

From SIBERIAN NIGHTS

I put the sheet back over the stiff's head. "Yeah, that's the bastard that took a swing at me, two nights ago. Younger than I remember, though."

"Probably because he had big sword," Pyotr grunted. "Sharp edge always makes man look older."

"Fair." I looked at the stiff, figured he wouldn't complain if I lit up. Damned sure Pyotr wouldn't. "You got a name?"

"Better. Identity card. Says name is Yoshio Kodama. Did little things for legation, here in town. Punk. He was always going to end up on slab."

"Yeah," I replied, "but maybe he could have talked, first."

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