

(continued from front flap)

A sound shattered the stillness: a hissing. The air. There was a subtle change. Oily. *Could air be oily?*

His throat tightened and he clutched his chest. His eyes burned and watered. He grasped his throat with both hands as his esophagus began to spasm. *What was happening?* His lungs burned and ached, praying for air. A pain ripped across his chest. Gasping for the precious oxygen, he clawed at the cold, unrelenting wall with bloodied fingertips.

Got to get OUT!

Barely conscious, he listened as his heartbeats, at first reverberating in his ears like a slow, deliberate jackhammer, slowed and faltered.

My God, he thought, I'm dying...

His brain succumbed to the nothingness. An eerie silence enveloped the chamber as his bodily functions shut down one by one.

Outside the Florida sun smiled, the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico kissed the sandy beach and a new day began at Far Horizons.

About the Author



Prudy Taylor Board

Prudy Taylor Board is an award-winning author/editor. She has had more than 1,000 articles published in newspapers and magazines, authored 5 novels and 11 nonfiction books. She's been a reporter/feature writer and has edited newspapers, magazines and newsletters and worked as assignment editor and beat reporter covering police and the courts for WINK-TV (CBS) and WBBH-TV (NBC). She is a native resident of Florida, and features its locales and rich culture in all her works.

Murder a la Carte

Clyde Colby is the host of a Miami-based TV cooking show. She—yes *she*—was also an accomplished investigative reporter earlier in her career. When on assignment at the Far Horizons beach resort on Rattlesnake Key to do a show featuring acclaimed chef Henri Doucette, she finds new friends, a lover—and murder.

The delicious web of conspiracy grows more intricate and elusive as more bodies turn up, a newspaper reporter is savagely beaten, and one of the resort's maids—who has befriended Clyde—mysteriously disappears. Clyde is determined to unravel the sinister happenings at Far Horizons, or as the locals call it, the infamous *Last Resort*. Yet she has no idea what peril awaits her.

This is a succulent treat for all mystery-suspense lovers, spicy and delectable in every twist and turn. It will leave you hungry for more.

"Murder A La Carte, a fitting title for a book that from the first pages of the prologue pulls mystery fan readers deeper and deeper into the action, leaves romance readers aching and yearning, and avid readers of any genre—even foodaholics, drooling and hungry. The final moments of Prudy Taylor Board's fast moving mystery novel left me gasping, and mortally afraid for our world as we now know it."

VIRGINIA B. ELLIOTT

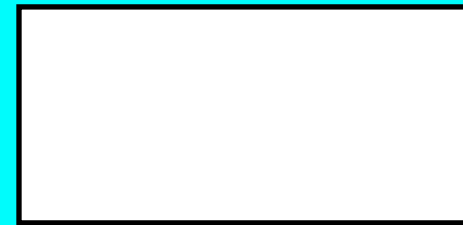
Author of *How to Board up Your Kitchen and Cook from a Hammock* and *The Romantic Tomato*. Former South Florida Television talk show host and frequent cooking show guest.

"This book is a non-stop fun ride through mayhem, delectable menu items and some delightfully quirky romance neatly mixed together in a deliciously malicious treat. Don't miss it. Don't even be late."

STUART M. KAMINSKY

Author & Former National President of Mystery Writers of America

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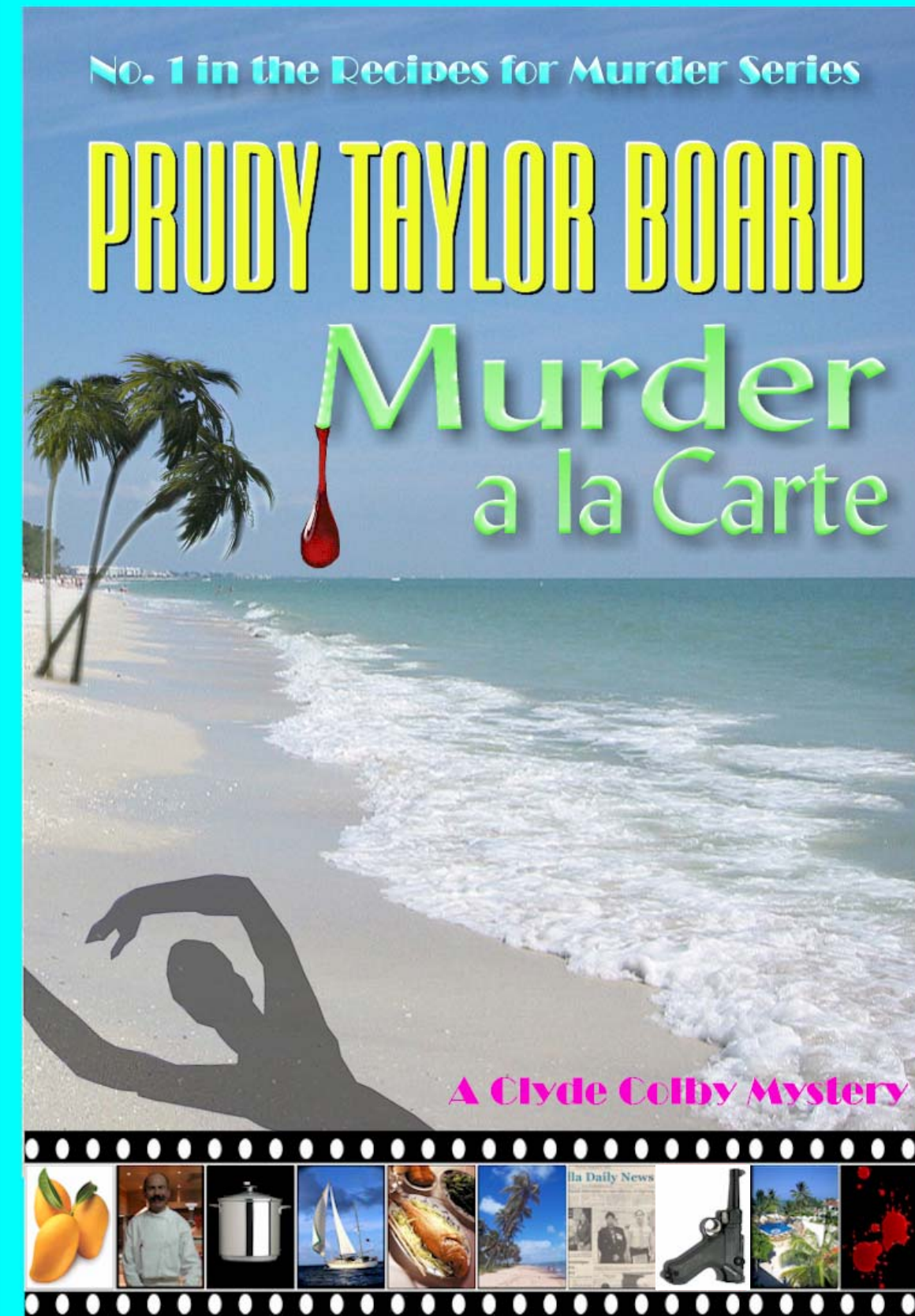
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Murder a la Carte

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Excerpt...

He struggled awake, disconcerted by the sensation that the bed was moving. He strained to see, but the dark was impenetrable. *Where was the window?* Rolling over onto his side, he groped toward the nightstand to turn on the light, but recoiled when his hand struck something solid.

A wall. Rough. Gritty. Unfinished concrete.

He sat upright in bed. That wall hadn't been there when he'd gone to sleep. The air in the room was different, too. Stale. And cold. Much colder than when he'd fallen asleep.

Was this a dream? Was this a nightmare?

Puzzled, he thrust aside the sheet. He turned away from the wall, and with arthritic joints complaining, he tried to get out of the king-sized bed, but collided with a barrier on the opposite side as well.

Another cement wall.

Crawling on his hands and aching knees, in the void dense with darkness, he moved across the broad expanse of the spongy mattress to the foot of the bedstead.

Blocked again.

Panic pumped surges of adrenaline through his body. His heart throbbed and rushed. An icy sweat laced his brow and he shivered. He was trapped in a concrete vault barely large enough to encompass his bed.

But why? And where am I?

What kind of cage or pen was this? And who would do this to him? He had enemies, but that was just business. Surely his foes weren't this inhuman.

He pummed the abrasive surface of the wall with his fists, desperate to make a noise, to attract attention. His knuckles stung and bled. He sucked them to make them stop hurting, acutely aware of the taste of his own warm, salty blood.

(continued on back flap)