



*'Hello Mark,' said the lawyer. 'I'm Reggie Love.'*

Mark quickly opened the door and stepped inside. There was a glass table, some magazines, soft music, and three chairs – and nobody waiting.

A young man with a tie but no jacket sat behind a desk. 'May I help you?' he said quite pleasantly.

'I'd like to see a lawyer.'

'Aren't you a bit young?'

'Yes, but I'm having some problems. Are you Mr Love?'

'No, I'm Clint. I'm Reggie's secretary.'

'Then I need to see Reggie,' said Mark.

'What's your name?' asked the secretary.

'Mark Sway.'

'Are you in trouble, Mark?'

'Yes.'

'What type of trouble? You need to tell me a little bit about it, or Reggie won't talk to you.'

'Well,' said Mark, 'I have to talk to the FBI at twelve, and I think I need a lawyer.'

This was good enough. Clint went away for a moment, then came back. He took Mark to the lawyer's office.

'This is Mark Sway,' he said.

'Hello Mark,' said the lawyer. 'I'm Reggie Love.'

Mark looked at the lawyer in surprise. Reggie Love was a woman.

## Chapter 7 Lawyer and Client

Reggie Love was fifty-two years old, and had been a lawyer for only five years. The first thing that Mark noticed about her was her hair. It was gray, and very short – shorter than his. Her eyes were green and she wore round, black glasses. Her dress was black too. She put out her hand and Mark shook it.