

Chapter 9



The man walked along the main road for about 100 metres, then turned left into a small park. Carefully the girls followed him at a distance, not to arouse his attention. There were a few benches, and he sat down on one of them. The girls stopped
5 and pretended to look at some roses in a flower bed.

“He’s probably waiting for someone”, Emily said.

“Yes, that’s possible”, Joana answered. “And we
10 cannot admire these roses for much longer. What shall we do?”

“Let’s go and sit on one of the other benches and see what happens”, Emily suggested.

“I have a bad feeling”, Joana replied. “What if he
15 sees us and becomes suspicious?”

“We’re just two tourists having a rest in a park”,
Emily said.

They sat on a bench almost opposite the man, but
at a distance of about fifty metres. The young man
20 looked at his watch, then he took out his mobile
from his back pocket and made a phone call. Then
he waited again.

There weren’t many people in the park. A young
mother with two small children passed the girls’
25 bench, an old man with a walking stick took a seat
on the bench next to the girls and lit a cigar.

“This is getting boring”, Joana said. “What is he
waiting for?”

Her question was soon answered when two young
30 women of about Emily’s and Joana’s age ap-
proached him. One of them was carrying a plastic
carrier bag, which she handed over to the man. He
looked inside and seemed to be satisfied with its
contents. Then the three of them exchanged a few
35 words, and the girls left. The man had another
look in the carrier bag before he stood up and
quickly left the park toward a more residential
area. Emily and Joana followed him.

“I bet those two girls are his accomplices”, Emily
40 said.

Chapter 12

“Hi, Mr Chapman”, Joana said sheepishly when her teacher answered his mobile after the third ring.



“Don’t you hi me, Joana. Where for God’s sake are
5 you?” Mr Chapman asked angrily.

“Er ... we’re ... we’re on *La Rambla*. Emily suddenly felt a lot better and wanted to have some fresh air. So we went down *La Rambla*. Won’t be long now, Mr Chapman”, Joana lied.