

Suddenly, a hand came down on her arm and held on to her.

'Are you Kim Steele?' the woman asked. She was tall, about thirty. She had a friendly look.

Kim did not understand. 'Yes,' she started to say, 'but how do you . . . ?'

Then, in the woman's hand, she saw a photo and, in Spanish, the word POLICE.



The policewoman smiled. 'Your friend Dave found us. He's in the car. Come with me.'

Kim sat in the car with Dave. There was a man with Ana. He had long hair and dark glasses. Now Kim understood: he was a policeman, too.

She gave Ana the little white bag and asked about the man with the knife. 'He sells drugs, is that it?'

'That's right,' Ana said. She looked at the long-haired man. 'Nacho here nearly caught him in his house. You saw that. Vidal – that's his name – was lucky. He got away. But we want him, and you can do something for us.'

Nacho smiled.

'Y-y-yes,' Kim said slowly, 'but . . .'

