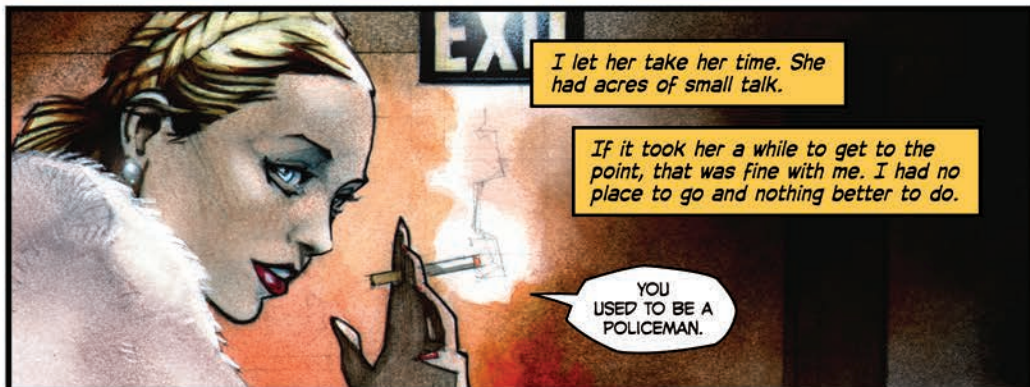


When the coffee arrived, she told me she wasn't much of a drinker, especially in the day.



But she couldn't drink it black the way I did, she had to have it sweet, almost like dessert, and she supposed she was just lucky but she'd never had a weight problem, she could eat anything and never gain an ounce.

And wasn't that lucky?



I let her take her time. She had acres of small talk.

If it took her a while to get to the point, that was fine with me. I had no place to go and nothing better to do.

YOU USED TO BE A POLICEMAN.



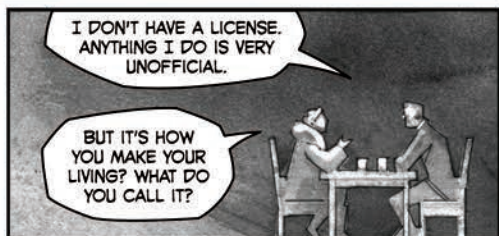
A FEW YEARS BACK.



AND NOW YOU'RE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.



NOT EXACTLY.



I DON'T HAVE A LICENSE. ANYTHING I DO IS VERY UNOFFICIAL.

BUT IT'S HOW YOU MAKE YOUR LIVING? WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL IT. YOU COULD SAY THAT I DO FAVORS FOR FRIENDS.