

# The Accidental Spy

By : [earnesthardman](#)

Harry Johnson is the sort of fellow who you know is there but you really don't see him. He blends into the background and rarely says anything that makes him memorable. That is probably why he has lived so long.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/earnesthardman](http://booksie.com/earnesthardman)

Copyright © earnesthardman, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## **Table of Contents**

The Accidental Spy Chapter 1

The Accidental Spy Chapter 2

The Accidental Spy Chapter 3

# The Accidental Spy : Chapter 1

ï¿½

ï¿½

## THE ACCIDENTAL SPY

ï¿½

### CHAPTER 1 - Initial Contact

ï¿½

The snow was falling with hesitant flakes on the dirty grey streets of the Capital city. Only a few days ago, there was a fair blanket of the white stuff on the streets and sidewalks, but that was all melted now and the grime reigned supreme.

Harry Johnson stood inside the glass and metal phone booth across the street from the main railway station. It was an archaic monument to long-gone communication systems. This one had illegal advertisements of female services available with a simple introductory call. That would have been a definite no-no in the glory days of the ultimate Partisan Tito. The faint but unmistakable odor of stale urine rose with stealthy insidiousness from the trash-littered floor.

The slightly older than middle-aged Mr. Johnson was in reality an American, but he carried a Canadian passport and worked for a German import-export company well respected in Belgrade. He carried with him glowing recommendations from high officials in the Ministry of the Interior and from the Ministry of Commerce. Neither of these well-known members of the current government had actually ever met Mr. Johnson but they were informed by trusted advisors that the recommendations were warranted and would never come back to "bite" them. ï¿½

This was not the first time Harry had been to Belgrade. He was quite familiar with the layout of the city and knew the secret to using the excellent mass transit systems to his advantage. Of course, Harry was not his real name and neither was Johnson, but they seemed innocuous enough to escape the notice of the internal police.

Harry was a familiar face around the American Embassy and he occasionally visited the Marine bar staying quietly in the darkened corners listening to the laughter and the antics of the diplomatic corps. All that anyone knew of Harry was that he was a Canadian from some God-awful place in the frozen North and that he was quick to buy a drink for anyone who ventured to talk to him.

For those of you who are curious as to why the quiet and unassuming Mr. Harry Johnson was shivering in the cold telephone booth, it can only be said that he was simply "following orders."

Harry thought back to a time when he was in almost the exact same location and he was waiting patiently for a defecting Bulgarian Jew to show up for transfer to the newest stage of his extraction into beautiful Italy on the Northern border.

It was not as cold that time and his reason for shivering was an ingrained fear of being caught and not because of the elements. The Bulgarian Jew turned out to be a dud with regard to usable intelligence but he did know a

## The Accidental Spy

number of possible future sources who were dirty with black market ties.

This time his target was described simply as "The Dancer" and he was to take the target to Zagreb to secure some dependable travel documents. That sort of thing was not available in Belgrade any longer because of the many crack-downs to rid the City of undesirable elements. He did know a Greek who worked over in Novi-Sad but as soon as he headed in that direction, Harry knew his cover would be useless for he had no reason to go in that direction.

He kept up the charade of trying to read a railway schedule and made several bogus calls on the telephone just in case anyone was interested in his actions. Harry's gut told him that not a single soul was interested in him and that he was not on anyone's radar at the moment.

A young girl approached his booth from the direction of the river. He assumed she wanted to make a call but it was not convenient to his appointment and he signaled with his hands that he needed several more minutes for his call.

The girl knocked on the glass door.

He could see she was pretty even without any make-up on her face or lipstick on her mouth. She leaned up close to the door and whispered,

"I'm the dancer!"

Suddenly, Harry was worried. This was not a customary transit job or a drop of no consequence. He tried to judge the odds that this might even be a trap of some elaborate design to retaliate for previous indiscretions. He discounted the Serbs; they were too busy with their own problems. The Russians were concerned more with the anti-missile affair and the Balkans were not even on their chalkboard. For one scary moment, he considered that it might be the Mossad finally connecting the dots on his fiasco in Venice. If it was them, then he was a dead man already and he might as well just go with the flow.

Slowly, Harry opened the door and the slender girl slipped inside to get out of the chilly wind that made the cold even colder.

"I am to tell you I am "The Dancer" and give you this packet from the last stop."

The pretty girl handed Harry a manila envelope with a cloth ribbon tied around it. He held it in his hand like it was a live poisonous snake ready to send him to his maker. The whole thing looked like a scene from some thriller film.½ An errant thought filtered through his brain that it was a film in which he wanted no part.

He looked inside and saw there were a set of photos and unfinished documents from a previous attempt to move the girl along the route out of the country. He hesitated to ask the outcome of that particular disaster.

The girl was shivering and moved closer to him instinctively for his body heat.

"My name is..."

Harry quickly interrupted her by warning,

"No names, dearie, saves trouble later on."

He looked around trying his best not to show that he was scoping out the area for danger.

## The Accidental Spy

Two militia huddled in a doorway smoking cigarettes with their hands in their pockets. They both looked a little hung-over from the night before.

A drunk looking on the verge of frostbite was spread-eagled on the solitary bench in front of the station.

A pair of taxis waiting with their engines running hoping some traveler would come running up needing transportation.

Everything looked to be all correct and in order.

Still, he had that old familiar feeling in his gut that told him something was not quite right.

"Listen little Miss Dancer, we are too exposed here and I think the station is not for us right now. Put your arm in mine and when we start to walk up the hill, I want you to laugh as though I have just told you the funniest story you have ever heard."

They walked away, arm in arm, like old friends heading to a warm and cozy room to make passionate love in the early morning hours.

No one looked in their direction and, most importantly, they were not followed.

Harry's hotel was only a short distance away. In fact, it was almost "right around the corner" as he was so fond of saying like a litany when drunk and prone to spouting German. He was expecting to make up some "cock and bull" story about his sister or his assistant coming up to his room to have a cup of coffee, but the deskman was snoring with his head back at an impossible angle in danger of falling off his tilted chair.

They took the stairs as quietly as possible because the elevator was so noisy it would certainly wake up the inquisitive clerk. It was far too early for others to be out and about so they were able to slip into his tiny room without being spotted.

Harry and the Dancer took off their bulky clothing and he saw that the unwrapped package was stacked like a brick shithouse. For some strange reason, the phrase stuck in his mind whenever he encountered an attractive member of the opposite sex. However, this petite little package was neither brick nor a shithouse. She was curved softly in all the right places and her face looked up at him with a scared shyness that made him instantly aroused with sexual need. It was really so very laughable for it was not the right place or the right time for such depraved thoughts.

The girl lowered her eyes as if reading his dirty thoughts and began to play with a button on her sweater.

Harry made the coffee on the little tabletop burner and the girl relaxed on the only chair in the room.

"We can make it to Zagreb easiest on the train but it is better if we catch a ride to the station outside of Belgrade and board there. My papers are good but yours are shit and we would probably be scooped up by the local cops here. If I add a little bit of sugar to the papers outside the City circle then they will most likely just stamp them and look the other way."

She looked at him standing over her and asked,

"When will we get to Zagreb, sir?"

He slowly sipped the thick black brew and replied,

## The Accidental Spy

"Mid-morning at the latest providing there are no problems on the way. Sometimes they have to stop for freight and it slows us down."

She was more relaxed now and he could see the tension start to drain from her shoulders and her tiny little body. He wanted to reach out and hold her in his arms but realized how unprofessional and inappropriate that would be and contented himself by just patting her hand.

Her hand was still cold despite the fact they were in a nicely heated room. Harry hoped she would thaw out soon and perhaps even fall off to sleep because he would not have access to a vehicle until after noon.

His friend and previous black market partner, Nickolai, was a driver now for the American Embassy and he often drove Harry in one of the spare vehicles to one of his "spur of the moment" destinations out of a sense of loyalty and addiction to danger. He never asked questions and had never disappointed Harry when he was in a jam.

The girl was already asleep and she slipped forward on the narrow chair.

Harry picked her up and found she was light as a feather. Her head rested in the crook of his elbow and her soft breast made searing imprints on his chest. He gently deposited her on the wide bed and pulled her risen skirt down to cover her legs before pulling up a blanket to her neck. She turned away from him and his eyes focused on the swell of her rounded hips under the shield of the thin blanket.

He pulled his thoughts together and began to inspect the documents in the manila packet. He could tell they were well-done but far from completion.

There was a lot of work to be done. i;1/2i;1/2i;1/2i;1/2i;1/2i;1/2i;1/2i;1/2i;1/2

i;1/2

i;1/2

## Chapter 2

### THE ACCIDENTAL SPY

#### CHAPTER 2 - The overnight train to Zagreb

Harry could tell from the expression on his face that Nickolai was not happy to see him waiting outside the garage sitting in the bus stop area. He was not really waiting for a bus and he already knew the next one was not due for more than half an hour. That was the reason he had the stop all to himself with no other passengers to listen in on his conversation.

Nickolai was a stocky guy with a face that made one happy to not be in a dark alley alone with him in the middle of the night. Strangely, Harry knew the ugly scars and broken nose was a big turn-on for most of the young girls looking for something different at closing time. Nickolai's problem was that he really was not very skillful in close-in fighting and he was far too slow to hold his own against a younger opponent. Harry had saved his ass on more than one occasion in their black market days when they were both rolling in money and had girls panting to get on-board the gravy train. Those days were gone forever and Nickolai had a wife and 3 kids in one of the subsidized apartment buildings in the re-built section of the old city now.

"What you want now, Harry? I only got about 2 hours before I got to go to Pancevo for Embassy provisions."

Harry looked up at the lumbering driver and told him,

"I just need you for a quick run across the river to the train platform outside the city. I want to catch the overnight to Zagreb. There will be a passenger with me. Don't ask her any questions. Pick us up outside my hotel in 15 minutes."

Nickolai just nodded his head and went back inside the garage to sign out the car with diplomatic plates. Harry knew they would not be stopped for any reason and in these days it probably would not even be recorded because of slack operations around the city.

Harry knew his associate would not mention anything to his fellow workers or even to his pretty young wife who was always worrying about money. He walked briskly back to the hotel hoping that "The Dancer" was already dressed and ready to start out.

He handed her the back-pack that he had picked up at the station check room and she quickly opened it to extract some lipstick to put on her wind-chapped lips. He hoped she wasn't stupid enough to have any weapons or drugs hidden inside. They went down the stairs and out the side entrance so the desk clerk would not ask any unwelcome questions.

Nickolai was just pulling up in the Chevrolet Suburban and they jumped inside and were almost to the bridge before anyone said a single word.

"Harry, I don't park next to platform. Better I park one block over and you walk to platform. I be right, yes?"

Harry looked at the vacant-eyed girl who was staring off into the distance utterly bored with everything around her.

"Good thinking, Nickolai, here is something to buy that pretty wife of yours a new dress."

## The Accidental Spy

Harry passed him an envelope crammed with money stuffed inside. It was not as much as they used to make in the old days but it was a lot better than he made in the garage.

"Thanks, Harry; everything is costing a lot more these days. Any chance you can get me some whiskey for my wife's Slava party next week?"

Harry looked at the rough looking hulk in the driver's seat. It was amazing how domestic life had tamed the animal inside the "always ready for a fight" Nickolai.

"The Dancer" was sitting quietly looking out the window at the palatial estates flashing by on each side. Most of them were owned by the government and rented to the diplomatic corps and to commercial investors from EU countries and richer Asian countries. Her face was a bit pensive as if she was expecting something to happen and was trying to prepare for the worse. Harry could not help but think how delectable her mouth looked with just a little bit of lipstick applied to it. She turned to him seeing his eyes locked on her face giving him a wistful smile. She started to speak but just cleared her throat instead keeping silent in probable deference to the presence of Nickolai in the front seat. Harry saw that as a positive sign of caution, a valuable trait in dangerous situations.

Harry knew that his "old friend" Nickolai was most likely feeding scraps to the CIA husband and wife team safely ensconced in the attached Consulate and also probably giving updates on suspicious activities to the "Serbian Internal Affairs Department". He didn't mind that at all because he knew Nickolai would delay the reports until he was safely into another phase of his operation and out of danger. His friend had to bargain for his existence all the time and sometimes served as a valuable method to feed information into those channels. Harry much preferred to keep as far away as possible from the CIA ever since they double-crossed him in Venice. His current employer was much more altruistic and paid better as well.

When they pulled up to the corner, Harry shook Nickolai's hand and told him to keep his head low and his rear-end covered. The Dancer took her back-pack and Harry took his spacious briefcase with the double combination lock and they walked arm in arm to the station platform. Harry could see the train approaching in the distance so their timing was perfect. He knew they could purchase the tickets on-board and that it was the safest way to start the journey. The recording of the purchase would not even get into the system until the next day after they had already gotten off of the train.

There was a smattering of passengers waiting for the train but not unusually large like around special holidays or on a Friday afternoon. He didn't see any uniforms and even the passengers seemed caught up in their own little worlds totally oblivious to others around them. That was just the way Harry liked it. Even though they would be riding overnight, he got them tickets in the second class compartment because there would be more people and less likelihood of being singled out for special attention.

He whispered in The Dancer's ear,

"If someone starts to give us an eyeball, I want you to be ready to offer up your lips to our mutual desire to remain anonymous. Don't be anything but friendly and act like we are lovers but not husband and wife."

She looked up at him with a sarcastic smile and answered,

"If you are going to steal my lips, you must know that my name is Olga and I am unmarried."

Harry confirmed in his mind that the package was either Russian or Ukrainian. He had already come to that conclusion in just listening to her accent and her broken English. He wished he hadn't found out her name. It made things much too personal and his memories of another long-lost Olga brought back feelings of guilt and



## The Accidental Spy

shame long-repressed.

He could feel his loins stir with a familiar state of arousal but reassured his brain with the thought that the need to be close to the package was just for purposes of blending into the background and not to stick out like a "sore thumb" in the midst of couples and young lovers.

Sometime just before midnight, the train sat forlornly on the track waiting for a southbound express to pass in the dark. It flashed by with such a speed that Harry had to close his eyes to prevent an onslaught of vertigo and nausea.

Olga stirred at his side. She was leaning up against his shoulder and he could see some drool coming out of her pretty mouth. He wanted to wipe it with his cuff but was afraid of awakening her and causing her to cry out. Her thigh was pressed on his leg and the warmth kept him from feeling the cold night air that crept inside the poorly heated compartment.

A young boy across the aisle rubbed his eyes and looked at them with innocent curiosity. Harry saw that his mother was deep in sleep and utterly relaxed inside the lighted train sitting like a beacon in the night.

The conductor came down the aisle not saying a word. Harry had no questions because he knew the pause was customary to allow the other train to pass in the other direction. Soon they would continue the journey and they would be in Zagreb less than an hour after dawn. Hopefully, the platform snack bar would be open and they might be able to purchase some hot coffee and a couple of rolls to fill their empty bellies. He knew right where the document dealer was located having used him many times in the past but a direct route was out of the question. First, they would sit and drink hot tea in a restaurant and make certain they had not drawn any interest from the many eyes around them looking for something out of the ordinary.

The station platform in Zagreb was almost deserted. The first train out was not even warmed up yet for boarding and this arriving train would be shunted off to the side for a later return in the early evening hours. Some newspapers sat tied in strong cord on the wood floor outside the snack bar. They spoke of an accident at a nearby nuclear power plant that injured several workers but they emphasized the fact that there was absolutely no danger of radioactive leaks at any time.

Olga's eyes were still half shut because she had slept almost all the way into the city.

Most of the arriving passengers just grabbed their bags and left in a flurry of snowflakes due to the fact that there was a light smattering of snow building up on the unheated portions of the ground.

They got their coffees and rolls at the snack bar and Harry bought a couple of cigars to enjoy later. Olga looked at him and then the cigars with a look that showed her displeasure with anyone who smoked. Harry was used to it and just ignored it when people turned up their nose at his plume of dirty blue smoke.

The streets were slippery from leftover ice from the previous night and the light frosting of snow hid the danger. They rounded the corner where Harry had a favorite restaurant turning into a stiff breeze that made it seem even colder. The wind caught Olga's skirt and flipped it up revealing her shapely legs. Frantically trying to cover her bare legs, Olga slip on the treacherous ice and would surely have gone down if Harry had not stepped in and caught her in his arms before she landed on her bottom on the wet and icy sidewalk. She squirmed a bit attempting to escape his embrace but only succeeded in rubbing her feminine charms against his lean, muscular frame.

They paid at the door and then went up to the counter to get their hot tea and biscuits. The customers were on the sparse side. Some of them obviously just killing time waiting for the snow to let up.

## The Accidental Spy

Harry watched the doorway on the corner where there was a little watch repair shop. The owner's name on the glass window proclaimed it to be the shop of Demetri Angelpoulos, Master Watchmaster.

Harry knew the owner was not Demetri Angelpoulos, the Greek watchmaster, but a shady character that went by the name of "The Paperman". The Paperman could fix up documents that would pass most checkpoints with ease and he kept his prices down with a healthy volume business. He knew him by sight and was relieved to see him enter the business before they were even able to finish their first cup of tea.

The shop was dusty and dark. It was very narrow and the lighting got worse the deeper one entered inside. He saw the Paperman sitting at a messy desk littered with photos and papers and stamps of every sort of variety. He had aging materials and other tools to make the documents look authentic. Harry wondered how the scrawny old man had managed to stay in business for so long without being rumbled by the police. Probably, a good percentage of his income went straight to the Zagreb law enforcement authorities for back-up protection when needed.

Harry didn't care just so long as his papers were done on time and no one was the wiser. The Paperman was happy to see they both had good photos ready for use and went right to work to produce the documents. He was expensive but always delivered the best product money could buy.

The fee exchanged hands and they quickly put distance between themselves and the document maker. Harry told Olga that the time in the shop was the most exposed they would be on the journey.

From this point to the Italian border it was clear sailing and they just had to find a quiet little Inn to spend the night away from the hustle and bustle of tourists and uniformed cops.

Next stop would be Italy.

## Chapter 3

### THE ACCIDENTAL SPY

#### CHAPTER THREE

There was a stiff wind coming down from the mountains that chilled the bones and made Harry push his collar up to his already chapped ears. He was standing in a darkened doorway not far from the hotel watching the front and the side entrances. He had been there almost two hours already and was ready to call it quits and head back to the warmth of the room.

This was the sort of thing that had to be done just to keep your tracks hidden. He told Olga "The Dancer" to stay in the room and watch the television. She was none too enthusiastic about being left behind but he told her it was routine and they would be leaving tonight to head for the border. Harry could tell from the look she gave him from the corner of her eye that she was skeptical about his truthfulness and had suspicions about his real intentions. He didn't mind her sense of caution. He would feel the same way in her position as well.

Everything looked good. There were no suspicious vehicles waiting with engines running. No odd characters lurking in the corners. The lobby had remained clear of strangers and the employees all looked bored and totally at ease.

If there was any trap being laid, it was a good one.

He slipped into the hotel and made his way to the elevator without being noticed or stopped. When he got to the door, he knocked in the code he had given to Olga. She opened the door immediately and started to nag him about how long she had to wait all alone.

Their bags were already packed and she had laid out a new shirt and socks for him in case his had become wet in the melting snow. He told her to put her "new papers" inside her underpants where they could not be stolen easily. She argued that they would scratch her sensitive skin and he laughed at her naïve sensibility. It was obvious she had not spent much time dodging bad guys out in the field. Thank God she had on a common sense pair of shoes with low heels in case they had to move quickly tonight.

He told Olga that they would go straight to the nightclub about two blocks down the boulevard to get a hired car to take them to the quiet Inn just about an hour from the border. She thought he was being overly cautious and making things "far too complicated" but Harry knew from past experience, it was when you got into a routine of doing the easy thing that was when the world crashed around you.

The taxi driver was not happy about taking them so far but Harry promised him to give him a bonus to pay for his extra gas on the way back and for his time. That was enough to mollify him enough to get out and put their bags in the trunk.

Olga pretended to fall asleep instantly. It was a good way to preclude any conversation with the driver who respected the need for silence for the tired girl to sleep.

The inn was one that Harry had used several times before. The owner was no longer at the front desk because he had suffered a stroke recently. His wife Bojana was doing the check-ins and the paperwork. She knew enough not to ask them for their passports because Harry was one of those "special" guests who never get reported into the police headquarters. He paid her in Eurodollars since everyone seemed to want them even more than U.S. dollars these days.

## The Accidental Spy

After he got Olga situated in the cozy little room, he knocked on the Manager's door and asked Bojana,

"Can I see Oscar? How is he doing since the accident?"

Bojana looked at me with a trace of disgust on her face.

"Accident? What accident? The old fool had a stroke. What could he expect? No exercise, no sensible diet. He was always looking for an excuse to booze it up. Just like you, Harry. You were always two peas in a pod."

I tried to ignore Bojana's words, but I knew she was right. I was just as guilty as poor Oscar. Too much booze. Too many cigarettes and cigars. The sausage alone should have killed me a long time ago. I promised silently to do better hence forward. I knew I was just being frightened of my own mortality. Maybe a bullet behind the ear or a quick shove off a railway platform was a better way to go. The choices were not very appealing in either direction.

Oscar didn't recognize me.

He thought I was the police come to arrest him for some long forgotten transgression. I backed out of the room with regret and said my good nights to Bojana. I pitied her short term future looking after the befuddled old man.

Olga was snoring when I got back to the room. It was a little warm and she had thrown off the blanket exposing her short night shirt and skimpy panties. I looked at her soft skin and slender thighs. I must be getting very old because nothing was stirring down there. Maybe it was the sight of poor Oscar and my realization I was probably only a year or two younger than him.

I dismantled my little gun. I had discarded the heavy .45 caliber automatic years ago in favor of the tiny .22 caliber LR Smith and Wesson automatic with the 10 round magazine. It didn't make much of a racket like the powerful .45 caliber, but it was very effective and accepted the nasty hollow points that I liked to use for close up work. I knew most of the field agents swore by the heavy artillery with larger capacity magazines and ammunition that could stop an elephant. However, in my line of work, I seldom encountered an elephant and didn't need such overkill of "stopping power".

Olga stirred in her sleep and turned on her side presenting me with a marvelous view of her glorious bottom. The twisted knot of her panties had burrowed deep into the crack of her arse and her cheeks seemed innocent and serene. I had an urge to reach out and touch them but I had no idea what I would do if she awakened and discovered my impetuous impulse.

I wondered if "The Dancer" had her secrets hidden well enough to keep us both out of trouble. All I had to go was transport her to Rome safely and my job was finished. That was all they were paying me for and that was all I intended to accomplish.

The little USB that Bojana had pressed into my hand I hooked onto my keychain in plain sight. It was a side job that my employers were not aware of. Old Oscar had run a nice string of collectors in the power facilities and the ship-builders in out of the way places. I guess Bojana was taking his place until the spooks in Belgrade could find a suitable replacement. I would drop it off in a certain office in the Airbase in Aviano without getting involved at all. By keeping on the outside, I was preventing the bastards from having a chance to stab me in the back yet again.

I had absolutely no interest in what was on the tiny device that was able to hold so much data. I remembered the good old days when I would have to take miniaturized photos of everything with my little German camera

## The Accidental Spy

that looked just like a cigarette lighter. When someone asked me for a light unexpectedly, I simply said, "It's not working".

Olga was waking up. I was pleased because I really hated to wake anyone up when they were sleeping. It made me feel mean-spirited and devoid of feeling.

"Mister Harry, you are back. When do we make our move to the border?"

I looked at my watch.

It was just after midnight.

"We will leave in about an hour. Don't wear anything that can jingle or jangle when we are walking in the dark. We will bypass the checkpoint for the truckers and swing back into the holding area that they use for all the traffic moving up the highway. The Italians don't really check anything on the other side unless they got some kind of warning that something was heading their way. Even then, they tend to want to stay out of it because it is not their problem."

I was startled when Olga swung off the bed and hopped right up onto my lap. She was so light I could have walked the entire distance to the border with her on my back.

"You do realize you only have your panties on down there?"

"Yes, Mister Harry. Olga is thinking she wants you to make love to her in case she is not alive much longer."

I laughed and pushed the young girl off my lap. It wasn't doing much good anyway because my weary warrior was still in limp repose entirely oblivious to the missed opportunity.

When we started out on the dark road, the moon was partially hidden by swift moving dark clouds. After about two hours into our trek, it had disappeared entirely and a fine chilling mist started to fall. It was steady but did not quite get to the drizzle stage. Poor Olga was shivering despite the heated exercise from walking uphill.

I could see the lights from the checkpoint and saw a small backup of traffic moving north on the main highway. Having done this many times before, I took us off the road and into the edge of the forest. We halted momentarily just beyond the border because I could see a group of transients heading in the same direction as us only making a hell of a lot more noise. It looked like about a half dozen guys all speaking a foreign language that sounded a lot like Turkish to me. Probably a small convoy of illegal workers heading to the promised lands of the EU that paid a lot better wages than the Balkans or Turkey.

Olga was shivering pressed up hard against me in the dark. I was not sure if it was from the cold or from an understandable fear of being raped by a bunch of unknown foreigners in the darkened forest.

We moved ever closer to the lights of the running trucks in the car park. I could hear the sound of male laughter and hoped it was pure fun and not some terrible scene. This area was known to be rife with the ladies of the night and assorted shady characters looking to prey on some unsuspecting drivers or hitchhikers. I saw a large truck with the name of a famous UK beer blazoned on the side and with two drivers eating some concoction from the mobile snack bar set up in the center of the park.

I deposited Olga on a bench in front of the snack bar with a cup of hot coffee and some dicey looking sausage. I made a couple of circles around the parked trucks checking that everything was quiet. I didn't see any police

## The Accidental Spy

or uniformed types anywhere in the car-park and that was reassuring.

When I saw the two UK drivers heading to the snack bar, I waylaid them on the way to a table and asked them if they had a space in their van for Olga and I. They eyed the innocent looking girl sitting on the bench and allowed that if we were to hop on board they probably would not see us and it was no concern to them as long as I didn't get into the beer cartons. I paid for their breakfast and told Olga to get her gear as we were on the last leg of the journey over the border into Italy.

The long line of trucks was throwing off a lot of fumes into the cold morning air at the border and the checks were just cursory to record the license numbers of the vehicles and the type of goods being transported. The guards seemed totally disinterested and focused more on the coffee being prepared in the stationhouse.

It was cold in the back of the truck and Olga let me wrap my arms and legs around her to give her some warmth. The lack of bounce in the springs of the axle made our ride interesting and I finally was able to get a reaction from my long dormant staff of life.

Poor Olga was so tired; I don't believe she had a clue.

## The Accidental Spy

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 03:51:52